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ERRATA.

Page 33, col. 2, line 46, for "protestate" read "potestate."

Page 97, col. 1, lines 6 and 7, for "The Winged Victory" read "The Common Lot."

Page 116, col. 3, after line 57, a line missing, "Pope's couplets he came to raise his pan—."

Page 137, col. 2, line 69, for "grand" read "grande."

Page 179, col. 2, line 33, for "To-morrow" read "September 10."

Page 193, col. 3, line 56, for "printer" read "painter."

Page 194, col. 1, line 13, for "Hamerania" read "Hameranl."

Page 197, col. 1, line 30, for "Minneapolis" read "St. Paul."

Page 259, col. 1, line 7, for "1." read "J."

Page 343, col. 3, line 69, for "stories" read "stones."

Page 453, col. 2, line 51, for "Marteuffel" read "Manteuffel."

Page 477, col. 2, line 20, for "from" read "with"; line 21, for "mannfactured" read "adulterated."

Page 521, col. 1, line 18, for "Die Wacht am Rhela" read "Das Lied vom Rhein."

Page 523, col. 3, line 26, for "writing in A. D. 61," read "writing of A. D. 61."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1908.

The Week.

One hears many Republican sneers at Bryan's reported intention to have the Denver Convention adopt the planks urged by La Follette at Chicago, but there refused. What infantile strategy, it is said. But there is at least one of those planks which may plague the Republicans more than they imagine. We mean the demand for publishing all campaign contributions and expenses. It was voted down at Chicago by 880 to 94. Previously, the McCall bill to compel publicity of campaign accounts had been mysteriously done to death in Congress. It was one matter of pending legislation in which the President took no interest. If now the Democrats at Denver take the stone which the Chicago builders rejected and make it the head of the corner, the Republicans will be put on the defensive in a matter where their record is peculiarly vulnerable. Bryan will certainly make great play with the Standard Oil and Beef Trust and Harriman contributions to Mr. Roosevelt's fund in 1904. The only way to meet him will be to volunteer complete publicity. To that, the Republican Committee may as well make up its mind from the start. And if Bryan is both sincere and shrewd in this business, he will call also for an account of the preliminary expenses of the nomination. Should he give out a full statement of what he himself had spent, the Taft family would be forced to do the same.

Secretary Metcalf has announced in San Francisco the "ultimate" policy of keeping a battleship fleet in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic. Admiral Wainwright further explained the idea in a speech to the Rainier Club in Seattle. According to him, the "two-ocean standard" means the maintaining of two adequate fleets, "too wise for conquest, too strong for fear." This being the intention, the question recurs why the suggestion of able naval officers to retain a part of the ships already in the Pacific, should not be adopted. If eight or ten battleships were kept, a force sufficient for defence, though not for aggression, would be at hand to calm excitement on the Coast, while the others, returning, would soon be joined by ships now building, so as to give all needed strength in the Atlantic. It is not too late to change the plan to bring all the battleships home via Suez, and we hope it will be done.

There are two men in New York who must now wish that they had never heard of the Mayoralty recount—William R. Hearst and George B. McClellan. The former's rout is complete; he has failed to show any wholesale frauds in the counting. Some corruption there apparently was; but in the main the errors made have been due to blunders or to stupid decisions as to the validity of the markings. We very much fear, therefore, that Mr. Hearst's newspaper will have to forego the pleasure of calling Mr. McClellan the fraud Mayor, and printing his title in quotation marks. Mr. Hearst will now have to fall back upon registration frauds, colonizers, and repeaters as the reason why he is not sitting in the City Hall. As for the Mayor, who has fought so hard for more than two and a half years to prevent a recount, he must be regretting that he did not promptly come forward after the election and demand the opening of the boxes. His failure to do that has cost him dear, not only in pocket, but in prestige, and has created the unhappy impression that he was willing to hold office even if not entitled to it. The Mayor must have had an exceeding distrust of the methods of his own beloved Tammany henchmen!

We should like very much to know how it is that the National Rifle Association of America, with offices in New York and Washington, is able to use War Department "official business" envelopes for its mail matter. We understand that the association is hard up, for a letter, lying before us in one of these franked envelopes, confesses that it "is badly handicapped for lack of funds." Obviously, it is convenient to use envelopes that make postage unnecessary. But is there a provision in the laws which permits this, and does the real head of the War Department, Assistant Secretary Oliver, know that this thing is going on? We do not believe so, even though Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, and Mr. Taft have written letters commendatory to the association, facsimiles of which are enclosed in this begging circular. But we have not yet got to the point where the mere enclosing of a copy of the letter of the ruler of this country entitles the whole communication to free carriage. This organization is needless and mischievous in its aim to put a rifle into every boy's hands, expressed as follows:

> We are trying to build up a sentiment in this country for better conditions of defence, and encourage a spirit of patriotism among our citizens, most especially the schoolboys.

This whole business of putting firearms into children's hands is bound to fail. Lord Roberts, with all his prestige, has not been able to frighten England into making instruction in shooting a part of each school's curriculum. Much less will the effort to do the same for our schoolboys succeed. Our school children, for one reason, are worked hard enough now, and when they are free they have better uses for their time in the way of sports and gymnastic exercises than wasting afternoons in the effort to learn how to kill on sight. Indeed, if there is one kind of national society we need, it is an association to restrict the carrying of arms—not one to familiarize more people with them.

Two articles in the July magazines emphasize the responsibility of the public for railway accidents. Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of the Union Pacific system and the Southern Pacific Company, offers in *Appleton's* a somewhat feeble apology for the railways. He makes the surprising assertion that conditions are really improving. Unfortunately, the evidence brought forward is very slight. In 1906, he says, there were 114 persons killed and 1,983 injured in accidents on the Union Pacific; but in 1907 there were only 105 killed and 1,104 injured, though in the same time there was an increase of 12.87 per cent. in the passenger traffic. The difference is not very reassuring; with such limited data, one suspects that the decrease itself was a railway accident. Another cheerful aspect of the situation, according to Mr. Kruttschnitt, is that a very great number of all those killed and injured are foolhardy persons who take unnecessary risks, and trespassers who take the hazards open-eyed. Mr. Kruttschnitt agrees, on the whole, with Mr. Fagan (writing in the *Atlantic*) that lack of discipline among employees is the cause of most preventable accidents. But Mr. Fagan comes out roundly with the charge that this lack of discipline is largely owing to the "harmony" that exists between managers and employees. The "Brown system" of secretly recording demerits against a man who has broken a rule saves much "irritation" and is very agreeable to all parties concerned—except the public. Mr. Fagan asserts, furthermore, that the "investigation of a railroad accident by the management of an American railroad is neither more nor less than a hushing-up process," and that all those who are in a position to speak with authority are "tongue-tied and pen-paralyzed." On the altar of "harmony" the interests of the public are continually being sacrificed. The labor unions, moreover, make it practically impossible for the management properly to discipline men, even when it so desires.

It is to the South that students of prohibition are looking now for light. There the experiment is being tried on a greater and greater scale. Lately, the chief of police of Atlanta, Henry Jennings, has published statistics showing the results of the first three months of prohibition as compared with the same three months of the year previous—January, February, and March, 1907. There was, he reports, no decrease in the burglaries and thefts, but the total number of arrests fell from 5,277 to 2,010, a decrease of 3,267. Arrests for disorderly conduct were cut in half, and those for drunkenness were but 323, as contrasted with 1,293. Mr. Jennings avers that this correctly indicates the great falling off in drunkenness; and the result has been fewer complaints of severe distress among the poor and more cash for household expenses. Altogether, his report is as favorable as could be expected under the circumstances.

The complete collapse of the Yale 'varsity crew and of the successful Harvard freshman crew calls fresh attention to the danger of these contests to men improperly trained. Something was radically wrong with the Yale crew; the explanation that they were "rowed to pieces" by the Harvard crew in the first two miles is not adequate. There have been gruelling races at New London before, but never, we believe, a 'varsity crew which was in such evident distress before the three-mile flags were reached. Yale crews have rowed down Harvard eights in the first two miles without such consequences. Nor is it sufficient to say, as does the Yale coach, that the Yale stroke was of a highly nervous temperament. That does not explain why No. 4 collapsed at one time and No. 3 also showed signs of distress. There ought to be a very careful inquiry by the Yale authorities, for the sending of a crew to the post when unfit physically is but little short of a crime. The whole matter will renew the discussion as to whether four miles is not too long for a contest between boys. On the other hand, the complete exhaustion of the victorious Harvard freshman crew shows that even two miles may be too much. Defeated eights often collapse, but the picture of the conditions in the Harvard freshman boat after their triumphant breaking of the record and defeat of their rivals must raise the question whether the strain is not too great for young men of from seventeen to nineteen years. Certain it is that many an oarsman pays the penalty in after-life for over-exertion, either by some organic trouble or by inability to resist disease.

Col. Higginson discusses in the July *Harper's* the change of American aristocracy. In his own undergraduate days the only persons whom he recognized as aristocrats were the president and the professors. Many can remember when it was *lèse majesté* not to remove one's hat ten feet before meeting a professor and to keep it off ten feet after. But the former things have passd away. It is no longer true, as Sir Thomas Browne affirmed, that "there is in this universe a stair, or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion." The modern professor is gratified at the recognition of his eminence if the student's hat is removed in the classroom. Doubtless, the collegian means no disrespect when he salutes a gray-haired teacher with "Hello!"—it is only his genial way of asserting the brotherhood of man. Still, there is no more condescension of students toward the intelligence of the faculty than toward intellectual distinction among themselves. Debaters, writers, and scholars are not the aristocrats. Young Americans will not off-cap to wealth, though it somewhat gildeth the infirmities of them that have it. The college aristocrat without fear or reproach is none of these: they may all be patronized—blue blood by red gold brains by both. The successful athlete, though his fortune be made in a day, bears the palm from them all. To him everything bows down—family, wealth, learning, freshman, and—*exceptis excipiendis*—college presidents. Muscle will be served.

Dispatches from Chicago, though not of the boastful summer-resort order, report numerous suicides in that city in consequence of the great heat. It is a fact, however, that the month of June is everywhere the one in which self-destruction is most common. In all parts of the world, the smallest number of suicides occurs in December, the largest in June. And the difference is considerable—the average for the United States being 336 in June, as against 217 in December. In this country, last year, there was a record of 10,782 suicides, and, as George Kennan remarks in an article on the problems of suicide in *McClure's Magazine*, if the present rate of increase be maintained, we shall in the next five years lose in this way nearly as many lives as were lost in battle by the Union armies in the five years of the Civil War. Many attempts have been made to explain why the first month of summer should convince more persons than any other month that life is not worth living. Why, when nature is most smiling and happy, should these men and women be more inclined to part with life than at a season when the air is full of chill and discomfort? Mr. Kennan's explanation is the most ingenious and plausible that has yet been suggested. The sunshine, the blue skies, the leafy trees, and the singing birds of June increase the happiness of the man who is happy already, but they intensify, by contrast, the misery of the man who is already miserable. "Everybody is happy," he says to himself; "everybody is rejoicing, I am the solitary exception. I am the only living thing that is out of place," and so he makes away with himself. Accepting this view, one can understand why, as statistics show, it is not only in the pleasantest month of the pleasantest season that the tendency to suicide is greatest, but also, as has been demonstrated in New York city, greatest on the clearest and sunniest days of that month. It is too true; Lowell's "perfect day," the rare day in June, is suicide weather!

Rapid progress is being made in European countries, notably Italy and Scandinavia, in the utilization of water-power for generating electricity. In Germany, the elation in industrial circles over this advance has been dampened by hints that the government is meditating a monopoly, or at any rate a policy which will turn over most of the profits to the state. The first intimations were made last December, and more recently the Bavarian Minister of Traffic, Herr von Frauendorfer, made some remarks which indicated that the question was under serious consideration, and that a national tax on electric power was to be expected in any case. He admitted that a complete state monopoly would have serious disadvantages, because it would discourage inventors and thus delay the development of the electric industry. The government would need an unlimited supply of electric power in case it should be substituted for steam on the state railways. Such a change is not, however, imminent, the military authorities being strongly opposed to it.

Insurrection in Mexico is such a comparatively obsolete trade as to offer the very slightest chance of success to the enterprising promoter. President Diaz's iron hand is gripping tight about the raiding bands in Coahuila, and if the United States does its duty in keeping its territory from being used as a recruiting ground and centre of refuge, the well-trained regular army of Mexico should make the work of pacification easy. Order was what Diaz made the main end of his policy, so that the country might turn to work and self-improvement; and order he has succeeded in enforcing for thirty-two years now, with the interval of the four years' Gonzalez administration in the early eighties. To that end the railways have been built with an eye to strategic as well as economic factors; the telegraph

brings news of sedition in an hour, where it once took days, and the transportation of troops is a matter of half-days instead of weeks. Revolution, therefore, has little time to gather impetus before it is attacked, and a standing army of 27,000 men should be sufficient to deal with anything outside of a national upheaval. But if there is nothing to fear from the present uprising, the question still comes up, whether the rule of the strong hand has not been too unrelaxed for the country's ultimate good. Order has brought prosperity; so we hear every day of Mexico, yet the actual figures are surprising. The census of 1879 showed a population of 9,908,000. This had increased to 12,490,000 in 1895, and to 13,605,000 in 1900. It must now be over fifteen millions. When Diaz became President in 1877, the revenue and expenditure of the government were each a little under thirty million dollars. For the fiscal year just ended, the revenue is estimated at $98,835,000 and the expenditure at $92,966,000. But the wealth of the country has increased in more than sufficient proportion. When Diaz became President in 1877, the value of the year's exports was $29,285,000, and the imports two years earlier had reached a total of $23,282,000. In the fiscal year 1905-06, the imports were worth $220,650,000 and the exports $271,138,000. Our own trade with Mexico in 1877-78 was worth $19,735,000, of which we bought about two-thirds and sold one-third. In 1905-06 our trade with Mexico was worth $325,600,000, of which we were buyers to the extent of $180,000,000. In 1896, Mexico had 7,388 miles of railways. In 1906, there were 13,515 miles, or almost double. Diaz, therefore, means prosperity; but how if Diaz dies? A political dynasty cannot go on under Constitutional forms. Would not Diaz have done better if he had relinquished power a dozen years ago, in order to give the Mexican people a chance to show what they can do for themselves?

Havana's rejoicing over the first Spanish naval vessel to enter the harbor since 1898, probably blends sentiment with purpose. There must, of course, be thousands in the Cuban capital who were loyal to Spain during the last war of independence, and whose pride chafes at the thought of Cuba reduced to a dependent on Yankee protection, even when that protection is recognized as conducive to her material welfare. In all our discussions of Cuba's incapacity for self-government, the sensitive Spanish temper can easily discern the note of contempt, as though the descendants of the conquistadores were on a plane with those we call the inferior races. So it may be a consolation to emphasize the point that, though political bonds may break, blood still binds Cuba's leading citizens to a European nation with a glorious past. The Nautilus may fly the flag of former oppression, but it is now a clear title to good descent, fit for flaunting in the face of upstart Anglo-Saxons who glory in mere success. It is as much as saying that, though our exports to Spain have fallen from $8,000,000 in 1894 to $700,000 in 1906, we are still the people of the Cid and Cervantes.

Being a very practical race, the British will often lash themselves into a fury over nothing in particular. At the present moment many people are anxious to find out whether Mr. Smuts, who is a member of the Boer Ministry in the Transvaal, really did say that one hundred years from now the British flag would not be flying in South Africa. In the heat of direct charge, circumstantial argument, and mere inference, no one seems to have stopped to consider what the harm would be if Mr. Smuts had really uttered so startling a sentiment. Even the Germans, who foresee everything, would not greatly worry themselves over what is going to happen to Alsace-Lorraine, for instance, one hundred years from now. So much the less the English nation, whose pride it has been that it has managed to keep up a happy-go-lucky scramble through history for the last thousand years or so without looking much further ahead than its nose. In one hundred years South Africa may very well be an independent commonwealth, English-speaking, and governed by English ideals, but with a flag of its own. That is a condition which many statesmen are predicting for Canada in far less than a hundred years. It is a condition which may easily be realized in Australia. In both cases, Englishmen have been inclined to regard the outcome with equanamity; and undoubtedly to South Africa, too, the mother country would be willing to allow any drafts on the future payable a century hence, provided South Africa promised to behave during the next ten years. But prophets of empire have been so busily dinning the dangers of empire into English ears, that the Anglo-Saxon has become, as he says, "jumpy." Now his island is being washed away by the waves; now his coal is giving out; now his racial stock is degenerating. And every warning to Britain is driven fast home with the scare that the Germans will get her, if, as Eugene Field used to say, she—don't—watch—out.

The new German Finance Minister has at last allowed some of his schemes for making both ends meet to leak out. For one thing, he is going to execute his predecessor's plan of an increased tax on tobacco and beer. This is certain to arouse violent opposition on the part of the Left, which cannot be expected to approve of anything that makes the workingman pay more for these two luxuries. To make up for this, Herr Sydow has abandoned the idea of a government brandy monopoly—doubtless in view of the severe criticism of the scheme in all quarters. The existing tax on brandy, if equalized, can readily be made to produce from $12,500,000 to $17,500,000 more annually, particularly if the favors now shown to a small circle of rural manufacturers be done away with. There will be an increased inheritance tax, and it is hinted that the individual States may be inspired to try a direct income tax. The most encouraging thing in Herr Sydow's annoucement is the reiteration of his desire to make the overhauling of the financial system thoroughgoing. Somehow or other he is bound to get out of his new taxes the sum of $200,000,000 annually. Unless this is to weigh heavily on those least able to bear it, there must be a radical reorganization of the entire financial system. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note, the situation is grave enough to compel the army authorities to give up for the moment their plea for several new regiments.

The German university world has been stirred to its depths by the sudden creation of a fourth professorship of economics at the University of Berlin, and the immediate appointment to it of a young teacher at the University of Kiel. For years past the three chairs of economics at Berlin have been held by Professors Wagner, Schmoller, and Sering—men of world-wide reputation, who have been assisted by four or five "extraordinary" professors and a swarm of docents. There was, therefore, not the slightest necessity, from the teaching point of view, of creating a new professorship. But early in this month the university authorities were astounded to receive from the Ministry of Education the notice that a new chair had been founded, and that Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, thirty-two years of age, had been appointed to it. The Ministry explained that, owing to certain circumstances requiring haste, there had been no time to sound the university authorities, as was the invariable custom; nor had it either consulted the Prussian Diet, but had used for this purpose certain emergency funds given to it for an entirely different purpose. The real reason, it appears, is that Professor Bernhard has published a study of the Poles in Prussia which supported the government in its anti-Polish crusade. Having received a call from a South German university, he was about to accept it and give up his Polish studies, when the government intervened.

MR. CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland had the good fortune to be identified with a great political enthusiasm. The lift and hope and zeal of the Presidential campaign of 1884 now seem far away, but at the time the hearts of thousands of our bravest and best burned within them as they saw the great opportunity and fought the great battle. They had a cause and they had a man. Long denied reforms sprang to new promise; and a leader who simply could not be made afraid was there to embody those governmental virtues for lack of which the country was sick unto death. The result was that even cynics were stirred out of their indifference, while generous youth were banded together and inspired as they had been by no man since Lincoln. It was a wonderful re-birth in American politics; and to have quickened all that aspiration, to have called out that devotion, and to have held it, through good report and through ill, for twelve years, would make the fame of any public man secure.

The personal qualities of the man fell happily with the needs of the time. Mr. Cleveland was called by James Russell Lowell a typical American. The unaffected simplicity, the clear honesty, the direct thinking, the plainness of speech, the homely but solid virtues of the President to whom Lowell offered his resignation as Minister to England, appeared to that shrewd and cosmopolitan scholar and observer to be racy of the soil. It was a great thing that such a four-square man could be found to stand against the brilliant but tricky and untrustworthy candidate who threatened to degrade at once the Presidency and our public life. The issue was never more sharply one of character, and character won. Without eloquence or personal magnetism or social graces, the blunt, rugged, tenacious, calm, and unshakable man won a hold upon the American people which he never lost.

Behind the man, stood great political causes, which he partly found and partly made. The people were suspicious of corruption, and appalled at schemes of public plunder. Thrift and economy were officially despised; extravagance which meant waste was everywhere the watchword of politicians. But Mr. Cleveland, from the time of his service as Mayor of Buffalo till the hour when he vetoed the dependent-pension bill, was the resolute enemy of every job or plan to squander the public money. "This is a time for plain speech," he wrote, in vetoing a legislative measure which he told its backers was "a most barefaced, impudent, and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people." It was such forthright moral indignation, with courage in taking corrupt politicians by the throat, which drew the attention and admiration of the country and made Mr. Cleveland President.

There was then a feeling abroad that party machines were getting the better of the people. Representative government seemed to be failing to represent. Men had an uneasy perception that public affairs were managed by little cliques of politicians for their own advantage. Looking about for a leader to fight the battle against the manipulators and the plunderers, they discovered Grover Cleveland. They saw him, as Executive at Albany, attacking tyrannous politicians, and they longed to see him clothed with the powers of the Executive at Washington in order to wage the same war on a larger scale. That was the great reform aspiration which Mr. Cleveland exemplified and satisfied. Not ambitious new policies, not dazzling programmes of national aggrandizement, were what the country wanted, but a purified public service and a heightened vigor of administration. To that work Mr. Cleveland was called, and in it he wrought with quiet heroism. Himself a man of iron industry, the infection of his spirit spread. To do the necessary work of the government honestly, intelligently, and economically was ever his motto, and it became that of his entire Administration. He did not know the formidable nature of the task he had undertaken. Looking back in 1888, he said: "I knew that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their enormous power, nor the tenacity of their grasp." But that meant, for him, only the greater energy and resolution in attacking them. For what he did in rescuing the civil service from the spoilsmen, and in toning up everywhere the idea of the faithful public servant, he will long be remembered as a great administrator.

Mr. Cleveland took the Presidency amid the gibes of the opposing party, which thought then, as it thinks now, that it alone is fit to rule; but he soon showed the country that it had a true statesman. He was as steady as a rock. When new questions arose, he calmly confronted them with independent judgment and massive common sense. In the wild storm of financial upheaval, he kept his head. That the silver madness had swept away a majority of his own party did not make it in his mind less a madness. His course in that matter alone was sufficient to keep his memory green among American statesmen. His letter to Mr. Lamar, shortly after his second election, showed with what rare sagacity he foresaw the coming of that free-silver tempest which was to make his last term in office one long agony, but he went on simply to do his duty without complaint or thought of flinching. In view of what he did to avert the financial dishonor of the nation, Senator Allison might well exclaim, in a burst of frankness, "It was God's mercy to this country that Grover Cleveland, and not Harrison, was elected President."

Disputes about the measure of Mr. Cleveland's greatness are futile. It is said that he was a commonplace man. This is not the view of disinterested observers like Mr. Bryce, who have been struck by the grasp of Mr. Cleveland's mind, and his large way of looking at all questions. If his characteristic virtues were commonplace, then may Heaven send us more commonplace men! He did a work which would have broken a genius, and driven a creature of public flattery to despair. His monument is not only the impress of his integrity and a long record of useful legislation, but a vaster mass of foolish and wicked laws which he kept from enactment. He was the arch-enemy of jobbers; he maintained the public credit; he flung himself upon the entrenched and insolent beneficiaries of the protective tariff; he conquered the hearts of a democracy that has not lost its instinct for a real man. If that be not greatness, no man need desire to be great.

TAFT PROLOGIZES.

Mr. Taft has been writing freely of his conceptions of the Presidency and of the policy which his party ought to pursue. We will not suggest an imitation: Mr. Roosevelt wrote of the Presidency before he attained it, but it is doubtless only a coincidence that his Secretary of War should have done the same thing. In any event, Mr. Taft's article in *Collier's Weekly* on the duties of the President contains much good sense. One likes especially his emphatic protest against the folly of a would-be President tying himself up in political bargains which will fatally hamper him in case of his election. "He must," says candidate Taft, "draw the line at any compact which will not leave him free of promises and of the control of any faction." Those words should be underscored and sent to the United States Senators from Ohio. And they ought to be framed and hung up before Mr. Hitchcock, or whoever the Chairman of the National Committee may be. It would do no harm if a copy were left at Oyster Bay.

The long experience of Secretary Taft in administrative work, and his nearby observation, speak in what he has to say of "the strain of countless interviews" which a President has to undergo. This is a necessary evil, eating up time and exhausting nervous energy, but it is a question if it might not be greatly cut down. Probably at least half of the callers at the White House go there on the business of office-hunting. Office-beggars and office-mongers have been the great devastators of the President's day. They worried Lincoln almost more

than the war. But it should surely be possible for a resolute and reforming President to disperse a part of this noisome swarm about his ears. By extending in every possible way the merit system; by placing the responsibility of routine appointments upon his heads of departments, and summarily referring his importunate visitors to them; by refusing to make needless changes in the offices, the Chief Executive could get rid of a good part of his pesterers, and save time and thought for the really important affairs of state.

Mr. Taft displays a sure sense of proportion in remarking that it is essential for a President to keep in touch with disinterested public opinion. He has to be on his guard against "the fair words of the special pleader." Now, of course, it is the special pleaders who throng and press about a President. Hence the vital importance of seeking information and advice from those out of office, to enable him to arrive at the truth. It is proverbial that no one in the President's immediate entourage tells him the truth. That he must search for and welcome elsewhere. Presidents have been known to resent the intrusion of a friend, dealing faithful wounds. We have heard a story of one such going to Mr. Roosevelt, and prefacing the unpleasant thing he had to say by remarking: "I am a man who doesn't want anything." "Then why do you come here," retorted the President, "to waste my time?" This was doubtless jocose. Presidential time cannot better be utilized than in listening to plain speech from those who desire only the public good. Secretary Taft seems to be strongly of that mind, since he dwells upon the great advantage which comes to the President by consulting freely with those who "view public affairs unselfishly."

We cannot take as much satisfaction in Mr. Taft's other article—that on "The Republican Party," in the *Yale Courant*. His discussion of protection and of tariff revision is peculiarly disappointing. True, he declares that it is high time the Dingley tariff were overhauled, some of the rates in it being "too high." He also pronounces against customs duties of a sort to "furnish a temptation to the formation of monopolies to appropriate the undue profit of excessive rates." This is further than the Chicago platform dared go. Yet when Mr. Taft comes to explain his ideas about revising the tariff, he betrays no mind to go to the root of the matter. He would have a tariff that would "properly protect against foreign competition," and would "afford a reasonable profit to all manufacturers, farmers, and business men." A pretty large order! Why not call upon the miraculous tariff to afford reasonable profit also to lawyers and editors, bricklayers and seamstresses? Possibly, the Secretary intends them under his broad term, "*all* business men." At any rate, if there are any failures in the United States after Mr. Taft becomes President and gets the wonder-working tariff law he desires, we shall all want to know the reason why.

In all this talk about a tariff to "equalize the cost of production" and to insure a "reasonable profit," one sees only confusion of ideas and a readiness to play, consciously or otherwise, into the hands of the high-tariff leeches. When they say, "cost of production," they do not mean the cost scientifically determined, but merely the nominal rate of wages. Yet, as Mr. Schwab testified before the Industrial Commission, giving much higher wages than foreigners pay, Americans can produce steel cheaper than they. Yet there stand the Dingley steel schedules to "properly protect" us against foreign competition—a protection which results in our having to pay more for manufactures of iron and steel than the same articles are sold for by the same people to the dreaded foreigner! And when it comes to a question of "reasonable profit" to the Steel Corporation, no doubt Mr. Taft's fellow-LL.D. at Yale, Mr. Morgan, would explain to him that it was only "reasonable" to have a tariff that would pay dividends on $400,000,000 of water! That way lies small hope of real tariff revision.

BRYAN'S FLATTERING UNCTION.

All the news from Lincoln is that Mr. Bryan feels not only sure of nomination, but confident of election. That, however, is an old sensation with him. All candidates, in fact, have it. To any man conscious of his fitness for the highest office in the nation, it is inconceivable that the majority of the voters should not be of the same mind with himself. Even Greeley expected to win at the polls: the *Tribune* proved mathematically that he would. Bryan is not the first, and will not be the last, to see rose-color. Yet his stoutest opponent may as well frankly admit that he has a chance. In a year of such confused politics and disrupted business, no one can tell what answer the oracle of the popular vote will give in November. Talk about campaigns from the rear car! The 300,000 idle freight cars may prove to be more effective spellbinders than any orators that the Republicans can send out.

While it is only common prudence to look the facts full in the face, it does not in the least follow that Mr. Bryan is the strongest candidate whom the Democrats could name, or that his plan of campaign is the shrewdest. The plea is put forth that Bryan could poll more votes than any other Democrat. That may be true, yet it might also be true that he would be defeated while another candidate might be elected. This is not a paradox. The trouble with Bryan's great vote, conceding that he gets it, is that it does not fall in the strategic States. He has undeniably a large and devoted personal following. If he were hostile to a rival who might be put in nomination, that proprietary vote of his could not or would not be cast for the party ticket. That was pretty clearly shown in 1904. In that sense, it may be correct to say that Bryan can get more votes than he will permit any other Democrat to secure. But his ballots are not placed right. Gov. Johnson, for example, might have a total poll smaller than Bryan's, yet by carrying Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, New York, and New Jersey, would get a majority in the electoral college where Bryan could not.

Elmer Dover, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, declares in Washington that the real fighting of the campaign will be in the Middle West. There, he says, is where Bryan has his greatest strength, and there, he implies, is where the Republicans have their most acute anxieties. According to him, Bryan will practically concede New York and New Jersey, and put up only a sham fight in those States. If Mr. Dover believes that, he will believe anything. A mere glance at the table showing the representation in the electoral college, and a little figuring with pencil and paper, will show that a Democratic plan of campaign which leaves New York and New Jersey to the enemy is doomed to failure. Mr. Bryan knows this as well as the next man. Whatever his exertions in the Middle West, we may be certain that he will spare no effort, and omit no bargain, to carry New York. One of his chief fuglemen at Denver is saying that he will get this State by 50,000. That is the only way of making his campaign look at all promising.

Our amateur political cipherers overlook the great change made by the last apportionment act of Congress which fixes, too, the representation in the electoral college. Most of their calculations are based upon the old combination of the Solid South with two or three selected States in the North. The Solid South, with New York, New Jersey, and either Connecticut or Indiana, used to suffice. It does so no longer. Under the new apportionment, the Solid South gained ten votes, but the Northern States, including Oklahoma, gained twenty-six. This destroys the old equation. To-day, Bryan might get the Solid South with 169 votes, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, with 58 more, and still be short of an election. Throw in Oklahoma with 7 votes, and he would still lack 8 of a majority. Along those lines, he could be barely saved by carrying his own State with 8 votes, or have a slight margin with Indiana's 15.

Look at it how you will, New York is practically indispensable to the success of any Democrat this year. If it be true that Mr. Bryan is prepared to surrender this State, with New Jersey, in advance, he is surrendering the whole campaign in advance. There is hopeful talk of his carrying Ohio this year; he might do that, with Iowa thrown in, and still be beaten for lack of New York's 39 electoral votes. He might carry Ohio, Illinois, and Nebraska, yet lose if New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut went against him. It is, indeed, barely possible that a political revolution might sweep the Middle West, and make Mr. Bryan President without a single Eastern State; but sober people planning campaigns do not reckon upon the aid of miracles. And lacking a miracle in politics, the Empire State remains the key to the coming electoral battle.

No delegate at Denver who will coolly examine the figures and the probabilities, can deny that the nomination of Mr. Bryan will simply throw away thousands of votes in the critical States. They would go enthusiastically for Judge Gray, or Gov. Johnson, or Judson Harmon; they will never be cast for Mr. Bryan. The New York *Sun* publishes a letter written by Mr. Bryan in 1900, in which he said: "I cannot conscientiously ask the party to consider me again for the Presidency. I led them to defeat eight years, and that ought to be enough for any man." If he really put the success of his party to-day above personal vanity, he would withdraw in favor of a candidate before whom defeat did not visibly yawn.

ASPECTS OF INDIVIDUALISM.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: Whatever you may have learned in this place will be of little value unless it teaches you some consistent attitude toward the great problems of life, with which every man must concern himself, whether he will or no. If you go forth without some such philosophy of life, you go into the world rudderless and chartless.

These words from President Hadley's baccalaureate address set one wondering how many college men are entering upon the world with philosophical chart and rudder? If the test of the university is ability to provide a vital philosophy of conduct, which one shall stand? There was a time, perhaps, when the denominational colleges sent out good Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, with consistent Episcopal, Baptist, and Presbyterian attitudes toward life. We have changed all that. Denominational lines have broken up, and philosophical lines are dissolving. When comparative religion is taught, the hearers become comparatively religious. When philosophy is taught, not by philosophers, but by students of the history of philosophy, the learner may easily come to despise all systems. Only he who insists upon nothing can pass for a fair-minded man. In dispassionately presenting for choice four different ideals of conduct, the Epicurean, the Ascetic, the Stoic, and the Christian, each having its own peculiar virtue, President Hadley indicates the universal indecisiveness and, in matters intellectual, the individualism, of the hour.

A solution of the difficulty is offered by Arthur Owen Simmons in the June *Westminster Review*, speaking from an ultra-liberal point of view. The forms of religion are manifold, he says, "yet all have the same task to fulfil. Each has to discover, to quicken, to develop the spiritual force or faculty, which, within every one, lies hidden and dormant till found and awakened." It matters very little, he contends, which form does the wakening. The son may not rise to the alarm which roused the father. The weakness is "in the system which imparts only one creed to one person." Mr. Simmons proposes a comprehensive religious elective system by which each one in the public schools shall receive for forty-five minutes a day whatever instruction he desires. The plan is called by its author "the 'individual' solution." Its justification seems to rest upon a belief that the youthful mind, uncoerced by outer authority, will, if a sufficiently extensive banquet is set out, instinctively bite into its own appropriate religious viand. When the doctor can't decide, let the patient prescribe for himself. The weakest spot in the theory is the total neglect of human nature's fundamental craving for authority in religion.

French practice, outrunning English radical theory, has carried individualism to its logical extrême. M. Compayré, writing in *La Revue*, thinks it is high time to sound a retreat. Moral dilettanteism, he declares, is uncontestably in fashion. On every side some one is saying: There are morals and morals; the immorality of to-day may be the moral ideal of to-morrow. The subtle venom of Nietzsche's troubling dreams has penetrated into the French spirit. It is not confined to æsthetic circles. It may be detected even in such an eminent educator as M. Payot. "Duty," says he, "consists in living an intense life." "Doubtless," replies M. Compayré, "we can no longer hold up as an ideal, effacement of personality and restriction of one's being; but is there not, nevertheless, some danger in proclaiming that the supreme goal is 'intensity of life'?" Walter Pater thought so when he suppressed his famous dictum: "To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame, to sustain this ecstasy, is success in life."

That all attempts to impart moral ideas to the child are humbug and nonsense is a conclusion not attained at a single leap, continues M. Compayré. First came the suppression of strictly religious instruction; it would not do to scandalize the atheists! Then the inculcation of patriotic notions was ended under the pretext that such things are questions of personal conscience, of individual taste, which the free will of the pupil may answer in its own fashion. One schoolmaster thought he ought to suppress in a new edition of a copy-book such phrases as these: "In order to be a good Frenchman, one must prepare to be a soldier; no country is so deserving of love as France." This is not the worst—as M. Faguet says: "The basis of Nietzsche's teaching is this: There is no education."

In a recent educational review, we learn that "to declare that education is the art of making gentlemen is to affirm that we know what constitutes a gentleman. We know what that pretension comes to." Yet to take that point of view is to deny civilization. It is to wash one's hands of the whole matter. But what, then, will become of society and morality? Oh, for the heroic age, exclaims M. Compayré, the age of gold, when instructors applied themselves to giving information about moral truths, founded upon reason and good sense, consecrated by the experience of the ages, by the universal conscience of gentlemen! Even that would not seem to get us much further ahead with the problem of religious teaching, in a day when Professor James can say that, whatever the Creator may be, it is certain that He is "no gentleman."

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, June 19.

In the favorite line of modern reading "about" literature a few books have appeared. "Dante," by Pierre Gauthiez, is a book of essays on the poet's life, so far as it may be known from his works and documents at first hand, of which a bibliography is given. The author is an artist, as might be gathered from the dozen plates he reproduces from original sources. He has taken thirty years to prepare this book—ever since the time when he won his first fame by studies of Aretino and Giordano Bruno. In the publications of the Institut Catholique de Lille (a sort of unauthorized university) Prof. Albert Delplanque has two volumes of historical interest in language and literature: "Saint François de Sales" considered as a humanist and writer of Latin; and the much-vexed, very human, and philosopher-like correspondence of Fénelon on "pure love" and Quietism, which was evidently more philosophically important than Modernism and Pragmatism are now. The latter is a contribution to the unpublished correspondence of the great archbishop.

In the late A. de Boislisle's definitive edition of the "Mémoires de Saint-Simon" the twentieth volume (1700-1711) has appeared, with Saint-Simon's additions to the Journal of Dangeau, and various additions, corrections, and tables of the editor. Georges Pellissier, whose well-classified ideas on nineteenth-century literature have made his

books as well known abroad as in France, displays his usual merits and limits in "Voltaire philosophe." He treats in succession of Voltaire in the fields of metaphysics and physics, religion, morals, and politics. He praises the intelligence and criticises the lack of imagination, which perhaps explains the restricted field of the philosopher's common sense. In "Voltaire mourant" Frédéric Lachèvre reproduces the necessary but uncomfortable account of the philosopher's death. The manuscript was hitherto unpublished, although the legends which grew from it based many a sermon in Puritan America on the death of the infidel. In reality an old man, whose life had been made sweet to him, was unwilling to die, and "revolted against God and nature." The little volume contains other unpublished Voltairean documents of less gruesome and less general interest. Dr. E. T. Hamy edits the unpublished Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt with François Arago during their long personal and scientific friendship (1809 to 1853). This, too, belongs to literature, with the human interest enduring after the science has ceased to be timely. In "Alfred de Vigny et son temps (1797-1863)," Léon Séché gives another of his curiously gossipy books, from unpublished documents, on the poet's family, origin, loves, religion, and the rest. Alfred de Vigny's drama holds the stage, but his poems are studied rather than read in France; he embodied the futile leaning of middle classes and nobility toward English ideals during the half-century succeeding the Revolution.

Alfred Mézières, eighty-two years old, fifty-four years a university professor of foreign literatures, of which forty-five have been at the Sorbonne, thirty-four years an Immortal of the French Academy, and twenty-seven years a member of Parliament, with the army commission as his specialty, publishes the discursive thought of kindly age on various things, "Hors de France," in Italy, Spain, England, and modern Greece.

Ernest Daudet, whose very great literary merit should not be overshadowed by the fame of his brilliant younger brother, Alphonse, comes out with a novel, "Au Galop de la vie," after a long interval devoted to the history of the Emigration and Bourbon Restoration. It is a novel of our own times by a liberally conservative observer. The statesman who crosses its pages will easily be recognized as the late Waldeck-Rousseau, letting loose political campaigns whose social and emotional consequences he could neither foresee nor forestall, still less confine within the limits he had set to their working.

"Nietzschéenne," by the favorite woman novelist, Daniel Lesueur (Madame Henry Lapauze), shows by its name that the heroine is not without literature; and she is regarded from the "intellectual" point of view. That Nietzsche should enter into current French life, even by the backdoor of a novel, is a striking comment on the sweep of his philosophy. The lady who writes under the name of Ossit publishes "Cyrène," a love romance like "Ilse," which won first fame for her. "Antoinette," by Romain Rolland, gives in a separate story the fifth episode of his musical hero, Jean-Christophe; he is this time in Paris, where his author is professor of the history of music at the Sorbonne. The women's academy gave its prize to this unending romance in 1906. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The manuscript of the continuation of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America," which has been prepared under Mr. Eames's direction by the help of a grant from the Carnegie Institution, is nearly completed and it is expected that the printing will begin during the summer. The first part of the work was issued in January, 1867, and up to the time of Mr. Sabin's death in 1881 thirteen volumes had been published, bringing the work down to the letter O. Mr. Eames then took Mr. Sabin's manuscript and parts were published at intervals until 1872, when the first part of Vol. XIX., ending with Henry Hollingsworth Smith, was published. Although Mr. Eames's name nowhere appears in these later volumes, it is well known that the work is largely his and, as constant users of the work, we may say that his portion is much more accurate and fuller than the earlier volumes. The motto quoted from Ant à Wood, which appears upon the title of each volume, is peculiarly appropriate to the undertaking: "A painfull work it is I'll assure you, and more than difficult, wherein what toyle hath been taken no man thinketh so no man believeth, but he has made the triall." Copies to the number of 525 were printed on small paper, and 110 copies on large paper. A considerable portion of several of the later parts were destroyed in a fire and complete sets are very rare. A large-paper set of the nineteen volumes brought $393.75 at Libbie's in 1901 and small paper sets have several times brought $200 or more, at auction.

Proposals for the publication by subscription of a Canadian bibliography have been issued by A. H. O'Brien, barrister at law, and L. J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa. The plan is to include books and pamphlets relating to Canada and Newfoundland from the earliest date to the present and it is estimated that the total number of titles will be about sixteen thousand.

The five volumes of Milton, "Lycidas," 1638, "Poems," 1645, "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667, and "Paradise Regained," 1670, were sold as one lot at Sotheby's on June 4 for £515. Other important items at the same sale brought the following prices; Drayton's "England's Heroical Epistles," 1600, in the original vellum binding, £50; Drayton's "Poems Lyrick and Pastorall," n. d., but 1605, probably Heber's copy, £30; Quarles's "Emblems," 1635, earliest form without the Latin verses by Benlowes, original black morocco, £34; Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," 1650, £30; Vaughan's "Olor Iscanus," 1651, £17; Herbert's "The Temple," 1633, £41; Sir William Barclay's "The Lost Lady," 1838 (it is said that only two other copies are known), £40; George Scot's "Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America," 1685, the first issue, a fine copy in the original calf, £120; Edward Williams's "Virginia, more especially the South Part thereof richly and truly valued," second edition, 1650, £12 15s.

Six quarto volumes, being the manuscript diary of Mrs. Piozzi, friend of Dr. Johnson, brought the astonishing price of £2,050, and were bought under the name of "Barclay." The first entry which explains the origin and purpose of the record is as follows:

It is many years since Dr. Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little Book and write in it all the little Anecdotes which might come to my knowledge, all the Observations I migbt make or hear, all the Verses never likely to be publisbed, and in fine everything which struck me at the Time. Mr. Thrale has now treated me with a Repository—and provided it with the pompous Title of Thraliana.

The last entry, dated March 30, 1809, reads:

Everything most dreaded has ensued . . . all is over, and my second Husband's Death is the last thing recorded in my first husband's Present! Cruel Death!

When Mr. Hayward wrote his "Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," he said:

"Thraliana," which at one time she tbought of burning, is now in the possession of Mr. Salusbury, who deemed it of too delicate and private a character to be sumbitted to strangers, but has kindly supplied me with some curious passages and much valuable information extracted from it.

Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi) was a Miss Salusbury. Other manuscripts by her, books from her library including her Bible, and some of her correspondence including forty-one letters of Dr. Johnson to her, were also disposed of.

Correspondence.

CULTURE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with interest Prof. George B. Adams's letter to the *Nation* (May 28) on the "Proper Work of a Graduate School." This work, according to Professor Adams, should be purely technical and professional—the training of the investigator and, as he somewhat vaguely adds, of "the teacher of the higher grades." The college, he continues, may properly encourage culture. Now, inasmuch as college teachers are mainly recruited from the graduate school, where, one inevitably inquires, are these teachers to acquire the culture they are to impart to undergraduates? One might suppose that Professor Adams looked on culture as a by-product of research; but he goes on to say that the "object of a graduate school is not culture; it is scholarship"—in other words, "culture" and "scholarship" are, even in the literary and historical fields, things entirely distinct and separate. We need not be surprised that men who are thus trained purely as investigators in the graduate school should, when they try to stand for culture in the college, run the risk, as Professor Adams puts it, of giving "soft" or "snap" courses. It does not need a deep psychologist, but merely an observer of existing conditions, to know that the "scientific" student of linguistics or literary history does not, in his actual handling of literature as something apart from philology, differ essentially from the dilettante.

Inasmuch as so many of our graduate students are to go forth to teach the humanities, why not try to give them a train-

ing that shall itself be broad, liberalizing, and humane? I venture to repeat the suggestion I have made on various occasions during the past five years, that our universities establish graduate honors in literature to be administered in connection with the A.M., and to be somewhat on the same order as the French *agrégation;* in short, that they offer a degree that shall stand primarily for reflection and assimilation as well as a degree like the doctorate that stands primarily for research. The humanistic tradition is at present weakening in France along with other traditions, and some of the younger French scholars are showing an almost German inability to distinguish between literary and scientific standards. However, the day is still distant, we may surmise, when a Frenchman can become a teacher of literature in either lycée or university without a severe preliminary discipline extending over years in reflective and assimilative work. We do not hear complaints that the *agrégés* give "snap" courses. On the contrary, the danger with both teachers and taught in France is a sort of intellectual over-training joined to an undue neglect of that physical training on which we ourselves put an even exaggerated estimate.

The signs are multiplying of late of dissatisfaction with our higher education, of a feeling that it is failing to meet certain needs and aspirations of American life. There is a growing impatience at the present domination of the German Ph.D.; impatience at the infliction of philologists upon our colleges as teachers of the humanities; impatience at the men who do not see any necessary connection between scholarship and culture. Prof. Brander Matthews, in his letter to the *Nation* of the same date, would apparently wave aslde the expression that Dr. Sherman has given to the existing discontent as "grotesque" and "fantastic." But would it not be wiser for our Eastern universities to recognize frankly this discontent, inquire into its causes, and make a more serious effort than they seem to be making at present, to find a remedy? IRVING BABBITT.

Paris, France, June 11.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 1820, when Hawthorne was sixteen years old, he wrote to his sister a letter in which he told her among other things, what he had been reading:

> I have bought the "Lord of the Isles," and intend either to send or to bring it to you. I like it as well as any of Scott's other poems. I have read Hogg's "Tales," "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," and "Mandeville." I admire Godwin's novels, and intend to read them all. I shall read "The Abbot," by the author of "Waverley," as soon as I can hire it. I have read all Scott's novels except that. I wish I had not, that I might have the pleasure of reading them again. Next to these I like "Caleb Williams." I have almost given up writing poetry.

It is a good list for the casual reading of a boy of sixteen; not startling, to be sure; very likely it would be easy to find a longer one among the records of Hawthorne's contemporaries. It is probable, too, that one could find boys of sixteen today, and not necessarily our future Hawthornes—if any such there be—who read as widely. Still, we have reason to believe that such cases are more exceptional today than they were a generation or so ago. Even within ten years we think we have seen a change come over the spirit of our young people. Now they seem to take their literature in the shape of admission requirements, with a wry face and hope for the future, instead of sipping it "like a glass of port, that it may do them good at the time." The case may be typified by the expression of a schoolboy, speaking in rare frankness of his English course to a former teacher. "I could have stood it all right," he said, "if it hadn't been for those damned gods." He seems to have been referring directly to "sage Hippotades" and "Camus, reverend sire," but the expression opens up a wider vista in one's mind. If we reflect on the anathema it becomes almost symbolic. Milton and Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens, are the condemned divinities about whom the twilight is gathering.

"No, for we'll save them!" is the cry of the teachers of English, and they rush from school and college to organize a solid front against the insidious enemy. Almost at once they find themselves at cross purposes. "We must strike from the college admission requirements the list of books for study," says one, "otherwise the pupil will never learn to appreciate what he reads." Another is equally sure that the list of books for careful study must be maintained, for without them, he declares, there will be no accurate reading. If at this stage you ask for a definition of the object that the entrance requirements are to attain, you are directed to the college catalogues that call for "accurate, intelligent, and appreciative reading" on the part of the pupils. That this is the ideal no one will deny, but under the discussion there lies always the assumption that reading on the part of secondary school pupils cannot be both accurate and appreciative.

How, then, shall we meet the dilemma? We might grant the assumption that, with things as they are, we are not likely to get both accurate and appreciative reading, and arrange our admission requirements on that basis. We might do well to give up altogether our requirement of appreciative reading, and save the gods if we can by keeping them within the walls of the colleges where they seem safer on the whole than they are in the schools. This would mean treating English in the schools very much as other subjects are treated, mathematics for example, for which there seems to be little or no attempt to arouse enthusiasm. In the case of mathematics a boy is required to learn before entering college only so much as it is necessary he should know in order to pursue higher courses or to count his change in the street car. No one since Gilbert and Sullivan has tried to give any news interest to binomials, or to make cheerful the necessary "facts about the square of the hypothenuse." A similar requirement in English would mean two things. In preparation for college courses in literature the boy would be required to know the elements, the stories of which literature is made, the myths and legends of the nations. In order to go on with composition, and to count his change in the conversational market place, he should know the English language.

For the first he should know "Æsop's Fables," and the standard stories from the "Arabian Nights." He should know Greek myths and heroes as he might learn them from Hawthorne, or from Church's "Stories from Homer" and "Stories from the Greek Tragedians," and the Roman stories and heroes from Livy and Plutarch. He should learn the mythology of the North, and the heroes of the nations, the Cid, Roland, Arthur and his knights. Above all, he should know the Bible, or at least the Old Testament stories. Perhaps this would be enough. If you begin on the "Tales from Shakespeare," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the gods would be in danger again. These might be left to teachers who wished to use them, or for college courses. In composition the requirement would be spelling, grammar, punctuation, sentence and paragraph structure, and some rudimentary ideas of unity and coherence; more, if possible, but these at least.

This should be a course in heroes, but not in hero worship. Teach the boy the facts as it were in history or geography, and let them be tested in the same way. Teach him to write on anything you like so long as he writes correctly. Leave the great books unspoiled for him; teach him the stories in whatever form you choose, tell them to him if you like without the intervention of any books. When he comes to college he will have a background for his teachers to fill in—at least, he will not say, as a student did recently, that Christ was the shepherd of King Admetus! Then let him learn to read appreciatively after he gets to college, if he has not picked it up for himself before.

This requirement is based on the assumption that, things being as they are, we are not likely to get both accuracy and appreciation in school classes, and what is more, that of the two we had better give up the appreciation. The other assumption, that we might better give up accuracy, is the basis of another plan which has been proposed. It acknowledges our responsibility to pupils who do not go to college, declaring that since the admission requirements shape the English courses in the schools, they should be so framed as to make a course that would be valuable to a pupil who goes no farther. The suggestion is that the admission examinations be based on a four year school course in English literature, consisting of appreciative reading of the main authors, with an adequate background of literary history and biography. Certainly, the theory of our responsibility to pupils who do not go to college demands grave consideration. The question is, whether or not, even with the list of books "for careful study" abolished, we can get appreciative reading in secondary school classes. Without appreciative reading such a course would tend to hasten rather than avert the threatened twilight of our literary gods. Might it not be better, even in the case of pupils who are not going to college, to lay a foundation for future appreciation, or, if the right teacher is at hand, to give them a glimpse of the gods in their glory in the last year of the course? Indeed, if the right teacher is at hand, there is no reason why appreciation of literature should not go with such a course as this paper has outlined. Most of the stories suggested can be had in good literary form, as in the case of Hawthorne's

"Wonder Book," or Plutarch's "Lives," and the book-loving teacher could make many excursions into the adjacent fields. The course is suggested as one which, in the hands of the hest teacher, would do all that we could desire, and in the hands of a less gifted teacher would do all that the colleges need require.

It is a plan, of course, to which many objections can he made, but to most such the answer is, that it is not supposed to be ideal—that has already been explained—hut a system that might work to the end we wish with the teachers and pupils we have. It would seem also to hring ahout the separation now called for between composition and literature. The call in itself seems a sign of the times, a sign that some of the teachers do not look to literature, but to some unknown source for models of excellence in composition. The proposal here set forth is meant, then, to be a working plan, possibly practical, certainly far from ideal, a desperate measure to postpone or avert the threatened darkness.

ROBERT P. UTTER.

Amherst, Mass., June 18.

CLEVELAND.

Yes, quietly; drumbeat, nor trumpet's peal,
Nor martial trampling, should the end proclaim
Of this great civic life; the grief we feel
No blazon asks; nor asketh aught his fame.

For his was that best courage peace tries best,—
Sedate defiance of all clamors shrill;
Scorn of mere shows; stern putting to the test
Of men and causes; and unconquered will.

His, therefore, is this solemn pause of all,
This deep remembrance of old ardors true—
Dear as our youth—in us who, at his call,
Bared stripling arms plain patriot work to do.

Silence, keep silence, o'er this wasted frame,—
Wreck of that burly strength which once he gave.
Better than drums, or outcry of his name,
Is silence—and the woman by his grave.

W. G. BROWN.

Washington.

Notes.

Naturally the announcement that John D. Rockefeller will hegin in Octoher to contrihute to the *World's Work* his "Random Reminiscenees of Men and Events," has caused some talk. There are people foolish enough to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller will divulge any of the things they would really like to hear from him.

The Frank Allahen Genealogical Company of this city announces a series of hiographies of distinguished Americans. Thc first to appear will he that of Gen. John Watts de Peyster, who died in 1907.

The forthcoming number of the *Dublin Review* contains an article on Shelley hy the late Francis Thompson, found among his papers. The essay is said to reveal unknown powers in Thompson as a writer of prose.

Not many authors whose achievement, after all, is so slight are honored hy so ample and handsome an edition as that in which David Nutt of London is hringing out the Complete Works of William Ernest Henley. Of the seven volumes which will make the set, four have already appeared, two of poetry and two of essays. The clear type and generous margins invite perusal, and, apart from any enticement so sensuous, there are many warm friends of Henley still living who have never been shocked by his so-called treachery to Stevenson, and who will prize this monument to his boisterous genius. Boisterous, we call it, although his verse, when needs he, can sink to a pretty, pathetic whisper. But the general effect on our ears, as we have gone through these four volumes, re-reading here and there his sufficiently familiar prose and verse, has heen something like that of a rebellious, hrawling brook, not deep and still or clear and melodious, hut noisy and fretful of its hanks. One likes a manly, fresh-air style; but through all Henley's writings runs a savage pursuit of the molly-coddle that grows monotonous after a while. One likes, too, a savage thrust at cant, British cant, now and then; hut Henley's unceasing praise of unredeemed human nature makes us prudish Puritans once more. He overdoes it. On the whole, these faults are less conspicuous in his verse than his prose, less insolent where he expresses his own emotions than in his critical essays, where his chief desire is to slash at the emotions of other. An admirer of Byron or of Burns, as we profess to be, would, for instance, almost lose his taste for those poets—or for Henley—after reading Henley's juhilation over their ways and his contempt for any one who may think they were a trifle more irregular than is necessary for the training of genius. However, these are the excesses of a free lance among letters, of a knight who slew his hundreds in a day, and gloried in the slaughter. We welcome this admirahle reprinting of his works—particularly of those essay-introductions which have heen almost inaccessihle heretofore.

Comparative statistics are not always pleasant reading, and those who have heen revelling in the figures of American foreign trade during the recent years of prosperity, will have their spirits dampened if they glance at the supplementary tahle of "Finance and Commerce of Various Countries" in the "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1908, just puhlished hy the Macmillan Co. They will not only read that the per capita exports of the United Kingdom are more than douhle those of the United States, which is hardly surprising, hut will prohahly rub their eyes to find that in proportion to its population the kingdom of the Netherlands exports ahout six times as much as our country and Belgium three times as much, while Switzerland is barely helow Belgium, with Denmark closely following. France, Germany, Norway, and Sweden are all ahead of us. Turning to the section on the Argentine Repuhlic, the most flourishing of our South American "neighhors," we discover hy a simple computation that its per capita exports are ahout three times as great as ours, which is a pretty good showing even when allowance has heen made for the agricultural character of that country.

Volumes XI. and XII. of Worthington C. Ford's monumental edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office), following close upon Volume X., complete the record for 1778. Until the end of June Congress was at Yorktown; then, on the second of July it once more met at Philadelphia. The year was one of unhroken occupation, with sessions twice a day during the later months. The French treaties arrived in May and were promptly ratified, except Articles 11 and 12 of the treaty of commerce; and a congratulatory address to the puhlic was presently issued. Gérard, the French minister, arrived July 10, and on August 6 was formally received hy Congress; not, however, without anxious discussion regarding the ceremony proper for the occasion. In Septemher, Franklin was chosen sole minister to France. The organization of the army made progress, so far as appearances went, with the appointment, May 5, of Steuben as inspector-general, while ten days later the complaints of the officers were met hy a vote of half pay for seven years after the conclusion of the war. The detention of Burgoyne's army continued to he a source of irritation, hut Congress refused to yield, and in Octoher the troops, who had heen detained for a year in Massachusetts, were ordered to Virginia, where they remained throughout the war. The persistent efforts of the British peace commissioners to negotiate first with Washington, then with Congress, and finally with individuals, ending in the failure of the mission and the puhlication hy Congress of parts of the correspondence, fill a considerahle space in the journal for several months. On the other hand, the pressure of the war is shown in the emhargo on the exportation of provisions; in the ominous depreciation of the paper money, which, notwithstanding the solemn exhortation of Congress to the people of the States, circulated at the end of the year at ahout one-eighth of its face value in specie; and in the sale of tohacco and other commodities in government hands for the payment of dehts. By the end of the year eleven States had ratified the Articles of Confederation. The Silas Deane controversy hegan with the arrival of Deane from France in July, although the formal inquiry did not open until August 15. On the ninth of December Henry Laurens, disgusted at the course of Congress in the matter, resigned the office of president, and John Jay was chosen in his place. Vol. XII. contains the usual index for the year, a list of committees, and a hihliography.

The second edition of Bliss's "Encyclopedia of Social Reform" (Funk & Wagnalls) has heen thoroughly revised, and in its way

will prove as serviceable as its predecessor. The editor is nothing if not zealous in his faith that almost any proposed change in the social order must be a "reform," and his work comes perilously near meriting the designation of a "Dictionary of Cranks." Yet just this catholicity of taste makes the volume a convenient work of reference on social movements of the day. Thus, too, it comes about that in its pages such "undesirable" reformers as W. R. Hearst, Eugene V. Debs, John P. Altgeld, and W. D. Haywood brush elbows with the very elect such as Jacob Riis, Lyman Abbott, and J. B. Reynolds. The prohibitionists, woman suffragists, anarchists, parlor socialists, trade unionists, single taxers, social settlers, and all the others are fully represented; and if there be any alleged reform that has been omitted, it has not come to the reviewer's notice. Particularly interesting are the statements of the creed of some of the reformers. Professor ———, we learn, "holds neither to individualism nor to collectivism, but avows as his creed social energism, of which the cardinal points are: minimization of wasteful conflict, maximization of coöperation, unleashing of human energy, diffusion of security, socialization of the higher goods of civilization, and conscious acceleration of progress." Mrs. ——— believes that "social life is organic, that industries are the organic functions of society, and that human work is not proportioned according to individual desire, but to the social energy previously supplied to the individual"; hence "she maintains that property rights inhere in the consumer's needs." Mr. ——— "believes that political economy should be enriched by dealing with ethical questions; and that all social reform grows out of new conditions, and must be treated from an evolutionary standpoint, ethics prevailing in the treatment." Somewhat more definite, if less inspiring, is the following:

> He belongs to no one school, except as holding to the ethical view of political economy. He favors the referendum and initiative, proportional representation, arbitration and conciliation, trade unionism, the nationalization or municipalization of natural monopolies, and the complete governmental control of currency.

From these samples the reader may infer what he is in for when social reform gets fairly under way.

"Homerica," by Mr. Thomas Leyden Agar (New York: Henry Frowde), is a portly volume of emendations and elucidations of the Odyssey—most of them ingenious, many plausible, not a few convincing. Mr. Agar believes that the language of the Homeric poems is not a medley, but fairly represents the speech of the Achæan people. The forms and phrasing were gradually and sometimes unconsciously modernized in the mouths of the rhapsodists, and it is the office of the critic in such cases to restore the true reading without athetizing entire lines or rejecting whole passages as interpolations. His emendations are especially directed to the restoration of the digamma, the elimination of the late article, and the banishing of the *hiatus licitus*, against which he wages a war of epigrams. He also replaces obscure by lucid expressions, smooths out anacolutha, softens hard constructions, abolishes anomalies and exceptions, and does away with ἅπαξ λεγόμενα of usage or meaning. Mr. Agar is no respecter of formulas. We thought that τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος at least was secure. But it seems that the original reading was more than possibly τὸν Γόπ' ἀμειβόμενος. Again, ἔρρε κακὴ γλήνη, "away slight puppet," is properly ἔρρε κακῇ γλήνῃ, "begone with the evil eye upon you." These specimens will suffice for the general reader. The Homeric student will find entertainment or edification on nearly every page of the book, which will doubtless receive from the philological journals the detailed consideration which we cannot give to it here.

"Ceylon, the Paradise of Adam: A Record of Seven Years' Residence in the Island," by Caroline Corner (John Lane Co.), makes no pretence of being more than an impressionist's journal. It is a sort of "my garden" book on a large scale. The reader incidentally learns a good deal about native life and something of Anglo-Ceylonese society, and is bored only by the authoress's insistence on her own gentility. But she is bright and can tell a good story well, and her book is "not half bad" even to those jaded by the too many sketchy volumes devoted to the record of unimportant happenings east of Suez.

Defenders of the faith have often indulged in searching criticism of the Church, and they may appeal to the example of Paul, as is done by the Rev. Washington Gladden in "The Church and Modern Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Dr. Gladden's enumeration of the failings and weaknesses of organized Christianity is frank and thorough-going, yet he bears throughout a cheerful temper and appeals with confidence to young men to enlist in what he believes will be the most inspiring and successful campaign Christianity has ever waged. He sees immediately ahead a great struggle for the redemption of the social order and the Christianization of society, and he is persuaded that in this contest the Church will find more vigorous life and more glorious success than it has known hitherto. He does not advocate an alliance with Socialism, as did Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch not long since. As between Socialism and the reformation of the present "competitive régime," he says:

> The Church cannot commit herself to either of these methods. The best work she can do at the present time is to inspire men with a love of justice and a spirit of service. She must rear up a generation of men who hate robbery in all its disguises; who are determined never to prosper at the expense of their neighbors, and who know how to find their highest pleasure in helping their fellow-men.

Dr. Gladden's essay will make for sanity as well as earnestness in the current debate on the relation of religion and the Church to social reform.

Prof. Ferruccio Quintavalle's "La Conciliazione fra l'Italia ed il Papato" (Milan: L. F. Cogliati) has several claims to attention. It contains the correspondence of Father Luigi Tosti, of the Monastery of Monte Cassino, and Senator Gabrio Casati, one of the makers of United Italy and an intelligent Catholic, on the possible conciliation between Italy and the Vatican. Father Tosti, who was perhaps the most eminent Benedictine monk of the nineteenth century, was also an ardent patriot, and he hoped that first Pius IX. and then Leo XIII. might be moved to give up the political and worldly position which the Papacy inherited from the Renaissance. It is particularly interesting now, when another Pius has fulminated against modernism, to read the Liberal views of a great churchman whose orthodoxy was unchallenged. The value of the book is enhanced by Professor Quintavalle's study of the Roman Question from 1859 to 1870. In a monograph of 175 pages, which serves as a preface, he describes the conflict with unusual dispassionateness. He concludes that, although the popes are well aware that their Temporal Power has gone forever, they will long continue to withhold from the King in Rome their blessing, which Tosti prayed for, but which Quintavalle regards as undesirable until it shall be the prelude to a complete separation between Church and state.

The standard dictionary of modern German writers and literature, Kürschners Deutscher Literatur-Kalender, has appeared for the current year—the thirtieth issue. This volume brings excellent portraits of four prominent Berlin writers, Clara Cohn-Viebig, Adolf Harnack, Paul Hinneberg, and Ernest Vollert (Leipzig: Göschen).

The "Geographisch-statistischer Welt-Lexikon," by Gottlieb Webersik (Vienna: A. Harlebens Verlag), which has been appearing in parts during the last two years, is now completed, in a volume of 960 pages. It is a comprehensive work of reference, the data in terse form and easily found.

"Geschichte des Reiches Gottes bis auf Jesus Christus" is the title of a recent work by the indefatigable Prof. Eduard Koenig of Bonn (Braunschweig: Wollerman). It is the first volume of the second part of the Grundrisse der Theologie, a handy set of text-books, particularly for students. In this series, in contrast to the current critical views, the Old Testament books are regarded, not as an accidental collection of interesting literary remains of Jewish religious thought, but, as in the days of a Hengstenberg and Von Hofmann, the exposition of a divine plan of redemption.

Dr. Julius Moses has sent to a large number of prominent men and women of Germany four questions with reference to the Anti-Semitic or Jewish problem. He publishes ninety-nine of the replies, many of them practically brochures, and representing all phases of the subject, in "Die Lösung der Judenfrage" (Berlin: Verlagsbureau Curt Wigand).

Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, whose death is reported from London, was born in the inner circles of the diplomacy in which he was to pass his whole life. He was the son of Sir Alexander Malet, formerly British minister at Frankfort, and was born at The Hague in October, 1837. After studying at Eton and Oxford, he himself entered the diplomatic ranks in 1854 as an attaché on his father's staff. Presently he was transferred to Brussels, then to Rio de Janeiro, and again, in 1862, to Washington, where he held the post of second secretary. Other appointments followed in rapid succession, until 1895, when he retired on a pension. In 1900 he was made a member of the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. He was a frequent contributor to the periodical and daily press on subjects of political or general interest, and was recognized as an authority of wide infor-

mation and varied experience. In 1901 he published a volume of recollection, "Shifting Scenes," which had a large circulation.

From Milan comes the report of the death, in his sixty-first year, of Wilhelm von Locella, Italian consul at Dresden, and author of "Dante in der deutschen Kunst," "Friedensstift," and various books of reference.

Donald Wedekind, a dramatist and novel writer of Vienna, has just committed suicide, at the age of thirty-seven. His story called "Ultra Montes," a plea for Roman Catholicism, was at one time much talked of.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

The Cambridge Modern History. Volume V.: The Age of Lewis the Fourteenth, Planned by the late Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, George W. Prothero and Stanley Leathes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

As we have already discussed at length the general plan and characteristic features of this encyclopædic history, in notices of previous volumes of the series, the criticism of the present volume may be restricted to comments on the execution of this part of the design. The volume contains twenty-four chapters by just twenty-four writers. This does not, however, mean that every chapter is from a different pen. Four writers have each produced two chapters; but, on the other hand, several chapters have been divided into sections, which are the work of different writers. Most of the writers have not contributed to earlier volumes; and two of them, Prof. Émile Faguet and Mr. Kaufmann, belong to Continental Europe. The rest are Englishmen. The best known contributors are Dr. A. W. Ward (one of the editors of the work); J. B. Bury, professor of modern history at Cambridge (England); C. N. Firth, professor of modern history at Oxford; Prof. H. M. Gwatkin of Cambridge, England; Prof. Hume Brown of Edinburgh; and the late Sir Michael Foster, formerly professor of physiology at Cambridge, whose article treats of the history of science. Two chapters deal with literary history—one of the literature of France and its European influence (by M. Faguet), and one of the literature of the English Restoration. Three are devoted to ecclesiastical affairs, and one to physical science, while the rest are occupied with general political history. The plan of bestowing special treatment on intellectual and religious tendencies has thus been adhered to, and with good results; for these six chapters are among the best, and are certainly the most interesting to those readers who are not professional historians. The necessarily condensed narrative of political doings, of wars, treaties, intrigues, and so forth, must become somewhat dry and perplexing when the writer has not space in which to paint those details which make history picturesque, or to expatiate on those reflections by which it may seek to become philosophical.

Regarded as literature, this volume seems to us less effectively written than the first two were, and there are fewer contributors of first-rate eminence. Dr. Ward, however, succeeds by his skilful treatment in making the early history of Brandenburg and Prussia lucid and attractive, compressed though it is. Like praise may be given to the outline of the early growth of that principality of Moscow, which became the Russian Empire between 1462 and 1682. Mr. Bury handles his large and obscure subject in a broad illuminative way, explaining how the Muscovite Czardom came to develop into a despotism, not (as is commonly supposed) natural to the Slavic races, but due to special causes. Incidentally, he tells us something which the reader of to-day will find interesting about the Duma, or Council of Nobles, in the Russia of the sixteenth century. So, too, Mr. Gwatkin's short chapter on Religious Toleration is excellent.

We must again express our regret (generally felt in this country) that the copious bibliography has not been rendered more valuable by indications, however brief, of the relative value of the treatises enumerated.

From Moscow it was in the seventeenth century a far cry to Paris. In the period covered by this volume France dominated European politics, and Louis XIV. was the central figure on the stage of the world. His ambitions affected the whole of southern and central as well as western Europe. His domestic policy was decisive for the character of the administration of the country and the ideals of the French nation for some generations. The study of his personality presented by Mr. Grant seems hardly adequate, when one considers what a difference the personality of that one man made. It is not always the great men who are the most important. Louis was not a great man, but only a grandiose one. He seems all the less great because he strove to be great. Yet he would not have been nearer greatness had he been more modest. His pride and conceit helped him in one way, if they injured him in another. They made him more laborious and attentive to business, if they encouraged him to attempt things beyond the power even of France in the day of her strength.

Who were the great men of that age? Peter of Russia had some striking qualities, but he was a savage and sometimes came near to being a madman. Charles XII. of Sweden displayed extraordinary gifts, but now and then actually was a madman; perhaps not mad enough to require confinement in an asylum, but quite mad enough to deserve deposition from his throne. Oliver Cromwell was gone. William of Orange (William III. of England) was able, shrewd, tenacious, but does not rise to the sort of greatness which impresses our imagination. Neither does any one else among the statesmen of the eighty years between Cromwell's death and the accession of Frederick II. of Prussia. There are great men in other fields—Milton, Newton, and Leibnitz perhaps the most remarkable. But in the field of politics the most interesting figure is on the whole that of the elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, whom the Prussians call the "Great Elector"; and he is interesting not so much in respect of his personal gifts, though he was an able and vigorous ruler, as because he was the man who more than any one else (except his great-grandson, Frederick the Great) laid the foundation of the now mighty Prussian dominion. We have already referred to Dr. Ward's sketch, concise but complete in its way, of his character and career in pages which are among the most instructive in this volume, because they explain so much that becomes afterwards of significance in Prussian and therewith in general European history.

It is not a mere coincidence that the latter half of the seventeenth, and earlier half of the eighteenth century, were lacking in great men, as well as in great popular movements. One may describe it as the dynastic period of modern European history. The religious passions which had induced the internal convulsions of Germany, France, and England since the days of Charles the Fifth, and had given rise to so many wars between the leading states, were slowly dying out. They were strong enough in France to lead to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, an act whose hideous and gratuitous folly (for the Huguenots had ceased to be a political danger to Louis XIV.) is well traced in more than one chapter of this volume. They were strong enough in England to accentuate the resistance to the efforts of King James the Second to subvert the English Constitution, for it was fear of Romanism that forced even the clergy of the Church of England, who had been preaching the divine right of kings, to turn against the monarch who was putting their theory into practice. They were strong enough in Ireland to cause a civil war, and, indeed, in that unlucky island they are not yet extinct; for the Orangemen still celebrate with martial processions the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, and the Roman Catholics are still with difficulty prevented by the police from attacking the processions. If, however, we except Ireland, one may say that before the middle of the eighteenth century religious differences had ceased to stir the minds of European peoples or induce wars between European Powers. The hundred years that lie between 1689 and 1789 were years in which no strong feelings, either ecclesiastical or political, swayed any nation. Except in England and her North American colonies, free political life had died out over the civilized world, and there were hardly any signs that it would revive. Accordingly, the monarchs had it all their own way. The wars which they carried on were waged primarily for personal or dynastic reasons, that a king might gratify his vanity by conquest; that a younger son or a daughter's husband might be provided with a principality; that some old-standing dispute about a frontier might be settled by the sword of the strongest. Sometimes considerations of commerce, and the acquisition of territories outside Europe, with which commerce might be carried on, had weight with sovereigns or their ministers. But Professor Seely, as sometimes happens with lecturers anxious to make their points, overstated the case when he argued that the wars between France and England in the first half of the eighteenth century were undertaken for the sake of colonial dominion. The results of the struggles which decided the fate of North America and India were more important as they affected those regions than as they affected Europe, but it was out of dynastic rivalries and am-

bitions, more than from views of a distant future, when the world should be parcelled out among the European races, that these conflicts arose.

The age of Louis XIV. and the age that followed down to 1776 were a time in which the mind of mankind was resting from conflicts of thought or sentiment. It was the epoch which saw the birth and the first quiet, steady advances of modern science. It was an epoch in which there was little first-rate poetry in any country, little enthusiasm, little ardor for any cause. But there was a good deal of forgetting and a good deal of acute thinking. Old things were passing away. The interest in theological doctrine, the vehemence with which questions of ecclesiastical organization had been debated, were silently declining. Feudal institutions survived in Continental Europe, but the spirit had vanished and left them an empty shell. Reverence for the crown had waned along with the reverence for the altar. The first revelation of the change that was passing in men's minds came with the outbreak of the American Revolution; and as soon as the success of the revolted colonies was proclaimed, every European thinker perceived that the same tendencies were at work in Europe, and must soon make themselves felt there. With 1789 there opened a new era in which first the principle of liberty, then the principle of nationality, finally the demand for social and economic equality, became the moving forces. The dynastic epoch was ended; popular feeling again asserted itself as it had done in the time of the wars of religion; but now the groupings of nations and the action of forces within each nation were different, because men were striving at first for the establishment of certain new ideas, then not only for new ideas, but for the material interests of classes. That France took the lead, becoming the exponent of the principles successfully asserted in America, was due not only to the predominant influence her writers had secured in the age of Louis XIV. and the sort of primacy in Europe she had then won, but also to the fact that the policy of that sovereign had, by shewing the faults of monarchy on a grand scale, discredited the institution of monarchy and made the Revolution begin in the country where opinion had been best prepared for it and where it was most wanted.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bishop's Scapegoat. By Thomas Bailey Clegg. New York: John Lane Co.

An English vicar, in a creditable fit of rage, chokes a scoundrelly French adventurer in Paris, and hastens to England, leaving him for dead. Dr. Thibauld, whose wife has been seduced by the adventurer, comes in upon the dying man. He could save the blackguard, but, strengthened by righteous hatred, lets him die. Who is responsible? The English clergyman in his blossomy vicarage scans the Paris papers, but the murdered man had many aliases, and he finds no notice of the crime. The French doctor is tried, convicted, and transported for life to a convict colony in the South Pacific. From this point, the doctor's daughter, Cecile, becomes the significant character. Beautifully devoted, she follows her father into exile. In the vicissitudes of that life, she meets the son of the vicar—now bishop of the See of Capricornia—and they fall in love whole heartedly. The daughter of a murderer and the son of a murderer—there is a situation for you—and the bishop objects to the girl on the ground of her antecedents! Ultimately, the bishop and his scapegoat confront each other at the latter's death-bed. The story ends with explanation, forgiveness, and the union of lovers.

The plot scheme strongly suggests the "Winter's Tale"; a delightful scene of youthful romantic love framed in heavy tragedy. That is an exceedingly difficult thing to manipulate; the construction in this case is not perfectly satisfactory. One is irritated by a succession of rather inartistic surprises; at first, one is led to expect a story of the bishop's conscience; then, one decides that the misery of the convict is the theme; but the interest shifts again to Cecile and her lover. The author does not seem quite certain whether romance springs from passion or from adventure. He seems needlessly afraid that he will bore us if he keeps the story long in one place—rushes it, therefore, breathlessly from England to France, New Caledonia, and Queensland, Australia. There are bloodhounds, a tribal war, all manner of moving accidents by flood and field. There is tropical color, there are isles of unexpected plenty to delight a Swiss Family Robinson, there is the brave new spirit of the frontier. There are two capital characters—really memorable characters—Mary Ann Dubois, a motherly magnificent frontierswoman, and Cacalouch, a convict of indomitable Gascon valor and gayety. The book is worth reading; it is fresh, wholesome, and entertaining.

The Voice of the City: Further stories of the Four Million. By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co.

Among the best of the twenty-five stories in this volume are: "The Harbinger"—a park bench loafer attempts to wheedle from his wife a dollar, which she earned by washing overalls, and, failing, regrets that he did not choke her in the first place; "The Memento"—an actress hopes to leave her profession and marry a minister, but, discovering that the holy man has preserved in a casket a disgraceful relic of her own life in the music hall, returns to the stage; "The Plutonian Fire"—a young man comes up from Alabama to New York to write fiction, and, learning that for fame he must exchange his character, returns home to sell ploughs for his father:

> I see the game now. You can't write with ink, and you can't write with your own heart's blood, but you can write with the heart's blood of some one else. You have to be a cad before you can be an artist. Well, I am for old Alabam and the Major's store. Have you got a light, Old Hoss?

It is interesting to watch "O. Henry" capering to the hurdy-gurdy of the mortal hour while with one eye he winks significantly at immortality. No man of his talents ever took more deliberate aim at the eyes of his contemporaries; his acknowledgment to the New York *World* and *Ainslee's Magazine* for permission to reprint frankly declares the shaping exigencies. These new stories of the four million are marked by the brutal materialism and the mordant cynicism which insured success to the "Trimmed Lamp." They begin with the same precision and end with the same whip-like snap. They are, if possible, even more pungent, acrid, and curt. To borrow an expression applied by the author to the rectangularity of the city streets, they "coldly exhibit a sneering defiance of the curved line of Nature." Yet, after hearing from so many quarters of soubrettes with the heart of St. Agnes and of bejewelled sinners sighing for home and mother, it is wholesomely corrective and refreshing to learn from one of the fraternity that "there ain't a sorrow in the chorus that a lobster cannot heal."

On the whole, it must be said that the voice of the city, as reproduced by "O. Henry," has a singularly phonographic and metallic quality. Blue in spirit, with the ugly din, one glances at the sphinx on the cover and hopes she has not spoken yet. Smart to the verge of genius, the style sacrifices too much to the hour. Admirers may call "O. Henry" the American Maupassant, but so long as he continues to hang so far over the abyss of slang they should put the accent on American.

My Lost Duchess. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: The Century Co.

"An Idyl of the Town" is the just subtitle of this pleasant and foolish tale. The hero is a young gentleman of the ex-college athlete type, who falls in love with a girl out of a club window. Some of his colleagues admire her, though not to his degree of ecstasy; and among them they dub her the duchess. Her progress up the avenue is "a triumphal tour." She walks a goddess, or would if the metaphor were good enough for her: "Imagine a rather heavy goddess trying to wear one of her bats." Of course she is a thoroughbred, and to be stared at as such. Presently it falls to our ex-athlete to rescue her somewhat emphatically from an impudent beggar, which is the beginning of their amatory engagement. She turns out to be (though of excellent family) acting as a governess and training for the stage. Diana is the heavy goddess whom she slightly resembles, and she by no means jumps at the rather cavalier advances of the young clubman. She disappears, and is discovered at the eleventh hour, on the eve of her début in a musical comedy. This will never do; our hero now asserts the man that is in him, and all is well. If Mr. Williams is a trifle too lively of fancy and broad of touch to produce a town eclogue of classical grace, he is by that same token more fit for the moment, more, as it is called, up-to-date.

Vayenne. By Percy Brebner. New York: The John McBride Co.

Again a Duchy is in turmoil. Again a Duchess is harassed. Again an Englishman comes to the rescue. But there are variants enough to provide the unexpected for even the reader well-nigh immune to surprises. Such for instance is the discovery that the Englisbman is the real duke, a revelation highly dishonorable to make here, if it were the final solution. For after all, he was the duke on his mother's side only, and Montvilliers was one of those duchies where, as the schoolboy put it, no woman

or son of a woman could reign. So that Roger Herrick's claim held good only if there were no son of a man to preëmpt it. Could anything be more fortunate for the weaving of a tangled web? What with a far-off bar sinister to invalidate other pretensions, what with a lovely Christine involved, and what with the will of the people being the final court of award, there is great stir in the duchy and in the residence city, Vayenne. Over and over when the climax seems inevitable, fresh intricacies arise, prolonging suspense.

As each new tangle in the game of cat's cradle is said to mark a new degree of civilization, so the game of untwisting principalities goes on and on, making records for our writers. The step beyond "Vayenne," who may foretell? Of its class it is a member in good standing.

Handicapped. By Emery Pottle. New York: John Lane.

Donovan O'Hara, who came of a well-bred mother,was handicapped by having a horse-trainer for a father. He had the bringing-up, the associates, and, on the whole, the tastes and morals of a horse-trainer. A foolish Southern woman, a friend of his mother, took him up, allowed him to drive her horses, sit at her fireside, and associate with her daughter. The author seems to think it a sign of good blood in Donovan that he saw the difference between this girl and the other women he had companioned, and promptly fell in love with her. Further evidence is furnished by the fact that the girl fell at least halfway in love with him. Of course, he was "impossible." A breezy Western girl, friend of girl number one, really would have liked to have him; but his mother's blue blood, we must suppose, kept him cold to her advances. Both girls trifled with him outrageously. In the end, the boy broke his neck, or some such matter, at a horse show in Madison Square Garden. The group of people who appear in these pages is united by a common love of horse flesh. When the book is not horsy it is "sexy." It is also rather dull.

American Philosophy: The Early Schools. By I. Woodbridge Riley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Our gradual escape from the bondage of older theology has often been followed by historians; but we have not regarded our earlier philosophers as playing any very important part either in the emancipation from dogma, or in the formation of the national consciousness. And even Dr. Riley's elaborate and scholarly study leaves us still with a very modest estimate of the influence that philosophy exerted in the moulding of our American character. The old theology possessed its Jonathan Edwards—probably our greatest philosophical genius, if such genius be measured by the native power of the man to see what he had not been taught by anybody else to see, and to think without the guidance of the schools. But Edwards, at his best, was no reformer of speculation, and no creator of any great movement of thought. Our Revolution, moreover, had its Jefferson and its Franklin; but they helped us far less by means of their philosophical tendencies than by virtue of their other powers. Our Revolutionary movement had no Kant or Fichte to formulate the national ideal of freedom; and even our later transcendentalism, though it possessed its Emerson, was without a Schelling, or a Hegel, or even a Schleiermacher. For decades of the nineteenth century the blighting effect of the older text-books of Scottish philosophy helped to sterilize our college teaching. The influence of transcendentalism meanwhile remained too largely ethical and literary; and it was not until after Mill's empiricism and Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, as well as German thought, had together influenced our youth for a generation, that we began to take our more serious part in the modern philosophical movement.

Yet early American philosophy is well worth knowing; and Dr. Riley has shown us that its processes were not so embryonic as we had so far supposed, and that, in a genuine sense, the principal tendencies of contemporary European speculation during the late seventeenth, and most of the eighteenth century, found their representatives on our own soil, in the work of men who have heretofore been far too much neglected. Dr. Riley says of his volume:

> Written almost wholly from first-hand sources, a large part of which exist only in manuscript, it attempts to reconstruct a period of philosophy but little studied and imperfectly understood.

This general characterization of the author's work is correct. He has already received, from many sources, hearty and deserved thanks for his book.

If one may, nevertheless, mention some of the limitations of the work, it seems fair to point out, first, that, like most studies made directly from sources, this volume is often somewhat burdened by weight of detail. Dr. Riley has made a serious effort to combine a judicial attitude towards whatever is doubtful in the interpretation with a clear portraiture of individuals and tendencies. Judicial his attitude always is. But as to finished and impressive portrayal he has succeeded unequally. For instance, in the chapter on Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Riley is very fair and considerate in his estimate of the problems that this wonderful man presents to the historian; but in drawing conclusions he is hesitant; and as a portrayal, the chapter leaves us dissatisfied. Dr. Riley's citation (p. 157) from James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" regarding the nature of mystical experiences, does indeed help us to a modern psychologist's views as to how Edwards may have come, unaided, to his early idealism. But, after some pages of judicious yet somewhat baffling analysis of the unquestionably problematic utterances of Edwards, Dr. Riley concludes:

> With this note of ineffability, denoting a certain metaphysical impotence, one may leave the writings of Jonathan Edwards. His unpublished manuscripts may afford some corrective to the grave deficiencies of his phllosophical system, but, until they are given to the public, one is forced to the abrupt conclusion that while the Saint of New England was a precocious idealist, and a profound mystic, he was not a consistent philosopher.

All this is disappointing. For while, as the whole history of thought shows, we may hardly expect an original philosopher to be wholly "consistent," especially if he is either "precocious" or "profound," we naturally look to our philosophical historians to help us to a new understanding of the personal unity that may lie beneath the inconsistencies of a notable man; and Dr. Riley, having labored so hard over Edwards, and having learned in a scholarly way to take account of the modern psychological studies of the "varieties" of individuals, might be expected to reach some less "abrupt"—and less commonplace—conclusion regarding the greatest man who is discussed in his book.

Another limitation of the work is its somewhat hazy historical perspective. Dr. Riley, to be sure, rightly regards our "early schools" as provincial representatives of the general movement of European thought. But he sometimes seems at a loss in linking this modern movement and its American representatives with the history of still earlier thought. The place assigned to deism (p. 23, and in later discussion) is an example. Here, to be sure, Dr. Riley is not alone. Other modern historians have similar views of deism. But why should one not remember that deism is only a modern form of that much older and always somewhat rationalistic interest in natural theology which played a most important part in the genesis of scholasticism? This interest took shape in what has been called the *Aufklärung im Mittelalter*—a tendency which classic scholasticism of the thirteenth century presupposed, and undertook to assimilate in the interests of orthodoxy, but in the end somewhat unwillingly transmitted as a heritage to the modern world. If one grants the really unquestionable pre-existence of this philosophical tendency, then deism appears simply as the form into which it was readily transformed as soon as the physical science of the seventeenth century had popularized a large number of new ideas about the natural world. Surely it is one thing to recognize that the originality of a few great men in Europe does indeed entitle us to date a genuinely modern philosophy from the seventeenth century. It is quite another thing to forget the continuity of European thought so far as to suppose that deism in theology was itself any essentially new tendency. The second chapter of Dr. Riley's book, on "Philosophy and Politics," despite many valuable observations, is much weakened by such imperfect historical perspective, well-founded as many of his observations are.

But a book must be judged by what it brings to us, and not by what it fails to bring. Fairly estimated, then, Dr. Riley's work does offer a large amount of new material, carefully collected; reported (so far as one can possibly judge) with great faithfulness and accuracy; judiciously estimated; portrayed without any of the familiar exaggerations which a collector's enthusiasm so often entails, and classified in a comprehensive and instructive way. The book covers substantially the whole pre-transcendental period. Several of the writers discussed are, in a measure, discovered, or rediscovered. Manuscript materials are frequently cited at length. Especially notable is the place accorded to the early philosophical movement in the South—a movement heretofore almost wholly neglected. In this connection, the materialistic tendencies in our early thinking receive a description which is almost entirely new. The extent to which theological liberalism and scientific studies affected both our colonial and our post-Revolution-

ary philosophical thought becomes for the first time manifest. Philosophy as it took part in the life of the older universities also receives a notable treatment. We shall not learn, through Mr. Riley's book, to form any extreme opinions regarding the originality or the power of early American philosophy. But we shall come to see how we took a wholesome part, so far as our social conditions permitted, in the intellectual movement of the period. We shall come to an increased respect for the civilization of the colonial days. And we shall await with interest the coming volumes in which Dr. Riley promises some account of later American philosophy.

Les Sources et l'évolution des Essais de Montaigne. Par Pierre Villey. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

Les Livres d'histoire moderne utilisés par Montaigne. Par Pierre Villey. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

It is of no small importance that the results of many recent studies of Montaigne's "Essais" should pass into the current of general literature and common knowledge, for it is becoming more and more evident that in many respects the great essayist has not been rightly appreciated. Of these researches the most intelligent and the most scholarly are to be found in the work before us. It opens entirely new, extremely interesting, and wholly trustworthy views; it is not a mere step but a leap toward the comprehension of the famous works and of their author. The special value of these three large octavo volumes lies in their elaborate record of the books read by Montaigne, a field hitherto only imperfectly known. The subject is treated by M. Villey with an appropriate width of learning and accuracy of erudition, rare in these days, and extraordinary in one blind from childhood. We are shown not only what books Montaigne read, but how and when he read them, what use he made of them, what was his judgment of them; and all this information is admirably arranged. Those books which, with very few exceptions, it is certain Montaigne read, are first set down in an alphabetical list of two hundred and seventy-one authors, accompanied by statements, sometimes in much detail, regarding each work and Montaigne's relation to it. Another arrangement of these works is then given, dividing them into classes according to their subjects.

An examination of these lists shows that if we leave out of consideration for a moment the influence on Montaigne's mind of his life-long admiration for the great poets, it may be said that he found his chief nourishment in works on social conditions, and the moral questions arising from them. His avowed desire was that the organization of his life should profit by what he read; all that did not aid him in this direction, all that did not touch him directly, was unimportant to him. M. Villey well says:

> Quand il s'assied devant son bureau, quand il tend les mains pour prendre ses livres, son but est d'abord d'étudier l'homme et les conceptions morales qui ont été émises sur l'homme; ensuite, de critiquer la raison humaine pour mieux connaître le fait moral et fonder solidement ses propres opinions.

The second part of "Les Sources" is concerned with the chronology of the "Essais"—a most important matter in considering them as an expression of Montaigne's differing tone of thought and his changing opinions at various periods of his life. Along this line, M. Villey is the first thorough investigator; and it may almost be said he is the last, for it is difficult to conceive of any future student surpassing him in his sleuth-hound keenness of scent, his eagle-eyed vision of the whole field, and his remarkable power of putting two and two together. These gifts are combined with extraordinary patience, and, better still, with the utmost care in asserting nothing that he cannot prove. The hypotheses which he is, of course, obliged occasionally to suggest are set forth with delightful open-mindedness; while, in combating the views of others, his unfailing courtesy is as marked as it is in complimenting his fellow-students on work very inferior to his own.

The second volume of that book is concerned with the evolution of the "Essais," and is solidly based on the previously built-up foundations. It treats first of the "impersonal" earlier essays, those written probably about 1572-3-4. These "impersonal" essays have never been carefully distinguished from the others. It has never before been shown, as is clearly done here, that when Montaigne first began to write, his intentions were wholly different from what later (but before he published anything) they became. M. Villey then takes up the personal essays, those written probably between 1579 and 1588. The volume closes with fifty pages on the deductions to be drawn from the passages added by Montaigne to the edition of 1588, which were incorporated in the posthumous edition of 1595. Here we learn the same sort of facts that we gathered from the first volume, but they are offered in narrative form, and are confined only to the years between 1588 and 1592, which gives them greater vividness and vitality.

The second book, "Les Livres d'histoire moderne," is a volume of 250 pages, forming, as it were, an appendix to the larger work, with cross references from one to the other. It is again the question of the sources that is treated of, and we have the examination of twenty-nine modern historians, whom it is evident Montaigne had read. The notices here of these authors, who are all mentioned in the larger volumes, are fuller than there; and these pages, together with an appendix on the ancient Greek historians read in translations by Montaigne, and a table that indicates for each of these authors the period at which Montaigne read them and the amount of his borrowings, give the reader the clearest possible impression of the general scope of Montaigne's historical interests.

It will be seen from this very inadequate résumé of these three volumes that while the field they reap seems at first glance to be somewhat limited, the harvest is abundant and rich. The intellectual life of a great moralist whose influence has been and continues to be world-wide, is here recorded by an accumulation of disconnected facts which change their nature from their very number and become an organic whole.

The work, lately presented at the Sorbonne and received with high praise by the most competent judges, has obtained for its young author the diploma of *docteur ès lettres.*

Our First Ambassador to China: The Life and Correspondence of George, Earl of Macartney. By Helen H. Robbins. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The story of British trade with the Chinese is a varied one. So far from being a march in steady progress, it has seen many vicissitudes and setbacks. Now that Britain's supremacy in trade is threatened by the rivalry of nations hardly known on the seas in Macartney's time, the story of his experiences in China are of singular interest. Before his advent the "carrot-pated race" had hardly respectable standing with the Chinese; but his visit enlightened Peking as to British power. Now, in this book, thanks to a woman's research, patient and full, through family papers, state documents, and personal writings of Earl Macartney's companions, we have a pleasing picture of an eighteenth-century English nobleman's active official life. Added to this is his own journal kept in China, richly annotated by Miss Robbins.

The China seen by Macartney in 1792-1794 was little more than midway in point of time between the Manchu conquest and the present year. Hence the effect is that of a book dealing with new territory, even though the reader runs across many a famous saying or statement hitherto read as quotation: for example, (p. 386) we meet this familiar acquaintance:

> The empire of China is an old, crazy, first-rate man-of-war, which a fortunate succession of able and vigilant officers have contrived to keep afloat for these one hundred and fifty years past and to overawe their neighbors merely by her bulk and appearance. But, whenever an insufficient man happens to have the command on deck, adieu to the discipline and safety of the ship. She may, perhaps not sink outright; she may drift some time as a wreck, and will then be dashed to pieces on a shore; but she can never be rebuilt on the old bottom.

Here is a high compliment to the abilities of the first Tartar emperors; and the next sentence contains the cue to that rather stagy British talk (even to book-titles by admirals), continued ever since, on "The Break-up of China." But to cripple the power emanating from Peking and to destroy the Chinese social system are two vastly different things. Tartar and Chinese were not then, as now, virtually fused into one people, with the ancestral and racial, social and official lines of demarcation nearly obliterated. Indeed, these were almost as distinct as those between white and red men in our country. Many of the mandarins who impressed the earl most profoundly were pure blooded Tartars. This old China, as we see it pictured by Macartney, seems almost as different from the body social, economic, and politic of to-day, as was the old Japan, official and popular, seen and described by Townsend Harris, our first envoy to Nippon.

Even apart from Macartney's work as pioneer of British diplomacy in China, we have in this book a delightfully accurate and readable picture of the official life of a statesman rich in many gifts. Born May 14, 1737, of ancient lineage, Macartney early enjoyed what comes to the student, lover,

husband, and inheritor of rank and fortune. Then he "broke the bonds of effeminate love," and planting new passions in his breast resolved in future to be "a British person with a Roman soul." How he carried out his ambitious plan is admirably detailed in these pages; as a member of Parliament, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, or as a representative abroad he served king and country. He was Governor of Grenada, President of Madras, and Governor of the Cape in South Africa; he was also employed in missions to Russia, China, and Italy. Through all these chapters the mastery of details lends the narrative continual charm.

The American interest is notable, for Macartney's era was that of George III. Macartney regarded the war with America as most disastrous to true British interests. Especially did Lord North's methods with America seem to him "a constant see-saw of menaces and flattery," and when hostilities broke out he denounced "this Tartar kind of war."

Astonishingly free from lapses of pen or errors of types as this book is, we note (p. 462) the misspelling van Breams, for van Braam, who, besides belonging to the Dutch family that furnished George Washington's military instructor, made an embassy to China in 1795. With finest English paper, print, binding, and illustrations, especially the portraits, this book is both readable and valuable.

A Star of the Salons: Julie de Lespinasse. By Camilla Jebb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A great deal of matter has been lately printed in English relating to Mlle. de Lespinasse, in the wake of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and this latest addition is in substance an informal "doing into English" of the biography, already officially translated, of M. de Ségur. It makes, however, with its twenty illustrations, a fresh and delightful contribution to the subject. These pictures, chiefly from paintings or engravings of the period, help to put Julie de Lespinasse back into her Regency and *philosophe* setting, where she may be understood, and, no doubt, excused. Greuze's portrait of the little Mademoiselle de Courcelles, who married the Comte de Guibert, Julie's lover, and who herself published Julie's letters to the Comte, is a clearer explanation of the enigmatic parts of the story than pages of special pleading. She looks both charming and good.

After the illustrations, the chief merit of the book is in the author's gusto and narrative skill. She is elated with her subject, and her subject, in turn, which has both complication and action, carries her along. Thus she focuses on her heroine what she has to say of town and country life, convents as genteel boarding-houses, dress, education, and manners under the Regency. Julie's father provided for her narrowly and treated her harshly. She yielded, however, to infatuation for his sister, her aunt, Madame du Deffand, went with her as a social assistant to Paris, where, after some years of decreasing confidence on both sides, occurred their picturesque quarrel. After this Julie set up a personal salon, kept house with d'Alembert, loved first the dying Marquis de Mora, then the Comte de Guibert, who was thoroughly alive, wrote her letters to both, suffered greatly, and died at the age of two and forty, probably of consumption, opium, and remorse.

It is possible that her chief interest for us still, as for her contemporaries, is not in her letters and the dingy romance they reveal, but precisely in her salon, in the men and women whose friendship she won and enjoyed. One is always gratified by an occasion for meeting Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. du Deffand; and Turgot, Malesherbes, and d'Alembert increase our respect for Julie, and raise the tone of her history. To d'Alembert, indeed, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse owed most of her reputation. To his guidance may be traced the progress she made towards redeeming her bad moral inheritance and education. That, under the influence of Rousseau and "Clarissa Harlowe," she betrayed him and the deist principles of personal conduct, is the tragedy of her career. D'Alembert, a sincere man and, naturally, not an emphatic writer, says poignantly, in his portrait of himself:

> L'amour a presque fait le malheur de d'Alembert; et les chagrins qu'il lui a causé l'ont dégoûté longtemps des hommes, de la vie et même de l'étude.

There was surely in Julie's lapse a special shock for a doctrinaire. The affair with the Marquis de Mora—as Sainte-Beuve says, the man of real delicacy and distinction—seems, from Julie's side, twanging on the double strings of sensualism and cupidity. She went on to play Clarissa to Guibert's Lovelace, consciously, if not deliberately. No doubt she was better, *valait mieux*, than her actual conduct; the phenomenon may be observed among those sentimentalists of to-day who attempt to deal with life in the spirit of art.

Memories of Eight Parliaments. By Henry W. Lucy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Mr. Lucy divides his memories into two classes, which he labels respectively "Men" and "Manners." The men include five prime ministers—Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Rosebery, and Balfour—and Chamberlain, John Morley, the two Cecils, Lord Courtney, and Lord Randolph Churchill. His method is rather rambling, his material miscellaneous. Both vary greatly with the different personages whom he treats of. Thus Gladstone and Disraeli are already figures of the past, about whom he can and does speak with candor; but we feel that in the case of the living men Mr. Lucy is consciously or unconsciously reticent. He makes them out too indiscriminately "fine fellows." A stranger would hardly suppose that Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, earned a reputation for unscrupulousness which his apologists have never succeeded in explaining away. The only elaborate portrait which Mr. Lucy attempts is that of Disraeli, which is, however, a discursive narrative of episodes in that extraordinary career, with quotations from his speeches and some of his witty flings, rather than an orderly biography or an analysis of character.

But after all, the value of Mr. Lucy's book lies precisely in its informal miscellaneousness. It represents what an acute observer has seen and heard during the forty years he has frequented Parliament. He is no ordinary reporter. He can, on occasion, write descriptive passages of great vividness. He hits off in a phrase which you do not forget the way of speaking, or the gestures, or the deportment of the celebrities we have mentioned, and of dozens of other M.P.s besides. The historian will have to go to him over and over again to get the snap-shot picture of some exciting scene in the House. "Tobey, M.P." is not only a keen observer, but a wit withal, as readers of *Punch* are aware: and his wit serves to enliven his account of even obstruction and routine proceedings. Although Mr. Lucy draws no new portraits of the political leaders of the past forty years, he does throw upon them many side-lights, and helps us to fill out, or refresh our estimate of them. Above all, he gives us the atmosphere of the House, its various moods, its hobbies and prejudices, which account for its action much more than the superficial suppose. Such information is always hard for the historian to recover after the generation has gone to which it was an every-day matter. The election of 1906 marked the end of an era in the British Parliament. With the influx of members of classes hitherto unrepresented at Westminster, a new atmosphere is already discernible, and in time new practices will replace the old. It is fortunate that Mr. Lucy, saturated with the old traditions, should chronicle them.

His chapters on "Manners" deal with the humor of the House of Commons; its dramatic possibilities—as in the Bradlaugh and Irish episodes; and in the average decorum—or lack of it. An American reader, who has had to blush for the blackguardism that occasionally breaks out in Congress, may take a sort of *tu-quoque* satisfaction in reading Mr. Lucy's account of some of the rowdy scenes which have disgraced the House of Commons. Until quite recently British M.P.s were assumed to be technically "gentlemen," a fact which makes their performances all the more discreditable. It was Tory "gentlemen," and not Radicals or Laborites, who grossly insulted Mr. Gladstone, despite his four-score years, in a scene to which Mr. Lucy refers several times.

The description of the routine proceedure in Parliament and in Congress should be equally interesting on both sides of the water. In general, Mr. Lucy finds Congress much more businesslike and expeditious—*mirabile dictu!*—than Parliament. The presence of the Leader of the House and of Ministers on the Treasury Bench, and of the Leader of the Opposition and his chief colleagues on the front bench opposite, gives a dramatic, personal interest to the sittings of Parliament; but Mr. Lucy regards the custom which requires ministers to sit on the floor of the House and to hold the fort against every assailant, as a great waste of time and energy. Mr. Lucy concludes—*pace* the Hon. Gamaliel Bradford—that it would be better for the country and for the dispatch of business if British ministers attended to their departmental duties in their respective offices.

We have touched upon only a few of the many points of interest in the book; but these should show what a variety of entertainment Mr. Lucy has to offer to cul-

tivated American readers not less than to his own country people. His collection of bulls uttered in Parliament contains some marvellously amusing specimens.

The Court of Philip IV. By Martin Hume. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

The question of the relation of the great political and diplomatic epochs of a nation to those of its supreme achievements in literature and art, is one of the most interesting that confronts historians. If the England of Elizabeth is an example of the coincidence of the highest national and intellectual accomplishment, the Spain of Philip IV. is an equally significant illustration of the way in which literature and art sometimes attain their greatest glory in an age of national decadence. There is no more dreary chapter in modern European history than that of Spain under its last three Hapsburg Kings: an absolute, though decentralized despotism, but with monarchs unwilling and unable to exercise the sovereign powers with which they were clothed, a fond clinging to antiquated ideals in politics, economics, and religion, from which all the rest of Western Europe had long since parted, and an unexampled moral and social corruption—these are the salient features of the national life. But in the midst of all this we find the most corruscating intellectual and artistic brilliancy. Cervantes, indeed, had passed to his grave before the fourth Philip had come into his vast inheritance, but Lope, Calderon, and Quevedo reached the height of their fame during his rule, the name of Velasquez associates itself with those of Olivarez and Philip IV., well nigh to the exclusion of all others, and that of Murillo scarcely less.

It is with this brilliant period of national decline that Major Hume's most recent book deals. It is a picture of the characters and conditions of the time rather than a history, and on the whole he has succeeded well. The errors and inaccuracies which have so seriously marred much of his historical writing and also his editing of the Spanish Calendars are by no means absent here; they reach their climax, as usual, when Major Hume attempts to treat of non-Spanish affairs, and are significantly illustrated by his making the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, who died in 1554, a participant in the Thirty Years' War (p. 248); still, in a work intended for the general public rather than the specialist such blemishes are not of capital importance. A more serious fault of the book is its redundancy; the court festivities, the amours of the King, the ruinous foreign policy, and the dearth of resources are all described over and over again. On the other hand a good deal more might have been made of the dominant figure of Olivarez, especially his attempt at constitutional and administrative union of the different nations which composed the Iberian peninsula, and which were held together, up to the accession of the Bourbon dynasty, solely by the fact that they had the same sovereign. The account of the visit of Charles I. and Buckingham to Madrid naturally occupies a prominent position in the book, and is very well done, and the story of the relations of England and France to Spain in the last fifteen years of Philip's life contains some new and interesting material, though we fancy that Major Hume has not quite grasped the full significance of the results for Spain of the policy of Louis XIV. in getting Charles II. of England into the last struggle for Portuguese independence by arranging his marriage with Catherine of Braganza. On the personal side, the description of the relations of Philip with the Nun of Agreda forms perhaps the most valuable part of the book.

Students of the history of the France of Louis XIV. will be interested to note the number of customs of the court of the Grand Monarque which had their counterpart and precedent in Spain. Major Hume's description of the daily appearance of Olivarez in the bed chamber of his master before the latter got up, of his standing by while the King dressed and handing him every separate article of clothing, reminds one irresistibly of Versailles and of the elaborate exposition of "l'ordre du lever et du coucher" of Louis XIV., which occupies no less than fifty pages of "L'État de la France," the official publication of the household of the Roi Soleil. It could scarcely have been otherwise. Louis himself was more than half Spaniard, his wife was the daughter of Philip IV., and Spanish influence had at times been very powerful in France since the death of Henry of Navarre, though the two nations were often at war. That a large majority of the court customs and ceremonies which are usually associated with the reign of Louis XIV. are of Spanish origin there is hardly room to doubt, and the student of comparative literature and art will hardly be at a loss to discern equally noteworthy evidences of Spanish influence on seventeenth century France in his field as well.

The New York of Yesterday: A Descriptive Narrative of Old Bloomingdale. By Hopper Striker Mott. Pp. xxvi+597; 78 illustrations, diagrams, and maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.

In 1906 the Bloomingdale Reformed Church celebrated its centenary. Among its officers was Hopper Striker Mott, descended on four sides, so to speak, from the original founders of the church, the members of the first consistory, Andrew Hopper, Jacob Harsen, James Striker and Philip Webbers (not to speak of his relation to the Motts of Bloomingdale). To Mr. Mott, as was eminently fitting, the church delegated the publication of a book which should be both a history of the church and also of the region in which it is situated. Bloomingdale, it should be said, is the old name for the west side of New York, from Twenty-third Street to Manhattanville, or the neighborhood of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and particularly for the upper two-thirds of that region.

With the exception of the Battle of Harlem Heights, the history of Bloomingdale is peaceful and, to the outsider, rather uninteresting. As becomes the name, it was, before the city overran it, a region of comfortable country homes and farms. To some of the old places, which he describes at considerable length, Mr. Mott contrives to give a larger interest, by connecting them with men whose names are known outside the limits of New York. At the foot of the present Ninety-sixth Street, a little cove set in from the Hudson (always known to New Yorkers as the North River), called Striker's Bay, from the mansion built there by Gerritt Striker in 1764. Before the middle of the nineteenth century this house had become a popular tavern, kept at one time by Joseph Francis, famous later as the inventor of the lifeboat. It was a favorite resort of not a few of the literary men of the day, among others of George P. Morris, whose poem, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," was inspired by the rescue of one of the grand old elms of Striker's Bay from the axe of a too materialistic denizen of Bloomingdale. Poe, moreover, at the time when he wrote "The Raven," was living with his "child wife," Virginia Clemm, in a cottage at Eighty-fourth Street, only about three-quarters of a mile away, and Striker's Bay was the frequent goal of his rambles. Bloomingdale was for a time the home of prominent French refugees, Louis Philippe, Mme. d'Auliffe, lady of honor to Marie Antoinette, and others residing in the Harsenville neighborhood, Seventy-first Street and thereabouts, during their exile. Here Louis Philippe is said to have taught school. Teaching was a favorite profession of the generally impecunious exiles; and one of these French schools, that of Mme. Petit, became very well known. All the feminine élite of New York were trained here, and one of Mme. Petit's sons married a Livingston. Of all the old time residences, which Mr. Mott carefully identifies, practically the only one still in existence is Claremont, near Grant's Tomb, built by Michael Hogan, about 1806, occupied for some years by Lord Courtenay, and now used as a restaurant, the property of the city.

To the native of New York city, this work possesses real value; for Mr. Mott has gathered from personal and family recollections, property records, and maps, and vital statistics as kept by the Bloomingdale church, matter that affects many families. The book, of which only 500 copies are printed, from type, is handsomely made, a thick and sturdy volume, as becomes its Dutch ancestry. The illustrations are numerous, and some are very interesting.

We note a few inaccuracies, which, while of no great importance, are the more exasperating because they might easily have been avoided. The Howland mansion (p. 16) is described as standing at the northeast instead of the southeast corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Riverside Drive; the present location of the school of the Collegiate Church (p. 109) is given as Seventy-sixth Street and West End Avenue, instead of Seventy-seventh; the Whitlock mansion (p. 24) is located at One Hundred and Eighteenth instead of One Hundred and Tenth Street. But, in general, the statements are correct and may be recommended to the confidence of the antiquarian.

Modernism. By A. Leslie Libbey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xviii+227. $1.75 net.

Pope Pius X believes that Modernism must be condemned in order that the Lord's flock may be fed. It would, however, be another of the interesting tricks of history if the condemnation expressed in his encyclical *Pascendi dominici gregis* should accomplish his aim in a manner he neither intended nor desired. Already there are

signs of this possible result. At first, the denunciation was received by the devoted priests against whom it was primarily directed as a serious blow to religious progress, while it afforded momentary amusement for an intellectual and skeptical age. Its later effects have been different. For Modernism, even now, excites curiosity, not merely as a thing obnoxious to authority, but as a movement imparting courage to the progressive of all denominations and challenging the interest of the skeptical. The Pope's encyclical has thus directed the attention of intelligent persons, whether religious or not, to a view of religion and its place in the wodern world which abundantly repays serious study.

To the literature of Modernism, Mr. Lilley's book is a notable contribution. It is remarkable for the lucidity of its exposition and for its complete freedom from intellectual and religious frivolousness. It is genuinely philos phical and thorough in its understanding of persons and problems. Superficially the book is, with the exception of a few chapters, a collection of occasional notices previously published in the *Guardian*, the *Speaker*, and the *Commonwealth*. Their selection and chronological arrangement give, however, to the work a progressive and dramatic interest. They cover a period extending from October 1902 to December 1907, and combine with exposition of the movement contemporaneous comment on its progress. The concluding chapter, a critical examination of the encylical *Pascendi*, reveals with a sort of dramatic culmination the pitiable incapacity of the authors of that document to understand what they condemn. The whole is preceded by an introductory account of the movement which the succeeding chapters discuss in detail. The book gains additional interest from the fact that it is written by a loyal member of the Church of England and is dedicated to Father Tyrrell.

But what is Modernism? For answer we summarize a few of the leading ideas to which Mr. Lilley has directed attention. It is improperly called Modernism if it is really to merit what Mr. Lilley has called the Pope's "lyrical outburst of horror," *Procul, procul esto a sacro ordine novitatum amor.* It is rather a very old conception of religion and theology, and modern only in the sense that it attempts to speak to the modern man in the language and ideas of modern times instead of in a language and in ideas which he has discarded and which few can longer understand. Its criticism of the church is, thus, not that she no longer has the words of eternal life, but that she no longer utters them in intelligible speech. Her symbols are not convertible into ideas with which the modern man is familiar. They offer him no meaning which he can think out. By neglecting to recognize this fact the Church puts herself in the ridiculous position of making faith depend upon the acceptance of the unintelligible. She thus fails in her ministry and invites the contempt instead of the loyalty of modern men. They ask of her the words of eternal life and she replies in the propositions of a discarded philosophy. The sense, therefore, in which the term Modernism is appropriate to the movement resides in the demand that the message of faith should be made intelligible in terms of modern ideas.

Such a demand involves an initial conception of the relation between faith and knowledge. Mr. Lilley consequently points out that as a preëminently religious movement it owns kinship with mysticism. It is not, however, a mysticism which substitutes for knowledge the confused rhapsodies of faith, but a mysticism which confidently and instinctively believes that there runs through nature and history the continuous and progressive revelation of an absolute divine reality, and that knowledge, consequently, is the natural complement of faith and the means by which faith is interpreted in terms adapted to the understanding of any age. The dogmas of theology are, therefore, not the objects of faith, but its formulations, and are always relative to the extent of man's knowledge at the time of their making. The Nicene Creed, for example, expresses the faith of a period in the terminology of that period. The dogma of transubstantiation can be an acceptable expression of the mystery of the mass only so long as philosophy supports the doctrine of substance and accidents on which the dogma is based. Thus while faith is regarded as the fundamental spiritual activity of man, it does not thereby make knowledge unnecessary or unimportant. For knowledge "must not only affect the form of faith, but even assist in evoking its rational content."

Modernists, therefore, regard the claims of any religion to supremacy or of any religious institution to be authoritative, as claims which must be judged, on the one hand, by an appeal to history, and, on the other hand, by an appeal to contemporaneous service. This view gives content and method to their apologetics. Only by showing two things, namely that the Church has been supremely the possessor of a continuous revelation and that she has still a living message, can her position be made secure. She should, therefore, not only welcome critical studies of her historical foundations, but should actively promote them. It is inconsistent, Modernists maintain, to appeal to history and yet refuse to criticise the documents of history. Such inconsistency is really the admission that the Church cannot be defended on historical grounds. And if the Church is to be defended on the ground of contemporary service, she should be noted for her impress on the forces which stir the modern world. Has she promoted justice? Has she helpfully influenced science and democracy? By such questions Modernists would recall the Church to what they believe to be her present duty.

Although Mr. Lilley has confined himself in this volume to comment on the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic Church, and more specifically to the exponents of that movement in France, he has made it clear that Modernism is a movement affecting the whole of Christendom. There are, doubtless, points in its philosophy which cause serious difficulties, but there can be little doubt that its appraisement of the place of Christianity in the modern world is of decided inportance These Modernists recognize that Christianity has lost, in large measure, the control of modern life, but they find the reason to be, not the wickedness or worldliness of men, but the ignorance and inefficiency of the Church. Severe critics of organized and dogmatic Christianity find their criticisms voiced by Modernist writers. What the world has been saying of the Church, distinguished members of the Church are now repeating. But they are repeating it with no abatement of religious faith or zeal. It is apparent, therefore, that they are securing for themselves an attentive hearing, and that they will meet with a hearty response if they have any genuinely positive and vital message for our time. The world at large is not surprised at their condemnation by authority; it is, perhaps, little interested in the details of their philosophy; but, just because they seem so clearly to understand the function of religion, it will be increasingly interested in their spiritual work.

The Philosophy of Loyalty. By Josiah Royce. Pp. xiii.+409. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This homily of mine about the vanity of the lust for power is, of course, a very old story. You may think these remarks but wearisome moral platitudes. But we all have to learn this sort of lesson sometime afresh, and for ourselves (p. 91).

This incidental comment of Professor Royce may serve as an apt characterization of the lectures which he delivered before the Lowell Institute in 1907, and which have now been published under the title of "The Philosophy of Loyalty." The lectures are homilies. They contain philosophy, Professor Royce's philosophy of an absolute experience defined in terms of our own finite and partial experiences and yet including and completing them; but the homilies aim primarily at edification. Loyalty is defined and reasons are given for its worth and stability, but the burden of the book is, *Be* loyal. Moreover, the injunction is urged without pessimistic complaint or bitter denunciation. It is urged rather with a winning confidence in the attractiveness and supremacy of whatsoever things are of good report.

Although the term "loyalty" adds some novelty to the narrative and some emotion to the appeal, the "philosophy of loyalty" is the story of devotion to laws in which "the power of God is mighty and groweth not old." For what is loyalty? It is defined progressively. We begin with "The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause," and end with "The Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." The supreme virtue is, consequently, "loyalty to loyalty," and our duties are interpreted as special instances of its exercise. So "we want loyalty to loyalty taught by helping many people to be loyal to their own special causes, and by showing them that loyalty is a precious common human good, and that it can never be a good to harm any man's loyalty except solely in necessary defence of our own loyalty" (p. 215). Assuredly it is an old story! And the same thing is said so many times. Yet it is said with such mastery of the art of skilful repetition that the appearance of progress is often secured.

Reading the book has not led us to question the general soundness of the philosophy of loyalty. It has led us, however, to ask, Why is the preaching of moral platitudes which are true, elevating, and historically sanctified, so ineffective? Why do we lay down the book with the impression

that the vital point has, somehow, been missed, that the "world still lies forlorn"? For ourselves we answer thus: We need, no doubt, to see the beauty of loyalty portrayed and to feel the pressure of prophetic exhortation, but we need knowledge more. We need the information necessary to make loyalty intelligent and effective. So when we ask, for example, how can we best deal with social unrest we do not relish the reply, Help many people to be loyal and harm no man's loyalty except in necessary defence of your own. We want to be told about the causes of unrest, its extent, its intensity, the tested or probable efficacy of measures of relief. We want to know who or what is to blame. Such demands indicate the moral temper of the times.

Science.

The Shell Book; a Popular Guide to a Knowledge of the Families of Living Mollusks, and an Aid to the Identification of Shells, Native and Foreign. By Julia Ellen Rogers. 8 color plates, 96 black and white. (The Nature Series.) New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4 net.

In conchology some book of this sort, sufficiently extended to afford a *coup d'œil* of the subject, and dealing with American aspects of the science, has long been desired. Names count, and a shell named and put in position becomes a scientific acquisition. It has a new value and a larger meaning. And when the previously nondescript assemblage of specimens assumes the dignity of a related series of objects expressing ordinal, family, generic, and specific distinctions, the former vagrant along the beaches becomes a student and an investigator.

Miss Rogers's book supplies, therefore, a real need, and it comes beautifully printed and liberally illustrated. The style is graceful, not without touches of pleasant fancy.

In the preparation of a shell book three aspects of conchology enforce attention: the biological, the purely systematic, and the zoo-geographic (*i. e.*, the distribution of shells over the earth, and in its oceans, with a discussion of their faunal and palæontological relations). Of these three Miss Rogers has wisely selected the second as her dominant theme, and has written a guide to shells as we might find them in a cabinet, giving, of course, their habitat, some symptomatic glimpses into their life-history, and now and then an anecdote or a description.

There may be known to science to-day over 60,000 species of shells, and one might well doubt the practicability of preparing a serviceable descriptive nomenclature. It is obvious at the outset that a shell book must be selective, and that such a selection may be guided by distinction (beauty, size, frequency, etc.), or by locality. Generally, the most concise and useful results are attained by local circumscription, as in Dr. Keep's "West Coast Shells," and no more desirable work could be engaged in than the compilation of just such illustrated manuals, if pleasingly and authoritatively written. It is, indeed, possible to enumerate and describe the species of one genus or several related genera—as Hidalgo is now doing with Cyprea—but such a partial glimpse would hardly deserve the name of a "shell book." For the widest dissemination of knowledge, embracing a typical conspectus of the larger and cosmopolitan families of shells, there is an advantage in Miss Rogers's method of selection by "distinction," modified, for American purposes, by "locality," with an observable attention to families conspicuously popular, and with some reference to industrial importance. The book opens with two generalized chapters, "How to Know Shells," and "The Balanced Aquarium and the Snailery," which might have been somewhat enlarged by a broader description of the habits, distribution, and ecology of shells. In this section there are inserted two most attractive landscape photographs, one from Florida and one from central New York. Then follows the description of a typical shell, and the organs of its mollusk, and after that the systematic treatment, beginning with the *Muricidæ*, the Murices. Now, classification and taxonomy make up the body of the work, and its value must be determined by the lucidity and certainty of its guidance in identifying shells. In this respect it is strikingly good. Miss Rogers seizes on distinctive features acutely, and her phraseology is perspicuous and concise. She makes use of anything handy connected with the habits, reputation, uses, or distribution of the species to give relief to her description. In this way she succeeds in introducing information not strictly taxonomic, but most valuable. Take, for instance, our shore periwinkle (*Littorina littorea, L.*), which is a European immigrant: she stops a moment over the name; tells how it is sold for food in England, whence it came; its prosperous invasion of our coasts; its peculiar gait; its love of seaweed; describes its dental ribbon, and completes her portrait by telling us that, "knowing their feeding habits, the owners of oyster beds scatter periwinkles on their acreage to keep the hindering algæ grazed close."

The illustrations, which are an indispensable part of such a volume, are photographs, and tell their story well. There is a visible superiority in places, plainly due to the distinctiveness of the subject: *e. g.*, the rose-branch Murex, and the surprisingly lifelike pictures of *Pinna, Spondylus,* and *Lima.* Hand-work could not surpass these. Mr. Dugmore is to be congratulated on his satisfactory work in this unpromising field. There are eight color plates, admirable examples of mechanical work in pigments. (Plate IV. suffers from an unlucky "mix-up" in numbering, figs. 23, 24, 25 being quite misplaced). Ideally, a shell book should figure each species described, and should give line drawings and enlargements in the smaller shells. Monographic completeness, in that sense, was not aimed at, and, if observed, would have put the book out of the reach of those to whom now its pages will prove a help.

"The Bird Our Brother" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is, like all Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller's bird books, a fascinating and sympathetic study of bird character in all its phases. Though her work is founded upon a rich personal experience, Mrs. Miller has taken great pains to fortify her conclusions by numerous quotations from reputable authorities, the scientific value of many of which is questionable. It seems invidious to criticise such an excellent book, but it must be confessed that the author is somewhat handicapped in her efforts to preserve a dispassionate attitude by her ardent affection for the world of birds. For example, in the chapter entitled "His Altruism," many tales of protection and help offered by birds to their fellows have, almost without exception, to do with the given bird's own immediate kin—a result, it would seem, not of altruism, but of a rather lower though not less useful instinct.

In his "Deutsche medizinische Inkunabeln" (Leipzig: J. A. Barth), Prof. Karl Sudhoff presents his last word on what has been the subject of his research for many years; he intends to turn next to medical incunabula in Latin. The present work is much more than a bibliography: it is a study of German civilization in the latter half of the fifteenth century from a medical point of view. The 450 odd titles are by no means taken exclusively from purely medical works; the list includes books on popular science as well; even cookery and the preparation of beverages occupy a prominent place. The medical books are chiefly *Volksbücher*, "chap-books," and just for that reason of particular interest to the student of civilization. The study is published as a double number in the "Studien zur Geschichte der Medizin," which Professor Sudhoff is editing for the Puschmann Stiftung of the University of Leipzig.

Gieserud's "Science of Anthropology" is the "outgrowth of an earlier effort to alleviate the worries and perplexities haunting the classifier of books as well as the amateur scientist, taking up this most unsettled and vaguely limited field of study." Thus the manual is aimed at the librarian even more than at the anthropologist. It cannot but be helpful to both: the librarian is provided with excerpts from a number of authors covering their conception of the scope of anthropology, and is offered a specimen classification; to the anthropologist is given a printed bibliography which, though confessedly not comprehensive, is yet of convenience and value, and a list of anthropological societies, museums, etc. Naturally, the quality of the classification calls for the bulk of comment. It might be said, first of all, that the confusion of terms, natural enough to a relatively new science, is very great, and that little that is definitive and at the same time definite can be expected from the collation of many terminologies. It appears sometimes that the etymologist could help out the social scientist a good deal. It is natural enough that the Greek terms, taking into account the stage of development of the Greeks, should hardly correspond to the conceptions of a much later age; there is, for instance, no word for a *society* in the general sense, as witness the hybrid *sociology.* But it yet seems reasonable etymologically to regard *anthropology* as inclusive of all the social sciences, to extend *ethnos* to cover race, and to make more use of the word *demos.* The author, relying upon his quotations, would seem to have grasped the main distinction between the "natural science branch" and "the historical science branch," but not to have attained the sim-

ple clarity of assigning the endings "-graphy" and "-ology" to the descriptive and analytical branches respectively. However, librarians have to do with terminology as employed, and can hardly be called to account in these matters. The cleanest-cut classification of the social sciences known to the present reviewer is one printed for use of classes, but labelled "not published," from the hand of Professor Sumner; this veteran scholar possesses the advantage over most of his peers of having at one time or another dealt with all the social sciences, and of having thus attained a superior perspective. The manual under review is not particularly happy in its style, as the quotation in the first sentence of this notice will indicate; but it is an excellent effort in the direction in which stress should be applied, viz., toward the better organization of a great and important discipline.

Drama.

John Jay Chapman has written, and Moffat, Yard & Co. have published, "Four Plays for Children," which, with one possible exception, cannot be said to be particularly well adapted to their professed purpose, although the author says that two of them have been successfully represented. A good deal depends, of course, upon what is meant by successful representation, which, it may be remarked, is something very different from the fluent recitation and mimetic action of which almost any ordinarily intelligent child is capable. Whether there is any urgent necessity for nursery drama is a question which need not be argued here. Certainly Mr. Chapman's pieces do not belong to that category. The stories of "The Lost Prince," "King Ithuriel," and "The Hermits" are in themselves sufficiently juvenile, but the dialogue, written with a magniloquence often approaching rhodomontade—in which all the little fishes talk like whales—is, as a rule, quite unsuitable for childish entertainment. It is, indeed, entirely lacking in the simplicity which is the prime essential in compositions of this kind. The best of the four pieces is "Christmas in Leipsic," which is founded upon a very pretty idea, developed with no small amount of sympathetic skill. But the acting of it would require powers only to be found among trained performers. Mr. Chapman's work reveals a considerable amount of literary facility and some appreciation of theatrical requirements, but scarcely indicates any special genius—such as that possessed by Mr. Barrie, for instance—for the very difficult task which he has undertaken, that of yoking adult intelligence with the fancy of childhood.

The following passage taken from "King Ithuriel" is a fair example of Mr. Chapman's verse and of the sort of matter which he offers as appropriate to the youthful mind. Roger the Hermit, is proposing parricide to the ambitious princess, Elaine, who applauds the plan:

ROGER.—Your ladyship will pardon if I speak
With frankness, for the urgency is great.
Suppose your father, with his holy zeal—
The people love him, idolize indeed—
Suppose he have discovered some lost heir
That his imagination can adopt.
This village outcast he identifies
With some old legend out of Arthur's time,
Transplants to court, bestows the diadem,
Dies in the fragrance of a holy deed.
And leaves your family to beggary.
ELAINE.—What dost thou say!
ROGER.—Why, it is very like!
The brainsick wonderland in which he lives
Teems with such issues—dragons, mysteries,
And magic happenings of fable-land.
ELAINE.—'Tis very true. Old men have need to die.
ROGER.—A bath of boiling bat's-blood is most good
To wash the whimsies out of aged heads.
ELAINE.—What dost thou say of bat's-blood?
ROGER.—Why, I say
The blood of bats is sovereign balm for saints:
Heaves them to Paradise. Not only so:
It breaks the magic of their godly lives
With magic blacker and more powerful;
Not only killing them, but stemming back
The angelic stream that makes their will prevail:
Without which conquest in the spirit-world,
To kill a saint is idle butchery.
ELAINE.—Speak in less dreadful terms. How many bats
Would make a proper bath for this old man?
For surely death must come to all alike,
And to the aged is a welcome friend.
ROGER.—A thousand bats if taken in the spring,
Or fifteen hundred—

The announcement that Rose Coghlan will support John Drew in W. S. Maugham's comedy, "Jack Straw," is a curious example of the effect of time's whirligig in the theatrical world. In his own rather narrow line, Mr. Drew is an admirable performer, who interprets one type of character exceedingly well, with infinite neatness, dexterity, and finish. But, of course, Miss Coghlan in histrionic range and accomplishments is greatly his superior, and there can be no doubt that she and Mr. Drew will afford each other the mutual support which is so indispensable to a satisfactory representation. We hear a great deal about this "support" in modern theatrical talk, but see very little of the thing itself in actual practice. One of the many disastrous consequences of the star system is that well-balanced performances, such as were common enough in the old stock company days, when "support" was not thought to be of so much importance as "coöperation," are growing more and more rare. It is a consolation to know that the public is prompt to appreciate them, whenever they do occur, as has been demonstrated lately in more than one instance. Miss Coghlan and Mr. Drew, in their earlier days, were both prominent members of notable stock companies, and will know how to play into each other's hands.

Miss Rachel Crothers's play, "The Three of Us," appears to be running along pretty smoothly in London, although the critics were not quite so enthusiastic over it as some of the cable press messages would have us believe. One well-known writer remarks that it shares with a good many other American plays the characteristics of a fresh atmosphere and a stale plot. It cannot be denied that the plot, if not altogether stale, is not free from conventional theatrical device. But the personages are human and vital, and make a strong appeal to the ordinary audience.

Laurence Housman's new play, "The Chinese Lantern," which has just been produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, appears to be a mixture of ancient fairy tale and modern satire. The scene is laid in the studio of a Chinese painter, who does nothing but lecture on a masterpiece—in which the soul of the original executant, Wiowani, is supposed to be embodied—while his assistants do all the work. Tikipu, the humble brushwasher, copies the masterpiece by night, while the Korean slave girl Mee-mee adores him. Presently he is discovered and his work destroyed, whereupon the spirit of Wiowani descends upon him and carries him off for three years. On his return the faithful Mee-mee is preparing to poison herself rather than marry the fat and hateful son of her artist master, but no sooner does Tikipu appear than she joyfully elopes with him, while the deserted household exhibit various manifestations of rage and grief.

Twelve years ago Jules Lemaître, the French Academician, completed a dramatized version of Madame de Lafayette's love story, "La Princesse de Clèves." The piece has just been produced at the Théâtre des Arts, in Paris. M. Lemaître has followed the main incidents of the story very closely, but has provided a new ending. In a brief final act, M. de Nemours and Mme. de Clèves are thrown together in the garden of the convent, whither the latter has retired after the death of M. de Clèves. M. de Nemours pleads his cause, and Mme. de Clèves, true to the memory of her dead husband, resists, but at the last lets fall a discreet word of hope to the duke. He is to return in a year to claim his own.

Music.

The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation. By Sir Charles Santley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Sixteen years ago the eminent English baritone, Charles Santley, published a volume entitled "Student and Singer," in which he gave an entertaining and instructive account of his student days in Italy, and his subsequent career as an opera and concert singer on two continents. At the ripe age of seventy-four, he now presents another volume, embodying his experiences as a teacher, and containing much valuable advice. He himself, as he tells us, narrowly escaped having his voice ruined by injudicious advice. When he was only fourteen years of age, his father insisted on his singing tenor, though, in his own opinion, he was not a tenor. Three years later he "dropped into the bass clef," and it was not till 1859, when he made his operatic début, that his real register (high baritone) was revealed to him. In consequence of this narrow escape, and for other reasons, he holds that only one who is, or has been, a good singer can be a satisfactory teacher. How many such, one wonders, are there among the 10,000 singing teachers who are said to be busy in London alone?

After his return from Italy, where his experiences were rather doleful and discouraging, Mr. Santley had the good luck to become a pupil of the eminent Spaniard, Manuel Garcia, who saved Jenny Lind's voice from ruin, and who is acknowledged the greatest singing master of the last century. Students whose teachers inflict on them a lot of anatomical jargon will be interested to hear Santley on this point. Garcia, he says,

taught singing, not surgery! I was a pupil of his in 1858, and a friend of his while he lived, and in all the conversations I had with him, I never heard him say a word about larynx or pharynx, glottis, or any other organ used in the production and emission of the voice;

and Santley adds his own opinion, that the less pupils know about the construction of the vocal organs, the better.

Mr. Santley does not credit the foolish remark attributed to Rossini, that the three main requisites of a singer are "voice, voice, and voice," but thinks the anecdote has done much harm in encouraging pupils with "voices" to shirk work. If he himself were questioned as to the three requisites, he would answer: "Patience! patience! patience!" Apparently, the teacher needs this as much as the pupil, for, in his opinion, "a singing master has the most trying task of all teachers." Of his colleagues he has no high opinion; most of them do not know the difference between the "production" and the "emission" of the voice; most of them launch their pupils too soon into the study of difficult music; and as for enunciation, their pupils may be heard any day singing, "Ow, de-ah, now!" for "Oh, dear, no," and that sort of thing.

During his career as a singer the author suffered much from the defective acoustics of theatres and halls. A good deal has been written regarding the fact that in some parts of an auditorium the audience may hear much better than in others; on this Mr. Santley dwells, but he also presents the artist's side of the plaint. Why, he asks, was he able to go through his work in perfect comfort in one place, while in another he was glad to land safe at the end? He inveighs against the primitive waiting rooms, which are responsible frequently for sudden impairment of voice and disappointment of the audience. He also dwells at considerable length on the danger of having flowers in the artist's room or in drawing-rooms where artists are expected to sing. Close observation showed that he was often attacked with hoarseness when there were flowers in the room, and was relieved as soon as they were removed. Tobacco, on the other hand, soothes his throat. Nor will he admit that these are personal idiosyncrasies.

In the preface, Mr. Santley makes a contribution to the question: Are great artists happy? His experience does not in the least confirm the general notion that a singer's life is a merry one: "No gold nor amusement could repay the toil, worry, and disappointment of a singer's life as I know it."

The Aborn American Grand Opera Company, which had a successful career of thirty-one weeks last season in New York and Brooklyn, will be reorganized in September for a season of forty weeks, to be divided between New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The repertory is to include some twenty operas, among them Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," all in English.

One of the artists who has won special praise during the present opera season in London is Miss Destinn, who will be in our Metropolitan company next winter. Speaking of Gluck's "Armida," the London *World* says: "The great triumph of the production was Frl. Destinn as Armide—she looked magnificent, and sang and acted as if she had never breathed any atmosphere save that of chivalric romance, or sung in any music save that of the eighteenth century."

The Vienna Conservatory, which for nearly a century has been maintained by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and brought to its present state of prosperity, will, on the first of next January, be handed over to the state. The teaching staff hopes by this change to obtain higher salaries as well as higher pensions.

Another sign of the times: At the Imperial Opera in Vienna, after a pause of twelve years, "Stradella," by Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has been revived. Richard von Perger writes in the London Musical Times that "the performance aroused unusual enthusiasm. This shows that the public, weary of tone effects, dissonances, blood, and adultery, finds pleasure in flowing and yet refined music. A quite childlike pleasure was taken in the melody, and in the droll humor of the piece."

Since Eugen D'Albert has become so popular as an opera composer, he has practically given up his piano recitals, but he has found time to do his share in the editing of Liszt's complete works, to be issued by Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig. The first two volumes, recently issued, were edited by him. They contain the first four of the symphonic poems, which created a new epoch in musical history. The other editors of this edition are Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Weingartner, and Wolfrum. There will be altogether about forty volumes, and it is expected that the work will be completed within twelve years.

The same publishers have issued volume I. of the complete works of Haydn. In Haydn's day composing was a less elaborate affair than in Liszt's, and no one who has read of Haydn's fluency and industry will be surprised to hear that there will be altogether eighty volumes in this edition. The editors are Kretzschmar, Seiffert, Kopfermann, Adler, Weingartner, and Mandyczewski, who has spent ten years in gathering data and sifting material. The volume issued includes twelve symphonies, some of which have not been printed before. The third of them contains a minuet. Most historians assume that it was Haydn, who introduced the minuet in the symphony, but he adopted the practice from older composers of the Viennese school. The sixth, seventh, and eighth of these symphonies are programme music, and they are the best of the twelve. The editors have ascertained that of the 150 symphonies attributed to Haydn only 104 are genuine. The others were written by his brother Michael, by Dittersdorf, Kotzeluch, Hoffmeister, and others.

Art.

Seals, by Walter de Gray Birch. Pp. xxvii +327. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

Of the Connoisseur's Library, edited by Cyril Davenport, we have reviewed in these columns the volumes on European Enamels, Ivories, English Furniture, Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work, Porcelain, and Glass. The volumes are handsome and convenient, the paper is thick but not heavy, the printing clear, and the type unusually large for such handbooks. The volumes purport to be separate studies of first rate importance; and in most cases they succeed.

This book on seals, however, is less useful than we could wish. Thus, it would not be incorrect to say that except for ten pages at the beginning, the work is devoted to the seals of the middle ages and later times. It contains nothing about the seals of the Orient since the founding of Islam; and yet in modern times there is no part of the world where seals are used so commonly as in the Moslem East. There is no mention of the seals and stamps of the remote East, so much in question in studies of Chinese painting and bronze casting; nothing about the engraved gems of Greek and Greco-Roman antiquity, except as they appear in a few mediæval settings. Yet the true origin of the engraved gem, whether worn in a ring or otherwise, is the signet. Even those ancient seals which are touched upon in the first ten pages are treated cursorily, and without illustrations.

The very question as to what constitutes a seal is not properly answered; for no clear distinction is made between the seal proper, the counter seal, the private seal, the sign manual or signet, the special seal used for special documents, the metal bulla, or the seals stamped in plastic materials. Evidently the word means the final result, the impressed coat of arms, or emblem, or design which the matrix leaves when it has been stamped upon a yielding surface or upon a harder surface with color. Evidently the matrix itself is not strictly the seal; although our English usage gives both meanings. There can be no harm in this inclusive use of the term; and yet the student should be told in each case whether the descriptions and the plates stand for originals or for impressions. This would be evident enough if the illustrations were better, but despite all care, the figures are vague and hard to understand except in cases where the design is extremely simple. Of course many seals that are injured, or at least defaced and rubbed, are too important to be rejected. Yet with allowance for such defects, these illustrations fall short.

The book has only four pages of index for over three hundred of text. There is a glossary, but the heraldic terms are not made plain—to the layman. On consulting "dexter" and "sinister," the reader will not learn why these terms mean just the reverse of *right* and *left* on the escutcheon. Again, there is no reference from text to figures, no index to the figures, no explanatory "caption" to make the text useful to one who is studying the illustrations. Dr. Birch is known as a trustworthy guide in fields which he had made his own; and yet we must conclude that the vast deal of interesting information in this his latest work is limited in range and hardly made accessible.

The *Burlington Magazine* for June is concerned largely with the minor arts, containing illustrated papers on plate, porcelain,

etc., and (in the section on Art in America), on two recent panels of colored glass by John La Farge. The same section contains notes, by W. Rankin, on the Saint-Gaudens Memorial Exhibition and the Spring Academy. The frontispiece of the number is a reproduction of Millais's portrait of Tennyson—probably a good likeness, but not a very interesting work of art.

The special spring number of the *Studio* (John Lane) is devoted to "Art in England during the Elizabethan and Stuart Periods," but the art dealt with is that of domestic architecture and furniture, which is lavishly illustrated. At the end there is a short account of "The First Century of English Engraving," but there is nothing about painting and sculpture, or about many of the minor arts. The title of the number is much too inclusive for its contents, but the contents themselves are valuable.

We take pleasure in acknowledging from F. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, an excellent portrait of Grover Cleveland. The photograph measures 16 by 13½ inches, and is well suited for framing.

Signor Rava's proposal to found an Italian archæological school at Athens, similar to those of Germany, Great Britain, France, America, and Austria, has met with the approval of the Italian Parliament.

A Roman marble sarcophagus has recently been unearthed in Rome outside the Porta Maggiore. It is in excellent preservation, and constitutes one of the most interesting finds of this sort during the last years. The chief subject represented is a scene from a battle between Romans and Parthians or Persians.

A new cave with prehistoric drawings has been brought to light by Dr. René Jeannel in the Department Ariège in France. Among the drawings are horses, oxen, and reindeers. Among the most interesting is the silhouette of a man—one of the few representations of the human figure found in prehistoric caves.

Venice is alarmed by the discovery that the campanile of San Stefano is again in danger. When this church was restored, four or five years ago, a buttress was built against one side of the tower. Now both tower and support prove to have followed an imperceptible movement of the ground. San Stefano is a Gothic church of the fourteenth century, notable for grace and lightness, and one of Venice's chief monuments.

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg has lately acquired some valuable Greek textiles, discovered in the neighborhood of Kertsch, in the Crimea. From other objects found with them they can be dated as belonging to the fifth century, B. C. The textiles are of three kinds—printed, painted, and embroidered. In the painted specimens the figures are left in the brownish color of the texture, and the background is filled in in red and black—a technique which recalls the red-figured Athenian vases.

Mr. Sotiriadis, ephor of antiquities in Athens, has delivered a report on his discoveries at Chæronea and Elatea, where he has been excavating certain tumuli. Neolithic dwellings have been brought to light in considerable numbers around and upon a large tumulus; great quantities of bones of animals, doubtless sacrificial, have been found; also some fine examples of neolithic vases, domestic utensils, stone implements, and terracotta idols. At a depth of eight or nine feet there were found several human skeletons, which make it probable that these tumuli, to which Mr. Sotiriadis assigns the approximate date of 3000 B. C., are funerary. The bones bear traces of burning. Some of the vases are of good shape and interesting decoration. There are many varieties; one shows white designs on a fine black ground; another group red designs on a white ground; and there are some vases with polychrome decorations.

Finance.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE 1893 PANIC.

The death of ex-President Cleveland has necessarily revived discussion of the relations of his Administration to the country's financial history of the past generation, and this discussion has already illustrated the persistency of an unfounded imputation, fostered originally by political prejudice. "A good man, but he brought on the panic of 1893"—this was the off-hand comment of hundreds of men of at least average intelligence, when they got last Wednesday's news. Yet nothing is more certain, as a matter of financial history, than that Mr. Cleveland did not bring on the panic of 1893, that he did great service in averting its worst after-effects, and that, in so far as public measures or public policies actually had a hand in the chaos of that panic year, they were measures and policies to which he was openly opposed, and which came upon the scene of action when he was not in office and when his party was not in power.

The theory that Mr. Cleveland's tariff policy caused the panic of 1893 misses dates. Whatever their theoretical beliefs, most people now concede that the plan of suddenly and radically altering the entire list of import duties is unsettling to business, for the reason that importers must necessarily move slowly, when such changes are impending, in order to avoid loss on their longer projects. A merchant who should import goods under high duties, and who had not disposed of them when the duties were lowered or removed and when his competitor had imported the same goods on the new basis, would naturally be undersold.

This, though it would scarcely make for panic, would be apt to create dull and narrow trade. But the tariff policy of the Cleveland Administration was not considered until the last months of 1893, or introduced in Congress until December 19, or enacted until the middle of 1894, whereas the panic began in May, 1893, and reached its climax in July. This would no doubt leave open the theory that fear of what the law might be had created panic beforehand; but the peculiar fact in that regard is that nobody on the financial markets paid any attention whatever to the tariff while the panic was raging, but that all attention converged on a very different law, enacted in 1890, and then operating directly and unmistakably to break down the public credit.

The position with which Mr. Cleveland was confronted, when his second term began in 1893, was this: A revenue law had been passed three years before, which, by removing the sugar duties, struck off upwards of $50,000,000 from the annual public revenue. Public expenditure, which was $297,000,000 in the year when that revenue law was passed, had risen to $383,000,000 in the year when Mr. Cleveland took office. Deficits in Treasury finance were beginning, and this happened when the government's floating debt, in the form of notes issued to purchase and store away silver bullion, under another law of 1890, was increasing at the rate of $50,000,000 annually. A banking concern in the position occupied by the Treasury in March, 1893, would have stood on the brink of insolvency. The gold reserve for redemption of government notes, which the law stipulated should be $100,000,000, stood at $100,982,000 when the Cleveland Administration took charge of it, and it had been kept at that figure only through the extorting of $7,000,000 gold from reluctant New York banks by the retiring Administration, in exchange for notes held by the Treasury.

Mr. Cleveland met this disastrous situation with four distinct and important actions. He personally declared that the law, in his judgment, required that the notes of 1890 should be redeemed, if the holder so desired, in gold. He forced on Congress the repeal of the vicious statute through which the government's floating debt was being uselessly increased, and its gold reserve depleted. When the after-panic trade contraction sent these notes by the millions back from general circulation into the banks started a gold-export movement, and thus again caused the notes to be used for procuring gold from the Treasury, and when, as a consequence, the gold reserve fell below $70,000,000, the Cleveland Administration utilized its lawful powers, in the face of a wild outcry of protest, and procured gold from the New York banks through public loans.

When even this recourse failed, because the banks drew the gold for their bond subscriptions out of the Treasury in exchange for legal-tenders, and when, in February, 1895, the gold reserve fell to $41,000,000—forced suspension of gold payments being apparently only one day off—Mr. Cleveland issued bonds to buy $65,000,000 gold from an international syndicate, on the pledge of the syndicate that the gold

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would not be procured from the Treasury, and that further withdrawals would be averted.

No President in our history has faced such a clamor of abuse and misrepresentation as broke out on the announcement of this contract, and Mr. Cleveland knew beforehand that it would do so. But if he had flinched, and had let the relief expedient go by default because of its unpopularity, the United States currency, in March, 1895, would have gone to a silver basis. It was not Mr. Cleveland's habit to flinch in such a crisis, and he met the situation. It is worth asking whether the chorus of tributes of respect and admiration, paid to his memory last week even by opposing political organizations, was not in very considerable part a recognition of this achievement of 1895, and of the President's steadfast attitude during the panic of 1893 for which he was not responsible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Banks, Louis Albert. Sermons Which Have Won Souls. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.40 net.
Bennett, Ida D. The Vegetable Garden. McClure Co. $1.50 net.
Beveridge, Albert J. Work and Habits. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Bloch, Camille. L'Assistance et L'État en France à la Veille de la Révolution. Paris: Alphonse Picard.
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Gardens, Old and New. Edited by H. Avray Tipping. Vol. 3. Imported by Scribners. $12 net.
Gascoigne, George. The Posies. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. Putnams.
Goucher, John Franklin. Christianity and the United States. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Graham, David. The Grammar of Philosophy. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Gratacap, L. P. The Evacuation of England. Brentano's.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1908.

The Week.

The first Democratic campaign tract, comprising 386 pages of edifying literature from the *Congressional Record*, lies before us. Bound in a superb green cover—suggestive, doubtless, of the verdant innocence with which it is undertaking to win the Presidency with W. J. Bryan—it sets forth Republican sins of omission and commission. Here is Mr. Bryan's famous speech, entitled "Thou Shalt Not Steal," Judge Parker's vindication from the columns of the New York *Sun*, eight pages devoted to labor, and then the speech of Congressman Henry of Texas showing just why the power of Federal judges should be curbed. The Honorable William Sulzer is heard in behalf of our downtrodden merchant marine, and there is a whole chapter on the election of United States Senators by vote of the people. To the question of the tariff and the Trusts are given a substantial seventy-eight pages, and nearly as much space is awarded to a consideration of our financial and industrial conditions. This subject of bad times is naturally the one of which we are likely to hear the most in the coming campaign. Republican extravagance, too, is to be one of the important points to be assaulted. It is the very first subject touched upon in the book, which is not without some skill in arrangement. But if there were a dozen such volumes, in all the colors of the rainbow, it would still be plain that this campaign is once more to turn largely upon personalities rather than principles.

Senator Foraker's conscience allows him to recommend Mr. Taft as heartily as the merchant recommended the young man who was able, energetic, enterprising, and only suffered from a tendency to break open the safe and run away with the contents. "He is known," says Senator Foraker, "as exceptionally agreeable, so far as his personality is concerned." That is. Mr. Taft is a nice, stout man, who means well. But—"the only objection I have to him is that he seems to believe that the country needs more of the so-called Roosevelt policies." Oh, what a but is there, my countrymen! "I have just shown you that Roosevelt policies have brought on panic, and within eleven months turned Cincinnati from a city with 20,000 skilled laborers less than she needed into a city with 22.000 unemployed. I have no need to remind you that if Taft spells anything to the country, it is Rooseveltism. That made him; that, so far as any declarations have come from Mr. Taft, keeps him. You will, therefore, understand with how warm-throb bing a heart, with what a flashing eye, with what a blazing enthusiasm, I announce my belief in Mr. Taft's eminent fitness for the Presidency, if once we overlook the fact that he stands unequivocally for a continuation of that Roosevelt régime which has brought the country to the verge of ruin." Decidedly, Senator Foraker is burying the hatchet; and to every reader who will enclose postage for reply, we will name, in confidence, the owner of the broad, solid back in which the Foraker hatchet is being buried.

Secretary Cortelyou's denial that there is, strictly speaking, any Treasury deficit at all, does not seem to be hailed with any great enthusiasm even by his own party. Republicans no doubt feel that a deficit of $60,000,000, with one of $150,000,000 impending in the next fiscal year, is an awkward thing to explain; but they are not quite ready to deny its very existence. One reason is that they have longer political memories than Mr. Cortelyou. They have not forgotten how savagely they denounced the Democrats in the national platform of 1896 for having incurred "an unceasing deficit." There was no excuse offered then for an absurd system of bookkeeping, such as the Secretary now alleges, nor would one have been considered for a moment. Moreover, the very plan which Mr. Cortelyou now suggests, of reckoning bond sales as a receipt, and paying for "permanent public works" out of borrowed money, instead of taxes, was repudiated in advance by the Republicans in 1896, when they arraigned the Democrats for "eking out ordinary current expenses with borrowed money." Mr. Cortelyou may have chosen to ignore these political aspects of the case, but purely as a financial measure there is strong objection to his proposal to classify the Treasury receipts and expenditures as "ordinary" and "extraordinary." This would tend to confusion, not clarity. It would place our system of public accounts in the same category with that of Russia. The Russian Finance Minister always reports a surplus, because the items which would make a deficit he transfers to the account of "extraordinary" expenditures. With the consequent borrowings and bond issues, Russian finance has long been the despair of statisticians and investors. Secretary Cortelyou's plan would introduce similar puzzles here. It would, in fact, be a step backwards towards our cumbrous methods during the civil war. The present form of Treasury statement may not be all that could be desired; but at all events it sets forth the facts accurately.

Secretary Cortelyou is quoted as predicting that there will be no "emergency" in this autumn's money market, and therefore no need for using the "emergency provisions" of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill. We do not doubt that the Secretary is correctly quoted, because he is a sensible man and in the habit of speaking truthfully. The predictions of the Senatorial cabal who hustled this legislative monstrosity through Congress in its expiring hours, and who attempted to justify their course by warnings that if their measure were not passed, next autumn would witness "another panic, worse than last October's," were either not sensible or else not truthful. With idle money piling up in the New York banks at a rate which brought the surplus reserve the other day to heights never but once exceeded in our previous history, and with money lending on Wall Street for a six-months' term at only 3½ per cent., the full absurdity of the Aldrich-Cannon plea is now manifest. There are faithful souls, we presume, who will ask why Mr. Cortelyou should make his party's Congressional action ridiculous, even by speaking out unpalatable truths. Is it because the Chicago platform "especially commended" this notorious measure, and had only a word or two of perfunctory recognition of Mr. Cortelyou's really great achievement—his prompt use of the public surplus to stop a general plunge into insolvency after the Knickerbocker failure?

The *Evening Sun* of this city has performed a valuable service in setting forth the precise facts as to the long continued strike in Chester, Pa., of the 150 street railway employees. Early in April, their wages were cut from 18½ cents an hour to 16 2-3 cents, and the men refused to work. The authorities and the bulk of the population siding with them, they for three months terrorized the town with the usual arguments of union men on strike—boycotting, assaults with intent to kill, the use of bombs, and the destruction of property. Dozens of injured have been taken to the hospitals, many of them innocent bystanders. The mobs assailed the State police, as well as the strike-breakers. Five cars have been dynamited, a sixth escaping by accident, and a bridge was burned down. The boycott has been carried to almost inconceivable lengths; for example, two elderly school teachers, who dared to ride on the cars in a rain-storm, were compelled to apologize to their school children—who struck at once—by publishing an apologetic letter. A young physician, who rode on the cars in response to calls from patients, has been compelled to leave the city, and several

policemen resigned rather than ride on the cars in the execution of their duty. Naturally, the city has paid a heavy price for this, directly and indirectly, by vacant houses and men thrown out of work, while the expense of handling the strike has been $5,000 a month. The company claims $150,000 in damages, and the total bill of the city and county is likely to be between $200,000 to $250,000.

To have killed a restaurant-keeper in the interests of labor is the very latest thing in Presidential qualifications. The Socialist Labor Party registers its protest against stupid conventions and old-fashioned decency by expressing its desire to send to the White House a young man who is now serving a twenty-five-year term for murder. There is certainly an advantage in crowning your hero with the halo of martyrdom before, rather than after, he takes the Presidential chair. The particular form of this martyrdom is bound to call forth the admiration and allegiance of those sympathetic multitudes who, every year or two, affix their signatures to the petition for pardon of some atrocious criminal. They will at once recognize their representative man, and rise up and follow him when he comes trailing clouds of glory from the prison-house which is his home.

Our land laws were once fairly adapted to existing conditions, but they are now antiquated and foster speculation and fraud—such is the accusation of Seth R. Humphrey in the July *Atlantic*. He speaks from long and official experience when he says that the root of the trouble is the fixed equal charge for public lands of all degrees of value. In the early pioneer days, it was put low enough to tempt hardy settlers into the unexplored West. But soon came the era of speculation and fraud. Men rushed in with no intention whatever of keeping or improving their land. When the Indian reservation was opened, the land-office made the settlers line up for the crack of a gun, and settle their "right" to lands by the speed of their legs, the hardness of their fists, and the quality of their firearms. Later it tried distribution by lottery. A fixed charge of $1.50 to $4.00 per acre was still absurdly maintained on land worth $5, $10 and even $25. And this old-fashioned nonsense of the "crustaceans of the land-office" is, as Mr. Humphrey shows, continued in the opening of the new tracts made available by the national irrigation policy. Unless these new acres, too, are to be made the spoil of the speculator, and their development neglected, the fixed-charge system, with its lottery annex, should be abolished. Mr. Humphrey's whole article is well worth attention at Washington.

Senator Everett Colby is to be punished for his insubordination, his repeated refusals to abide by the wishes of the leaders of his party. Hence a highly respectable candidate, Thomas L. Raymond, now first assistant prosecutor of Newark, has been put forward to contest with him for the Senatorship nomination on the Republican ticket. There is evidence that this has been engineered by the friends of ex-Senator Dryden and the corporate influences against which Mr. Colby has fought so long and so successfully. It is needless to say that Mr. Colby has done more to purify and invigorate his party in New Jersey during the last six years than any other man, and that its best chances of permanent success depend upon its ability to keep in public life men of similar character and aims. Mr. Raymond is a man of excellent reputation, but there is no reason apparent at this distance from Newark why he should supplant Senator Colby. He takes his stand, he says, squarely on the State and national platforms, but he is discreetly silent on the questions of limited franchises, the equalization of taxes, and excise. We decline to believe that Mr. Colby's highly intelligent Republican constituency will permit his retirement at the coming primary.

It is not true that the National Education Association, whose convention at Cleveland has just ended, turned a cold shoulder to the Simplified Spelling Board. The fact of the matter, explains Charles P. G. Scott, secretary of the Board, is that a motion was made to print the reports of the Association according to "our lists." "This motion was set aside at our own request, because we do not wish to force our spellings even upon a minority." Rare and charming delicacy on the part of the Board! If we may trust reports, however, this almost timorously considerate organization is girdling the earth with pickets. Gratifying reports come in from every side. The quick philological sense of the school children of Illinois has brought them into the fold without a struggle. Stewart L. Woodford and John Burroughs have sworn allegiance to the children of light. Nay, even "the most eminent philologists" of conservative Australia, South Wales, and New Zealand lift up their voices for reform. What is the secret of this irresistible march? Circular No. 19 of the Simplified Spelling Board throws some light on the question. "I venture to say," declares Professor Lounsbury, "that there is not either in this country or in England a single scholar in English, to whom other scholars would feel that deference is due, who is opposed to this movement in itself." Any persons of eminence who object "have attained eminence in some other field than English scholarship." Those who defend the present orthography display "the nakedness of their ignorance"; but the Board is gratified by signs of a decrease in this "indecent mental exposure." The Board will not force its spelling upon even a minority; but if you persist in remaining in the minority, the Board's fine scruples will not prevent its calling you a fool and an ignoramus. If you don't want your scholarship boycotted, join the union.

The recent meeting of the newly organized historical association of the Mississippi Valley represents a new movement. Until recently the West has appeared too young to attract the attention of the historical specialist, so that little real critical work has been attempted. Yet that country is rich in collections of historical sources. Early in the existence of most of the States individuals interested themselves in the preservation of the records; and, in many cases, there were founded at an early date State historical societies. The field for research is, therefore, fertile, and the whole of it should be worked over. There have lately been published several scholarly monographs in Western history. Those who have taken interest in this work have organized the Mississippi Valley Historical Association in order to keep in touch with each other and to promote the study of history throughout the whole region. This new association may become significant in the interpretation of the past of the nation at large. On account of the Civil War, Mason and Dixon's line has come to have for many almost the reality of a physical barrier. The development of the Eastern colonies and States emphasized this disunion, but such was never the case in the great valley of the West, where Southern men and Northern men settled side by side along the rivers and on the prairies. This unity of the West was long maintained by the easy communication offered by the Mississippi River. On its banks the feeling of nationalism was fostered. It was out of the consciousness of Western unity that the new historical association was born; and the alliance of historians from the North and South places a new emphasis on the facts of Western expansion.

Mr. Balfour went back to an old and congenial rôle of his when he addressed the Pan-Anglican Congress on the conflict between science and religion. The author of "The Foundations of Belief" was supposed to have made out a good case for the creed by maintaining that theological belief is no more irrational than scientific; and the blessing which his address of the other day bestowed was nearly as dubious. He admitted that recent scientific discoveries had made the old argument from design

practically "worthless," and declared that if one had to choose between religion and science he could not well avoid inclining to the latter. For in "the ministrations of science," Mr. Balfour said, "I am more and more driven to believe is the greatest mundane agent for good." But, of course, he did not concede that the scientific spirit and the religious spirit are in hopeless antagonism. On the contrary, he thought that they are approximating each other more closely than would have seemed possible, fifty years ago. Theology has become more tolerant; science more humble. Both stand dumb before the vast complex of the universe. And if both believe in a higher reason informing the whole, there is no really vital philosophic conflict between them. Ordinary frankness, however, compelled Mr. Balfour to say that theology had been profoundly modified by science. The two may dwell in peace, but only on condition of the stronger being allowed its way.

Marcel Prévost comments in the *Annales* on the differences in the attitude of the French and the English toward sports. In France, he says, interest is confined practically to individuals of wealth and leisure, and indulgence in sports is regarded as a social distinction. Every sub-prefecture in France, especially in garrison towns, has a tennis court, and Prévost has found it amusing to note the intrigues they give rise to—the pride of those who have admission to them, the hostility of those who have not. As soon as a particular sport becomes less exclusive, it loses ground among the aristocrats. Rowing on the Seine is now left to clerks, and bicycling is looked on as distinctly vulgar. Why automobiling has made such progress in France is obvious: its cost prevents it from sharing the fate of rowing and wheeling. But even to those Frenchmen who indulge in this or that sport, it is always a matter of secondary interest; their *grande passion* is something else. Attempts to introduce the English spirit in French high schools have failed, and Prévost does not seem to be sorry thereat; he holds the devotion to sports responsible for the fact, if fact it be, that the average Englishman is inferior mentally to the Frenchman or German of the same class.

New China is borrowing not only the railways, guns, constitutions, professors, and temperance movements of the West, but also its athletics. The world's conception of a Chinese athlete has probably been a fat man dozing in a chair. He is the companion figure to the traditional Chinese warrior who seeks to encompass the defeat of his enemy by flourishing a sword as large as Ko-Ko's and yelling. But we have it on the authority of the Shanghai *Mercury* that "there is growing up in our midst"—that is, in the midst of the Chinese—"a new order of native manhood, showing every reason to hope that it will be as good as it is new. The stamina of the native youth has increased." At St. John's College, Shanghai, the native students have the classical athletic programme of the colleges of the West. They have the sprints, the hurdle, and the jumps; play baseball, football, and tennis, and drill smartly. It is not stated in the *Mercury*, but they may be even driving motor cycles in Cathay. The results are noticeable. "In the competition for the Africa Cup the Chinese contingent did their ten miles march with arms and accoutrements without a single man falling out. They needed some reviving at the end, but"—but so does all China, for that matter, and so do Yale and Harvard crews.

It cannot be denied that in advocating a tax on bachelors, the German Emperor has scored both on Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. We should not have believed it possible that the President would have let a mere German get ahead of him, particularly after having concerned himself both with race suicide and the cause of the child. But such is the fact; and the German press is now discussing the Emperor's proposal, which it takes with all seriousness. Thus the Berlin *Tageblatt*, while evidently favorable to the tax, doubts whether it can be imposed without also establishing a general income tax; it takes for granted that the new tax will be on incomes. Certain it is that if an Imperial income tax is put on, the married men could be made to pay their share, but the *Tageblatt* worries lest some people should consider taxing bachelors a kind of discriminating class legislation. The Kaiser has not yet unfolded the details of his plan. We presume, however, that the tax will decrease with the size of the bachelor's income. That is, the smaller the income the larger the tax, which will thus serve the double purpose of inciting to matrimony and stimulating the bachelor to become a more useful and valuable member of society. Upon this double ground we have no doubt the new tax will commend itself to economists everywhere, and win for itself a place in Mr Roosevelt's platform of 1912, next, perhaps, to old-age pensions, as that upon which he will make his strongest appeal for re-election.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., states that "news is brought by the steamship Empress of China from Korea that nearly a thousand pro-Japanese Koreans, members of the Il-Chin-Hoi, have been murdered by Korean insurgents." This is, of course, condensing into one dramatic incident what has really been the history of two years' internecine warfare in Korea. Even before the establishment of the Japanese protectorate, the Il-Chin-Hoi were hated by the masses of the people of Seul because of their consistency in playing into the hands of the Japanese. Since the protectorate was made a fact, the Korean patriots have carried on a war of revenge against the partisans of Japan. The slaughter of the pro-Japanese Koreans has been larger than that of Japanese themselves, because the protecting Power has been accustomed to avenge any attack on one of its own subjects with terrible severity. Yet against Japanese tyranny, too, the Koreans have risen repeatedly. The outside world probably knows little of the guerrilla warfare that has been going on away from Seul; only now and then one hears of an eloquent number of Korean executions. That the supposedly spiritless and cowardly Korean should venture to challenge the might of victorious Japan only shows how far the most "inferior" of nations will go in defence of its right to work out its own destinies.

The civil war in Persia will be cited by the British Opposition as more than justifying its criticisms of the recent Anglo-Russian agreement with regard to Central Asia. By that agreement Persia was divided into two political spheres of which the northern, including the capital and all other principal cities, was handed over to Russia. What Russian "influence" has succeeded in accomplishing in less than a year, the present anarchy in the Persian Empire shows. Now, the question that suggests itself and that cannot fail to be put by those who opposed the partitioning of Persia, is this: Would the Shah have delivered his *coup d'état*, would the Parliament have been dispersed, its leaders massacred, and the Constitution itself imperilled, if Great Britain had not practically agreed to give Russia a free hand with the Shah? It was under British auspices largely that the Persian liberal movement attained its first victories. The famous secession of 10,000 of Teheran's leading citizens, three years ago, which forced the late Shah to grant a Constitution, was to the grounds of the British Legation. From that it is a long step to having the Shah place his pickets about the British Legation and enforce the power of search on its inmates. Against this procedure Sir Edward Grey has protested; but that is scarcely enough. Unless Great Britain shows by unmistakable action that she does not consider the terms of her agreement with Russia tantamount to the establishment of a Russian protectorate over Persia, she will lay herself open to the charge of having betrayed the cause of Constitutional government and progress in the Middle East.

AN ERA OF NO FEELING.

Dulness has already marked this Presidential election for its own. Nobody pretends to be excited, or holds out any real hope of becoming so. Even the political *claqueurs*, in either party, who are hired to go through their simulated frenzy of delight, are doing it in the most modern fashion, like men with their eye on the clock and longing for the hour to knock off their distasteful job. Memory has to be racked to recall a campaign which started off so dead and alive. From the Monrovian Era of Good Feeling, we seem to have fallen to an Era of No Feeling.

Obvious causes have brought about this state of political indifference. For several months, the country has been face to face with two thoroughly discounted Presidential nominations. Now, no one can be thrown into transports over a foregone conclusion. We need the element of uncertainty, of prolonged doubt, of thrilling struggle. Politics no more than the theatre can hold close attention without dramatic suspense. But in the great political play now offered to the nation, the dénouement was given in the first act—rather, in the very prologue—so that there is nothing for the weary audience to do but sit it out as patiently as it can. The party ushers may urge the people to wait and see whether it "ends happily," but the fact is too plain that it has begun unhappily, however it may end.

Moreover, the spectators are convinced that such fighting as they are asked to witness and to cheer is mostly sham Insincerity is the great breeder of indifference; and it is evident that a good part of the thrusting and fencing which the two parties are now doing is only a stage duel. The hatred and fear are feigned, and the causes of quarrel hollow. When one considers the attempt this year to make out in the official platforms sharp issues between the Republicans and the Democrats, one merely gets a new impression of the confusion of current politics, and of the way in which old shibboleths and party watchwords have lost their force. This is partly, of course, a result of President Roosevelt's success in raiding Democratic preserves. Yet in breaking the point of traditional Democratic denunciations of Republican policy, he has also weakened the power of his own party to get up campaign horror over the nefarious designs of the Democrats. When both parties have come to the same things, neither can attack the other with anything but artificial zeal. How, for example, will it be possible to get up a battle, or stir enthusiasm, over the anti-injunction plank? If the Republicans had kept their hands off it, they might have appealed with something of their old success to the sentiment of reverence for the courts; but, after what was done about injunctions at Chicago, nothing that will happen at Denver is likely to appear revolutionary or dangerous.

If measures fail to divide voters angrily, may not men inflame them? Platforms may be ambiguous twaddle, but will not the candidates fire the hearts of their followers and make the contest exciting? Not according to the present outlook. Mr. Taft's chosen rôle is good humor and a reassuring smile. One cannot imagine him forcing the fight, or setting the multitude ablaze. His probable opponent is more aggressive, an unwearied campaigner, and an able conjurer of rhetorical emotions. But the difficulty with Mr. Bryan is that all his fireworks have been once exploded. His excitements are spent. Even if he undertakes to flog himself into new fury on the stump, his exhibition can seem at best only a tame imitation of what he has given before. The country will grow wild neither at him nor with him.

Hence, if there is to be excitement in the campaign, it must be extra-political. The truth is that sagacious observers are already looking more to the business than to the political situation. The former may easily dominate the latter. If conditions in the industrial world should not sensibly improve; if thousands of men remain out of work; if they see their savings disappear and the pinch of another winter coming, with no sure promise of better times, then, indeed, we might expect exciting times, which could not fail to be reflected in politics. The one critical sign which the shrewd managers of both parties are watching is the state of trade. If there is much to be said for the economic interpretation of history, there is more to be said for the economic interpretation of politics. Parties go solemnly through their motions, yet in their hearts they know that the result of the election may easily depend, not upon party creed or party leaders, but upon the reduced shipments of iron ore from the Great Lakes, the number of idle men in Pittsburgh and Youngstown, St. Louis and Chicago and New York, the size of the wheat and corn and cotton crops, and the prices they bring. Let him who wants real excitement eschew platforms and campaign speeches, and study grain reports and the iron output and the earnings of railways. They are to be this year bigger than all the politicians.

UNCLE REMUS.

Brer Fox, perhaps, might be able to explain why the great classics of the world's light literature should have been produced by men of serious interests, on the whole. Defoe's ardent pamphleteering soul could scarcely have been aware of what "Robinson Crusoe" would become to all English-speaking boyhood. That Lewis Carroll, mathematician and author of "Symbolic Logic" and "Principles of Parliamentary Representation," should also have written the history of Alice; that men of such a seeming incomparably serious occupation as Germanic philology should have been the authors of Grimms' "Fairy Tales"; that a secretary of the French Academy should have given to the world Mother Goose, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty is argument in favor of the amateur as against the professional when it comes to the fashioning of elemental but lasting literature. Such perpetual delights for the world's simple appetite in reading, like some of the greatest achievements in the art of cookery, have been stumbled upon almost by accident, and most often not by the professional *chef*. It was a sporting English lord at the gaming table that devised the sandwich. It was not a professional student of folklore, but a Southern journalist, that first gave to the world the adventure of Brer Rabbit with the Tar Baby.

The field which Joel Chandler Harris opened has since been industriously ploughed by the folklorist and the short-story writer, to the greater glory of both. We have had reams of negro fable and tradition that come probably nearer to the scientific standard of anthropologic truth than the earliest narrative of Uncle Remus, and we have had fictive tales of negro belief that are, at first hand, cleverer in plot and dialogue, and more startling in orthography, than the colloquies of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit. But whether Uncle Remus's combination of just that measure of truth with just that measure of art which makes permanent literature, has been equalled by others, is quite a different question. As a matter of fact, Mr. Harris, in his own later histories of Uncle Remus, showed a falling away from the perfect balance he struck in the first stories. He was deflected, sadly enough, too much towards the truth; began to gather negro lore with professional ardor, and let the formal side suffer. The decline, of course, was from the high standard which he himself had set. Compared with most of the grist that has come from the negro dialect fiction mill, what Uncle Remus had to say always carried with it something of the earth's freshness which it is not given to the clever magazine writer to put into his pages.

How near to a real folklore, in the sense of a native store of crude belief, Uncle Remus has brought us, will remain for years, we suppose, a mooted question with those interested in negro anthropology. The negro in the South is in more ways than one a source of vexation to the student of ethnic evolution. It will not do to bind the mind of the negro too closely to his African ancestry. What the plantation hand believes now that is to us primitive, what

he often says, what he often sings—is it an inheritance brought over from the Dark Continent, or is it the perversion of what he learned in this country from the white man long ago, and what the white man has forgotten? When Anton Dvorák declared that a national American school of music would be developed on the basis of our negro melodies, evidence was brought forward to show, we believe, that his supposed native negro music has its origin in old Methodist revival hymns set to European tunes. Into voodoo, so far as our knowledge of that dark realm goes, not all that enters is African; Indian and European superstitions are mixed in the hodge-podge. The attempt has been made to trace the history of meaningless words in negro song and dialect back to an African vernacular; but with no apparent success. How much of Uncle Remus that is not Joel Chandler Harris comes from the banks of the Congo, and how much was born on the banks of the Rappahannock and the Chattahoochee, has not yet been shown.

The elements are common, of course, to all peoples. Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Jedge B'ar do the same things, more or less, as Coyote, Fox, and Bear among the Plains Indians. But as our children know them they are thrice removed from the tales the original mind of Africa must have evolved regarding them, or their entrancing beasts' counterparts. Extra-African legend has imposed itself on the atavistic belief to make up the creed of the American negro, and the white man who tells the story for his whiter brethren introduces his own modifications. Perhaps we shall not get to the real kernel of the African's soul until one of his own race, following in the steps of a Paul Laurence Dunbar, shall act as interpreter. Until that problematic day, Uncle Remus may rest safely on his laurels. That they will ever be in serious danger, we greatly doubt.

MISREPORTING COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

President Stanley Hall of Clark University renews an old plaint with fresh emphasis in his railing accusation against newspaper reporters. Their chief aim in life, he declares, seems to be to "make college professors ridiculous." Those unhappy gentlemen, it should appear, cannot deliver a lecture or make an address or give an interview, without being made, by the perverse ingenuity of the reporter, to "look, speak, and act like a fool." Hence the need of an association of college men for self-protection against the press. Dr. Hall announces that he is working on a plan for such an organization, which is to include, if necessary, "a boycott against offending newspaper men and newspapers." We imagine that the Supreme Court, which has held the boycott to be illegal, will scarcely take judicial knowledge of this threat; so that President Hall and his associates will probably not have to take their stand alongside the mad hatters of Danbury.

Frank newspapers will not deny that there is considerable truth in President Hall's charges. The misreporting of what college professors say has been too frequent. It has been more due, however, to ignorance, or the pursuit of a sensation at all hazards, than to malice. Nothing, indeed, could well be more melancholy than the turning loose of an incompetent reporter upon a technical academic lecture. He has but the faintest understanding of what he hears, and does not know how to convey that intelligently. It is from his tribe that we get the news item about Professor Diplodoccus having "refuted Darwin," about Professor Echinoderm having discovered spontaneous generation, and the learned Dr. Schriftsteller having worked out a German source for Shelley's "Skylark." It must be confessed that science and theology fare badly at the hands of reporters who know nothing about either. Yet what they need is, not to be boycotted, but instructed, and meanwhile put on some other job.

The whole blame, however, cannot be placed upon the young lions of the press. Their sensational and often absurd roaring is in response to roars from within the academe. There are sensational professors abroad. They like the newspaper headline with their shrinking names in it; they are fond of startling both the academic world and the vulgar herd outside. So they cultivate the iconoclastic spirit, or spend their nights forging audacious epigrams, or carefully prepare assaults upon the honored names in literature or in philanthropy. And are they hurt when the sensational press exploits their calculated indiscretions? Not they; it would give them an "inward pain" like that of the hymn were all their flippancies and irreverencies *not* blazoned forth. Chicago University has had the name of being more misrepresented in the newspapers than any other institution. Not long ago, its authorities issued an official warning against crediting any Chicago professor with the crudities and absurdities which might be foisted upon him by the press. There was doubtless ground for this; yet it is also beyond doubt that a well-developed itch for publicity has afflicted some of the teaching force in Chicago University. It is not pure chance which has so often brought certain of their names into notoriety. The sensational reporter—usually, of course, one of their own students, trying to turn an honest penny by furnishing college news—has known to what class-rooms to go for his sensations. The judicious members of the faculty grieve, but the self-advertisers are well content, at the resulting hubbub.

Neither individually nor collectively are college professors such sensitive plants as Dr. Hall would give one to suppose. Instead of shrivelling at the touch of the great world, many of them expand and blossom under it. The still air of delightful studies palls upon them unless it is broken in upon now and then with shrill cries of "Extra!" It is well known that many colleges now have a regularly organized bureau of publicity. The aim is to keep the institution "in the public eye"; and the public eye is getting to have such a cold and fish-like stare of indifference, that all sorts of flaring things have to be exhibited to attract a look from it. Now, those who crave publicity, have to take the risks of publicity. One of them is the danger of being misreported. It would be well, of course, if all newspaper accounts were microscopically exact; but as they are known not to be, there is nothing for it but to remind college professors who seek to see themselves in print, that they must take the same chances as other mortals with errant type.

Even the truly retiring professor, who dreads invasion of his class-room by the jaunty reporter, has small resource except to grin and bear it. The late Professor Price of Columbia used to tell of an experience of his own, and the sound piece of advice he got from Charles A. Dana. One of his lectures had been fearfully distorted in a report in the *Sun* The professor wrote to the editor, pointing out how impossible it was that he could have said the ridiculous things put into his mouth, and asking for a correction. Mr. Dana replied, admitting the reporter's slovenly work and offering cheerfully to make the correction, if really desired, but explaining to Professor Price the general rule, which was that if a newspaper attributed nonsense to a man of standing, nobody believed it, but if the thing were formally denied, then everybody believed it! The professor saw the point and withdrew his request. He found silence under misrepresentation wiser than a boycott. So, in our opinion, would President Hall.

COSMOPOLITANISM AND DECADENCE.

In urging in the *Century* the claims of English as a world-language, Prof. Brander Matthews adopts one dubious line of argument. He says that English has a splendid literature—which is doubtless true; that "this literature reveals no hint of decay or decadence"—which is questionable: and that it is therefore especially well-adapted for conquering the earth—which does not follow at all. The moral of this linguistic imperialism is, as one would expect, that we should reform our spelling

out of hand; but the argument fairly raises, besides the mere questions of fact, the whole question of the relation of cosmopolitanism to decadence.

The important point to determine is the original state from which there has been "declension." Students of English literature are urged to become familiar with Anglo-Saxon, because in that tongue the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons is preserved in its original state. Now, the spirit revealed in the Beowulf, the Cædmonian and Cynewulfian poems, the prose of Bede and Alfred, is an essentially virile spirit confronting life and death bravely; an earnest religious spirit, tinged occasionally with a grave melancholy. The spirit that conquered and almost obliterated it was an essentially feminine and romantic spirit carried in the songs of troubadours and jongleurs—a spirit of wit, sentiment, gallantry, grace, mystery, amorousness, and license, fed by fairy tales out of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Surely, it was not moral elevation that made mediæval French a world-language: and surely the old Anglo-Saxon spirit had declined or deteriorated when Gower the cosmopolite was writing in three languages in an effort to be all things to all men. The history of subsequent vital contacts of the English spirit with other national spirits points to the same conclusion. Italy swept over England in the works of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Bandello, Tasso, Aretino, with a host of the more unworthy, till English literature became, in turn, sentimental, fantastic, realistic, ferocious, and Roger Ascham exclaimed: "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate." That was another period of decadence. After a brief period of sobriety, an emergence of the true England, came the debauch of the Restoration—the best example of all; for even the contact with the comparatively pure seventeenth-century France was too much for the equilibrium of the English spirit, and it went stark mad.

Now, no one would be so foolish as to argue that English has not profited by these communions with the other great literatures of the world. On the intellectual side, the profit is incalculably great. Abundance, richness, flexibility, tolerance, color, range are all cosmopolitan qualities, which, in great measure, English literature possesses. Yet to have all these without national virtues profiteth nothing; and it is only when a literature begins to lay aside its national virtues and becomes to a certain extent unmoral, or even immoral, that it enters triumphantly upon the conquest of the world. Be good and you will be lonesome. We may trust Mark Twain, in spite of Montgomery, Tupper, Longfellow, and Wagner of the "Simple Life." It was Byron, and not Wordsworth, that set Germany on fire, and was hailed as the greatest genius since Shakespeare. It was Poe, and not Hawthorne, that gave the great impulse to the short-story in France. It was Whitman, and not Thoreau, that went to Europe. It is Oscar Wilde, and not Stephen Phillips, that makes the hit in Vienna and Paris and Christiania. Conservative literary men in France have been complaining bitterly of late that it is only the misrepresentative fiction, the pornographic stuff, that finds an eager market abroad. It almost seems that the qualities which make for the federation of the world are not the national virtues, but the international vices. One touch of lubricity makes the whole world kin.

To allege of English that it "reveals no hint of decay or decadence" is merely to shut one's eyes to the facts. It has been trading for a hundred years in Nineveh and Babylon. Has it not produced whole shelves full of books on the strength of drink and opium? Has not its æsthetic school declined, decayed, or deteriorated into morbid nympholepsy and the so-called "Greek" idiosyncrasy? Has it not turned aside to the glorification of unbridled passion and brutality? Has it not gone adventuring for strange sensations among the white, the black, the brown, and the yellow-skinned races? Let the curious turn to the description of the "modern man" in the preface to a volume of poems by England's most accomplished young versifier. "Arms and the man," sang Virgil; arms and the soubrette, sings this modern Mantuan; and the burden of his lay is that, in the long run, decency is a great bore.

A world-language has terrible things to express. If English does not wish to become a vessel of wrath, it had better not dwell too long on its imperialistic dreams. It had better come home and fight for its altars and its fires, and revive its healthy loves and hates, not scorning its Puritan ancestry. Cosmopolitanism is a dear teacher, and the pith of its lesson is only this: A man cannot be all things to all men and be much of a man himself.

THREE NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES IN ENGLAND.

Each of the universities existing to-day in Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, which received their charters in 1903, began the business of education in a humble way. Of the three, Manchester is the pioneer. About the year 1840 a well-to-do citizen, John Owens, informed his friend, George Faulkner, that he intended to bequeath him his fortune of £96,000. Faulkner declined the honor, and persuaded Owens to found a college. Owens died in 1846; the trustees spent five years in finding a modest house in Quay Street, Manchester—once Richard Cobden's—in furnishing it and engaging a staff of five professors and two lecturers. The first lecture was given in 1851. At the end of the session there were twenty-five students and things promised well. But many were the ups and downs of Owens during the next twenty years. Women were out of question, as the college had been founded for "young persons of the male sex." At times it almost seemed as if the college would have to close its doors. A good story is told of Henry Roscoe, the eminent professor of chemistry. The college was in rather a poor neighborhood, and Roscoe stood at the top of the flight of steps late one evening when a poor workingman drew near.

"Maister," said he, "is this the neet [night] asylum?"

"No," said Roscoe, dejectedly, "but I dare say it soon will be."

Nevertheless, the professors clung on, and in the sixties became embarrassed with overcrowded class-rooms. What had been styled a "mortifying failure," due to the ignorance and incapacity of the Manchester people, was now on the high road to success. An appeal for funds to build a substantial college in Oxford Road, the present site, received a response to the amount of £80,000; a handsome building was erected and opened in 1873. Ever since 1836 London had been the great examining university for England; no matter where a man studied, or a woman after 1878, London would examine and stamp with degrees. But as time went on, Owens began to realize more fully its own importance, and to consider that Manchester, too, might confer degrees. In 1880 the Victoria University, a degree-conferring body, was founded, and Manchester was the first constituent college. Liverpool joined as a second constituent in 1884, Leeds in 1887.

There has always been a good deal of amiable rivalry between Manchester and Liverpool. The former could not be a port, but she must have a ship canal. The latter looked on the strange phenomenon of a great new college, in a city distant one hour by rail, with mingled feelings. In 1878 Liverpool declared that she, too, must have a college; but trade was greatly depressed at the moment, and the resolution was only carried into effect in 1880. A former asylum, modified for the purpose, was opened as a university in 1882, with ninety-three students. Six chairs were founded; wealthy merchants and citizens came forward with support, and as the work developed, more chairs were founded, lectureships added, bursaries and scholarships bestowed, so that the net might be cast more widely and reach every class of society. Liverpool has always leaned hard on her City Council; perhaps, one might say, her university is the child of her city government. Even to-day the institution receives an annual subsidy of £11,700 from the rates, and the Council requires that £1,000 at least must be spent on scholarships for the children of poor ratepayers.

The junior partner, Leeds, began business on even less capital than her sisters. About 1868 some citizens interested in education issued a circular announcing that a College of Science was needed, and inviting subscriptions for £60,000. Only £17,000 could be scraped together, but the courageous founders built and opened the college in 1874. On the first day one student enrolled. At the end of the session there were nineteen students. The staff was composed of four professors, who may be said to have since made their mark in the world of science and education. In 1878 the institution took the title of

Yorkshire College, and in 1887, as already said, became the third constituent college of Victoria University. Leeds is pre-eminently the technological college of the trio. The Clothworkers' Company has steadily befriended it, giving a subsidy of £4,000 annually, and building besides large, light, admirable departments for textiles, dyeing, and tinctorial chemistry. The Skinners' Company has also built a well-equipped department for the leather industries. Leeds, however, does not give a B.Sc.Tech. degree; she exacts a good general scientific training for two years, and two years besides in the special line a student may choose; the degree gained is that of B.Sc.

When Liverpool and Manchester proposed the disruption of Victoria University, each claiming a separate university, Leeds offered vigorous resistance. She did not care to stand alone, and, moreover, disliked the idea of multiplying degree-conferring bodies with the possible result that degrees might be cheapened. But the two great cities had wealth, power, and their municipal councils to back their petition. In 1903 Victoria University was dissolved. Manchester obtained the title of Victoria University of Manchester; Liverpool University and Leeds University being the titles conferred on the other colleges. Since the separation, progress has been marked all along the line. Each university senate busied itself with rearrangement of faculties and with starting fresh lines of usefulness suited to local needs. Thus Manchester has eight faculties and a department of education; Liverpool has five and classes education under the arts faculty; Leeds limits herself to four (arts, science, medicine, technology), but then she groups law, education, and commerce under the heading of arts. In numbers the students are increasing rapidly. The registered day students number:

Manchester	1,352
Liverpool	1,004
Leeds	746

There are also hundreds of evening students who attend classes useful for their occupations, such as banking, railway management, and the principles of commerce; at Liverpool alone these evening students number nearly 500. And the quality of the work has been maintained and improved. The objection of Leeds to cheap and valueless degrees, an objection rightly urged at the moment, will not hold. The standard is high, considerably higher than at Oxford and Cambridge. The pass degree there is not a high qualification. That of the new universities is the sign and seal of an excellent general education. The honors degree means specialization, and almost invariably requires evidence of original work. I spoke with many professors on the ease with which an idle youth may gain this pass degree at Oxford and Cambridge, after three years devoted to athletics, and a very short period to work. They were confident that this could not be done at the new universities; shirkers feel uncomfortable and usually leave before long. The prevailing spirit of devotion to work does not consort with their aims.

We find new social strata, new for university education, in the northern universities. Students belong to the middle-middle, lower-middle, and superior, ambitious working-classes. They come because they have their way to make in the world; their parents are making sacrifices to maintain them; they have every inducement to work. One university boasts that it attracts students from every class of society, beginning in the social scale with a princess and ending with the daughter of a lamplighter. One might expect that these local universities would draw from the city and immediate neighborhood. They do so to a large extent, yet Welsh, Scotch, and Irish students are found in every one of them; India, the Colonies, United States, Egypt, Japan, China, Spain, France, Germany, are all represented to some extent. A small town in northern Spain has for many years sent students to Liverpool; in one year as many as seven. Though Manchester did not begin with coeducation, she accepted it in 1871; women are admitted to every faculty in all three universities save engineering. A Vice-Chancellor informed me that he was a fanatic for coeducation; the results have justified the experiment.

The common life of students is vigorous, more so than one would expect in non-residential colleges, and debates, discussions, lectures, concerts, "smokers," flourish. Each university has a large and important students' union and various societies take charge of athletics, music, games, and so on. The students at Leeds arrange for their own religious services every Sunday of term time. All three universities have embodied in their charters absolute freedom of religious belief for professors and students alike. At Manchester a new Students' Union building, costing £20,000 and to accommodate both sexes, will shortly be erected.

For reasons already given, discipline is easy in the northern universities. One Vice-Chancellor stated that if any little difficulty arose he simply had to send for the president of the Students' Union and make known the wishes of the authorities in order to obtain his point. At a moment when London is suffering from Brown Dog* demonstrations, when women suffragists are breaking up political meetings, and the students of Aberystwyth College have prevented the University Court being held in November, when the spirit of rowdyism and hooliganism seems prevalent, it is satisfactory to note the order and discipline that obtain in the north, where courage at least is not lacking.

All the new universities are harassed with an insufficiency of accommodation, equipment, and funds. Professors often present the touching spectacle of good men struggling with adversity in the shape of lack of space. The inspectors appointed to apportion the government grant in aid made nine separate complaints of overcrowding and lack of due accommodation at Leeds; nor are the sister universities guiltless in these respects. But the rush to the universities, due in great part to the improvement in elementary and secondary education, has upset calculations and caused almost new buildings to be much too small. The niggardliness of the Imperial government towards university education is deplorable. That same Parliament that votes £2,000,000 to be spent on one battleship doles out £100,000 to be divided annually among fourteen universities or university colleges. Of this Manchester receives £12,000, Liverpool £10,000, Leeds £8,000. Not only is there no proposal for augmentation, but the inspectors proposed in 1907 to dock Manchester of £2,000 per annum, when no reason save uniformity can be urged for such a step The fees are not really low. An arts course costs from £10 to £25, a science course from £20 to £35. In France all university students pay 90 francs per annum with a small additional fee for use of laboratory. Compared with this, English university education is expensive. Considerable sums are available for scholarships and bursaries; and it may be said that university education can now be obtained by a class to whom it was denied before; it is admirable in quality, extensively useful. The endowment is usually small. The following balance-sheet will show from what various sources expenses are met:

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

Students' fees	£17,000
Endowments	16,000
Subscriptions and donations	4,000
Parliamentary grant	10,000
Parliamentary grant, additional	3,000
Liverpool City Council	11,700
Other nearby councils	2,300
	£64,000

It has always been England's proud boast that in her schools and colleges she aims not merely at learning, but at the formation of character. The new universities carry on this high tradition; they prepare for and confer degrees, but they also prepare for life. Manchester and Liverpool have each more than 130 students, many of them graduates of their own or the older universities, who carry on, frequently at their own expense, the great work of research. In this connection the admirable work of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine deserves honorable mention. Liverpool has not a single department in which original research is not carried on. Manchester has instituted new faculties in theology, technology, and commerce; it has also established a school of dental surgery. Degrees are given in all of these; to earn a degree in dentistry a five-year course is necessary. At Liverpool, new degrees have been instituted in architecture and engineering. Leeds, in conjunction with the Yorkshire Council of Education, conducts important experiments in agriculture; the university undertakes the theoretical instruction. Lecturers and travelling dairy instructors pass from one centre to another, spreading information and granting aid in conducting experiments. Such instruction is often given free save for local expense. It is only fair to say that a large proportion of the students are working for degrees. In the "pre-reformation" days not infrequently a student passed one of a three-year course for his degree in preparing for matriculation. This is no longer permitted; a three-year course at least is necessary after matriculation, sometimes four or five years.

Perhaps the greatest condemnation that can be passed on England's ancient universities is that they failed to train teachers, the missionaries of intellectual life in the middle and lower classes. In Scot-

*Anti-vivisectionists erected in Battersea Park a brown dog statue which gave offence to medical students.

land the case was different; the teachers in village schools were university bred men. There are now teaching departments and diplomas at Oxford and Cambridge; to some extent amends are being made for the evil past. At the new universities the great work of training future teachers, elementary and secondary, is undertaken with a vigor and knowledge that are beyond praise. Theories on education and experiments are tried in schools that, at least in the case of Manchester, have been founded by the university department of education itself. Among them the new universities are training 450 men and women teachers.

C. S. BREMNER.

London.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Shakespeare Apocrypha" the Clarendon Press has reprinted fourteen of those Plays which have at one time or another during three centuries been attributed to Shakespeare. The volume is edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke of Magdalen College, Oxford, who has supplied a bibliography, and copious and interesting notes about the earlier editions of the plays and the evidences of their authorship, as well as notes to the text. The early quartos of these plays are collected as Shakespeareana, and many of them excite keen competition when they come upon the market. The following list, although it differs but slightly from Lowndes's list of the spurious plays, may prove of interest:

(1.) "Arden of Feversham." First edition, 1592. First ascribed to Shakespeare in the edition of 1770, where it was "offered in favor of its being the earliest dramatic work of Shakespeare now remaining."

(2.) "The Tragedie of Locrine." First edition, 1595. Included in the third folio, 1664.

(3.) "The Raigne of King Edward the Third." First edition, 1596. Attributed to Shakespeare by Capell.

(4.) "Comedy of Mucedorus." First edition, 1598. This was another of the plays which was bound in with "Faire Em" in the volume in Charles II.'s library.

(5.) "The Life of Sir John Old-castle." There were two editions in 1600, the title of the first being without author's name, but that of the second reading "Written by William Shakespeare." It was also included in the third folio.

(6.) "The Historie of the Whole Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell." The title-page of the first edition, 1602, reads "Written by W. S." It was included in the third folio, 1664.

(7.) "The London Prodigal." The title-page of the first edition reads "by William Shakespeare." Included in the third folio, 1664.

(8.) "The Pritaine or the Widow of Watling-streete." The title-page of the first edition, 1607, reads "Written by W. S." It was included in the third folio.

(9.) "A Yorkshire Tragedy." The title-page of the first edition reads "Written by W. Shakespeare." Included in the third folio.

(10.) "The Merry Devill of Edmonton." First edition, 1608. Said to be by Shakespeare when entered, a second time, by H. Moseley in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1653. When originally entered in 1607 no author's name was given.

(11.) "Faire Em the Miller's Daughter." First edition without date, the only copy known being in the Bodleian. Lowndes gives the second edition, 1631, as the first. A later edition, with other plays, formed a volume in the library of Charles II., which was lettered on the back "Shakespeare. Vol. I." Upon this slight authority and doubtful internal evidence the play was attributed to Shakespeare.

(12.) "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The title of the first edition, 1634, reads: "Written by the Memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare, Gent." It was included in the third folio.

(13.) "The Birth of Merlin." The title page of the earliest known edition, 1662, reads, "Written by William Shakespeare, and William Rowley." Notwithstanding this statement it was not included in the third folio in 1664.

(14.) "Sir Thomas More." First printed in 1844 for the Shakespeare Society, from a mutilated manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Brooke's account of this manuscript, which consists of twenty sheets written in four or five different hands, one of which has been declared to be Shakespeare's own, is highly interesting. Regarding the text, he says: "The first 172 lines of the 'insurrection scene' appear to me more thoroughly in the tone of Shakespeare than any other passage in the doubtful plays." Thirteen leaves of the manuscript are older than the rest, and seem to be the original draft (a clean copy, written by a scribe) of the play which was submitted to Sir Edmund Tilney, the Master of the Revels, for license to act, and comments in his autograph occur on several pages. Corrections, interpolations, and additions, possibly by the author, were afterwards made in accordance with his suggestions. The manuscript was written, probably, between 1590 and 1596.

Perhaps the rarest book in Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of July 13 is a copy of the first edition of Milton's "Comus," first printed in 1637, with the title, "A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634; on Michaelmasse night, before the Right Honorable, John Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord President of Wales, And one of His Maiestie's most honorable Privie Counsell." It is described as perfect and "a large clean copy," and is bound with other pieces. This "Masque" was Milton's first publication. The dedication is signed by Henry Lawes, who says that he is printing it because "the often copying of it had tired my pen." Only one copy has been sold at auction in this country, bringing $425 at the Ives sale in 1891. The Rowfant copy, which had portions of the last three leaves in facsimile, brought £162 at the Van Antwerp sale in March, 1907. The next earlier London record was £150 in the Mackellar sale in November, 1898.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The news of the death of Joel Chandler Harris, which occurred at Atlanta, Ga., Friday evening of last week, will bring a sense of personal loss to readers all over the English-speaking world. Few modern writers were more widely known, still fewer will be remembered more affectionately. His popularity was due chiefly to the dialect stories founded on bits of negro folklore, and filled with imagination, delightful simplicity, and characteristically quaint humor, but he had also a large body of other readers for his more ambitious stories and his miscellaneous writings. His literary success was largely the result of native genius and youthful associations. He was born in December, 1848, in Eatontown, in middle Georgia, and enjoyed no educational advantages beyond those to be gained in a few terms at the academy in that village. But he had a liking for books, and read all that he could lay his hands upon after he was six years old. It is said that even at that early age he could appreciate the charm of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that he was from the first an earnest student of Elizabethan authors. At the age of twelve years he heard that Col. Turner wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade in the office of *The Countryman*. So Joel applied for the place and the colonel, who was a book lover and a discerning man, promptly engaged him. The boy here had the run of his employer's library, and it was in this way that he got what was in one sense a liberal education.

He was still only a boy when the march of Sherman through Georgia brought the civil war into his neighborhood and disturbed the peace of Eatontown. When the war ended, Georgia was in a chaotic condition, and young Harris sought and found employment on the press—successively in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, and Savannah. While in Savannah he married Miss La Rose of Canada, and he was winning fame when the yellow fever scourge struck the city in 1876, and almost decimated the population. This dreadful visitation was the cause of his removal to Atlanta, where he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Constitution*. Soon Mr. Sam W. Small, the writer of the "Old Si" negro dialect sketches for that paper, resigned, and as the articles had been very popular, the new editor was requested to try his hand at something in that line. He felt doubtful, but in his boyhood on the Turner plantation he had spent night after night listening to the folklore tales of the negroes; and, as he had never seen them in print, he decided to give a few to the public as an experiment. In the course of a few weeks the "Uncle Remus" sketches attracted attention everywhere, and were widely copied. Their author was encouraged to continue his work, which resulted in the volume entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings." In 1883 was published "Nights With Uncle Remus"; in 1884, "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White"; and in 1887, "Free Joe and Other Georgian Sketches." All these books were reprinted in England, where they have commanded a steady sale to the present day.

During these busy years, Mr. Harris was working hard at his editorial desk. For twenty-five years he continued in the active discharge of his editorial duties, while producing these creations of fancy; but as his fame increased, he gradually withdrew from office work, and devoted himself entirely to literary creation. His earlier successes were followed by "Aaron in the

Wild Woods," "Tales of the Home Folks," "Georgia, from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times," "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann," "The Making of a Statesman," "Gabriel Tolliver," and various continuations of the Remus tales, which seemed to be in perpetual requirement.

Mr. Harris in his private life was a most simple, unaffected, modest person, quite unspoiled by his good fortune, and always restless under any form of flattery.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since Dr. Sherman's letter in the *Nation* of May 14, with its fine tilting against the giants of philological method in literary study, there has been in your columns and elsewhere much brandishing of brains about the same subject. In almost every case, however, the exceptions taken to the position of Dr. Sherman have begged the question, or attacked him on the flank. The editorial on "A Graduate School of Authorship," which appeared in the same issue as the letter that called it forth, came to the conclusion that the chief purpose of the graduate school is to prepare teachers for efficient ministry to the needs of later students, and not authors for creative work. That, as Dr. Sherman retorts, in the issue of May 28, is his own idea, and he further proceeds to censure the present system by pointing out cases of inexcusable ignorance on the part of teaching doctors of philosophy whose information has supposedly been cast in the most rigid moulds of recent scholarship. On the same date was published the dignified letter of Professor Adams, with its assumption that there is a just distinction between culture and scholarship; the bland letter of Professor Matthews, wherein he accepted as literal an obviously exaggerated statement as to the fitness of men who become doctors of philosophy, which, if Dr. Sherman believes it utterly, does nothing but prove him a very modest man; and the indignant letter of Professor Keller, which took for its thesis two imprudent allusions to uninspired enumerators as "Darwinians," and forgot that Dr. Sherman's whole plea was for just some such lofty use of the imagination as Darwin typifies. Four weeks later Mr. Woodbridge suggested that the fault is not with the graduate school so much as with "the materialistic spirit of men who prefer the Ph.D. to the study of literature," or "the still popular fallacy that the degree is a certificate of training for teachers." In no case has the real kernel of the whole discussion been brought fully to light—the fact that there is not at present any common opinion among scholars and men of letters as to what the university's responsibility in the matter of literary study really is.

Now, it has been found by experience, as Professor Adams points out, that a backbone of hard work is ordinarily required if courses in literature are not to be considered mere child's play by many who take them. Consequently, in order to give such courses as much respect as is paid to those in science and mathematics, an attempt has been made to insist upon a large amount of philological and research work that has in time, like the ungrateful cuckoo, arrogated to itself strange rights. Its defenders are further characterized by the American weakness which would rather see a man build in three years a kennel for his immediate occupancy than lay the foundation of a noble mansion for his age. Being in this respect materialistic, and being further much in the majority, such teachers have forced it as an accepted convention upon several university faculties that only philological investigation or inquiry of a similarly scientific nature can properly be rewarded with the doctor's degree.

The truth of the matter is that the whole position of the champions of so-called "accurate scholarship" is founded upon a fallacy. They seem to assume that so far as the graduate student goes, nothing can be accurately known save facts of the lowest order. Yet any one with a sense of proportion ought to see that there are facts of different degree in the literary realm. It is one fact that Shakespeare wrote an execrably bad hand, and quite another that he was the author of "Hamlet." The names of all the novels in English between the death of Dryden and the appearance of "Waverley" are facts, yet he would be hopeless who could insist that the making of a complete bibliography of all the novels of the period would be as important for the writer or for his possible readers as a careful, intimate study of the critical theories which governed the novel-making of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. Such a study would be of equal value to the future teacher or the future novelist, and at the same time allow just as much training in the accuracy essential to a scholar as would the compilation of a mortuary book-list. There are some students, indeed, who prefer doing bibliographical work, just as there are those upon whom the undeniable fascination of the science of philology is strong, and they should be humored in the top of their bent, but they should not be allowed to think that they are doing literary work. The words "accurate" and "scientific" must be interpreted in the fullest, not in the narrowest sense, before they can rightly be applied to the study of literature. In real science "accurate" means the same when applied to the counting of the scales on a partridge's leg and when applied to the formulation of the law of gravitation; likewise anything that is characterized by the truth-seeking spirit of the scientist, is "scientific." Yet in literature these terms are maimed and distorted to the discredit of science and the degradation of literature.

Not until graduate schools learn that they must be able to give encouragement to the student with a tinge of genius, as well as to those of industry only; not until, on the basis of a sounder comprehension of what the scientific method is, the processes of literary study are so reorganized that it is no longer necessary for a student of literature to dispense with his degree that he may have time for his studies; not until it is recognized that in the graduate study of literature, culture and scholarship must be inseparable, can we hope for surcease from the assaults upon the giants of the present system. Nor should we forget that, for all the stolidity of giants, they sometimes come to grief because of their very inertia.

Carl Van Doren.

Urbana, Ill., June 27.

Notes.

W. A. Craigie has edited for the Oxford University Press a volume of Icelandic ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy, under the title "Skotlands Rimur." The ballads were composed by Sjera Einer, probably about 1620.

"American Playgrounds," edited by E. B. Mero, will be published soon by the American Gymnasia Company of Boston. It is said to be a practical book, dealing with every aspect of the question.

From L. C. Page & Co. we are soon to have a book on "Servia and the Servians," by Chedo Mijatovich, who, at the time of the assassination of King Alexander in 1902 was Servian minister to the court of St. James.

Early in the autumn G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out an English version of "The Century of the Child," by Ellen Key, the Swedish writer. The book has gone through twenty editions in Germany and has caused much talk. The same firm is preparing a posthumous volume by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland, to be called "The Constitutional History of England."

Funk & Wagnalls make the following preliminary announcement of books to be issued in the autumn: "How to Get a Position and How to Keep It," by S. Roland Hall; "The Call of the City," by David J. Burrell; "The Palace of Danger," by Mabel Wagnalls; "A Junior Congregation," by Dr. James M. Farrar; "A Common-Sense View of the Mind Cure," by Mrs. Laura M. Westall; "The Union Prayer-Meeting Helper for 1909"; "The Poetical Works of William Cleaver Wilkinson"; "Mind, Religion, and Health," by Robert Macdonald; "A Working Grammar of the English Language," by James C. Fernald.

Literary papers from abroad report that Tolstoy has completed a new novel, "After the Ball," the fundamental idea of which is the regeneration of love. The work is not to be published till after the writer's death.

Bertram Dobell (No. 21 Queen's Crescent, London, N. W.) has in hand a new life of Sydney Dobell, and requests the loan of letters and documents bearing on the subject.

The Macmillan Company will publish the following books in the autumn: "The Diva's Ruby," by F. Marion Crawford; "Friendship Village," by Zona Gale; "Helianthus," by Ouida; "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells; "India: Its Life and Thought," by John P. Jones; "Alaska—The Great Country," by Ella Higginson; "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," by Clifton Johnson; "Mars, The Abode of Life," by Percival Lowell; "Some Notable Altars," by the Rev. John Wright; "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom," by Abbot H. Thayer and Gerald H. Thayer; "French Prints," by Ralph Nevill; "Roses and Rose-Growing," by Rose G. Kingsley; "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan," by Ella and Florence Du Cane; "Ancient Tales

and Folk-Lore of Japan," by J. Gordon Smith; "From Damascus to Palmyra," by John Kelman; "Kashmir," by Sir Francis Edward Younghusband; "New Zealand," by W. P. Reeves; "Southern Spain," by A. F. Calvert; "Geneva," by Francis Gribble; "The Inns of Court," by Cecil Headlam; "Moscow," by Henry M. Grove; "Isle of Wight," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff; "London in the Nineteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant; "Seven Centuries of Lace," by Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen; "Silver Plate," by J. Starkie Gardner; "Sheffield Plate," by Henry N. Veitch; "A History of the United States," Vol. II., by Edward Channing; "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti; "The Ancient Greek Historians," by J. B. Bury; "History of the United States," by H. W. Elson; "Dictionary of National Biography," by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sydney Lee; "Documentary Source-Book of American History," by William MacDonald; "Statistical and Chronological History of the United States Navy," by Robert W. Neeser; "The Wilderness Road," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Story of New England Whalers," by John R. Spears; "The Story of the Great Lakes," by Edward Channing; "Faust: A Drama," by Stephen Phillips; "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Friendly Craft," by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom; "De Libris," by Austin Dobson; "Collected Essays," Vol. IV., by Frederick Harrison; "The Acropolis at Athens," by Martin L. D'Ooge; "Monuments of Christian Rome," by Arthur L. Frothingham, jr.; "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration," by Louis Adolph Coerne; "Herculaneum," by Charles Waldstein; "Social Life in Rome," by W. W. Fowler; "Greek Architecture," by Allan Marquand; "The Science of Jurisprudence," by Hannis Taylor; "The Government of European Cities," by William Bennett Munro; "As Others See Us: A Study in Progress," by John Graham Brooks; "Popular Participation in Law Making," by Charles Sumner Lobingier; "The State and the Farmer," by L. H. Bailey; "Principles of Taxation," by Max West; "Education and Industrial Evolution," by Frank T. Carlton; "The Principles of Anthropology and Sociology in their Relations to Criminal Procedure," by Maurice Parmelee; "Money and Banking," by David Kinley; "Wage-Earning Women," by Dr. Annie Marion MacLean; "Studies in the History of the New Testament," by Andrew M. Fairbairn; "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King; "The Educational Aim of the Ministry," by W. H. P. Faunce; "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Shailer Matthews; "Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion," by Frank Byron Jevons; "The Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention," by Edward Bradford Titchener; "The Spirit of God and the Word of God in Modern Theology," by Frank C. Porter; "A Course of Study for the Kindergarten Grades of the Bible School," by Lois Sedgwick Palmer; "Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology," by Dr. Solomon Schechter; "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," by Edward Westermarck; "The Reformation in England," by James Gairdner; "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," Vol. IV., by L. H. Bailey; "Flying Machines," by Sir Hiram Maxim; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by Dr. B. M. Duggar; "Bacteria in Relation to Country Life," by Jacob G. Lipman; "Agricultural Soils," by Lyons and Fippin; "Forage Crops in the South," by Prof. S. N. Tracy; "Administration of Education in the United States," by Samuel T. Dutton; "The Psychology of Thinking," by Irving Miller.

Vol. XXIII., No. 2, of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America opens with an interesting paper by John W. Cunliffe discussing "Elizabeth Barrett's Influence on Browning's Poetry," followed by a paper by Edward A. Allen on "English Doublets." Milton A. Buchanan writes of "Segismundo's Soliloquy on Liberty in Calderon's 'La Vida es Sueño,'" and Frank G. Hubbard treats of the eternal "Undergraduate Curriculum in English Literature," F. M. Warren tries more certainly to fix "The Date and Composition of Guillaume de Lorris's 'Roman de la Rose,'" and John L. Lowes finds a theme in "The Date of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Criseyde.'" The well-prepared volume concludes with H. Carrington Lancaster's "Neglected Passage on the Three Unities of the French Classic Drama," and Raymond D. Miller's "Co-ordination and the Comma."

The reader who cares for his eyes will be gratified by the clear, black type, wide margins and the soft white paper of the Royal Library. (London: Arthur L. Humphreys.) Three recent volumes in the "belles lettres" series are "Maxims of Life" by Comtesse Diane, "Cleopatra" by Désiré de Bernâth, "Madame de Pompadour" by J. B. H. R. Capefigue. The maxims of the Comtesse are given in both French and English. The object of this very feminine La Rochefoucauld is expressed in the first of them: "It is not my desire to disillusionize men by forcing them to know themselves; I seek to interest them by affording them the pleasure of recognizing themselves." The "Cleopatra" and the "Madame de Pompadour" are historical studies written in a literary way around the lives of two of the world's most fascinating women. The "Cleopatra" omits the list of authorities, ancient and modern, given in the French version, and gives no hint of the translator. The "Madame de Pompadour" is also silent about the translator. None of these books contains a word of introduction. Though they are obviously not intended for learned readers, their interest and value would in every case be enhanced by a brief biographical or critical introduction. One never brings out a Shakespeare in these days without a short introduction making him known to the reader. In the popular audience to which these volumes are addressed, there will probably be more than one to whom even the versatile Capefigue with his hundred octavo volumes is a comparatively unfamiliar figure.

As a sportsman's manual "The Way of the Woods," by Dr. Edward Breck (Putnams), would be hard to surpass in its breadth and compactness of information, without sacrificing readability altogether. It is intended for the Northeastern United States and Canada, though most of it is applicable with but little change to a region extending much farther westward. In the matter of camp outfit, the author is not quite so strenuously exclusive as some, having no objection to comfort as such, even in the woods. The "tender-foot anomaly" of the folding bathtub, however, is beyond the limit of his toleration. The man who has not the stamina for a morning open-air plunge in stream or lake must content himself with a sponge-bath inside the tent. After dealing fully with the life of the camp, he takes up fishing, hunting, and trapping in turn, each with detailed attention to the necessary implements and the approved methods of their use. For the hunter who takes the chances of hasty shooting he has no toleration whatever. "You may find that your mark was a man, in which case go hang yourself at once, and rid the world of a criminal fool." While generally sound in the ethics of sport, he rather inconsistently comes to the defence of the repeating shotgun, or "pump gun," and of the automatic gaff. It is hardly enough to say that the "game hog" is born, not made by his weapons. The repeating shotgun has no qualities to commend it to any one who can content himself with clean sport, and the discriminating angler will cheerfully lose all fish that he cannot land without the aid of a steel trap, using the genuine gaff as infrequently as possible. A chapter on hygiene, medicine, and surgery, while short, is so definite, intelligible, and practical as in itself to commend the book to any one whose outing takes him beyond the range of easy access to physicians. In general, the frequency with which the author has seen fit to recommend the goods of definitely named business houses doubtless has its origin in the best of motives, but it is very easy to see that the literature of sportsmanship may suffer from such a precedent.

The British government has recently issued the fourth volume of its new series of the manuscripts of the House of Lords, 1699-1702 (1908). The first series, published under the auspices of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, carried the subject to 1693, and of that publication the new series is a continuation, being printed for the sake of convenience in the same form as the volumes already issued by the commission. The most important papers herein printed or calendared that relate to American history are as follows: No. 1,486, concerning the Scottish settlement at Darien; No. 1,503, concerning the importation of naval stores from Russia; No. 1,509, concerning the trade to the East Indies, in which many persons trading to Africa and the plantations were concerned; No. 1,634, concerning the reunion of the governments of several colonies and plantations in America to the Crown, with a large number of illustrative documents annexed; No. 1,645, concerning the naturalization of many French Protestants, some of whom had served in the West Indies; No. 1,717, tables containing abstracts of imports and exports to and from the English plantations, 1696-1699; No. 1,718, a report from the Board of Trade on the plantation trade, February 16, 1702, of great length (twenty-seven pages), and great importance. The illustrative documents annexed to No. 1,634, include nine letters from Quary, in Pennsylvania, written to the Admiralty and hitherto unprinted, though their essential contents are the same as are contained in Quary's letters to the Board of Trade.

Accompanying these letters are many enclosures, touching the quarrel between Penn and Quary, many of which are new. These papers furnish a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the colonial history of that period.

We heartily commend Michele Scherillo's edition of Petrarca's "Canzoniere," which has recently been added to the admirable Biblioteca Classica Hoepliana (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli). The editor, whose scholarship is well-known, takes the autograph codex (Vaticano Latino 3195) for his text, and Rigutini's edition for his groundwork; but he practically dispenses witb Rigutini and contributes a remarkable introduction of his own. His notes, brief, pithy, and sensible, will serve any reader who is not investigating textual variants, and, with the excellent type and paper, and the moderate cost, should make this the popular edition of the "Canzoniere."

M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla's "Le Détroit de Panama" (Paris: Dunod et Pinat) seems to suggest, in sporting phrase, that he is not a good loser. His book is a protest against the engineering solution adopted by our government for piercing the Isthmus. Whether he is right or not, is a question that must be left to the experts, but there can be no question that M. Bunau-Varilla has lost his temper (with more or less dignity, of course) because the solution recommended by him has been rejected. He has only himself to thank, if his argument does not altogether inspire confidence.

Ill printed and not over well written, Gen. Frédéric Canonge's "Jeanne d'Arc Guerrière" (Nouvelle Librairie Nationale) nevertheless commands interest from its subject. The purpose of the author is to show that so long as Joan retained liberty of action, her military instincts were sound, her means of execution correct, her action rapid and sure; in short, that from a mere professional point of view, her conduct of military operations stands the test of professional criticism. That her results were positive we know from other sources. In our opinion, the author has established his case, confirming the belief that the national heroine of France is perhaps the most extraordinary figure in secular history.

Maxim Gorki has ready for the press a new work called "Ispowjed" (Confessions). It is the story of the poet's youth.

Reclam's Universalbibliothek, begun in 1867 by Anton Philipp Reclam in Leipzig, which at an almost nominal price publishes in small booklet form the best literature, both German and foreign, in German translation, has recently issued the 5,000th part. It is an edition of Otto Ernst's stories and sketches, entitled "Vom Strande des Lebens."

Bernard Stern has published through the house of Hermann Barsdorf of Berlin the second volume of his "Geschichte der öffentlichen Sittlichkeit in Russland," a solid book of 652 pages, with twenty-one illustrations. On the basis of original investigation made by the author and from older and more modern reports, he describes particularly the dark sides of Russian society, from the Czar down to the lowest social strata. His work is divided into five parts, viz., Russian Cruelty, Women and Marriage, Sexual Morality, Prostitution, Folklore Documents. An exceptionally full collection of otherwise inaccessible data is here offered to the student of civilization and folklore.

Sperling's "Zeitschriften-Adressbuch," giving information concerning the periodicals and political papers of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, has now appeared in its forty-fourth annual edition for the year 1908. The publisher is H. O. Sperling, in Stuttgart, price 6 marks.

In the new second edition of the Festschrift, published by a company of leading philosophers in honor of the eightieth birthday of Kuno Fischer, and entitled "Die Philosophie im Beginne des 20. Jahrhunderts" (Heidelberg: Winter), an additional chapter on Naturphilosophie has been added by Prof. Theodor Lipps of Munich. This addition is all the more significant since the author does not, like the other contributors, content himself with a mere objective presentation of the *status quo* of the subject he treats, but from the standpoint of an objective idealism unfolds a new system of natural philosophy, aiming among other things at adjusting research in this department to scientific thought and investigation in general.

Ten different societies, national in character and finding their common aim in their antagonism to the Church and to traditional Christianity, have united recently in Germany to organize a Wiemarer Kartell. The purposes of the new union are three, viz.: (1.) Free development of intellectual life and resistance to all suppression of free thought; (2.) Separation of Church and state; (3.) Complete secularization of the schools. This organization is the answer of the Liberals to the establishment of the Kepler-Bund by conservative and Christian savants.

Recent events in the history of church and state in France have given a present interest to the long unedited "De Ecclesiastica protestate," written by the Mediæval philosopher, Egidio Colonna, better known as Egidio Romano. Manuscript copies of this work exist in a number of European libraries, and Prof. P. Giuseppe Boffita of the Instituto della Querce has recently discovered another among manuscripts, belonging originally to suppressed monasteries, in the Biblioteca Nazionale of Florence. This copy has now been published by the Successori Seeber of Florence with an ample critical introduction by Prof. Giuseppe Ugo Oxilia. The tract was probably written at the same time as Dante's "De Monarchia," and deals with the struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities under Philip le Beau and Boniface VIII.

From Rome the death is announced of Henry Brewster, a cosmopolite born in France of an American father and an English mother, and educated entirely in France. He possessed a notable library in his Roman home, and his circle of friends included all that was most brilliant in the city. His writings are well known abroad, especially his metaphysical studies: "The Prisoner, a Dialogue," "The Statuette and the Background," and "Anarchy and Law." He had recently finished two dramas in French verse, "Les Naufrageurs," and "Buondelmonte," which are to be published in Paris, with a preface by the author's friend, Édouard Rod.

Walter George Headlam, fellow and lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, has died in his forty-third year. He contributed many papers on Greek subjects to the *Classical Review* and other journals, and wrote the article on Herondas in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He was himself fond of composing in the Greek, thinking it easier to write poetry in that tongue than in English, and his recent "Book of Greek Verse" was a work of admirable taste and learning.

We note the death of two women novelists: Miss Mary Elizabeth Hawker ("Lanoe Falconer"), author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," "The Hotel d'Angleterre," and "Cecilia de Noel"; and Mrs. Benyon Puddicombe, known for "By Berwen Banks," "Garthowen," "Hearts of Wales," and other Welsh stories.

With the death of T. O'Neill Russell in Dublin the National Literary Society and the Gaelic League lose one of their most distinguished members. He had published plays and poems in English and Irish during the last twenty years.

The Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, for forty-one years professor of ecclesiastical history at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., died yesterday at his home in Cambridge, at the age of sixty-seven years. Professor Allen was graduated from Kenyon College in 1862. He was ordained deacon in 1865, and the following year was ordained priest. From 1865 to 1867 he was rector of St. John's Church at Lawrence, Mass., and then he was appointed to a professorship at the Cambridge Theological School, which he had occupied ever since. Professor Allen was widely known as a theological and biographical writer. Among his works are "Life of Jonathan Edwards," "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," and "Freedom in the Church." The last named book, which was published as the result of the deposition from the priesthood of the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, a friend of the author, caused much comment in the church at large. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred on Professor Allen by Yale, Harvard, and Kenyon.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie, the Norwegian poet and novelist, died at Christiania Sunday. The first collection of his poems appeared in 1864. His most widely known novel, "Lodsen Og Hans Hustru" ("The Pilot and His Wife"), was published in 1874. Among his other works were "The Foreseer," "Tales and Descriptions of Norway," and "The Bark Future; or, Life Up North." A three-act comedy, "Grabows Kat," was successfully produced in Christiania and Stockholm. Born at Egan, Norway, on November 6, 1833, as a boy Lie showed a fondness for the sea, and his parents feared for a time that he might turn to the sailor's life. At eighteen years old he entered the University of Christiania, and, after receiving his law degree, he started practice in Kongvinger, a small town in the south of Norway. Few writers have described a sailor's life so well as Lie. The Storthing decided to accord him a state funeral.

RECENT VERSE.

The Pilgrims and Other Poems. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Privately Printed.

Lyrics and Landscapes. By Harrison S. Morris. New York: The Century Co.

In the Harbour of Hope. By Mary Elizabeth Blake. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Golden Hynde and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.

From Quiet Valleys. By Thomas S. Jones, jr. Clinton, N. Y.: Browning.

Songs and Poems. By T. H. T. Case. London: David Nutt.

The Earth Passion, Boundary, and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Cornleigh, Surrey: The Samurai Press.

A Bundle of Myrrh. By John G. Neidhardt. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The Ivory Gate. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Neale Publishing Co.

Voices and Visions. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Wild Honey from Various Thyme. By Michael Field. New York: A. Wessels Co. Importers.

Poems and Translations. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Troy: Pafraets Book Co.

Nowhere, perhaps, does the lack of literary authority, of an imposing body of sane criticism, make itself more wofully felt than in current verse. There are a number of young poets of abundant ambition, generous promise, excellent parts, with considerable metrical dexterity, and often with good material, but without direction or standards, ignorant of what they want, catching frantically at the skirts of any popular favorite or even more frequently rebelling from every guide and example. Such, indeed, is the confusion that it is difficult to find any satisfactory clue through their work; though as a matter of fact it is capable of rough division into two classes. There are, first, the picture-poets, those who try to assimilate poetry with painting and delight to think and speak of the former in terms of the latter, who are anxious about their contours and "tone-color," who copy from nature and the fine arts, who are vivid, graphic, and picturesque. And there are, second, the music-poets, who conceive in movements and themes, compose in symphonies, fugues, and sonatas, and are curious of the right note and the proper key. Rough as the classification is, it is nearly exhaustive; for of the intellectual and moral element in poetry, of poetry as a serious "criticism of life" there are hardly enough representatives to form a class by themselves. They are all "artists" of one kind or the other, these young poets; and the bulk of their work is pretty enough, ocularly, or aurally, with an occasional strain of earnestness and purpose blowing through it like the echo of a receding horn.

As one of the most interesting and extreme examples of the second or musical class of verse, Mr. Dole's "Pilgrims," written in commemoration of the touching of the Mayflower at Cape Cod, may be recommended to the curious. It is a lengthy composition of 165 pages, and of very miscellaneous contents, consisting of four "movements," each including a number of motifs or passages or whatever may be their technical designation, with their pace and rhythm rather superfluously indicated by such comments as *presto, agitato,* and the like—an odd instance of linguistic involution or *potenzierung,* as the Germans would call it. The general intention or pretension of the *opus* may be gathered from Mr. Dole's rather complacent observation that his volume contains the first application of "the symphonic form" to English poetry. But beyond this amusing transference of nomenclature and a kind of lowering of intellectual tone it is impossible to see anything characteristically musical in Mr. Dole's research or to take it for more than an entertaining experiment.

That poetry should be well sounding, that it should appeal to the ear as well as to the mind, no one will deny. And while the confusion of the two forms of composition is only tedious or vexatious, there is always a hearing for one who, respecting the distinction, knows how to make the most of the euphony proper to language as a means of expression. Of such a blending of sound and sense Mr. Morris's "Lyrics and Landscapes" supplies several happy instances. His poems have no great philosophical content, perhaps; but in his ode to "Night" he succeeds unusually well in a kind of eye and ear impressionism quite legitimate after its own fashion:

And lo! thy music blown on quiet reeds
  Amid the little rivers, where thy feet
  Wade first, when Even leads,
  With shaded torch thy legionaries fleet.
Hearken unto the rhythmic heat,
  Down by the pebbles in some sedgy seat,
  Of atomies that blow—
  With fingers playing swift and sweet—
The lyrics of the vanished after-glow,
  The music that no mortal may repeat,
  Of grasses as they grow,
  And moon buds and the swelling wheat,
And scent turned into sound by witcheries they know.

Lean, with thy darkened coronet of stars
  Where hang the greatening fruits
  In summer's languid breeze,
And, thro' the black-enwoved orchard trees,
Listen! Vibrations, whimpers, sorceries;
  The muffled roll of elfin cars
  Across the enchanted turf; the glees
Of wood-nymphs at their mimicries,
And voices of old Dorian deities
  In many cadenced keys!

Nor, rhythmically considered, is Mrs. Blake's "Marching of the Grass" a bad illustration of what might be called the poetic instrumentation of a mood:

  O the marching of the grass!
  O the joy that comes to pass,
When the mighty, silent army, with green banners overblown,
Drags King Winter from his throne!
Conquers all his barren valleys, climbs the rampart of the hill,
Steals along by wayside hedges, fords the river calm and still,
Undermines the forest arches, overtops the castle wall,
Swift invading wins the cities and the hamlets brown and small—
  Till the whole broad world is captured;
  And the heart of man enraptured,
  Thrills with passion of delight,
  Sunny morn and dewy night,
As the joyous rhythmic measure marketh time for lad and lass
  To the marching,
    Marching,
      Marching of the grass.

In the class of picture-poetry Mr. Noyes's "Golden Hynde" deserves the preference, not only by the breadth of his canvas and the gorgeousness of his coloring, but also by the fact that he knows how to include in his composition something besides the mere splendor of vision. In particular is he fortunate in catching, as in his song "At Dawn," a little of the haunting regret and voluptuous melancholy which seems always to be inspired by the sight of the beautiful in nature:

How many years, how many generations,
  Have heard that sign in the dawn,
When the dark earth yearns to the unforgotten nations
  And the old loves withdrawn,
Old loves, old lovers, wonderful and unnumbered
  As waves on the wine-dark sea,
'Neath the tall white towers of Troy and the temples that slumbered
  In Thessaly?

When the mists divide with the dawn o'er those glittering waters,
  Do they gaze over unoared seas—
Naiad and nymph and the woodland's rose-crowned daughters
  And the Oceanides?
Do they sing together, perchance, in that diamond splendor,
  That world of dawn and dew,
With eyelids twitching to tears and with eyes grown tender,
  The sweet old songs they knew,
The songs of Greece? Ah, with harp-strings mute do they falter
  As the earth like a small star pales?
When the heroes launch their ship by the smoking altar
  Does a memory lure their sails?
Far, far away do their hearts resume the story
  That never on earth was told,
When all those urgent oars on the waste of glory
  Cast up its gold?

Though one of the rarer notes of current literature, this eternal nostalgia of the past, half-stifled by our self-complacency and our belief in human perfectability, is not entirely unvoiced to-day. Miss Teasdale, too, voices it rather well (though without Mr. Noyes's pictorial elaboration and richness of rhyme), in a sonnet to Sappho, remarkable, besides, for the unusual construction of the sestet:

Impassioned singer of the happy time
When all the world was waking into morn,
And dew still glistened on the tangled thorn,
And lingered on the branches of the lime—
Oh peerless singer of the golden rhyme,
Happy wert thou to live ere doubt was born—
Before the joy of life was half out-worn,
And nymphs and satyrs vanished from your clime.
Then maidens hearing parsley in their hands
Wound thro' the groves to where the goddess stands,
And mariners might sail for unknown lands
Past sea-clasped islands veiled in mystery—
And Venus still was shining from the sea,
And Ceres had not lost Persephone.

To the same order of the picturesque belongs Mr. Jones's "From Quiet Valleys"—much less vivid, to be sure, much lower and cloudier of tone, but attractive still by its sudden little sensuous touches. It is October, with

Her light feet tripping through the fallen leaves,

or Night ——

  On purple wings she cleaves the dusk,
    Far winnowing and silver-veined,
    Her sombre mantle rankly stained
  By juices of the moon-flower's musk—

or kindred aspects and seasons of nature which most inspire his volume and fill it with a kind of transparent violet shadow. While on the other hand in Mr. Case's "Songs and Poems" it is the etcher, the

lover of heavy contrasts in black and white, who has come to predominate over the colorist. His "Death Rides in Darkness" is an extraordinary piece of chiaroscuro, full of violent atmospheric effects like a heavy thunder storm:

High rides the moon, but all the stars are hidden.
Gressed violets nestling 'neath the black-hanked storm.
Wild roars the wind and all the stars are hidden;
And many a form
Of devil hastening hellwards through the storm
Sunders the gloom wherewith the stars are hidden;
And clear-seen suddenly, a giant form
Stands black against the moon,
Most imminent against the lucent moon;
Till as the stars, the holy stars are hidden,
He hides himself unholy in the storm,
The star-enfolding storm.
. . . . . .
Lo! Death, high-charioted, speeds through the heaven,
Stark in his chariot black against the moon;
Stars in his head that never shone in heaven,
And his fair crown all silver in the moon—
His crown of mothers' tears—
And round his throat love's withered roses, riven
From nerveless hands—mocked by the queenly moon.
So panoplied Death traverses the heaven,
While silver-seen, soft-silvered in the moon,
Glitters his crown of tears, of mothers' tears.
Behind, long silence, where the stars are hidden,
And far behind a strangled voice of woe:
Earth weeping for the children from her riven,
The strangled voice of earth's eternal woe.

In something the same way as this Mr. Ficke also shows a good deal of skill in interpreting the larger aspects of nature symbolically of humanity and the human spirit. Many of his applications, however, are cold and deliberate, ingenious rather than poetical. And like so many of his colleagues, he is at his best in such pieces as his "Monody in April," where he is able to visualize:

Were I a painter I would paint these marshes
With the sad mist upon them; the low shore
Of palest green beyond the mirror water—
A green thread on the gray of lake and sky.
And then, touching the brush most delicately,
I would add the mystery of the cold white rain
That falls at moments. And I think one bird—
A heron or a wild duck from the north,
Should hover like a leaf along the sky.

And yet fascinating as all these haunting strains and glimmering vistas may be—and there are few which have not charm of some kind to recommend them—still more satisfactory, because more genuinely lyrical, is the verse with sufficient emotion in it to purge away what is often at bottom only affectation or ingenuity after all—even though the passion may seem, as frequently happens, rather a matter of nerves than gristle. With this sort of feeling, a little forced and factitious, Mr. Neidhart's "Bundle of Myrrh" is a-tingle; and though it may seem at first as if the singer were straining a little impotently in the modern way to feel for the feeling's sake, yet the expression is not wholly feeble or insincere:

Dead Kin of mine,
O savage ancient Kin!
I call to you across the night of years,
I reach out groping toward you across the sea of centuries!
Mine eyes are dazzled with the light of Now;
Mine ears are weary with the babblings of the over-wise!

And in the nights I feel the breath of giant women;
I feel their coarse blonde hair about my face.
Their strong hands caress me.
Comforters of battling men are they,
Breeders of fighting men,
Sucklers of the big and unafraid!
Over our ancient temples are builded the cities of the Anæmic.
The gods of our old believing are fled,
And men of lesser dreams, hair-splitters and too wise,
Have builded little walls about a shriveled-up divinity!
While I—of ancient spirit and modern flesh—
Go blundering through the fragile scheme of things,
Feeling old loves and lusts and with a little voice
Shouting aloud rude snatches of old cries!

A little more conventional, though probably as full-pulsed, are the lines to Lancelot which Mr. Gordon, in his "Ivory Gate," puts into the mouth of Guinevere and which are unfortunately too consecutive for excision. While no less satisfactory in its own kind—in informing image and rhythm with the quieter, less passionate life of recollected mood—is Mr. Scollard's sonnet to a Dragoman:

I still can see him, lean and languid-eyed;
Beneath his fez his clear-cut features dun
With the swart touch of the Egyptian sun;
A trifle stooped, yet with a hint of pride;
I still can hear his soft voice like the tide
Of Nile at nightfall when the stars have won.
Their immemorial places, and begun
Their march across the desert, waste and wide.

I still can feel about him the strange spell
That dominates his land, a kindredship
With all inscrutable and ancient things,
And fancy, if he would, that he might tell
The secret of the Sphinx's sealed lip
And of the pyramids and mummied kings.

Fortunately for the balance of things, there still survive, among these practitioners of a modern and subtle art, a few followers of an older fashion—simple handlers of language, wholly careless of musical and pictorial effect, intent only on embodying a plain thought or "sentiment" in readable verse—like Mr. Wetherald, writing of solitude—and turning a good phrase indifferently and, as it were, by very virtue of their insouciance:

The man I cannot comprehend
Is he who dreads alone to be,
Who, if he cannot have a friend,
Would welcome e'en an enemy;

Who never knew the scholar's lust,
The artist's lone ecstatic day;
Who never strove because he must,
And not for praise or place or pay.

For some reason or other all the young Canadian poets like Mr. Wetherald—and their number is constantly increasing—are remarkable for their relative simplicity and ingenuousness, for a kindly, if rather naïve, feeling for nature in its more superficial aspects, and for a certain obviousness, as it would seem to most of us nowadays, in their sentiments. Partly for this reason, Mr. Field's "Mintha" is likely to appeal more tellingly to the sophisticated ear. Though not so very different in tone, it seems to have more point to it; it is faintly redolent, perhaps, of the lavender of the Greek Anthology and a "comely decadence":

Dark Mintha, purple-eyed, I love thy story—
Where was the grove,
Beneath what alder-strand, or poplar hoary,
Did silent Hades look to thee of love?
Mute wert thou, ever mute, nor didst thou start
Affrighted from thy doom, but in thy heart
Didst bury deep thy god. Persephone
Passed thee by slowly on her way to hell;
And seeing Death so sore beloved of thee,
She sighed, and not in anger wrought the spell
Fixed thee a plant
Of low close blossom, of suppressed perfume,
And leaves that pant
Urgent as if from specs of a tomb.

And finally, though slow and heavy as if blunted by disuse and doubtful of its appeal, the moral inspiration, the serious concern of things, makes itself heard again, severe and insistent, in Dr. Marvin's verses on Cleopatra's Mummy in the British Museum, like the clamor of a distant bell amid the tinkle of fife and lute:

A heap of crumbling bones,
Black with old Egypt's dust and grime;
A bit of shriveled skin;
And painted cloth,
Brittle from years,
And with bitumen stained.

Once were these crumbling bones
Clothed in a woman's beauty,
More fragrant than the breath of incense
Burned where tinkling bells,
And crystal fountains,
Filled with gentle music
The whispering groves of fair Dodona,
And the pale-eyed priestess
Breathed the hallowed air.
Here lies the dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
Who nursed on golden bed,
The sucking asp.

The lonely shadows deepen,
And from the English sunset,
Dull and gray as sea-blown mists,
Dies the last flickering beam,
And all at length is still.
The visitors are gone:
The doors are closed:
The daughter of great Ptolemy,
In the London-town,
Slumbers unconscious of her shame.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Shoulders of Atlas. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

In the Aunt Sylvia of this tale Mrs. Freeman has produced another of her little masterpieces of New England portraiture. Sylvia and her mate are a grim, pathetic pair, troubled in their old age about many things, and about each other as much as anything. The story-teller, as usual, disdains to put a gloss upon their homeliness, their mental angularity, their reticence, their underlying emotional intensity, Henry's cherished grievance, Sylvia's almost savage fidelity to the course she has laid down for herself—of such tough strands the web of New England action is really woven. As long as Henry works in his shoe-shop and battles with his debts, he is reasonably contented with his grudge against the world. Solvency and a competency, depriving him of both work and grudge, make life a weary thing. As for Sylvia, she succumbs to a major temptation with the embittered thoroughness of her unco guid species. "Sylvia had the New England conscience, but, like all New England consciences, it was susceptible of hard twists to bring it into accordance with New England will." And the will is capable of altogether overbearing the conscience—for a time; for Sylvia's conscience inevitably triumphs, and her atonement is as thoroughgoing as the occasion deserves. The detail of her, the form and gesture and speech, are inimitable. A certain Miss Hart is suspected of poisoning a lodger:

"Arsenic in the peppermint!" repeated Sylvia. "You needn't tell me Lucinda Hart put poison in the peppermint, though I dare say she has some in the house to kill rats. It's likely that old tavern was overrun with them, and I know she lost her cat a few weeks ago. She told me so herself. He was shot when he was out hunting. Lucinda thought somebody mistook him for a skunk. She felt real bad about it. I feel kind of guilty myself. I can't

help thinking if I'd just looked round and then hunted up a kitten for poor Lucinda, she never would have had any need to keep rat poison, and nobody would have suspected her of such an awful thing. I suppose Albion Bennett right up and told she'd bought it, first thing."

This has the true ring of rustic comedy; Mrs. Freeman is, as usual, less successful with her urban characters. The Rose who arrives to trouble the conscience of Sylvia is an unreal person, an odd jumble of the country maid and the woman of the world as seen in novels. She tries to borrow a lady's maid on her arrival at East Westland, and asks her astonished hostess if people are "formal" in that quiet village. For a time she is all upon the high horse, then suddenly lapses from her society lingo to such comfortable rural colloquialism as "You don't suppose he's taken suddenly insane or anything?" Her amour with the local high school principal is of very moderate interest; not so the daring and appallingly realistic study of the girl Lucy; a common type ignored by convention. Upon her frail shoulders the Atlantean burden of humanity assumes a peculiarly distressing form.

The Last Duchess of Belgarde. By Mollie Elliot Seawell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of this light romance exhibits the old figures, and develops an old theme. The heroine, Trimousette, is the inevitable charming young girl, who, though quite silent, has a mind full of dreams and a heart full of love. At the opening of the tale, one of her dreams, to her astonishment and her delight, is on the eve of fulfilment. She is about to be married to the "dare-devil" Duke of Belgarde, the conventional hero of all romances, with whom she has become enamoured at first glimpse. She confidently hopes to regenerate her husband, whose whispered wickedness only adds to his attraction; but she finds her place in his affections usurped by the inevitable third person. Trimousette, however, has only to wait until the Revolution breaks out to reveal her courage, in contrast with the cowardice of her rival, whose love for the duke shatters with the first stir of danger. Trimousette aids her husband in escaping from prison; when he is taken again she goes to share his confinement and death; and she finds in the sacrifice of herself the way to her husband's heart. She does not, to be sure, enjoy for long the fruits of her devotion, since she and her husband are soon sent to the guillotine.

The characters, we may add, are mere paper dolls, the incidents few and not vivid. Yet despite the superficiality of plot and character, the tale has the merit of simplicity and lack of pretence.

Katherine Trevalyan. By Louise Maunsell Field. New York: The McClure Co.

This story is as English in quality as in name; and it is necessary for the reader to remind himself from time to time that the action is really supposed to take place in America. The circle in which we move is, to be sure, that pretty thoroughly Anglicized circle which gyrates between Fifth Avenue and Newport; and among such people there is little bothering with democracy and low characters. Chilton, Kavanagh, Dacre, Romeyn, Marrisford, are names which feelingly convince us what we should be; and the unique Dodkins, who is permitted to transgress these pages with his gross person and manners, is a Western portent as monstrous in his cis-Atlantic setting as he could be in London. Of purely local color, however, we have something like a glut in recent fiction. These people are recognizable enough as human types in their urbane trappings. Katherine Trevalyan is the girl cut off from her kind by wealth, courted but not loved, preyed upon by every sharper, social and other, and in danger of becoming hard and suspicious of her kind. Vernondee is the predatory beast who wins her for himself by feigned sympathy and disinterestedness. Kavanagh is the really disinterested and sympathetic male who appears upon the scene too late to rescue the maiden from the first consequences of her folly, but not too late to befriend the injured wife or to wed the unbereaved widow. A motor is the machine which capably mangles the villain when the time comes. The arch-villain of the book (for Vernondee is after all a poor figure of a scoundrel) is really Mrs. Dacre, later Dodkins—a veritable Becky Sharp as latter-day society knows her. The most engaging person in the story is certainly not Miss Trevalyan, a good deal of a stick when all is said, but good-natured, blundering, and incorrigibly innocent Jimmy Dane, a millionaire without fear and without reproach.

Diana of Dobson's. By Cecily Hamilton. New York: The Century Co.

Assuredly there is nothing new in the topic of the London shop-girl and her cold-blooded employers and the sordid conditions of "living-in." Nothing unsaid about the struggle for life of woman or man in the great London whirlpool. But though these, roughly speaking, are the themes of Miss Hamilton's story, she writes away from them, and gives her tale a quite original turn. For her heroine is a rebel, and when sudden fate puts a little money into her purse, she resolves not to put it by as she should, but to have one great gulping taste, a month long, of the world; to be well-clad, well-housed, well-associated, to travel and see cities and snow peaks. The month has its happy sequel, but a sequel secured in no obvious hackneyed way. The impression remains with the reader of a brisk little story written with perfect taste, while it is at heart a genuine song of the sons and daughters of Martha.

The Reaping. By Mary Imlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Nothing could be more conventional than the outline of this story. The background of present-day Washington, intrigues political and social, a spell-binding Congressman who is also a heart-binding gallant, a stormy-natured siren married to and tired of a member of the Cabinet, her husband giving diplomatic secrets to a half-foreign lady dimly supposed to be in league with Russia, a stern little moralist girl, a judge, an eminent portrait painter, with diplomats and gossips—the very catalogue itself bespeaks the usual. Nor in the construction of the story is there much to disappoint the expectation of a routine novel. Public and private aspirations, a hero caught between the opposing forces of an old love and a new, divorce, the reaping of a bitter harvest by the woman who makes her own happiness the aim of life—these convey scant message of novelty. Where credit for freshness is due is in the characterization. The figures are distinct and move easily along their allotted grooves. The gentle moralist, brought up refreshingly by her father, the judge, on "Old Testament Christianity," combines austerity and softness very humanly. The hero's alleged genius is not altogether palpable or his fits of self-abasement wholly credible, but his attitude toward his dilemma is sufficiently moving. The other woman, the most elaborate of the portraits, compounded of cruel caprices and sweet-natured inconsistencies, lives and moves and has a good deal of being. Perhaps the best drawn of all are the elderly women accessories. Various types of worldly-wise and worldly-foolish old dames show the author at her best.

The Government of England. By A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

This is a sound piece of work. Its interest lies rather in detailed information, industriously gathered and painstakingly sifted, than in political philosophy. Professor Lowell is aware that his comprehensive method compels the inclusion of much dry matter, which he magnanimously advises the judicious reader to skip But we have found the arid sections few in which the irrigating knowledge and industry of the author had not produced good crops. Even in the second volume, which is mostly taken up with local government in England, one has a certain fascination if only in watching Professor Lowell cut his way through the immense jungle of overlapping jurisdictions and intertwined functions to make clear the exact status at each point. This part of his work, while the more repellent in form, at once represents severe labor and great usefulness. We know not where else to turn to find so clear and inclusive an account of the sucessive acts and grants of powers which go to make up English local government to-day.

Professor Lowell's *Beschränkung* to a single theme is well maintained. He dissects out his one topic neatly. The question he has set himself to answer is, How are Englishmen governed? And his answer is drenched in fact, with but the slightest infusion of history and theory. His method is, indeed, to recapitulate briefly the successive steps which have historically led up to present practice, but it is upon that practice that he expends his strength. He has given us literally a handbook of English government brought up to date. It sustains every test of accuracy. Indeed, with the full material and prolonged researches of the author, together with the advice and aid he has had from the chief living English authorities, it would be strange if his statement of the law and of custom were not practically impeccable.

If one were to hesitate a fault, or rather a defect in interest, it would be that Professor Lowell does not often enough make biography a handmaiden to his exposition of Constitutional rule and proce-

dure. There are, indeed, many references to the Lives of English statesmen, hut one misses the apposite anecdote with which Bagehot enlivened his page and drove home his point. Even the Austrian, Redlich, in his work on the Procedure of the House of Commons, has a greater readiness than Professor Lowell in quoting the actual words of public men to illustrate the matter in hand. What we mean may be seen in the chapter on the permanent officials of the civil service. That they are often the real rulers of England is convincingly set forth; but what may he called the personal literature of the suhject has heen ransacked for Professor Lowell hy one of his student collahorators, Mr. Evan Randolph. He went through all the memoirs of colonial officials, and the letters and diaries and biographies relating to famous permanent officials, upon which he could lay his hands, and got together material which is both instructive and amusing. How enlightening, for example, to find an under-secretary in the Foreign Office writing that he thinks his chief, Lord Granville, "will not meddle heyond what is required to keep us clear of political slips." One can understand how it could he said of such a permanent secretary by an indignant Australian, "These colonies . . . have been really governed by a person named Rogers." Our point is that this plan of enrichment and annotation out of living experience might have been followed in other parts of these volumes with excellent results.

As they stand, however, they merit high praise. Accurate and full, they are also impartial and dispassionate. Professor Lowell is never a partisan. He weighs judicially the evidence, and sums up rather than gives judgment. This spirit is well exhihited, for example, in the discussion of municipal trading, where the facts and the arguments, on each side, are given with great detachment. So the relations of party to government, with comparisons of the intensity and effects of party spirit in England and the United States, are passed in review with singular poise as of a judge. It is not often that Professor Lowell is drawn aside into abstract speculation. One instance is where he says that it is scarcely safe to say that the royal veto is extinct, since, if a Ministry should fall after a bill had passed the Commons, and then the Lords should proceed to enact it against the wishes of the new Government, the royal assent might he refused. But this is a kind of reasoning ahout extreme unlikelihoods which is hostile to the political genius of Englishmen, who, as the author remarks, "usually succeed in confounding utterly all general principles, and making all general statements inaccurate." It is pretty certain that some other way would he found out of the *impasse* which Professor Lowell imagines than calling from the dead the old *le roi s'avisera*. Ohjection might he taken, too, to the statement that Mr. Balfour's resignation in 1905 "involved an acknowledgement, if not of the necessity, at least of the propriety, of withdrawing from office" when a series of hye-elections showed that the opinion of the nation was against the Government. Anson, who, besides being a writer on the English Constitution, was himself a member of Balfour's Government, declares that the reason the Prime Minister resigned rather than meet Parliament was that he had no legislative programme to present. But it is invidious to raise minor questions about a work which moves on so strongly and surely in a difficult province of investigation, and which puts hoth students and public men under such real ohligation.

Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James. By His Colleagues at Columhia University. Pp. 610. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

This beautiful volume is an honor not only to William James, but to the contrihutors. These nineteen memhers of the philosophical and psychological staff, not of Harvard hut of Columbia, claim him as a colleague because each acknowledges a debt to him as an inspiring teacher.

But Professor James is more than a teacher: hy nature he is an artist: had he followed his early inclinations he might have become a distinguished painter. It is of the essence of great art that it appeals to men of diverse types; and one cannot hut feel that it is largely due to Dr. James's artistic side that he is ahle to compel the sympathetic following of so many men who differ from him more or less radically. We are therefore not surprised to find these essays widely diverse in point of view, in suhject, and in quality. Yet no one of them would be what it is had not the master lived and written. One of James's own personal characteristics is exemplified in the philosophical division of the "Essays," a number of which are strikingly realistic in word, while idealistic in manner and tone. William P. Montague in his "Consciousness a Form of Energy," is the one bold realist of them all. Dickinson S. Miller explains in language flavored with idealism the nature of "naïve realism." Georgo S. Fullerton in "The New Realism" shows us, as he has in other writings, why being an idealist he prefers to be called a realist. Frederick J. E. Woodhridge in his "Perception and Epistemology" argues that the epistomological prohlem is not necessarily bound up with perception; *i. e.*, that the realist may close his ears to the questions in relation to illusion put to him hy the idealist. Therehy Professor Woodbridge tacitly acknowledges that the idealist's questions are not answerable in the terms he likes to use. Charles A. Strong calls himself a realist, but the argument of his "Suhstitutionalism" carries us so far away from realism of the naïve form that we feel impelled to ask for his doctrine some quite new name.

Turning to the doctrine called pragmatism with which Dr. James's name has heen so closely connected in late years, we find important essays by John Dewey, G. A. Tawney, Kate Gordon, and Edward L. Thorndike; while erudite philosophical criticism is represented by A. O. Lovejoy, Felix Adler, H. G. Lord, and H. C. Brown; and equally erudite psychological studies by such men as R. S. Woodworth, and J. McK. Cattell.

Within the hrief limits of a review we are, of course, unable to do justice to the mass of learning and original thinking covered by these "Essays," some of which we cannot even mention. The outline above will indicate, however, the breadth of the field and will suggest the intense interest of the collection. We may add that the volume contains as a frontispiece an excellent portrait of Dr. James.

Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Moshy. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Col. Mosby's analysis of the movements of Stuart's cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign, in its originality of view and construction of the evidence, is as far removed as possihle from those volumes of general history relating to the civil war by authors for whom all previous writers on the suhject are authorities, and one hook has ahout as much value as another. Col. Moshy goes against all the accepted authorities; he takes to task all of Lee's biographers and staff officers; he makes raids in all directions upon historical positions, and he fires volleys here and there, some of which are effective and some of which go off harmless into the air. His main contentions are:

(1.) That Stuart's movements from Virginia around the rear of Hooker's army into Pennsylvania was by Lee's order, which necessarily separated Stuart from Longstreet and fixed his ohjective with Ewell near the Susquehanna.

(2.) That A. P. Hill and Heth went to Gettysburg on July 1, without orders or authority, and hlundered into a contest which involved Lee in a battle that he did not want to make.

Incidental to these two assertions are a numher of minor positions taken by the author. He holds, for example, that Stuart's ahsence from Lee's army until the battle had begun did nothing to promote Lee's defeat; that Stuart could have given Lee no important information which Lee did not have without him; that the historic story told hy Longstreet of the spy who was credited with hringing the news that Meade had succeeded Hooker and the Union army was north of the Potomac, is a myth; that Heth did not start to Gettyshurg on July 1, to get shoes; that Lee signed his first report of Gettysburg without reading it; and that Lee's failure to press the battle on July 1 was hecause his plan not to bring on a fight had been overturned by his subordinates Heth and Hill.

The author hegins with the battle of Chancellorsville; and, in common with nearly all writers, in assuming that Jackson's fall alone prevented the Confederates from cutting Hooker's communications with United States ford, ignores the fact that Meade, commanding the Fifth Corps, immediately sent a division on the douhle quick to cover the road to the ford. The description of the cavalry hattle at Brandy is not convincing, and needs to he compared with Gen. Gregg's recent account of it printed by the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion. Col. Mosby maintains that the Confederate infantry were not discovered by Pleasonton's cavalry; but the day after the engagement Pleasonton said that Confederate infantry had heen encountered, and that he was satisfied that there was a strong Confederate infantry force at Culpeper, which was true.

Sometimes Col. Moshy fails hy considering the situation only from the Stuart point of view. For instance he suggests that

Stuart prevented Gregg from falling upon the Confederate left at Gettysburg. In fact, Gregg's orders were to see that Meade's right and rear were not turned without notice; Stuart himself said that he had hoped "to effect a surprise upon the enemy's rear." This purpose Gregg's stout battle, with a force smaller than Stuart's, defeated. Likewise the declaration that Reynolds's action in supporting Buford was a blunder is too quick a jump to a conclusion. Reynolds had hardly arrived on the field when he was killed. What his purpose was is unknown. That he contemplated anything more than a temporary holding of the weak and untenable position in front of Gettysburg, which Howard unfortunately sought to extend afterwards, is improbable. The author also exaggerates the impression made upon Meade by rumors of Stuart's movements. Meade told Halleck while these rumors were coming in that he would have to view such excursions with equanimity. He threw his cavalry out to the right and left, and presently Buford located Lee's infantry.

Col. Mosby's book would have been stronger if a number of similar judgments had been excluded, and he had confined himself to his main contentions. Pleasonton's name is uniformly misspelled.

Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen: Reminiscences of the Civil War, with special Reference to the Work for the Contrabands and Freedmen of the Mississippi Valley. By John Eaton, Brigadier-General, Superintendent of Freedmen, Department of the Tennessee, etc.; in collahoration with Ethel Osgood Mason. Pp. xxxviii. + 331. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

This book makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the actual process of emancipation and of the two men who did most to compass it. The earlier chapters may be regarded as a sort of amplification of Grant's own brief account in his "Memoirs" (Vol. I., pp. 424-426) of the plan he adopted to deal with the great numbers of negroes who had either abandoned their masters or been abandoned by them and who were within the Union lines and in the neighhorhood of the Union armies. On November 11, 1862, being then at La Grange, Tenn., Grant ordered "Chaplain Eaton of the Twenty-seventh Ohio Infantry Volunteers" to take charge of the "contrabands" and set them to work on the plantations in the vicinity. In the summer of 1885, a few days before Grant's death, Gen. Eaton called at the cottage at Mt. McGregor and was sitting on the piazza talking with the ladies of the family when a door opened and Grant himself came out, very pale, and with the lower part of his face carefully covered with a bandage. Eaton rose to retire; but Grant, with "that characteristic gesture—the beckoning with all the fingers of his hand as it hung loosely at his side"—detained him, listened a moment to his expressions of sympathy, and then wrote on a tablet:

I am very glad to see you, and wish I could have some conversation with you. I should like to have see [sic] you something about our use of, and utilizing the negroes down about Grand Junction, Tenn. In writing on that subject for my book I had to rely on memory. No doubt there will be some mistakes, though they would not be so bad as errors in the military part—I intended submitting that part to you, but I was so ill while writing it, and so anxious to get through, that I did not have time. The first volume is now in print.

That was the beginning and the end of a very noble chapter in Grant's life—perhaps the noblest of all; and it has never before been told so well as Gen. Eaton tells it. Ben Butler receives due credit for really originating Grant's policy with the refugee negroes when he hit upon the idea of treating them as contraband, since as slaves they would help to keep the Confederate armies in the field. But it was Grant, with Eaton as his chief subordinate, who established the policy by putting it in practice on a large scale. Perhaps there is too much adulation in Gen. Eaton's telling of the story; but Grant would have been fortunate if all his admirers had praised so intelligently.

Lincoln appears rather as seconding Grant's work than as the originating mind. But without his instant sympathetic comprehension and thoroughgoing support the work might easily have languished. Incidentally, Gen. Eaton's relations with him seem to have become as intimate as with Grant; it was Eaton whom Lincoln, in the summer of 1864, sent to Grant at City Point to ascertain if he were lending an ear to the politicians who wished to make him a candidate for the Presidency. There are in the book pictures and stories of both its heroes which seem to possess us of the real quality of their greatness; and again it appears that in the case of these two Americans the essence of greatness was great-heartedness. Like nearly all perspicacious writers on the period, Gen. Eaton finds Charles Sumner wofully wanting when weighed in the balance with either of them.

Besides helping Gen. Eaton in giving acceptable literary form to his reminiscences, and in verifying statements of fact, Miss Mason has contributed a good introductory sketch of his own life.

In Spain. By John Lomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The Soul of Spain. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.

These two volumes are excellent exemplars, each of its kind, but there can be no question which kind is the one worth while. Mr. Lomas's book is a partly remade and freshened edition of his "Sketches in Spain, from Nature, Art, and Life," which dates from 1884. It is a full but utterly uninspired account of what the traveller would encounter in passing from the Spanish frontier at San Sebastian to Cadiz in the South, and thence from one to another of the Mediterranean seaports, up to Barcelona; afterwards, to Zaragoza, Bilbao, Leon, and Santiago. Many good photographs are more enlivening than the narrative, and a well-made and useful map is folded in after the index. The whole, however, is thoroughly pedestrian. Scarcely one illuminating remark is met with in the 344 pages. There is not even anything absurd, or glaringly incorrect, to flag one's interest.

Havelock Ellis, on the contrary, in the essays which he has brought together under the title, "The Soul of Spain," is the writer who interprets rather than describes. He is as industrious and patient as the next man in amassing material and accumulating observation, but he does not fling the details at one. He has pondered them, and what he gives his readers is the result of his thought—always philosophical, often deeply suggestive. His best chapters are the two on "The Spanish People" and "The Women of Spain." We have nowhere read a more fascinating attempt at Spanish psychology. The first impressions of the tourist, and, indeed, the lasting impression of many foreign residents, is the immense diversity of racial strains and manifestations of character in Spain. Ellis pierces towards the underlying unity. Long study and close scrutiny have convinced him that Spanish traits "coalesce into a more harmonious picture than is sometimes represented"; and it is that which he seeks to present in his brilliant sketch. His detection of typical qualities is sure, and his blending of them masterly. We can but instance the pages in which he illustrates the truth that "a perpetual insistence on suffering and death" is a part of the very texture of the romantic spirit of Spain. The light this throws, for example, upon Spanish art, is obvious to any one who looks at the repulsive yet prized canvasses of Rivera and Zurbarán.

One seldom catches Mr. Ellis tripping over a fact, yet he seems to have been too hasty in concluding that "the Spanish are, perhaps, the only audiences in Europe who still talk loudly and persistently during a concert." But he should have gone to the Teatre Real, when it was crowded at one of the concerts of the Madrid Philharmonic, and heard the angry hiss that ran through the galleries if any one ventured so much as to whisper or to cough when the orchestra was giving Tchaikovsky. This is a trifle. The book, as a whole, both pleases and stimulates. A certain amount of repetition, with an occasional appearance of contradiction, is involved in collecting the articles published at different times, but the net effect is scarcely impaired thereby. We can only hope that Havelock Ellis may be spared to complete his Spanish studies, and to give to the world his rounded interpretation of the genius of Spain. The subject is worthy his powers, and it has never been dealt with adequately.

Science.

Handbook of Flower-pollination. By Dr. Paul Knuth, translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis. New York: Henry Frowde.

This is a second volume. The first, devoted to the history of the subject and dealing with its terminology and technique, has been already noticed in our pages (Sept. 27, 1906, p. 270) as an interesting and useful book. The volume now issued describes observations of flower pollination made in Europe and in the Arctic regions on species belonging to the great group of natural families commonly called polypetalous, together with a few which are gamopetalous. It is filled with facts indispensable to the student of biology and helpful to every serious amateur.

It cannot honestly be called interesting to the general reader: nevertheless, the general reader can make of it a good deal of use in examining plants from the new point of view.

This new point of view consists in the recognition of differences between plants, no matter how slight, and the grading of these differences in some regular order. Even the most casual observer can arrange them so as to give them expression in some graphic form, for instance, in certain curves. These differences vary in degree so widely that one must find terms expressive for all the grades. Hence have arisen the familiar terms, class, family, genus, and species, all of which have been long in use. But the differences below the grade of species have been almost neglected until within recent times. They have been, and are still, called varieties, races, forms, and the like, hut the degrees have not heen strictly noted. It is at this point that the new studies begin, and it is just here that such hooks as that of Knuth are of service to student and general reader alike.

If we have before us a field of some common species, huttercups, thistles, daisies, or what not, and set ourselves seriously about the task of detecting and recording even the slightest differences, we shall be surprised to see how wide is the range. Now if the observer will carefully bear in mind the distrihution of these differences, and will then watch closely the behavior of the insect visitants, he will see that the insects carry the fertilizing pollen apparently with little discrimination from one flower to another (always, however, of the same "sort"). Knuth's treatise is of assistance in indicating the visitant, and in showing how he effects the transfer of pollen. When this is clearly understood, one begins to realize that this transfer of pollen is practically a levelling process. It tends to repress or suppress eccentricities, and thus preserve the type. It is the most impressive illustration of the care with which nature endeavors to retain the type, even if she is careless of the single life.

There are some instances in which the flower is so constructed that the pollen cannot leave the floral envelopes, but must fertilize the ovules in that flower. Such cases are rather uncommon, and they mark the extreme of closc-fertilization. Next would come the near-hy flowers on the same stalk, or in the same cluster, for instance, in a thistle, and then follow the different grades, more or less akin, which we have mentioned, until we reach at last the limits of the genus. When there happens a fruitful transfer of pollen between two species within the limits of the genus, a true hybrid is produced. If there is a fruitful transfer of pollen hetween two well-marked varieties of a species, the result is generally called a cross-hreed, although the word hyhrid is too often loosely applied to it. The agents by which pollen is carried from one form to another appear, as we have said, to work in an undiscriminating manner, with the general result of maintaining the integrity of the type.

It is at this point that the new studies begin the work of separation. They have for their ohject the determination of results in the different transfers, instead of looking upon them as a simple averaging up or down, as the case may he, of a host of variations. The impulse to it came from the independent action of several hiologists who began to take exact measurements of differences. They had not proceeded very far, beforc it was discovered that a suggestion in regard to this sort of work had heen made a good while ago, in an unexpected quarter. It was found that in an obscure place the results of a great numher of carefully conducted and truthfully recorded experiments in this field had already been puhlished. And, furthermore, it was seen that the conclusions reached by this forgotten ohserver, J. G. Mendel, were extremely suggestive; among them some which aid in predicting the results to he ohtained in certain crosses and in certain generations. The application of Mendel's work to the study of the innumerable crosses hrought ahout by insects and the wind, and so on, is likely to be one of the most ahsorhing studies of the immediate future. And In this study Knuth's vast array of facts will be of incalculable assistance.

Two things will strike a botanist as he looks over this volume, namely, the use of the word Order in place of the term Family, and the use of the older sequence of families, now generally abandoned for one more natural. But these two blemishes will not materially interfere with the good which the hook will do.

This month Henry Holt & Co. will publish an untechnical history of "Biology and Its Makers," hy Prof. William A. Locy of Northwestern University.

In the twelfth Annual Report of the New York Zoölogical Society we have for the first time a comparative table of the various Zoölogical Gardens of the world. In total numher of living specimens New York leads with 4,034, this preëminence heing made possible by the Bird Department which numhers 2530 specimens as against 2,176 in Berlin and 1,665 in Hamhurg. London comes fourth with 1,621. In total number of species New York is fourth on the list with 865. The three long estahlished European Gardens with larger numbers of species of mammals, hirds, and reptiles are Hamhurg with 889, London with 1,268, and Berlin with 1,297.

The Keplerhund, the German society recently organized to promote an interpretation of the phenomena of nature in harmony with Christian ideas, has hegun the puhlication of a series of hrochures entitled Naturwissenschaftliche Zeitfragen (Hamhurg: Gustav Schloessmann). Five pamphlets have appeared: "Unsere Weltinsel: ihr Werden und Vergehen," hy Dr. J. Reim; "Die Welt des unendlich Kleinen," hy Prof. H. Gruner; "An den Grenzen des Lehens," hy Dr. A. Brass; Über den Bau der Knochen," hy Dr. E. Müller; "Das Wesen der Gärung- und der Fermentwirkungen," hy Prof. A. Mayer.

"The Vegetahle Garden," by Ida D. Bennett (The McClure Co.), is a thoroughly sensible and useful hook, designed for those who are within reach of a little land near their homes which they can cultivate in scanty leisure. But it is much more than this. It gives also plain directions for the preparation of the vegetahles when they are ready for the cook, although these culinary aspects of the subject are not so much as alluded to on the title-page. There are few avocations more illusory than the care of a home garden. The hard, rough treatment of the soil is back-breaking, the constant fight against plant enemies is heart-hreaking, and consequently a great deal of enthusiasm is required to hring the harvest through. And when one compares the cost of the potatoes and squashes which one raises with those which the peddler hrings to the door for sale, a large part of this enthusiasm is apt to disappear. It is just for the purpose of helping the weak-hearted that this hook has heen prepared. Considerahle emphasis is laid upon the fact that the cheap vegetahles purchasable at one's door are often the wilted left-overs from the marketplace, and, furthermore, that they are not unfrequently open to suspicion on account of the substances with which they may have been sprayed. This handy volume tells one how to employ simple methods for the treatment of the soil and seeds and seedlings, and the best processes for guiding kitchen-garden plants through periods of peril from their innumerahle foes. Almost any suburhan commuter might use this volume effectively, and excite keen envy in the breasts of his fellow commuters who work along the old lines of greatest resistance. The selections of vegetables here given might be improved in certain ways, but, on the whole, the choices are good, and the hints for the kitchen are extremely suggestive.

Drama and Music.

Gabriele d'Annunzio is composing in honor of Rome for the juhilee of 1911 a trilogy on an extensive scale, depicting the Rome of the period of the Kings, the republic, and the Imperial age. The trilogy is to he given in the Teatro Stabile.

The Italian dramatist Alfredo Testoni has just completed a play, the hero of which is the swan of Pesaro, Gioachino Rossini. In the fourth act, which takes place in March, 1860, in Paris, the author introduces Richard Wagner in a leading rôle.

The distinguished dramatist of Stockholm, Franz Hedberg, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He has to his credit more than eighty plays, many of which still hold the stage, hesides stories and theatrical sketches.

Mascagni is still manufacturing operas hy wholesale, hut little is heard of them outside of Italy. A few weeks ago he definitely decided upon the lihretta for his new opera, which he proposes to complete in six months, in order that it may he produced early next year. At the same time he has been negotiating with a French puhlisher concerning the composition of a three-act opera, to he produced in Rome, in 1911, during the celehration of the jubilee of the proclamation of Italian unity. His last opera, "Amica," has lately heen given at a numher of Italian cities under his own direction. "In his ahsence," as a Milan correspondent writes, "the success of these renderings of his work would have heen hy no means certain, but so great is his personal popular-

ity that a warm reception for the composer and his opera is everywhere assured."

Bad airs may keep people from a concert hall or opera house, and so may bad air. In the opera house at Stuttgart experiments have been made with an "ozonator," which is said by the action of chemicals to purify the air. The singers say it helps to keep their voices in good condition, while the hearers, instead of being fatigued to the point of somnolence, remain fresh, wide awake, and eager to come again. It is getting to be understood that many a singer and player owes his failure in this or that city to the fetid and depressing air of the hall in which he has to appear. "I am not a palm tree!" Hans von Bülow once exclaimed in protesting against the hot and sultry atmosphere of a hall he had to play in.

C. A. Bratter, who used to be musical critic of the New York *Staatszeitung*, has an article in the *Berliner Zeitung* which indicates that music in Constantinople is in about the same condition as in some American cities. The few genuine musicians living there have, he says, found so little encouragement that they have given up appearing in public, "leaving the field to the numerous self-appointed 'professors' and virtuosos. These dubious individuals make up the whole music-life of Constantinople, set the style at the amateur concerts, shrug their shoulders derisively if the names of real artists like Godowsky and Burmester are mentioned, and educate the younger generation to be the same kind of charlatans that they themselves are. It is really pitiful." Equally amusing are the players at the so-called operatic performances given occasionally. They are the very riffraff of the profession, who cannot even play simple dance music well; yet they "know it all," and refuse to take any instructions if they happen to be placed under an expert like Paul Lange.

The publisher of Strauss's "Salome" and "Electra," Adolf Fürstner, recently died at Nauheim. He was one of the most prominent of the Berlin publishers. Among the foreign works issued by him were the operas of Leoncavallo and Massenet. Years ago he took over from Meser the early operas of Wagner.

Art.

THE RIDDLE OF THE VAN EYCKS.

Hubert and John Van Eyck, their Life and Work. By W. H. James Weale. New York: John Lane Company. Pp. cxiv., 219. 41 photogravure plates and 99 other illustrations. Limited ed. of 400 copies. $30 net.

When it was known that the veteran investigator of the early Flemish school would publish an elaborate work on the van Eycks, expectations were naturally high. Mr. Weale combines the merits of the documentary and what we may call the critical schools, and aside from his numerous contributions to pure scholarship has, in his biography of Memling, produced a very useful and eminently readable work of popularization. We must confess to a certain disappointment in reading the present beautiful volume. It is to all intents and purposes what the Germans call a *Grundriss* of the subject, if its superb press work, illustration, and high price make it an anomaly in its sober class. It begins with a chronological display of original documents and passes through an elaborate bibliography, to a succinct biographical chapter. Then the bulk of the book is devoted to a catalogue *raisonné* with bibliographical *excerpta* of all the pictures by or attributed to the van Eycks. At the end, besides a full index, are a few general observations on Mr. Weale's method of distinguishing authentic from merely attributed works.

At first sight, there could be no greater boon to the student who happens to have a long purse or a library near than a treatise on a topic of capital importance which sticks severely to business and offers illustrations of a size and quality to serve as a real aid to study. But in accuracy the work falls far short of the German standard. Errors of the press abound, mistakes of transcription are often in evidence; less venial blunders are not unexampled. Since a very full list of corrigenda has already been contributed by an *Athenæum* reviewer, we need not dwell upon this disagreeable topic.

We hasten to add that the book as it is is immensely useful. Everywhere one marvels at the range of Mr. Weale's information. His caution, too, compels respect. This very richness and variety of the book forbids us to follow it in detail. We shall rather examine his canon summarily, and then speak of some of the broader issues of the subject, expressly excluded from his plan. Eleven paintings (six portraits and five religious subjects) Mr. Weale regards as beyond cavil. These are all authenticated by documents or contemporary inscriptions, and, we may add, with trifling exceptions, by intrinsic quality as well. The list includes the Maelbeke triptych, an unfinished and subsequently mishandled work, which has often been questioned, but we think unfairly. The grandiose yet forbidding head of Canon van der Paele at Hampton Court is reckoned as genuine, though not included in the enumeration. It seems to us of a technic much later than the van Eycks'. Of the remaining twenty-six works discussed—a roster that includes such notabilia as the Rothschild, Louvre, and Dresden Madonnas, the St. Francis, which has passed from the Heytesbury to the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, and the Berlin Man with a Pink, now rechristened a Knight of the Order of St. Anthony—Mr Weale accepts practically all, regarding some, however, as copies of lost originals. In general, his attitude is cautious, for one of his authority almost unduly non-committal.

The subject itself, it must be admitted, makes for uncertainty. Our starting point is always the Adoration of the Lamb at St. Bavon's, Ghent. Of this glorious polyptych, we know, if we may regard as contemporary the inscription on the frame, that it was begun by Hubert, who died in 1426, and finished by John, in the year 1432, at the order of one Jodoc Vyt. To go beyond this and distinguish the share of the two brothers is sheer inference. Yet we may safely assume, since John in his independent works never shows any taste or capacity for elaborately ordered and carefully proportioned composition, that the actual design of the Ghent altar-piece is mostly Hubert's. Beyond this, it hardly seems safe to go. Mr. Weale believes that John invented nothing here but the stark figures of Adam and Eve and the minor designs on the backs of their panels. But if Jodoc Vyt, as the inscription implies, did not originally commission the altar-piece from Hubert, but acquired it in an unfinished condition, then the portraits of Jodoc and his wife can have formed no part of the original design, and must be attributed to John. For the work at large we remain in the unsatisfactory plight of having to regard it as Hubert *cum* John.

For Hubert Mr. Weale long ago proposed the test of deep religious feeling as compared with the relative perfunctoriness of John. On this basis the Three Marys at the Sepulchre of the Cook collection, Richmond, and the Dresden Madonna have been ascribed to Hubert, as well as the St. Francis of the Johnson collection. Of such a test one must say that it is highly subjective, and that connoisseurs, being frequently persons of limited religious imagination, are not in a position to apply it with certainty. We can take even less seriously Mr. Mark's interesting researches into the flora of the van Eyck foregrounds. Southern flowers might derive from a herbal, or even more probably from a travelled assistant.

In a certain massiveness of figure design, and studied beauty of arrangement in the Ghent altarpiece, it seems to us we have a criterion that may cautiously be used. This formal exquisiteness of arrangement and proportions is found in an even higher perfection in the Dresden triptych. Its spacing is so subtle that the architecture and figures, though their scale is mathematically preposterous, are convincing, taken separately, and blend in an extraordinary harmony. We may fairly say that in this respect the composition transcends the capacity of John as we find him elsewhere. A similar amplitude and ease of arrangement may be noted in the St. Anthony with a Donor, at Copenhagen, a picture which we have other grounds for regarding as the wing of a recorded altarpiece left unfinished in Hubert's studio. The actual painting seems to be that of a pupil. This special charm of arrangement is absent from the Three Marys, a truly delightful picture which seems nearly half a century later than Hubert's death; nor is it notable in the St. Francis, which has all the technical qualities of a fine example of John. When all is said, Hubert remains little more than the shadow of a great name to us.

John, up to a certain point, is a refreshingly tangible figure. There exist perhaps ten portraits, most of them attested by ancient and presumably authentic inscriptions on the panels or frames. These likenesses display a perfection of draughtsmanship and pigmentation, and an almost terrible revelation of essential character that forbid them to be confounded with any other portraiture whatsoever. And then we have an array of religious pieces, startlingly unlike in quality and sentiment, and often unequal in execution within the same panel, of which none but the tiny Madonna of Ince Hall, the van der Paele Virgin of Bruges, and the unfinished St. Bar-

bara at Antwerp, seem fully accredited. Within this score of religious pictures of manifestly Eyckian inspiration, we are confident that a full half may fairly be ascribed to John himself, hut a considerahle doubt attaches to many of the most famous. Neither in the Rothschild Madonna nor in its obvious derivative at Berlin (a relation curiously unsignalized by Mr. Weale. See plates opposite pp. 110 and 144), do the figures have the authority we associate with John. The Madonna of the Chancellor Rollin, in the Louvre, is even more baffling. Its discrepancies with the assured work of the master hardly outweigh its evident analogies. Possibly we should conclude that the master availed himself frequently of the services of pupils. In any case, Mr. Weale's vacillations and the conflicting critical opinions he has conscientiously chronicled possibly represent not so much the futility of criticism, as the intricate nature of the subject itself. Mr. Weale's conservative opinions may well serve as an acceptable *via media* between the optimism of official cataloguers and the ultra scepticism of the late Henri Bouchot.

This diligent but unduly irascible scholar has hardly had his deserts. His undisguised chauvinism and intolerance of non-Gallic excellence, together with his occasional vagaries, have unduly discredited his constructive work. He spent the latter years of his life trying to prove that there never was in any true sense an early Flemish school of Flemish paintiug. The artistic antecedents of the van Eycks were, he maintained, not Netherlandish but French. We must regard their work as a splendid offshoot of the old school of Paris. Now it is a choice hetween acceptiug this artistic genealogy for the mighty brothers or none at all. The Flemish partisans tell us that John learned of Hubert, who so far as one can tell learned of nobody. To so impotent a conclusion Mr. Weale is reduced in the bare sentence he devotes to the artistic origins of the van Eycks. But it is as incredible that the admirahle craftsmanship of these painters should have grown spontaneously out of nothing, without some sort of nurturing tradition, as it is that the painting of Antonello da Messina could be imagined without that of the van Eycks. And this nurturing tradition can have hardly heen other than French, for there is absolutely no evidence of any other developed painting that could have influenced the two great Flemings. Moreover, the priority and affinity of the Miniatures ascrihed to the Limbourgs is incontestahle. It is glory enough for the van Eycks that they so far improved upon their teaching that immediately the Flemish offshoot became more important than the native stock. And yet it is fair to admit that but for the political and military prostration of fifteenth-century France, the artistic revival, fostered hy the Burgundian dukes in the persons of John van Eyck and his followers, would presumahly have encountered serious rivalry at Paris, Tours, Bourges, and Avignon. In view of the professional animosity between Mr. Weale and the late M. Bouchot such an admission was hardly to be expected in the present volume. All the more reason then why a reviewer should do justice to a most erratic scholar who yet occasionally struck fairly in the white.

Mr. Weale has passed without discussion the hackneyed theme of the Eyckian "invention" of oil painting. It must have heen a temptation to do so, and yet in a book of reference we think his authoritative opinion should have been put on record. As a matter of fact the perennial dehate seems to come down to a quarrel ahout words. Since Eastlake nohody has supposed, nobody at least who took the pains to inform himself, that either John or Huhert invented or discovered any pigment or any vehicle that was unknown to their predecessors. On the other hand, there is equally no doubt that they did invent a new and very fine technique which was universally admired and widely imitated. The artists of the time regarded them as miraculous innovators, and took them as models, and artists are not readily fooled in intimate matters of their craft. Just wherein this technical improvement lay it would be difficult to say without committing a kind of sacrilege upon the surface of an indubitable van Eyck. In a word, their vehicle seems to have been a singularly pure and elastic varnish which united perfectly with the pigment, dried rapidly and permitted the picture to be carried out with a miuimum of over painting as if in one homogeneous enamel. In the brilliant and economical handling of these materials, the artists of the early Leyden school surpassed even the van Eycks. It has been surmised that amber was a chief component of this varnish, and certain restorers experimenting therewith have achieved excellent results. For art-lovers this slight rectification of the Vasarian legend of the invention of oil painting will be sufficient. Artists who would fain reproduce the inner glow and brilliancy, say of the Arnolfini portraits in the National Gallery, would doubtless welcome further and conclusive experiments.

We have merely suggested one or two lines of future research for which Mr. Weale's meaty book will serve as an indispensable point of departure. It is much to be hoped, though scarcely to be expected, that new documents may give us the birth years of the van Eycks. The first dated picture of John is 1432. But hy 1422 he was already court painter to John of Bavaria, Count of Holland. In 1425 John van Eyck was sufficiently famous to be besought by Philip of Burgundy, who paid the expenses of the painter's moving from Bruges to Lille. Such honors imply maturity, but we lack as completely evident juvenilia of John, as we do, save the amhiguous altar piece of Ghent, the mature works of Huhert. Are these works lost, or merely strayed into the limbo of the "school"?

The Prix Nationale (often called the Prix du Salon), valued at 10,000 francs, has been awarded to Auguste C. G. Cornu, for his group in carved wood, Le Nid, at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. The Bourses de Voyage have gone to Mlle. Henriette Desportes, André Marchand, and Anthony Troucct for painting; to MM. Camus, Guillivic, and Pourquet, for sculpture; to MM. Janin and Imandt, for architecture; to Madame Destailleurs-Sevrin, for engraving; and to M. Lecorchemont, for decorative art.

At Christie's the following pictures, belonging to Mrs. Stern and others, have been sold: Drawings: J. M. W. Turner, Inverary, £367; A. Mauve, Returning from Work, £1,627. Paintings: C. Troyon, Le Marché du printemps, £787; T. S. Cooper, Canterbury from Tonford, £546; J. B. C. Corot, A Landscape, £577; C. Fielding, Bolton Abbey, £336.

The reports of the German archæological work done at Miletus are being published in special parts, entitled "Milet, Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen und Untersuchungen seit dem Jahre 1899," edited by Theodor Wiegand, and puhlished hy Georg Reimer of Berlin. Recently heft ii., "Das Rathaus von Milet," by Hubert Knackfuss, has appeared.

Miss Maud Cruttwell's "Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to be the first of a projected series of guides to the art collections of Europe. It is a guide book in the strictest sense—a book, not to read, hut to refer to for necessary facts. It is a painstaking and apparently accurate piece of work, and should prove of great value to the traveller interested in art.

The death is aunounced of the distinguished Belgian sculptor, Jef Lamheaux. He was born at Antwerp in 1852, and studied in Paris, where he frequently exhibited at the Salon. Among his better-known works are La Guerre, La Charmeuse de Serpents, Le Mendiant, Le Pauvre aveugle, Les Passions humaines, and his Faune Mordu which was refused at the Liège Exhibition.

Finance.

Miss A. R. Hasse's "Index of Economic Material in the Documents of New York" well maintains the high standard set by previous volumes in the series published by the Carnegie Institution. This bulky work of 553 pages indexes a great wealth of material for the economic student. No less than seventy-one pages of references are required for the documents relating to the New York canals; thirty-six for those relating to hanking; the same number for taxation; twenty-five for education; twenty-two for labor, and so on. Even then the "Index" deals only with the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, special comuissions, and Governors' messages, laws and court decisions heing omitted, excent in so far as they are found in the classes of documents above mentioned. May the Carnegie Institution speed the day when similar voiumes shall be at hand for every State in the union.

Such an event as the recent panic always sets publishers and authors to furhishing up shop-worn wares that can he offered to the puhlic as "timely." Frederick A. Cleveland has taken down from the shelf his "Bank and the Treasury" (Longmans, Green, & Co), and has prepared a new and revised edition. The changes are confined to the insertion of an introduction, dealing with the crisis of 1907, and the addition of several new appendices, giving the

text of various currency bills introduced in Congress last December and January. Why publication of the new edition was not delayed long enough to enable the author to give us the text of the new currency law "right hot from the bat," we are unable to conjecture. Perhaps the omission can be corrected in a "newer" revised edition. Mr. Cleveland believes that our currency system should be reformed, but does not wish to see the Sub-Treasury system aboiished and does not favor "permanent issues of banknotes." In the text of the book we observe no material changes from the earlier edition.

With a similar desire to contribute to popular enlightenment Charles A. Conant has performed a noteworthy feat of editorial surgery upon his "Principles of Money and Banking," published in 1905 (Harper & Bros). This consists in bringing out the second volume, which deals with banking, as a new work, entitled "Principles of Banking." In a brief preface Mr. Conant considers the lessons of the crisis, and urges that something be done to remove "the fetters imposed by a defective currency upon American commerce in its contest for supremacy in the world's markets." The volume appears to have been reissued without changes in the plates, and the index contains all the original references to the first volume of the complete work. We think that even in these hard times the needed capital should have been secured for providing a new index.

Ex-Secretary Shaw has brought together a considerable number of his addresses and letters upon public questions in a volume which he entities "Current Issues" (D. Appleton & Co.). The topics treated range all the way from Imperialism to Youth, but the Tariff and the Currency Problem receive special prominence. Mr. Shaw's views are so well known to the readers of the *Nation*, and have been so often discussed in this journal, that it is unnecessary to present an extended review of "Current Issues." For students of the political thought and movements of the last decade the volume has no little significance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Agnel, L'Abbé G. Arnaud D'. Les Comptes du Roi René. Vol. I. Paris: Picard & Fils.
Atlay, J. B. The Victorian Chancellors. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Baumbach, Rudolf. Der Schwiegersohn. Edited by Otto Heller.
Binns, Henry Bryan. The Great Companions. London: A. C. Fifield.
Bouiger, Demetrius C. The Life of Sir Haliiday Macartney. Lane. $6.
Chesney, Gen. Sir George. The Dilemma. William Abbatt.
Cleveland, Grover. Good Citizenship. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Cyclopædia of American Agriculture. Edited by L. H. Bailey. Vol. III. Macmillan. $5 net.
Davenport, Charles B. Inheritance in Canaries. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Ernst, Otto Ueberwunden. Edited by James T. Hatfield. Holt.
Freston, Elizabeth Hélène. Poems. Broadway Publishing Co.
Green, W. Curtis. Old Cottages and Farm-Houses in Surrey. New York: William Heiburn.
Handbook of Learned Societies and Institutions—America. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hauskins, J. E. A New World. Tacoma, Wash.
Johnson on Shakespeare. Edited by Walter Raleigh. Henry Frowde.
Kampffmeyer, Paul. Changes in the Theory and Tactics of the (German) Social-Democracy. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Kellogg, Vernon L. American Insects. Holt.
Kidd, Benjamin. Individualism and After. Henry Frowde.
Lieneff, Eugénie. The Peasant Songs of Great Russia. London: David Nutt.
Lowenberg, Mrs. I. The Irresistibie Current. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.
Marx, Karl. Value, Price, and Profit. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Meade, Mrs. L. T. Betty of the Rectory. Grosset & Dunlap. $1.
McCallum, Percival D. Rivulets of Song. Broadway Publishing Co.
Seashore, Carl E. Elementary Experiments in Psychology. Holt.
Sidney, Sir Philip. The Defence of Poesie, etc. Boston: Merrymount Press.
Sue, Eugene. The Branding Needle. Translated by Daniel De Leon. New York Labor and News Co.
Viallate, Achille. La Vie Politique. 1 October, 1906—30 September,1907. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Whitin, E. Stagg. Factory Legislation in Maine. Longmans.

Messrs. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY have just reprinted the following standard works on History and Economics:

HALL'S IMMIGRATION: And Its Effects upon the United States; 5th printing. $1.50 net.

GORDY'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, Vol. I., (1787-1809); 3rd printing. $1.75 net.

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DOYLE'S ENGLISH COLONIES, Vol. I. (Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas); 4th printing. $3.50.

The same, Vols. II. & III. (The Puritan Colonies); 4th printing. Each $3.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

The Week.

The Democrats, too, have named a man for the Vice-Presidency who is scarcely known outside of his own State, and whom no one would seriously think of for the Presidency. Mr. Kern of Indiana thus stands alongside Mr. Sherman of New York as a proof of the flippant way in which Americans set about filling the second office in the government. In either case, it is not personality, but geography, that has been the decisive factor. At Denver, also, New York might have had the Vice-Presidency had she wished. Her passive attitude is partly expressive, no doubt, of the feeling that Bryan's chances in this State are desperate, but was due also, we imagine, to the tacit plan of campaign which it is pretty clear that Bryan means to adopt. This is to fling himself upon the Middle West, and let the East go. Viewed in that light, Mr. Kern's nomination is not lacking in shrewdness. The hopes of Indiana Democrats are high. They have an excellent candidate for Governor, and Republicans admit that the State is doubtful. To assign it the Vice-Presidency may be expected to quicken local pride and yield some votes. At all events, it marks out the Middle West as the scene where Bryan expects to push the fighting.

If it is really true that Mr. Taft means to follow up his pledge to publish all campaign contributions by refusing to make any promises of patronage, even in doubtful States, this is certainly to be a record-breaking campaign. "If you will carry Indiana, you can have a place in the Cabinet or a foreign mission"—it hardly seems possible that no bait of this kind will be used this year. Are not the prospects of office at home or abroad to be held out to Republican editors everywhere in return for loyal and vigorous service? What a blow to the freedom and independence of the press! Mr. Hitchcock will, we presume, not be excluded from hope of the Postmaster-Generalship if his management proves successful. The new rule will have one drawback. It will enormously increase the pressure upon the candidate, after his election, from those who are confident that solely their services resulted in saving the country from the horrors of government by the other party. Knowing full well that their herculean efforts alone prevented New York or Ohio or Illinois from knuckling under to the enemy, they will insist on due recognition for their valiant and self-sacrificing labors. But this aside, Mr. Taft seems fairly bent on putting the campaign on a higher level than heretofore. May he travel far in this direction!

The Nebraskan will have to pluck fire from heaven if he surpasses the passionate and rubescent rhetoric of the Populist nominee. In his speech of acceptance, Thomas E. Watson exhorted his party to a holy war against class legislation, engineered by the golden criminals of industry. Mr. Watson has not read and written history in vain. "Populares," or Populists, he learnedly pointed out, has the same meaning as Democrats—it is only a question whether you prefer Latin or Greek. The Populist party is no mushroom growth. History is repeating itself; Vanderbilt against Alexander, Morgan against Cæsar, Rockefeller against Rome. Once more the many are bleeding for the few; the sweat of millions buys the American heiress her European coronet. The entire feast of Lucullus would not pay for the roses of a New York banquet. The pearls and diamonds of the laboring man adorn the necks of dissolute Cleopatras. In this florid vein Mr. Watson kindled the emotions of his hearers, and then cried, "Forward, march!" Where? —"Consecrate the temple, keep pure and perpetual the vestal service." To the Holy War.

Ingratitude, thy name is Gompers! After all these years of being an honored guest at the White House, holding sweet counsel, as one President with another; after being consulted about the law and the Constitution and the courts; after being wheedled and flattered and luncheoned—to turn square about and promise the 2,000,000 votes of the American Federation of Labor to Bryan! Not having the Oyster Bay vocabulary, words fail us to characterize such a display. It is flat *lèse majesté*, rising to treason, and reaching a climax in refusing to be fooled. To add to the injury, Mr. Gompers does not even wait to learn Mr. Taft's views about labor injunctions, which the dispatches from Hot Springs have been telling us were to be of a sort to please every trades union, but coolly assumes in advance that they will be unsatisfactory. Thus does Labor, warmed in the bosom of the Square Deal, sink its fangs into its benefactor. The result must be to give the President a much lower view of the labor vote, which he has striven so sedulously to annex. He may even be able to come over to the saner opinion that the larger part of that vote would be Democratic anyhow, and that the portion which Gompers can "deliver" will be, judged by past performances, pitifully small.

Of what use is it for Democrats or Republicans to urge that a Federal license be granted to corporations doing an interstate business? The submission of our Trusts and monster companies to Federal authority is complete; and, if we may believe the dispatches, there is daily evidence of the way the President's master mind exercises its sway over the once insolent and defiant but now cringing captains of industry. Here, for instance, is the news that the millionaires behind the new $300,000,000 Lumber Trust obtained permission of the President before organizing their company, just as Mr. Morgan and his associates did not absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company until assured by headquarters that in doing so they would not only not be prosecuted for restraint of trade, but receive the gracious blessing of the White House. According to the report, the new Trust is to be a tame one, to eat out of the government's hand. It then continues:

> When the subject was first broached the President declared it was against the law, but when it was explained to him that the idea was to make it as beneficial to the government as to the promoters, he said any agreement arranged between Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, and Herbert Knox Smith, the commissioner of corporations, would be satisfactory to him.

This is the testimony of W. B. Stillwell, who is to be in the Trust. He says, also, that he was given a copy of the agreement between Messrs. Pinchot and Smith, by which the new concern promises to leave a certain number of trees standing on each acre. This, we presume, is not the only concession.

Is it possible for Mr. Roosevelt to be misinformed? Yes, says young Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, who calls the President's recent criticism of socialistic theory "monstrously unjust." And, on the whole, Mr. Stokes has made his point. Mr. Roosevelt ought to know that the modern Socialist takes pride in the immense distance that separates him from the early Utopians, whose creed was chiefly sentiment. Up-to-date Socialism is cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, scientific, vigorous, and harder on the wastrel and the criminal than the sharpest of present penal codes. Hence, when the President declared that under Socialism the idle and the vicious will give as little as they please and take as much as they desire, he is doing injustice to a social theory which aims to become the most efficient police system the world has ever known, as implacable in its vengeance on the social sloth

as an ideal Interstate Commerce Commission would be on the rowdy rebater. It is unfair to charge Socialism with crushing the individual and pampering him, at the same time; of the two charges the resolute Socialist would now much sooner plead guilty to the first than the second, adding the proviso that it would all be done for the good of the commonwealth. That is a position which Mr. Roosevelt should understand, even if he cannot accept.

If a steadfast heart and a cheerful mind are needed anywhere, they are needed by the man who believes in Spanish-American peace and progress. We are only a few months removed from the Pan-American love feast at Washington, and the dedication of Mr. Carnegie's peace temple, and already over the greater part of tropical America disorder is rampant or straining at its leash. Violence has broken out in supposedly immune Mexico. War rages in Paraguay. War is imminent in Central America. Columbia and Venezuela growl at each other. There is discontent at Montevideo; and Brazil is reported dreaming dreams of a great fleet, not because she wants war, but because she feels that she is entitled "to a natural frontier on the south," which means gobbling up Uruguay, if Argentina will let her. This is the situation as the pessimist views it. To his cheerful brother, it is only open to contend that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, progress there is. Outside of Venezuela foreign opinion seems to count more than it has done up till now, in restraining violence, and with time it is sure to count still more. When the Panama Canal comes, peace will be enforced on the Caribbean by every maritime nation in the world. It may be that the South American patriot, foreseeing some such final condition, is only making trouble while the sun shines.

On July 1, the Linnean Society held in London a special meeting in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the epoch-making paper submitted to it on July 1, 1858. This was the joint production of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, "On the tendency of species to form varieties, and on the perpetuation of varieties and species by natural means of selection." How far that little candle has cast its beams! There has been an enormous deal of profitless discussion over the question of priority of discovery, between Darwin and Wallace. The two investigators themselves always had a perfect understanding. Scientific jealousy was not an element in either's clay. And it was a remarkable feature of the celebration in London that Wallace himself should have been able to be present, with another still older friend and co-worker of Darwin's, Sir Joseph Hooker, both to give the occasion note and to place the facts forever beyond dispute. Dr. Wallace stated that it was true that the idea of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest had occurred to him and to Darwin independently; but he added that it occurred to Darwin "nearly twenty years earlier than to himself," and that during the whole of that time Darwin "had been laboriously collecting evidence and carrying out ingenious experiments and original observations."

Darwin's chief doctrine has remained unassailable and fruitful for all these fifty years. It is hard to imagine any single biological discovery being made to-day which could so profoundly modify men's ways of thinking, not only about science, but about theology, about society, about statesmanship. And it is impossible to think of a lonely scientist doing to-day what he accomplished in his Kentish home. Communication of scientific news is much too rapid now, and the advantages of having a thousand investigators all the while checking off one another's results are too great, to permit the student to work for years in unaided isolation. Letting his fellows know early what he is driving at is a sure way of saving his time and preventing him from falling into blunders. The multiplication of societies, the publication of a flood of papers and monographs, have made the task of the scholar in some respects easier, in others harder. He has to struggle to keep his head above the whelming material. He is forced to specialize. He knows that if he waits long he will be anticipated. Yet he has a sense of vast cooperation and a stimulus which must be more real and quickening than anything that came to the mighty but solitary students of an older day.

Dr. John E. White of Atlanta is the latest Southerner to tell the truth about the vicious leasing of convicts. The present system, he said in a recent sermon, is not so bad as that which existed from 1865 to 1899, when convicts were sold "as one would sell cattle," not only by the State, but by purchaser after purchaser. But if this has been ended forever, its evil spirit, as Mr. White points out, is inherent in the existing methods. From 1865 to 1899 the State got $7.50 a head a year for its convicts. Now it gets $136, but the lessee retails them as high as $570 a year, a percentage of profit that "would make Shylock sweat with shame." As a result of the better bargaining, the State makes $200,000 a year profit out of its convicts, and this revenue is the greatest obstacle to a reform. People do not want the State to lose that income. Here, truly says Mr. White, is a real evil of this policy—"the State has been trained to regard the convict as an asset, not as a liability; as a good fortune rather than a burden; crime has been constituted a necessary source of revenue." The increase of law-breakers, he adds, if regretted to-day, is ignored to-morrow when the dollars come rolling in. For remedy he mentions two proposed plans. One would confine the criminals in stockades and utilize their labor in building macadam roads; the other would put them to work on model State farms under the supervision of the State Department of Agriculture. Of the two, the latter is the better. Nothing kills a man's self-respect so quickly as to appear in public wearing the livery of crime, with shackles on his legs and men armed with rifles standing over him, as if he were a wild animal. On the other hand, the sight of the convicts in the streets is demoralizing to every one. Hence we feel that this change would be only a single step forward when there are many to be taken.

Lowell was admittedly a man of quick wit, yet he remarked to a friend in a London drawing-room: "I've often regretted that the best things I've ever said were addressed to the back of my coachman on the drive home." The brightest of us are in the same box with Mr. Lowell. Our most brilliant speeches, our most effective witticisms come into our minds only after the event which should have called them forth. Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife who exclaimed: "She said I wasn't a loidy, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter." Most of us require time; we are clever enough, brilliant enough, only it is always too late for us to convince others of these traits. Yet you must pot your epigram on the wing or your shot is no better than a blank cartridge. Since these things are sadly so, we can understand why it has been proposed in England to establish a course of conversation in our schools and colleges. Instead of wasting hours on mental arithmetic, time should be devoted to the cultivation of lightning-flash answers. Those gems of wit and jewels of insight with which our minds are scintillating, as we discover at our leisure, should be so placed as immediately to reflect the slightest gleam from any other mind. The advantage to our dinner parties would be incalculable. Monkeys and music would cease to be necessary. Professors to teach this new course might be difficult to find; we would suggest Augustus Thomas as eminently fitted to conduct such a class at Yale or Harvard, and perhaps Bernard Shaw might be induced to give a series of lectures on the subject. The fear that such training

might reduce every one to the same high level of brilliancy ought not to be a deterrent. It will be better to have your friends appear as clever as yourself rather than as stupid.

Prof. William James points out in the *Hibbert Journal* for July a path over which religious feet have walked for centuries: "Sincerely to give up one's conceit of being good is the only door to the universe's deeper reaches." There are within us, below the thick strata of weakness and pessimism and unbelief on which our daily life rests, deep wells of power and goodness to which the divining rod of reason will never dip. Specific religious experiences, which the psychologist cannot connect with any other, "point," says Professor James, "with reasonable probability to the continuity of our consciousness with a wider spiritual environment from which the ordinary man is shut off." This is a hopeful message. Break down the barriers around the stagnant pool of your own personality, and let the tide of the world's strength in. It is pleasant to find that Mr. Bryan is at one with the latest philosophical thought in his faith in the over-soul. Mr. Hearst, he says, is a man who has within recent years given up his conceit of being good, and has let the great, wholesome will of the people take possession of his entire nature. His feeble arms now strike with multiplied vigor drawn from his share in national aspirations. His "strength, like the strength of others who are strong with the masses, is due to the strength of the reforms to which he has attached himself." Here, surely, is hope for us all. And is it not touching at this hour when Mr. Bryan must have so many other things to think of, to see the nobility that is in him rising spontaneously to meet the nobility that is in Mr. Hearst?

A résumé of Dr. Stanley Hall's views regarding the evil effect on American life of feminine supremacy in school was printed the other day by the Berlin *Tageblatt*. It added, however, that while this warning might be needful in the United States, the women in Germany had not made sufficient progress to alarm any one. This is still more the case in Russia, where it seems as if the gains made were to be lost. The Minister of Education has sent a circular to the heads of the universities making the suggestion that access to lectures should be made more difficult, and adding, specifically: "Women must under no circumstances be admitted to the list of free auditors." If this is strictly carried out, women students will once more betake themselves to the Swiss universities. It was to arrest this movement that the influence of the court was used, in 1872, to establish high schools for women. It was not, however, till 1901 that the universities were opened to the women by removal of the clause that "men and women must not study together in the same halls." The language courses were thus opened to women with a view to securing teachers for the lower schools. Within the last three years the other faculties were made accessible to women students, at least as "free auditors." The recall of this privilege will leave open only the regular courses, and these are mostly overcrowded; as for medical courses for women, the announcement has already been made that no further applications can be considered.

Mr. Keir Hardie's resentment at not being invited to King Edward's garden party reveals a state of mind akin to that of Mr. Holloran, who met Mrs. O'Flaherty on the stairs, and said: "Good morning, Mrs. O'Flaherty, an' how are you to-day? Not that I care a hang, but just to make conversation." Mr. Hardie doesn't care a rap about royal garden parties; if he had been asked and had decided to go, he would have put on a "bowler," a red tie, and yellow shoes. But it makes good political conversation to turn the slight directed against Mr. Hardie and two of his fellow-members in the House of Commons into a Constitutional issue. England's King, because of the unwritten law which imposes on him absolute neutrality in his attitude towards Parliamentary parties, presents a peculiar embodiment of powers severely limited, united with prerogatives generously broad. He may play an active part in the formation of foreign *ententes*, but dare not exercise the slightest interference with the course of domestic politics. He may visit President Fallières and Nicholas II. whenever he pleases, and invite them to call in return; but he is not at liberty to decide who shall not come to his garden parties. In the present instance the apparent defence is that the King's objection to Mr. Hardie must have been personal, since the bulk of the Socialist members in the House of Commons were invited, and came. But it is undoubtedly a case of personal antipathy based in part on politics. For Mr. Hardie has but just returned from a journey to India and South Africa, where his speeches have been of a nature that the head of the British Empire might be excused for regarding as incendiary.

If things keep on with our Ambassador to Germany as they have been going these last few months, every future newly accredited diplomat to a foreign court will be wishing that the monarch might begin by calling him a liar, or at the least that the Minister for Foreign Affairs run over him in an automobile. For to Dr. Hill, in recompense for the slight unpleasantness that attended his appointment to Berlin, have come honors and amends in profusion. The Kaiser has received him with particular *empressement*. Society has followed suit. And now, undoubtedly at the royal wink, comes literature. *Persönlichkeiten*, a serial of biography published at Berlin, which in its twenty-one previous issues has treated of such eminent personalities as Von Bülow, Clemenceau, Tolstoy, and the Emperor of Austria, devotes its twenty-second number to "David Jayne Hill und die amerikanische Diplomatie." Dr. Hill's predecessor in the twenty-first number was Kaiser Wilhelm. From some thirty-six pages of eulogy we pick out here and there the facts that America recently passed "from the roughhewn *ex-improviso*-diplomat to the *Typus* Hill"; that "in grandeur of conception and breadth of historical outlook no work hitherto published in England or America can compare with Hill's 'History of European Diplomacy'"; and that "in David Jayne Hill's life philosophy (*Weltauffassung*), the principle of justice and equity lies uppermost."

The third Russian Duma closed its sessions on Saturday, prorogued and not dissolved. There was no reason why it should encounter any untoward fate. It met in November, 1907, a "Duma of landlords," chosen by a small minority of the nation, after the electoral law had been mercilessly mauled in defiance of the fundamental laws of the Empire. It has remained throughout a loyal assembly, slow to take offence from throne or bureaucracy, quick to appreciate the slightest ministerial favor, pacific because its majority is non-progressive and its minority has decided to submit to everything for the sake of keeping alive the merest spark of Constitutionalism. The Duma's activity has been concerned almost entirely with the budget. Its last important act was to sanction the raising of $1,250,000,000 in revenue. The business of expending that huge income may be safely left to the present régime. Of the real measures of reform that the Empire calls for, none has reached the stage of consideration by the Duma. Huge committees continuously labor and digest whatever material it pleases the government to supply them with; but agrarian reconstruction in accordance with Premier Stolypin's policy of breaking up the peasant communes is being carried on—by Stolypin. Even in Russia, of course, corruption may grow so rank as to enable men to speak and not be punished. Therefore the Duma has raised its voice now and then against anarchy in the Navy Department, and has actually been bold enough to decline voting the naval budget. On such meagre diet must hope of a liberal Russia feed for some time to come.

MR. TAFT BEGINS WELL.

In selecting his Chairman and Treasurer of the National Committee, Mr. Taft's long experience as a conciliator and shrewd manager has stood him in good stead. Not for nothing has he dealt with rhetorical Filipinos, the quarrelling Cubans, and the frogs in Panama striving to puff themselves into oxen. Factional Ohio politicians and offish Republican little great men were easy, after the others. And if anybody supposed that there was no clear judgment and force of will embedded in the Secretary's large good nature, last week's decisions at Hot Springs should correct the mistake. The Democrats may as well make up their minds to the fact that they have in Mr. Taft a formidable opponent. Certainly he begins his campaign as one having a just sense of the problems before him, and a firm resolution backing up his sagacity.

His announcement that there is to be complete publicity in regard to political contributions and expenses—everything to be down in black and white—is a master-stroke peculiarly well timed. The Democrats at Denver were preparing to make great play with the refusal of the Republican Convention to declare for publishing campaign accounts. The defeat of the McCall bill in Congress, too, was to furnish them with ominous proof that the Republicans were intending to raise a vast and secret corruption fund. But Mr. Taft has spiked that gun. Whatever his party leaders may have desired, or may have feared, he is for letting the public understand all about the finances of the campaign. But for this, his choice of Mr. Sheldon as Treasurer would have invited damaging attack. It would have been said that he had selected a Wall Street man, who was to combine wheedling with terrorism in order to extract money from corporate interests. Such charges would have seemed absurd to those who know Mr. Sheldon, but they would have had a certain sting unless Mr. Taft had drawn it by stating that the New York law compelling political treasurers to keep and publish full accounts would be followed by Mr. Sheldon, just as it was when he was Treasurer for Mr. Hughes in 1906. Thus at one step we have advanced to this great political reform, and, for the first time, the people will know what it costs to elect a President. Resolutions calling for this publicity have amounted to nothing, and laws to compel it have failed, but the action of Mr. Taft has inaugurated a political custom which is almost certain to become established from this day forth. That is the way we do things in America. We agitate, we cry aloud, we fumble and flounder, and nothing seems to be accomplished. But suddenly, sentiment crystallizes into deed, and deed becomes habit.

As for Mr. Bryan, he was first represented as waiting to "see what the Republicans will do." He noted that they are for publicity "after the election." In order to do better than that, he has induced the Democratic Committee to pledge itself to publicity before the election and all the way through. On October 15, a full account of all contributions above $100 is to be published, and thereafter all sums given up to the day of election. This insures a healthy competition between the parties. On this subject, Mr. Bryan is on the right track. And if Mr. Sheldon is correctly reported as saying that he should openly ask contributions from corporations, some one ought to call his attention to the "act to prohibit corporations from making money contributions in connection with political elections" which was passed by Congress and became law on January 26, 1907.

Mr. Hitchcock, as the manager of Mr. Taft's canvass for the nomination, fairly won his spurs; and his selection as Chairman makes sure a painstakingly minute and cool and dexterous management of the Presidential campaign. In the larger questions where general policy and personal tact enter, the candidate himself will, of course, have the final word; but for grasp of detail and a perfect gluttony for work, Mr. Hitchcock has shown himself unexcelled. Republican talent for political management is surely going to be needed this year, with the situation so complex and confused; but the party's reputation that way has long been great, and it is apparently drawing upon its best supplies. Mr. Taft has begun well; and whatever the result of the campaign, the whole country is in his debt for having freed the raising of money for political purposes from the scandals which went on with the consent of McKinley in 1896 and the active coöperation of Roosevelt in 1904.

WEAKER AGAINST BRYAN.

It is a sound piece of advice a French statesman gave when he said that we ought to take political events seriously, but not tragically. In that spirit, Bryan's third nomination should be received. It is, in any aspect, a momentous thing. No discounting of the occurrence in advance can blind thoughtful men to its significance and its gravity. That this man and what he stands for should have so permeated, so drenched, the Democratic party as to make all opposition futile is not a fact to be lightly dismissed. It testifies to pervasive political conditions which it would be folly to ignore. Bryan is not to be disposed of by calling him a charlatan and adventurer. He has not lifted himself by his own bootstraps. He has been borne aloft by a great wave of discontent and desire for radical changes, which has swept over large parts of the country. That is the serious thing. No one can look through Bryan to the political forces which have made him what he is, and not have some troubled moments. Yet it is no time for treating the matter *au tragique*. The part of sober citizens is to look about them and see what resources they may count upon in resisting the attempt to turn the government over to a flighty and unstable agitator.

No intelligent survey of the nation's defences against Bryanism can blink the truth that they have been greatly weakened during the past four years. It is not possible to-day to rally the conservative forces of the country in opposition to Bryan so splendidly as in 1896. Everybody knows the reason why. You cannot revile a man whom you have imitated. A party that has appropriated Bryan's ideas cannot, with good effect, attack his person. At the very beginning of the Republican campaign, it is the part whether of frankness or sound generalship, to admit that power of resistance to Bryan has been much broken by four years of yielding to him. President Roosevelt's avowed and deliberate purpose has been to head off Bryan by stealing his issues. The argument, or threat, which he has constantly used, has been: "If you do not go half way with me, you will have to go the whole way with Bryan." Well, we see now what comes of the plan of fighting a dangerous enemy by surrendering to him. The Bryan who was to be extinguished is exalted higher than ever.

Attempt the comparison between 1896 and 1908, anywhere along the line, and see where you come out. In the former year, Bryan was opposed as being impulsive and voluble, a man who lived upon sensation and would rule by clamor, an agitator who would stir the masses to frenzy by declaiming about the rich and mouthing against corporations. With what face can any Republican repeat those charges this year, after what the leader of his own party has been doing for four years past, amid vast popular acclaim? Turning from personalities to doctrines, we shall similarly find Republican arraignment of Bryan halted by the public memory of what the Republicans themselves have done or attempted. In 1896, Bryan was fought vigorously as one who would lay a rude hand upon the courts. The Bryan platform this year goes much further in that matter than it did twelve years ago. Its ambiguous phrases thinly cloak the purpose to impair the usefulness and validity of the writ of injunction, and to legalize the boycott. But what Republican mouth will not be closed on that subject? There is not a penny's worth to choose between the two platforms, in that particular; while President Roosevelt's utterances and wishes in regard to injunctions as brought to-

gether in Congressman Littlefield's cruel review of them, go so far as to give away the whole case against Bryan's attitude towards the courts.

Republicans are loath to admit these things to-day, but if Bryan were to beat Taft in the election, they would not only admit but assert them. They would say that the triumph of Bryan radicalism had been brought about by Roosevelt radicalism. They would point out how long the President hesitated over the true policy to follow; how he for a time took up the reform of the tariff, but when he found that unpopular, began to appeal to class feeling, to rouse the slumbering passions of the have-nots against the haves, to strike at great wealth in order to win great applause, with the net result of provoking a demand for extreme measures which neither he nor his party could satisfy, and which inured to the benefit of Bryan. If these things would be true after the election, they are true to-day.

It is necessary for all who regard, as we do, the election of Mr. Bryan as highly undesirable, to look all the facts in the face, and act upon the situation as it exists, not as we might like to have it. The campaign will be difficult. It is absurd to talk of a walk-over for Taft. He himself makes no secret of his belief that Bryan's chances of election are better than they have ever been before. The Republicans will know that they have been fighting, before the battle is over. They cannot bring out their old bogeys. The country is not going to be frightened into rejecting Bryan; it may be persuaded. To the task of persuasion, Mr. Taft and his supporters must devote themselves. They cannot hope to outbid Bryan in radicalism: stakes in that coinage he is always ready to double. The real hope must be to conduct a campaign in the interest of quiet and stable government; to meet outcry with reason; so to contrast an experienced and steady candidate with one who is constitutionally erratic, as to convince the voters that the country is safer in the hands of the former.

SOCIAL DISSIPATION IN COLLEGE.

Among the things brought to the attention of the Princeton authorities at the last commencement was the increasing social pressure upon students. It is regarded by thoughtful graduates as almost a greater menace than the glorification of athletics. At Yale, too, the faculty has set about curtailing the "week-end" privileges, which usually mean social dissipation, if no other kind. Elsewhere there are discernible qualms of the academic conscience on this subject. On many a campus last month the voice of the "old grad." was lifted up in complaint that "the former days were better than these."

What impresses the returning alumnus, after a quarter-century's hard work in his business or profession, is to find young Magnus Chartus of the graduating class with four automobiles at his beck and call in front of a mausoleum-like looking structure which his proud but startled father is told is a students' clubhouse. He knows, in a general way, that the standard of living expenses has risen since his own college days, but he is rather staggered at this concrete exemplification of the fact. Like the poet, he passes beside "the reverend walls" in which of old he wore the gown, and, like the poet, he feels

The same, but not the same—

but for very different reasons. The analysis of the change in social conditions of undergraduate life interests him more deeply than athletic triumphs or academic architecture.

The truth of the matter is that there has been a progressive secular invasion of what ought to be the sacred leisure of the college student. By leisure, of course, we do not mean idleness, an otiose academic existence tempered by mere bookishness, but a period kept measurably free from the distractions of business and the exactions of what is termed polite society. If young collegians from eighteen to twenty-two do not find in college a chance for a serious, unbiassed scrutiny of letters or philosophy or history or science, in nine cases out of ten they will never again get the opportunity; and, so far as the real purpose of university life is concerned, they might better waste their time and their fathers' money at home. Bitter experience of the present generation of college life goes far to justify what we were rashly inclined to regard as the amiable or picturesque crochets of early educators. It was not without a substantial reason that colleges originally took on the semi-monastic mode of life, with a common garb, a common meal, and a communal life. It segregated the scholar from the world during his scholastic apprenticeship, and reduced distinctions to a minimum within the cloister. It may seem a far call from the mediæval college to our military academy at West Point, but the scheme of social organization is not dissimilar. The uniform donned at entrance amalgamates into a common body the farmer's son and the financier's heir. The mess table and the barracks life do not reduce the cadets to a dead level, but make for the emergence of real, not fictitious, merit. The unquestioned efficiency of West Point as an educational machine is in large part traceable to a modern adherence to tried educational methods of the past, and to an enforced exclusion of parasitic interests that infest our colleges and universities.

From whatever angle viewed, the social constitution of college life in our older and wealthier colleges betrays just the defects that naturally spring from the intrusion of alien interests into what ought to be the sanctuary of learning and true culture. The so-called decay of college democracy, the lamented inversion of the ambitions and interests and activities of the college student, the coagulation of the wealthy students into particular dormitories—all these and other disquieting symptoms reflect the secular desecration of what used to be called the academic shade.

It is scant consolation to be told that this decadence is but the necessary reflex of a wealthy civilization upon institutions of learning. The fact that wealth singles out the colleges and universities as a place of residence for its sons is an admission that it covets the distinction which academic association conveys. If the colleges were to be actuated by no other motive than self-preservation, they must see that a challenge of luxury and a resolute return to some of the Spartan virtues of the simple life are their only means, in the long run, of preserving their influence either with the general public or with their own students.

THE QUESTION OF FREIGHT RATES.

It is evident that the railways are seriously proposing to increase freight charges 10 per cent. This is at least true of the roads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac. Interviews and letters by their presidents and other officers make the intention clear. And the Interstate Commerce Commission has been sounded at Washington, and declares that it has no right or power to forbid such an advance in the rates on freight. Shippers may contest the new charges, after they are made, and possibly the Commission will hold some of them unreasonable, but the railways have a free hand, to begin with. It is plain, too, that they count upon acquiescence, if not a tacit encouragement, by the Administration. Put forward as a plan to prevent the reduction of wages, it could not but appeal to President Roosevelt, with a difficult campaign on his hands, and the labor vote escaping in droves from his corral. Moreover, the Democrats would find it hard to contest a scheme ostensibly to avoid cutting down wages. Hence it would appear that the railroad managers think the time auspicious to do some skilful and profitable fishing in troubled political waters.

The project seems to us vicious and indefensible on every ground. Financially, it proceeds upon the theory that the cure for extravagance is more extravagance; from the business point of view, it assumes that when your services are not in demand, it is the very time to charge more for them; while in the matter of public policy, it would be

one more load piled upon the consumer, with the labor unions standing as a privileged class and not lifting with one of their fingers the general burden.

The immediate need of the railways, no railway man could with a straight face argue that the marking up of freight rates would meet. That need is more business. Idle cars still total nearly 300,000. Freight is not coming forward. Business has to be hunted up, instead of being freely offered. Earnings, both gross and net, keep on sagging. The great demand, therefore, is to get more freight to move. But this plan of a 10 per cent. advance in rates is one to stimulate already reluctant and timid shippers by making their freight bills greater! This is veritable Sibylline Books finance—the less you have to give, the more you will get.

Ah, says the vice-president of the New York Central, but you forget how much more money the railways would spend, if they could only enlarge their revenues. They would begin buying right and left, and prosperity would be back before we knew it. Mr. Brown states this so gravely in his letter to the protesting Manufacturers' Association that we must quote his exact words:

> If the railroads could resume the purchase of equipment and material and the great and vitally necessary work of improving their facilities the present depression would, in my opinion, vanish in a day, and the reëmployment of the hundreds of thousands of idle workmen would, by their purchasing power, start running to their capacity thousands of idle manufacturing plants all over the land. I believe these results would very speedily follow the taking effect of the suggested increase in freight rates.

This is on a par with the intimation from Washington that the President is driving the departments night and day into making contracts and purchasing supplies so as to spend several hundred millions as speedily as possible. That plan of waste and extravagance, too, is to "end the depression." In other words, the Administration sympathizes with the professed view of the railways that it is possible to "make work" where none exists, and to do it by putting out a lot of money. Yes, but whose money? In the case of the government, of course, that of the taxpayers. Already overburdened and forced to economize in every way, they are to be made to divert still larger sums from their own business, in order that their wiser rulers may create business. Similarly, the consuming public is to be made to pay more for railway freights, in order that the railways, by laying out a part of the money, may make everybody prosperous. This is the political economy of bedlam.

The defenders of the scheme pathetically labor the point that the tax per capita would be so exceedingly small. Mr. Brown figures it out that the purchaser of a refrigerator would have to pay only about 7½ cents more for it; the buyer of a range no more than a cent or two a year for its natural life. Are consumers so unpatriotic that they will refuse to give up a few cents in order to start the wheels of industry? We notice, however, that Mr. Brown does not venture to put this question to railway employees. He shows that their wages have advanced, and are now very high. Why not ask *them* to surrender the few pennies which, from the consumer, would put the railways in funds and restore general prosperity? The reason is that the employees would strike. But the consumer never strikes. He is there only to be struck. When you can throw back the cost of a measure of spoliation, whether governmental or corporate, upon "the whole community," then you may feel safe. Individuals will fight; classes will protest; but the whole community is so patient a beast of burden as to make the uncomplaining ass look restive.

The objections to the increase of freight charges are so numerous and weighty that we can scarcely believe the avowed purpose to be the real one. These astute railway men must have some other objective than the one they name. They cannot really expect to cure the evils of high prices by higher prices. It would seem, rather, that they are looking far ahead: taking advantage of the political exigencies, just as the Steel Corporation did in securing the President's assent to absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, they would establish, in adversity, their claim to higher pay for their services at a rate which, in good times, would put vast sums at their disposal, for dividends and for speculation.

LITERATURE AND CRIME.

The recent publication of M. Seghele's book, "Littérature et Criminalité," has reopened in France the discussion of the relation of crime to literature. The French have often singed their wings in this flame. Every one feels that the printed word may be a source of corruption; is certain that the public should assume some responsibility in checking the evil; but no one has devised any practicable means of attack. Official purity, it is generally agreed, is too often official prudery which condemns the just and the unjust alike. Fifty years ago Flaubert underwent arraignment on the score of "Madame Bovary." His advocate, M. Sénard, maintained that the defendant was a man of severe and august character, actuated by the highest artistic purposes. Only the other day, when M. Georges Lecomte was protesting before the Société des Gens de Lettres against the indecency of contemporary literature, he declared that, had he been present at that celebrated trial, he would have done homage not only to the conscience of the artist, but also to the nobility of the book.

The type of literature which is most cried out upon in this country is perhaps the least dangerous—that dealing frankly with arson, highway robbery, adultery, and murder. It may suggest the means, but—excepting boy brigands, inspired by the Penny Dreadful—seldom the motive of wrongdoing. It takes root only in minds already fertile in evil impulses. The letter accompanying the fatal gift of poisoned ale in Philadelphia ironically requested that the brew be recommended to the victim's family. There was in this something suggestive of the cold-blooded facetiousness of the Borgias. Life puzzles the observer with a specious mimicry of literature. In New Rochelle an Italian trapped his unfaithful wife. Drawing his stiletto, he ran her through the neck and then stabbed the lover, who fell dead beside her. As if more completely to mimic a scene in the theatre, innocent children were playing in the adjoining room. Yet one cannot think that this fruit-peddler's mind had been debauched by D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." A more plausible case is that of the young man who drank poison and died to waltz music in a public theatre, after the fashion of the heroes of Ford and Massinger. This instinct for the dramatic among criminals appears rather to be fed than stimulated by literature. M. Claretie cites in the *Temps* the celebrated case of Charles Lemaire, who killed his prospective step-mother on the eve of her marriage. Showing his hands red with blood, he exclaimed in Shakespearean phrase, "Fine gloves for my father's wedding!"

In so far as literature presents crime as crime, it is comparatively innocuous; it becomes dangerous when it presents crime as duty, as self-realization, as experience, or as æsthetic gratification. In a letter published in the *Public* of June 26, the writer reviles the Chicago authorities for their treatment of Emma Goldman. In her lectures at Portland, Ore., he says, that excellent woman spoke on the revolutionary spirit of modern drama, "dealing in a very sympathetic and intellectual manner with Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, and Sudermann. You might as well send police to the meetings of the trustees of the Chicago University." The Chicago authorities, however, recognized Emma Goldman as a perilous link between these dramatists and the bomb-throwers. They have become distrustful of the so-called "peaceable anarchy." They have learned that a certain kind of literature begets dynamite, and they are not ashamed of panic when a fanatic, educated to a sense of his duty, rushes out bomb in hand, burning for martyrdom.

The literature which exalts self-realization as an ultimate end is older than the German storm and stress period, and as young as the latest novel of the Jack London school. It appeals powerfully to the masculine spirit endowed with a rich animal nature. It furnishes a religion to the religiously emancipated, and a sanction to the strong man with vividly surviving instincts of the barbarian. Under the guidance of the German madman whom so many innocents have taken for a god, it would bring back nature red in tooth and claw. It teaches—to use Tolstoy's words in summarizing a philosophical work published a few years ago in Chicago—that "all laws, commandments, or doctrines as to not doing to another what you do not wish done to you, have no inherent authority whatever, but receive authority from the club, the gallows, and the sword. A man truly free is under no obligation to obey any injunction, human or divine." It is the creed of the lions of the Renaissance, the creed of Napoleon, the creed of red anarchy, and the creed of many of the great business men of America.

A somewhat different criminal motive is that furnished by the type of literature which presents experience as an end in itself. The man whose aim is self-realization attempts to crush all else into his own personality; the man whose aim is experience attempts to crush his personality into all else. Not quality is desired, but variety, intensity, and strangeness. The hero of experience leads a fundamentally histrionic life; his success he measures by the number of rôles he has played. He lays his past aside like a garment. He gives no pledges to the future. He lives in the present moment, like the epicurean; but, unlike Epicurus, he delights as much in the sty as in the wreathed roses. Sin and terror allure his imagination. He is a vivisectionist, physical and spiritual, for the quaint excitement of anguish. A good illustration of this instinct in its most morbid form was furnished by the instructor at Cambridge, Mass., who two years ago gave his wife arsenic, hoping, since he loved her, to see her soul depart from the body in the moment of death. He had been preparing a thesis on insanity in German literature.

The literature which makes æsthetic gratification the end of existence defeats its own end. Pursued as an ultimate goal, it leads sooner or later into quagmires. The æsthete wanders from home in the quest of new and strange beauties. His truant feet stray from the classic to the romantic, and thence to the grotesque; from the moral to the unconventional, and thence to the illicit; from the sound to the unsound, and thence to the insane; from the chaste to the unchaste, and thence to the indecent. Yet the price of illicit æsthetic pleasure is the loss of all æsthetic pleasure. The unhappy man, as M. Lecomte says, who little by little allows himself to be soiled with all that filth, becomes finally insensible to a vigorous thought, an expressive portrait, or the proud wing of poetry. Dulled and stupefied by the contemplation of obscene images, he is incapable of feeling true beauty, of understanding, for example, the look and smile of La Gioconda or the harmonious and living majesty of the Victory of Samothrace.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

There is not a great deal that is new in Mr. Knight's "Letters of the Wordsworth Family,"* and the editing can only be described as chaotic; yet we may be thankful to have the correspondence of the poet and his household brought together in any form. Perhaps the nearest approach to a discovery is the clearer figure of Coleridge seen in the communications to and about him—a dethroned deity of the upper air, not commanding the winds, but tossed hither and thither by every breath of the heavens. As for the letters of Wordsworth himself, their character is already known. They are not precisely entertaining, but read thus together and in this companionship they impress one the more by the hard dry light of the intellect they display. When prejudice was aroused or his moral sense outraged he could indeed be amazingly perverse. It would not be easy to find a word more wantonly inappropriate for Byron than "dunce"; nor is "the damnable tendency" of such works as "Don Juan" likely to be diminished by branding "the despicable quality of the powers requisite for their production." Wordsworth might have learned from that poet's satire on himself—

> Who, both by precept and example, shows
> That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
> etc.—

how much more effective it is to exaggerate the virtuous weaknesses of an enemy than to belittle his vicious strength. But these errors of judgment are not common. In general, his critical remarks turn on a dogged determination to bend language to the minute exigencies of thought and emotion, and show how from this passionate integrity of mind, rather than from any peculiar sensitiveness to beauty, he also learned "that poetry is infinitely more of an art than the world is disposed to believe." And when, in the intercourse with a sympathetic friend, he speaks of his intimate ambition, there is something in his unflinching self-assertion and clear vision that rises almost into Milton's sublimity of egotism.

On lower ground these Letters may be considered, and so I would consider them here, as a fresh chapter in that mass of writings—the Fenwick Notes, Dorothy's "Journals," De Quincey's "Reminiscences," first of all—that present Wordsworth's poetical life to us in its minutest details. For the real question to-day is not so much the value of his greater works in themselves—these have their assured place—as of that chosen and cherished habit which lends a prophetic power to his meanest words. I have been struck by a passage in Prof. Walter Raleigh's monograph, which expresses aptly a thought derived ultimately from Matthew Arnold and common to most present-day admirers. "These three poems," he says, and the reader may supply their names from a dozen in his memory, "judged by any purely literary standard, are almost devoid of merit. They could find no place in a volume of Selections chosen for beauty and glamor of expression; they would even be called silly by many a critic competent to choose such a selection. But they are poetry in the making; they lead us by the way that the poet trod, and bring us at last to the 'Ode,' or to the 'Sonnet' composed on the beach near Calais, with quickened perceptions and an understanding that recognizes how much of the stuff of human experience was distilled in these masterpieces." That is but a cautious way of saying what a magazine-writer has recently stated more epigrammatically: "Those enjoy Wordsworth the most, and appreciate him the best who see that his verse is never really prosaic." Is it so? Is it true that his meanest poems are noble because they are part of the utterance of a whole poetic life? Shall one dare to hint that, on the contrary, some error may be suspected in his philosophy just because it resulted in these ignoble poems?

"This will never do!" wrote Jeffrey, in the opening of his review of "The Excursion," and for those four words he has been the most abused and best hated writer of the age; he has been held up as an eternal example of the folly and conceit of criticism. Well, I humbly take my place on the pillory with Jeffrey; I say, It never will do. I know there are sublime passages in that "vasty version," as did the irascible Scotsman; but I swear that in judging its total effect the *Edinburgh* was right, that, compared with the earlier poems, it has "less boldness of originality, and less, even, of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the 'Lyrical Ballads,' between silliness and pathos," and that the manner of it exhibits imitations of Milton and Cowper, "engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers—and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style." A Daniel, I swear, come to judgment!

II.

It is common to admit that Wordsworth had no humor, as, in truth, he had not; but one may agree with the Wordsworthians in disregarding that as a venial fault. Humor is a blessed boon in a world governed by a superciliously solemn Nature, in whose eyes there is no shadow of laughter, when she seems most to jest with our own solemnities. But humor as a final criterion of literature is the mere cant of the day; impartially applied, it would athetize half the great poems of the world. The fault of Wordsworth lies deeper than that; it is the more serious lack of native vitality. One feels this lack throughout the correspondence; it will be

* *Letters of the Wordsworth Family.* From 1787 to 1855. Collected and edited by William Knight. In three volumes. Boston: Ginn & Co.

recognized instantly by comparing his letter of self-revelation to Lady Beaumont, magnanimous as that letter is, with Milton's similar confession in "The Reason of Church Government"; it leaves his trivial letters merely trivial, just as the superabundance of vitality in Byron imparts a catching vim and interest to his most insignificant note. The failure was primarily physical, I believe. No doubt, it is due to this that none of his portraits betrays the likeness to Milton that De Quincey discovered in his face, or the light within his eyes which seemed "to come from unfathomed depths." That he was all his life physically active is no disproof; walking for him "stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants." And one remembers that scene on the road when Dorothy was behind Wordsworth and a certain Westmoreland clergyman of "a fine, towering figure," and Dorothy would exclaim at intervals to her companion, "Is it possible —can that be William? How very mean he looks!" Some of De Quincey's petty gossip you will say; but, with a bearing on larger issues. And much of the prattle in Dorothy's own "Journal" points to the same conclusion. How often the pathetic entry recurs in the prolific Grasmere days: "William worked at 'The Ruined Cottage' and made himself very ill"; "William wrote out part of his poem, and endeavored to alter it, and so made himself ill"; "William got to work, and was worn to death." Not physical elation, but endless fatigue went into the making of those poems; and there went into them also, vicariously, the life of a saintly woman. "I was oppressed and sick at heart, for he wearied himself to death," she writes one day, not knowing, or caring, that the weariness meant not death to him, but, as the world is made, to her shattered nerves, and imbecility, and for recompense a shadowy place *inter odoratum lauri nemus*.

One may detect this same low vitality at the bottom of much of Wordsworth's political philosophy. He has been denounced, and variously excused, for his desertion of the principles underlying the French Revolution, but I do not know that any one has attributed the change largely to a merely physical revulsion at the sight of violence. He himself has told of his early enthusiasm at the time when Europe

> . . . was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming to be born.

It does not, in reality, appear that his political ideas changed essentially with his later conservatism; always he was full of pity for the "sorrowful reverse of all mankind"; even amidst his agitation over the English Reform bill he declared that he was not an anti-reformer, and at the end of his life he could still say, "I am a democrat." It was not principle so much as the aversion to limitless action that turned him against France when the Revolution began to work itself out in fact. Then it was, rather than when idling in "academic bowers," that a feeling of blind disease entered into his soul:

> I trembled,—thought, at times, of human life
> With an indefinite terror and dismay,
> Such as the storms and angry elements
> Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
> Analogy to uproar and misrule,
> Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It is not without bearing on this trait of his character that Napoleon, the man of ruthless activity, was to him merely a "remorseless desperado," whose very name caused a shiver, whereas to Hazlitt, another romantic revolutionary but different in his nervous vitality, he was to the end a divine agent.

III.

And Wordsworth's art was affected in the same way by his temperament. In the poetry of events he was always dismally weak. He himself, long years after the composition of "The Borderers," could speak with complacency of his "turn for dramatic writing," but any one who has read to the end of that youthful indiscretion knows that it is one of the falsest and most desperately mawkish plays in the language. In the same way the stories that make up the section of "The Excursion" called too appropriately "The Church-Yard," need only be compared with Crabbe's "Tales," whose plots in several instances they almost duplicate, to see how impossible it was for Wordsworth to pass from reflective sentiment to character as an agent. Love he commonly avoided as a theme because he thought himself by nature too passionate! It was rather the dynamic force of love, the power of love as the supreme mover and perturbator of men, that frightened him from the theme. In the beauty of a woman's face Marlowe saw the energy that launched a thousand ships; *militat omnis amans*, said Ovid, and from that inner and external battle Wordsworth turned by a native instinct. He has, indeed, left a little group of love poems almost perfect in their restrained beauty; but it is the shaping influence of nature he admires in the grace of that undiscovered "Lucy," and in her death he is awestruck by the sense of passionate absorption, if the phrase is allowed, into the passionless life of the world:

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears:
> She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.
>
> No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
> With rocks, and stones, and trees.

This is not the love that commonly stirs the determination or the despair of a bachelor of twenty-nine; it is neither the pandemian nor the uranian Venus of the poets, neither the god Eros, with his flaming sword, nor the boy with his flower-tipped arrows. It is rather another step toward that communion with nature, that business of contemplative revery, into which the terror of events was driving him. Such a musing withdrawal of the soul cannot, of course, be separated from the general romantic movement of the age, but its special form was determined in Wordsworth by his individual temperament and its value as a priestly lesson must be measured in some degree by our understanding of his unconscious motives. Now there is a passage in one of his letters (No. cccxviii. of Mr. Knight's collection) which suggests a way of throwing these motives into a high light by comparison. He is rebuking his friend Gillies for quoting Lord Byron's "famous passage on solitude" ("Childe Harold," canto ii., stanzas 26 and 27), which, as he thinks, "does not deserve the notice which has been bestowed on it" and as composition "is bad, particularly the line:

> Minions of grandeur [splendor] shrinking from distress;"—

and he goes on to clinch the criticism:

> To illustrate my meaning, and for no other purpose, I refer to my own lines on the Wye, where you will find the same sentiment, not formally put as it is here, but ejaculated, as it were, fortuitously in the musical succession of preconceived feeling.

Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" is in the memory of every lover of poetry to-day, but Byron's stanzas must, I fear, be quoted at length, or the point of the comparison will be lost:

> But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
> To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,—
> Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!—
> None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
> If we were not would seem to smile the less,
> Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
> This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!
>
> More blest the life of godly eremite,
> Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
> Watching at eve upon the giant height,
> Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
> That he who there at such an hour hath been
> Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
> Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
> Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
> Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

Now, as composition, these lines may, perhaps, be called bad; they do not display the scope of their author's genius, while beside Wordsworth's masterpiece not only are they wanting in rapturous beauty, but in mere expression they touch upon insincerity; and for this reason they do not, like Wordsworth's, awaken in the reader the full emotion felt by the poet. So much must be admitted. But when it comes to the underlying ideas, I am not so sure. I cannot, in the first place, convince myself that the parts of "Tintern Abbey," if carefully considered, do not contradict one another, that the sentiment of those lines which find the mystic charm of nature in its power to voice "the still, sad music of humanity," is quite congenial with that of the passage which presents this same nature as a consolation for "the sneers of selfish men" and "the dreary intercourse of daily life." There is likely always to be this irreconcilable contradiction between the general sympathy and the particular distaste of the enthusiast who sees the mystery of mankind refracted through the mist of setting suns. The illusion of the nature-worshipper and the deception of the humanitarian spring, indeed, from the same substitution of revery for judgment, and it is worthy of remark that Wordsworth, who mused so pathetically on the lot of the dalesmen about him, had no power of entering into their individual lives and was commonly distrusted by them. I discover no such mingling of the sentimentalist and the cynic in Byron's stanzas, but a cynicism which, however shocking, is certainly consistent. And, going further, I feel a doubt in regard in Wordsworth's essential philosophy of nature. Byron's monk of Athos I can understand and allow for. Finding intolerable his loneliness amidst the conflict of egotisms we call society, he seeks the peace of real solitude where from his undisturbed lookout the world lies beneath him like a silent panorama. There, unvexed by the need of opposing will to human will, he can cultivate the higher will

to refrain and lift his mind above nature into serene communication with itself and with its God. That is a different life from Wordsworth's worship of nature, at least as that state of submission is expressed in "Tintern Abbey":

> . . . Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," he adds in the new flush of his pantheistic creed; yet as one reads the letters written in later life, when death had found an entrance to his chosen valleys, when disease had troubled the mind of his dearest companion, and other cares had stolen upon him in his retreat, it becomes clear that Nature did betray and cast him upon other consolations. Nor are his letters alone in presenting the decline of his life as clouded by a certain inner distrust. In June of 1849 Miss Fenwick writes that "his darker moods are more frequent, though at other times he is as strong and as bright as ever. . . . His is a strong but not a happy old age." And Mr. Yarnall, who visited him from America in the same year, found that "the expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily." Something of this sense of betrayal sounds to my ears in one of his pathetic admissions, made to an unknown correspondent:

> What I lament most is that the spirituality of my nature does not expand and rise the nearer I approach the grave, as yours does, and as it fares with my beloved partner. The pleasure which I derive from God's works in his visible creation is not, I think, impaired with me. . . .

That is not the tone of his earlier confidence in pantheistic revery to lighten and sustain the soul. From Nature he has turned to a very old-fashioned God of nature; and in the end we may believe that he discovered in religion the true peace he so beautifully boasted of in his youth. "I am standing," he writes to a friend across the estranging ocean of this world, who was solicitous about the poet's fame—"I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore; and I could not once have conceived how little I am now troubled by the thought of how long or short a time they who remain on that shore may have sight of me."

No, we may as well come to admit that there is something hollow and at bottom false in that blessed mood of revery by which we are laid asleep in body and become a living soul at one with the motion and the spirit of the wide-expanded world; that, on a lower scale, there is something unsatisfactory—dare I say ludicrous?—in thus consecrating a life to nature as, in reverence to Wordsworth, we have so long talked of doing. Solitude as a means of ascetic discipline may have its brave and terrible rewards; life in the country with its various duties may be salubrious, and may add to work its purifying exaltations; but to go out into scenery as "a dedicated Spirit," to cultivate a chronic habit of admiration, to hang upon the seasons' every mood for the sake of harvesting the "gentle agitations of the mind," to prod the imagination deliberately that no day may lack its "matins and vespers of harmonious verse," in a word to make a poetical business of nature—this will never do.

IV.

The habit in Wordsworth's case was more specially, it should appear, the result of that low physical vitality, which made him shrink from action, joined to a fervid moral sense, which sought ease of conscience in communion with a passive unmoral nature. For the world the result was a great volume of dull verse, which we have been compelled to regard as consecrated in a way to which no other poetry can quite lay claim. It is time we were emancipated from that romantic illusion. Yet withal I trust I am not blind to the great, if spasmodic, accomplishment of Wordsworth. It is perfectly true that we may read through pages of weary metaphysics and self-maunderings of tortured prose, and then suddenly come upon a passage whose inevitable beauty flashes upon the soul like a burning search-light. Who, for example, shall forget his first surprise when, reading in "The Prelude" of the college kitchens and their "humming sound, less tunable than bees," he passed to the description of Newton's statue:

> The marble index of a mind for ever
> Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone?

And there are amid his lesser works that waver "between silliness and pathos," whole poems—it is unnecessary to name them—of a lyric grace that forever sings itself in memory, or of a naked classic grandeur that awes and subdues the mind. Only, I cannot see why the purple patches on "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" should make us think the fact that the former would have been better as a whole in prose, and that the latter would have been better not to have been at all. Nor can I see why, to appreciate the melody of "The Solitary Reaper," whose voice, like the song of a bird retreating into the forest, draws us on to follow the lure of the world's undiscoverable secret beauty—

> A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.
>
> Will no one tell me what she sings?—

why we should need to pass through the initiation of Poor Susan's doggerel:

> At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.

The wonder is that the same poet should have written both poems, and that a critic like Matthew Arnold should have given them equal value in his book of selections.

V.

The poet's temperament and manner of composition may in part account for these anomalies. One seems to see him starting out with a hard determination to flog his sluggish blood into motion; as he proceeds, he grows into a tense nervous state of expectancy:

> My apprehensions come in crowds;
> I dread the rustling of the grass;
> The very shadows of the clouds
> Have power to shake me as they pass:
> I question things and do not find
> One that will answer to my mind;
> And all the world appears unkind.

One can see the haggard search for inspiration in his eyes: "They were fires half burning, half smouldering," said Leigh Hunt, who himself never needed to jog his jaunty muse, "with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns." Too commonly the fire merely glimmered and smoked to the close; but at times and without warning, most often, one fancies, in moments of extreme lassitude, when the will to write had succumbed to the fatigue of the body (or in other happier moments when the will was caught entirely off guard)—then suddenly the wayward breath of heaven blew upon him, the flame leaped up clear and warm, and the miracle of perfect verse was wrought. So, at least, one thinks to explain the "inevitableness" of his greater work amid so much of sad mechanic exercise. It is almost as if Nature at these times took the pen out of his hands and made him her spokesman, in spite of his self-willed consecration.

And for us may be the profit of those golden moments. For with all the talk of these years the world is indeed too much with us, and little we see in nature that is ours. It is a question whether, despite our poetic convention, we have really as keen and single-hearted an enjoyment of the Outworld, to use Henry More's term, as did the ages that preceded Wordsworth, whether he were not in fact a voice coming at the end of a period rather than at the beginning. For the most part, we are like Alphius of the Latin poem, always about to abandon ourselves to rustic delights, yet still tangled in the toils of the market. And so we may come honestly to this poet as to one who held in his gift the divine medicine of contemplation—

> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

We shall not be true if we speak of his life in nature as a wholesome ideal, for such revery as he taught is but a surrender to the ever-intruding sense of the world's defeat, and human fate is something greater than stocks and stones, the stars that control our destiny higher than the constellation of mountain flowers, and the meaning of mankind is better guessed in the clamor of society or in the still voice of the heart withdrawn into its own solitude than in the murmur of the evening wind; but all of us may drink in fresh courage and renewed vigor from seasons of wise passiveness. His excess may be our balance, and in his inspiration we may learn to regulate the gusty, self-wearing passions of the mind:

> Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
> Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
> Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
> Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
> How without injury to take, to give
> Without offence; ye who, as if to show
> The wondrous influence of power gently used,
> Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
> And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds
> Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
> Murmuring along the stones, a busy noise
> By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
> Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth
> In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
> Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;
> And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
> To interpose the covert of your shades,

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Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And outward troubles, between man himself,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart:
Oh! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the general argument of the editorial, "Tact in Ruling Races," in the *Nation* of June 25, one may agree, and yet no one acquainted with the facts can fail to protest against the inferences to he drawn from some of its statements, particularly with reference to the present Governor-General of the Philippines. For one thing, Governor-General Smith has not thought "it beneath his dignity to learn a foreign tongue." He was speaking Spanish before he became Military Governor of Negros Island, in 1899, and has for nearly ten years been using it fluently in constant intercourse with Filipinos. In passing, it may be worth remarking that, in the conferences held this year between committees of the Philippine Assembly and the Commission, upon bills whereon the two chambers differed, the interpreter has been a superfluity, for, like the Governor-General, Commissioners Worcester, Forbes, and Shuster (till his departure on leave) as well as the Filipino commissioners, Pardo de Tavera and Luzuriaga, all speak Spanish fluently.

To represent the attitude of the American authorities in the Philippines regarding the Assembly's resolution on the subject of independence as one of "incredulity and contempt," is hardly fair or just. First, it is not correct to paraphrase the Assembly's resolution so as to make it declare "that nothing but independence would satisfy the national desires, and that it ought to be granted quickly." It is no less incorrect to paraphrase Governor-General Smith's cablegram, thus:

That the resolution of the Philippine Assembly amounts to nothing; that the natives do not know what they are talking about; that it is ridiculous to speak of their being fit for independence, and that the whole movement may safely be ignored.

Governor-General Smith has been under fire, privately as well as publicly, just because he has been disposed to show both by speech and act his sympathy with the Filipino aspiration for independence, and just because he would not attempt to manipulate proceedings in the Assembly or try to throttle it. A large majority of Nationalist representatives were elected last year, many of them making great boasts in their campaign about "demanding" of the United States "immediate independence," and leading many voters to believe that Nationalist victory would really mean "immediate independence." Of course, these representatives were all intelligent enough to know that they could not deliver what they promised, some openly, some by innuendo. A good working majority of the Assembly—be it said to their credit—have, from the outset, shown their readiness to work with not to obstruct, the American government in the islands. Yet these conservative Nationalists would have stultified themselves, in the face of their preëlection declarations, by refusing to vote for a resolution for independence. Various radically worded resolutions have been suppressed in committee. The resolution, as passed, was apparently a simple declaration by one house of the Philippine Legislature that the Filipino people aspire to independence, and that they are already fitted for complete self-government. In view of the history of the "campaign for independence" in the Philippines for a year and a half back Governor-General Smith cabled that this resolution should not be interpreted as a victory of the radicals and obstructionists, that it is no "demand" by intransigents, but is, as it were, a *pro forma* expression of Filipino sentiment. That this is the correct view of the matter, fuller mail advices will quite certainly show.

Finally, is it not rather ridiculous, in the face of what has been happening of late in India, even with the Liberals in power in England, to brand our course in the Philippines as "pure repression," and by inference to hold up for our imitation Mr. Morley's government's policy in India? Over against recent events in India, set our programme of stimulating universal education and local self-government in the Philippines, our grant of real legislative powers to an elective Assembly, our policy of keeping hands off when Filipino demagogues made their campaigns for election to that body by appealing openly to the popular desire to get rid of alien government, and our leaving that Assembly to settle for itself the problem of reconciling the ebullitions of "Nationalism" with the hard facts of the situation. No criticism of the British government for its recent acts in India is here implied; the very fact that its measures to repress agitation are taken under Mr. Morley is sufficient evidence that they are deemed strictly necessary. Nor is it safe to pursue far a parallel between India and the Philippines. But to imply that our government in the Philippines is one of "repression," as compared with that of India or any dependency of Great Britain—even Egypt, not strictly a dependency—is certainly straining the critic's license. JAMES A. LEROY.

Fort Bayard, N. M., July 6.

THE TRUE ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is often asserted that such great combinations as the Standard Oil Trust are of great economic advantage to society. It is urged that a given amount of business can be more economically handled by such machinery than would be possible if the same work were done by a multitude of small and independent companies.

In a question of this kind there are many conflicting interests to be considered. For instance, who is to apportion the advantages thus gained among the parties in interest? Again, may there not be disadvantages arising from such great development of economy in a special direction?

Every electrical engineer knows that in all power plants there are heat losses in the line wires between the power plant and the customer. The larger the copper conductors are in cross-section, the less of such waste there will be. In every power plant in existence this waste could be reduced to one-half its present amount by doubling the cross-section of the conductor, and it could be practically obliterated by the use of copper cables one foot in diameter. But no engineer would consider such a plan of economy. It would involve an increase in other losses. The same company which is paying for this waste of power would be called upon to pay an enormously greater interest loss on the increased cost of construction and material. Every engineering project must involve many such compromises between conflicting features. The economy in such heat waste must not be made too great.

When we consider society as a whole, the same conflicting elements exist. It is greatly to be desired that the average man should live in his own house. He should make his own plans, in the management of his own business. He should thus learn to become an independent thinking unit, capable of taking the lead in any project which demands power of initiative and intelligent action. The mistakes which he makes contribute to his education.

We welcome the kind of machinery which releases men from the drudgery and bondage of manual labor. But we do not welcome the advent of a system which converts the men themselves into elements of a machine.

Such legislation as the Sherman law represents the nation's attempt to defend its highest interests.

It would seem to be the part of wisdom that the managers of these intangible economic machines should learn to obey the law. There are multitudes of insignificant people in this country who still possess the capacity to think and to act, and who are determined to defend themselves.

FRANCIS E. NIPHER.

St. Louis, July 8.

Notes.

John Lane has two books of special interest for the coming hunting season. One is a reprint of Nimrod's work on horses, "The Condition of the Hunter"; the other is Carlisle's "Fox Hunting, Past and Present."

Among the autumn publications of the Baker & Taylor Company are "Mediæval Architecture," by A. Kingsley Porter; "History of Architecture," volume II., by Russell Sturgis; "The Appreciation of the Drama," by Charles H. Caffin; "Browning's England," compiled by Helen A. Clarke; "Books and Reading," compiled by Alfred Harcourt and R. C. Gaige; "Life of Lincoln," by Henry W. Whitney; "Bird Legend and Life," by Margaret Coulson Walker; and "Contemporary Ireland," by Paul Dubois.

Houghton Mifflin Company makes the following preliminary announcements for this autumn: "Lewis Rand," by Mary Johnston; "The Leaven of Love," by Clara Louise Burnham; "The Lighted Lamp," by C. Hanford Henderson; "Though Life Us do Part," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Fair Mississippian," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "The Calico Cat," by Charles Miner Thompson; "Amedee's Son," by Harry James Smith; "Peter Moor's Journey to

Southwest Africa," by Gustav Frenssen, translated by Margaret M. Ward; "Marjorie Daw," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, holiday edition; "Cupid's Almanac," by Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay; "Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candle-Stick Maker," by Robert Seaver; "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet; "William McKinley," by Thomas C. Dawson; "John Keats," by Albert E. Hancock; "Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothschild, anniversary edition; "University Administration," by Charles W. Eliot; "The Ideal Teacher," by George H. Palmer; "The Home Builder," by Lyman Abbott; "By the Christmas Fire," by Samuel M. Crothers; "A Happy Half-Century," by Agnes Repplier; "Park Street Papers," by Bliss Perry; "Dryden's Poetical Works," Cambridge edition in one volume, edited by George R. Noyes; "The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder," household edition; "The Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman," new household edition; "Poems of American History," edited by Burton E. Stevenson; "Poems of New England," edited by Henry W. Longfellow; "Heracles," by George Cabot Lodge; "Wisconsin," by Reuben G. Thwaites; "Minnesota," by William W. Folwell; "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," by J. O. Fagan; "The Lay of the Land," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "Business Accounting," by William M. Cole; "The Beginnings of Industrial Education," by Paul H. Hanus; "The History of Boston Theatre," compiled by Eugene Tompkins and Quincy Kilby; "Immortality as Conceived and Taught in Northern Buddhism," by William S. Bigelow.

Miss Grace Norton, the best authority in America on Montaigne, who has already given us three valuable books on the essayist, now publishes two companion volumes, "The Influence of Montaigne" and "The Spirit of Montaigne" (Houghton Mifflin Company). These announce themselves modestly on the title pages as only "compilations," but they are such compilations as call for more preliminary reading than many an "original" book. The first volume contains, drawn from French and English writers, comments on Montaigne, allusions to him, and plagiarisms from his writings. The second is made up of parallel passages expressing thoughts like those of Montaigne, among which the works of Bacon, Locke, and Rousseau stand foremost. Many of these last come very near the line of plagiarism, and Miss Norton must have hesitated into which category to place some of her material. No more interesting and useful monument to a great writer can be made than a history of the ups and downs of his posthumous fame, as Roger Le Brun recently did for Corneille in a volume in some respects not unlike Miss Norton's, though arranged according to a different plan. These two books of Miss Norton's, together with the recent investigations and editorial work of M. Villey and M. Strowski among others, show that Montaigne has lost nothing of his sway. Perhaps we shall yet have a society of students of Montaigne, like the one now devoted to Rabelais, the other great prose writer of the sixteenth century, whose books Montaigne thought, indeed, "simplement plaisants."

The University of Chicago Press has issued another volume of Prof. Walter C. Bronson's anthology, "English Poems." This, the third in a projected series of four volumes, deals with "The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century (1660-1800)." In preparing this series, which is intended especially for use with college classes, the editor has aimed:

(1.) To choose poems representing the different phases of the work of poets and schools of poetry; (2) to print entire poems or entire parts of poems, whenever possible; (3) to follow the latest accessible text approved by the author; (4) to modernize spelling and punctuation as a rule, but to retain the original form when change would affect rhythm or rhyme; (5) in the notes to explain difficulties of expression and allusion, give the poet's view of poetry in his own words, furnish material (chiefly variant readings and literary sources) illustrating his mode of work, and throw some light, by extracts from contemporary criticism, upon the literary standards of different periods.

As the editor says in his preface, so much of the poetry of this period consists of long reflective, satiric, or descriptive works that it has been necessary to include a good many extracts. The authors represented are Samuel Butler, Etheridge, Sackville, Sedley, Aphra Behn, the Earl of Rochester, John Oldham, Congreve, Dryden, the Countess of Winchelsea, Addison, Prior, Swift, Pope, Thomas Parnell, Gay, Allan Ramsay, Matthew Green, John Dyer, James Thomson, Young, Robert Blair, Samuel Johnson, Shenstone, William Collins, Gray, Akenside, Christopher Smart, Thomas Warton, Churchill, Falconer, Goldsmith, James Beattie, Chatterton, Cowper, Robert Fergusson, John Skinner, Burns, Blake, and Crabbe. As we noted in our comment on the volume on "The Nineteenth Century" (see the *Nation* of Feb. 13, 1908, p. 153), one of the most valuable features of this admirable series is the critical apparatus. Professor Bronson's long experience in teaching literature has familiarized him with the needs of the average student in the matter of elucidations. More important, however, than his glosses of the text are his extracts—as from Dryden's numerous prefaces—giving "the poet's view of poetry in his own words" and the attitude of contemporary critics. These passages are remarkably illuminating, and offer in brief compass the very thing that so many students lack, a sense of historical perspective. The volume is well printed and bound.

Prof. W. H. Bennett's "Religion of the Post-Exilic Prophets" (imported by Scribner's) is the first of a series of ten volumes, to be published under the general title, "The Literature and Religion of Israel." Other volumes are announced: Foundations (Jastrow), Institutions and Legislation (A. R. S. Kennedy), History (Hogg), Psalms (Gray), Pre-exilic Prophets (Kennett), Wisdom Literature (Skinner), Historical Apologues (James Moffatt), Apocalyptic Literature (Charles). The volume before us exemplifies the general features of the scheme. The first part takes up the several prophets and prophetic writings in chronological order, setting them in the light of their times and surroundings, and giving a summary of the contents of each book and an outline of the individual teaching. The second part is a Biblical Theology of the prophets of the period, in a systematic arrangement under such topics as The Nature of Man, Righteousness and Sin, Rewards and Punishments, Atonement and Final Reprobation. There is a meagre index of subjects and a full one of scripture passages. "Respectable" is the word for Professor Bennett's volume. Apart from the call to contribute to the series, he would probably have felt no call to write it—there is no mark on it of a fire shut up in his bones. But, the occasion being given, the task is diligently and intelligently performed. The general plan of the series is open to serious criticism: it involves a vast deal of repetition, and provides for no unity or correlation. Each volume, so far as appears, is to be an independent work, dealing, not with a certain period in the history of the religion, but with the theology of a particular form of literature, which may run through all periods.

Thick paper and large type, like all things made for man's well being, are capable of perversion. With their aid many a half-dozen slim newspaper articles have been turned into a book and assumed a virtue that they never had. Such a volume is Frederick Moore's "The Passing of Morocco" (Houghton Mifflin Company), which consists, in part, of letters written to the *Westminster Gazette*—letters that do not rise to any particular distinction, even as products of the facile journalistic pen. At the time when the pages must have been sent to press, in the early months of the present year, nothing had as yet happened in Morocco which would justify the title of the book. What has occurred since then makes the propriety of the name still more dubious. No European statesman is in a position to say now how soon Morocco will pass or whether it will pass at all. Nor does Mr. Moore offer an argument of his own to justify the position he presumably maintains. There is little account or estimate of the forces at work, nor even an adequate description of the terrain on which a difficult problem is being worked out. The only phase of recent Moroccan history that is capable of being definitely chronicled at the present time is the fighting between the French and the Moorish coast tribes and between the two rival Sultans. But neither of these does the writer touch upon in any fuller degree than we have seen the matter reach in our newspaper dispatches. One point only is made which we have not seen sharply brought out elsewhere, and that is the ruthlessness with which the French have been carrying on the campaign against the Shawia tribesmen. Mr. Moore charges the French army of pacification with taking no prisoners in battle or in the course of their punitive raids. He repeats the charge with an insistence that leads us to believe the book to have been compiled for that specific purpose; and on the whole it is a point which merits the outside world's attention.

George Ridding, headmaster of Winchester College from 1866 to 1884, and first bishop of Southwell from 1894 to 1904, took part in some of the most picturesque of those transformations by which rights vested for spiritual purposes bring themselves up from time to time in England to the standard of current secular ethics. In 1393 Bishop Wykeham founded the College of S. Mary Winton to increase the supply of clergy, who had been depleted by the black death. The foundation was poor, but became rich as time went on. After the Reformation the warden and fellows

married, became non-resident, and made themselves rich by starving the scholars and masters. At the accession of Queen Victoria, the school was still poor, but the income of the foundation was £20,000. Readers of Trollope will recall Hiram's Hospital, and will realize the consternation of the governing body when by act of Parliament in 1868 they were allowed one year in which to disgorge and reform. The history of Dr. Ridding's action, of his personal generosity and self-sacrifice, of his acuteness in preserving the antique while surrendering the antiquated, is full of interest. Having saved and rejuvenated the moribund at Winchester, he was sent to superintend the growth of the new, raw, ill-conditioned diocese of Southwell. Before the bishop of "The Servant in the House" becomes fixed in the American mind as the typical spiritual peer, it is well that note be taken of the simple straightforward way in which Bishop Ridding gave his money, his comfort, his talents, and his life to the service of his see. The story is ably told, though with inevitable eulogy, by his wife in "George Ridding, Schoolmaster and Bishop" (Longmans, Green & Co.).

Whatever may have been Napoleon's own judgment upon his career, there can be little doubt that interest in his work as a statesman is tending to supersede the battle histories. It is part of the general transference of emphasis which is remaking history to-day—the attempt to view the past not merely as a passing show, but as the working-out of obscure yet potent social forces. This socializing of history—the study of movements which leave permanent results, rather than of the changing spectacle of the results by themselves—meets its supreme problem in the genius of a man like Napoleon, and nowhere else more fully than in the reconstruction of France during the Consulate. We ought therefore to be grateful for an English translation of one of the important sources for that period, hitherto difficult to procure, even in French. The edition of A. C. Thibaudeau's "Mémoires sur le Consulat," which has been prepared by Dr. G. K. Fortescue and published under the title, "Bonaparte and the Consulate" (the Macmillan Co.), will be welcomed by all students of the period, and by many who are not students. Thibaudeau was a member of the Legislative Committee of the Council of State, and watched the process of that judicial and administrative creation which remains the chief glory of the Consulate. He was on intimate terms with Napoleon, and his account of what was going on in the inner councils of the government is a valuable historical source. Yet, while remarkably clear and sober, it is not all that the editor claims for it. Its conversations are not to be taken as verbatim reports, but rather as the substance of well-remembered incidents, which literary skill clothes again in something like their original form. One must not place too great confidence in the literal truth of such a narrative. The best of memoirs need most careful weighing in the balances of historical criticism. Time and circumstance mould and color them, and they remain honeycombed with errors of the most elementary character. The general reader, however, cares little for these matters, and we need only say that among the many memoir writers of the French Revolution there are few more interesting or more worth reading than those of Thibaudeau. They reveal Napoleon at the greatest period of his career, not in the distorted view of a Bourrienne, but as he stood before the best of Frenchmen, guiding that work which cleared up the disorders of the Convention and the Directory, and established the institutions of modern France. Dr. Fortescue has done his work with the utmost care. The translation is well rendered, and the text is supplied with abundant notes. There are short biographies of every one mentioned in the narrative and helpful explanations of obscure points. In addition, there is a long introduction, while prefatory notes go with each chapter. In fact, all has been done that could be done to make the book useful.

Harper's "Indoor Book for Boys," by Joseph H. Adams, is even a better handbook of its kind than the "Outdoor Book" published a year ago, its superiority lying in the fact that it trains the hand and mind of the boy more consistently along lines of permanent value, rather than of temporary recreation. The chapter on bookbinding and repairing, for instance, is so simple and complete in its directions that it may easily furnish all the instruction necessary to provide any boy (or girl) with a serviceable home accomplishment, or a means of livelihood. Carpentry, woodcarving and turning, picture mounting and framing, various kinds of metal working, clay modelling, and plaster casting, pyrography, printing, stamping, embossing, and stencilling are among the various topics treated, and all with a plainness and comprehensiveness that leave few if any insoluble problems to an intelligent boy reader. The parent who places this book in the hands of his boys must face some expense for tools and materials, which should be of really serviceable quality, if enthusiasm is not to be dampened by inevitable failure. A sufficient investment to insure the parent's active interest, however, is no disadvantage, but a great gain. The idea that a child's education should all be reduced to some form of play is a monstrous fallacy, but anything which gets genuine education out of the energy which boys and girls put into a rational amount of amusement is so much clear gain. Let a word of caution be added to anyone who puts this volume into the hand of a boy: Encourage him to do the things described in it merely for the youthful joy of successful accomplishment, and leave the later material advantage to take care of itself. In other words, put the book clearly on the side of his pleasures and pastimes, not of his serious work, and depend upon him to transfer the results to the other side of the account when the proper time comes.

"Verhandlungen des ersten deutschen Hochschullehrertages in Salzburg," is the official report of the transactions of this new educational body, in which burning questions of higher university education are discussed. The brochure is published by K. Trühner, in Strasburg.

In the recent work by Arthur Drewe, entitled "Der Monismus, dargestellt in Beiträgen seiner Vertreter, I. Band: Systematisches" (Jena: Diederichs, 7.50 marks), we have an objective presentation of this newest philosophy and religion by its own adherents. Drewo discusses the different types of Monism, and six others discuss The Relation between Monism and Dualism, Monism and Individualism, Monism and Ethics, Monism and Religion, Monism and Art, Monism and Christianity. Four others discuss these special themes: The Monism of the Law, Faustian Monism, Parmenides, The Six days of Creation. The object of this quasi "official" work is to furnish a popular presentation of the principles and practical workings of Monism in all its forms.

"Deutschland und die grosse Politik," an instructive annual, giving a thoughtful report of the foreign politics of Germany, has been published since 1901 by Prof. Th. Schiemann, the historian of the University of Berlin. The volume for 1907 has just been issued by Georg Reimer of Berlin.

Under the title "Aus einem anarchistischen Idealstaat" (Hanover: Göhmann), Dr. Wilhelm Schaefer, the well-known professor of political economy in Hanover, describes in a series of humorous and satirical sketches the imaginary city Anarchopolis, the capital of the State of Anarchia, in the South Sea. This work, though light in tone, is serious in purpose.

The four days' sale of the library belonging to Mr. Hoskier of South Orange, N. J., held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, June 20 to July 2, brought a total of about £4,600. The collection of French Almanachs Royals went for £395 and was bought by the Paris bookseller, Theophile Belin. This remarkable series, extending from 1694 to 1883 (excepting 1695 and 1699), comprised 186 volumes, of which 131 were in full morocco, including specimens of binding from all the leading court binders of the period. A number of the volumes bore the arms of Louis XIV. or Louis XV., and others those of famous French families. A portion of the Marriage Contract, dated 1710, signed by Louis XIV., Louis XV., Madame de Maintenon, and more than 150 other members of the leading families of France, brought £75. A similar contract of marriage, dated 1748, sold for £55, and a third, dated 1785, signed by Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and others, for £100. On July 27 and 28 the same house sells the library of Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, and other property, including an important series of original grants of arms dating 1467 to 1672, formerly owned by Sir John Fenn, and now sold by A. H. Frere. A Taverner Bible of 1539; the first Welsh New Testament, 1567; the first edition of John Lilly's "Euphues," 1581; the first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, in the original calf binding; and a parcel of Oriental books taken out of the palace of Delhi at the siege in 1857, are among other interesting lots.

The first Prix Gobert (9,000 fr.) has been awarded to Camille Jullian, for his "Histoire de la Gaule," and the second (1,000 fr.) to Paul Courtault for his "Blaise de Montluc, Historien." The Prix Thérouanne has been divided into four portions (1,000 fr. each), two of which go to the Abbé Pierling for "La Russie et le Saint-Siège," and two to F. Rousseau for his "Règne de Charles III. d'Espagne." The Prix Bordin (3,000 fr.) is divided among M. Delaruelle, A. de Gubernatatis, Albert Cassagne, G. Huszar, and M. Piat-Clo-

dius. Half of the Prix Marcellin Guérin (1,000 fr) is awarded to Christian Maréchal for his works on Lamennais, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. One-third (1,000 fr.) of the Prix Guizot is obtained by Étienne Dejean for his work "Un Préfet du Consulat, Beugnot," and a like share of the Prix Saintour goes to Edmond Huguet.

The death is announced at the age of thirty-six of Philip Sidney, the author of a number of historical works, among them "Jane the Quene," "Who Killed Amy Robsart," "The Sidneys of Penshurst," "The Gunpowder Plot," "The Headsman of Whitehall," and "Modern Rome in Modern England." Mr. Sidney was also a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, *Hibbert Journal*, and *Gentleman's Magazine*.

From Mans is announced the death of Gen. Hardy de Périni in his sixty-fifth year, distinguished both as soldier and author. Among his books on military subjects is "Batailles françaises," and he has also written poetry, stories, and romances under the name of "Jean de Villeurs."

With the death of Dr. Adolf Frantz, the University of Kiel has lost a distinguished Professor of State and Church Law. Dr. Frantz was the author of "Die Litteratur des Kirchenrechts" and "Lehrbuch des Kirchenrechts." He died at the age of fifty-six.

THE FAITH OF HELLAS.

The Religious Teachers of Greece: being Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, delivered at Aberdeen. By James Adam; edited, with a Memoir, by his wife, Adela Marion Adam. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4 net.

The posthumous issue of these Gifford lectures will bring a renewal of regret for the death of Professor Adam last year, in the prime of life, and the Memoir added by his wife, herself a Greek scholar who had been his pupil at Girton College, will make known to a larger circle than his immediate friends the character of a man, who through all his scholastic occupations remained "amans, amabilis, amatus." It may give heart to more than one discouraged student to read the career of James Adam from his humble Scottish home to the University of Aberdeen and thence to Cambridge.

Our concern, however, is not with Professor Adam's life but with its literary fruit. He was particularly a student of Plato, and his edition of the "Republic" is well-known. That was a living book to him—"the greatest book in the world," he calls it in one of his letters—and he went to it for present inspiration as well as for pedagogic material. "I have finished Socrates," he writes in another letter, "and am now deep in Plato. Of course he knocks all the others into cocked hats; there is no one like him, none. It is tremendous how he searches the depths of one's whole nature. You really must devote a year or two to the exclusive study of his works, if you mean to do anything useful for the interpretation of religious thought." It was in this spirit he approached the composition of his Gifford lectures, and the result is before us. We have heard a little too much, relatively, of the æsthetic side of the Greeks, of their sense of harmony and form, and the like. As a consequence a good many people regard them as a race of happy dilettantes, crowned with flowers and melodious with song. If anything can restore Greek literature to serious consideration, it will be rather such a work as this of Professor Adam's, which deals with the religious and moral aspect of Greek writers and applies their ideas to life. Plato is not alone among them in searching the depths of one's whole nature, and the man who has once looked at the problems of private and public conduct from their ancient point of view, carries with him, so to speak, an anchor against the shifting tides of opinion.

Professor Adam's plan is simple and effective. Taking as his text the famous passage of the "Republic," which alludes to the hereditary feud between poetry and philosophy, he first studies the poets, beginning with Homer, who presented the gods in anthropomorphic and too often immoral guise, and then the philosophers, who, repudiating mythology, sought for purely physical or metaphysical causes of the universe. The two streams are at the end brought together in Plato, whose deity is at once the efficient and final cause of all, and whose conception of morality is an ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ, a becoming like to God. If any part of the book has disappointed us a little, it is these concluding chapters on Plato. Perhaps we expected too much; perhaps they suffer from loss of the final revision at the author's hands to which the earlier chapters were subjected. They are good—excellent in the difficult discussion of "ideas"—but they leave something still desired. Plato is still not made to the reader quite the *præsens auxilium* he seems to have been to the author. It is a subject to try out all but the finest and most heroic spirits.

For the rest, with the further possible exception of the chapters on Homer and Sophocles, Professor Adam is sound and adequate, though he may not exhaust the field. And by "sound" a great deal is meant. At almost every step the student of Greek is met by a host of German pamphlets and books, each striving to present the subject in a new light, some of them merely foolish, some dishonest attempts to attract notoriety to the author, almost all lacking in the control of common sense, here and there (*rari nantes*) one of indispensable value. To sift out this mass of rubbish, to keep the head clear and the heart alive through this dusty wilderness, to hold fast to the simple and in most cases the common traditional truth, calls for no ordinary degree of courage and integrity. In this task Professor Adam has been uniformly successful. Thus, the question of Justice was evidently much in the mind of Euripides and plays an important part in his drama. Now comes a commentator, Herr Nestle, who undertakes to show that "Euripides hypostasizes Justice as a quasi-personal being, the *Weltgeist* or *Weltvernunft*, not transcendent, but immanent, operating in the spiritual as well as in the material sphere, in man no less than in nature." It is, one sees, peculiarly a product of the lecture-room, an attempt to reduce the groping sentences of a very human poet to a rigid metaphysical theory. Professor Adam rightly draws back from this forced product of the intellect, and finds the true Euripides rather in such questioning passages as this from the "Hippolytus":

> When faith overfloweth my mind, God's providence all-embracing
> Banisheth griefs: but when doubt whispereth, "Ah but to know!"
> No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life for my tracing:
> There is ever a change and many a change,
> And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways to and fro
> Over limitless range.

Another characteristic case meets us in Socrates. It had been the custom to regard the portrait in Xenophon's "Memorabilia" as a true likeness from the hand of a contemporary. No, says the learned Professor Joel, in "Der echte und der xenophontische Sokrates," the real teaching of the master is to be found in Aristotle, and hereafter to preserve our human Socrates we must be either ignorant of German or strong enough to resist this ignis fatuus. And so it runs through the whole field; few scholars have a brain sufficiently robust, for instance, to forget the ocean of folly that has been poured about the Homeric poems. Few men, having read through that library of folly have strength or eyesight to read anything else. Not the least of Professor Adam's merits then has been his steadfast hold upon common sense, even at the risk occasionally of appearing commonplace.

In carrying out his intention of treating Greek literature as a permanent expression of man's religious instinct, Professor Adam is led constantly to compare ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, forms of the same idea. His comparisons, so far as they go, are generally excellent, but we could wish he had not confined one side of his parallel so closely to a Christianity of Anglican hue. Once or twice this tendency draws him, we think, into false or forced analogies. Thus, Plato's marriage of the *nous*, or rational part of the soul, with pure Being or Beauty, should not be likened to the union of the soul and God in Christian mysticism, save with the most precise reservations. Such comparisons are apt to be misleading and harmful. More often Professor Adam's Anglican preoccupation merely contracts his range of illustration. At the very beginning, he misses the opportunity (as, it is fair to add, all other scholars hitherto have missed it) of showing how the religious emotions and ideas beneath Homer's fanciful play of mythology correspond to those of modern times under the hardened crust of dogma. Again, in his study of Heracleitus, he might well have stopped to compare the Ephesian's doctrine of flux and fire with recent physical theories of energy. And, once more, when he comes to Archelaus, the pupil of Anaxagoras and, according to tradition, the teacher of Socrates, we could wish he had related the famous saying that "right and wrong have no existence in nature, but only through convention or law," to the similar doctrine of Hobbes. These are not fanciful excursions of wit; they are fruitful in lessons of conduct and art, and only through such lessons can the value of Greek be forced to-day upon reluctant pupils. However, Professor Adam's book is in the right direction; it is at once scholarly and alive; and for what we have we are thankful.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Husbands of Edith. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

An unblushing piece of news-stand literature which will doubtless please the audience at which it is aimed, and should augment the number of Mr. McCutcheon's portraits in our journals of popular book-gossip. Considered severely it is a crude and drawn-out farce based upon the masquerade of a bachelor as a married man. For state reasons it is necessary for an Englishman, Roxbury Medcroft, to be nominally in Vienna at a certain date, but really in London. He appeals to an American friend, one Brock, to personate him abroad, the desired piquancy being given to the situation by the fact that Mrs. Medcroft is to accompany the sham husband. The presence of a baby, a dog, two maids, and a sister, protects the lady from any excessive embarrassment upon the journey, and in Vienna a working ménage is easily arranged. The complications which ensue are of the obvious sort, and lead over the verge of scandal to difficulty with the authorities. Of course, the appearance of the real Medcroft at the convenient moment, leads to a comfortable éclaircissement. Everybody, including the German authorities, is able to regard the thing as a huge joke, and there is nothing left to arrange but the marriage of the American and the beautiful sister, which is promptly attended to.

A Man of Genius. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company.

In "The Wingless Victory" M. P. Willcocks produced last year an exceptionally strong and interesting story. In "A Man of Genius" we have a novel that comes unmistakably from the same hand; but that is all that can be said of the book. There were in the earlier novel a possible excess of sentimentality, an over-insistence on the pathos of human fate as shaped by the inexorable laws of evolution, and a consequent tendency to make use of race psychology where individual characterization would have done. But the persons were nevertheless clearly drawn, the plot was dramatic, and the action moved forward of itself. In "A Man of Genius" the sentiment cloys, while the characters move forward with no volition of their own and evident effort on the part of the author. The dialogue is reminiscent of Mrs. Humphry Ward's earlier manner, at her worst. There is a Church of England clergyman, who is an elderly Robert Elsmere, belated by twenty years. He has a daughter who is a weak copy of Marcella. The hero is Mrs. Ward's David Grieve freshened up with slight injections of Weismann, Nietzsche, Tolstoi, and Joseph Chamberlain. The heroine, though too vividly female, would be real enough if she were not so amazingly conscious of her sex and abstained from speaking of herself in terms that would be appropriate only in the mouth of a student of eugenics. So, for that matter, do most of the other persons speak, when they are not discussing Art in its relation to Life and Duty. The cosmic fallacy runs rampant. We are reminded of Jack London, when hero and heroine, instead of calling themselves man and woman, call each other "mate." They are drawn together not by what the world at large is content to call love, but because in Thyrza there clamor forth the demands of unborn generations, and in her lover there surges up the pride of the master and the life-giver, and all that sort of thing. It is a common failing of our modern women novelists that when they wish to be strong, they have recourse to physiological terminology; from that they swing to lyricism. Thomas Hardy has no need of such heroic methods when he writes of primitive people much akin to the Devon folk in our present story. The heroine of "A Wingless Victory" merited comparison with Sue in "Jude the Obscure," but "A Man of Genius" evokes no such parallel.

The Chauffeur and the Chaperon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: The McClure Co.

The characters are an American girl and her English stepsister; an American artist with a Scotch aunt; a young man Dutch throughout; another of Dutch Republic paternal ancestry, and for his mother the daughter of a hundred or less English earls; a dog described as "geared ridiculously low," and concerning whom it is said that "When he's troubled, and a lot of lines meet together at one point in the middle of his forehead, his face looks exactly like Clapham Junction"; and finally, the Chaperon. The sisters have received a legacy of a small sum of money and a motor-boat situated at the moment in Holland. Thither they repair, and there is set in motion the usual Williamson landscapegracery. Nor are the familiar machine gods omitted; not only does the motor-boat "teuf-teuf" and "cough" itself through the waterways of Holland, but it tows a barge which serves as studio and kitchen, while motor-cars of varying sizes and colors are waiting at every dry point to whirl the travellers along dykes, and even it is to be feared in forbidden roads. We trust the enterprising Williamson chauffeur will not attempt Venice, but the future looks dark. To all who like amphibious excursion and farcical story combined the book will be welcome, for the journey is charming and the company merry.

The Heart of the Red Firs. By Ada Woodruff Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"To those few remaining pioneers who knew the Nisqually Trail into the great solitudes, in times before the logging railroad devastated the Puget Sound hills, and the wilderness began to recede at the coming of the builder of town sites." Thus explicitly, and, as it were, exhaustively, is our romance dedicated. Once again is chanted here that pæan of Farthest West, which begins already to be haunted by the plaintive elegiac strain. So short-lived is our pioneer phase in this land of rapid transit and transition. "The Heart of the Red Firs" is evidently written by a true lover of the region, not a mere seeker for local color. It is more effective in description than in narrative. Indeed, the persons in the story, with the exception of a young half-breed, are rather conventional figures. The heroine is that remarkable young school mistress who has done so much for Western fiction. She is as beautiful and self-possessed as ever, as generally pursued, and as fitly won. She is near marrying that kindly old gentleman, her guardian, and even nearer being kidnapped by that elegant smuggler, the villain. Heaven somehow saves her for the hero, as it manages to do in fiction, and the hero is as vastly surprised as it is his duty to be. We do not mean to suggest that the tale is altogether stupid or commonplace: it is neither. But it has, so far as it is a story and not a chant, just that degree of creditableness which marks, say, the upper half of our present-day fiction, and which cannot be endearing to persons whose province it is to survey the field as a whole.

The Girl and the Game and Other College Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

No one but an author with a private circle of very indulgent readers would have dared to publish such an entirely stupid book as this. Some time ago Mr. Williams was something of a pioneer in the field of the short story of college life. Innumerable people were eager to see our young Barbarians at play, and so the Princeton pictures were heartily welcomed. But now the vein seems completely worked out. A good college story is perhaps almost as difficult to write as a national hymn; the stories in this volume are not in that species. They are without wit or humor, they are crudely constructed, they are even trivial and silly. At page 222 they have the grace no longer to pretend to be stories, but frankly break down for the next hundred pages into "Talks with a Kid brother" on hazing, horseplay, dissipations, the best thing in the world, and finally end with "an unofficial baccalaureate." Perhaps this is the kind of stuff an old graduate writes to his "kid brother"; it certainly should have gone no further.

Encyclopedia of Mississippi History: Comprising sketches of Counties, Towns, Events, Institutions, and Persons. Planned and edited by Dunbar Rowland. 2 vols.; quarto; pp. XVI. 1010, 1024. Madison, Wis.: Selwyn A. Brant. $12.00.

At first sight of these huge volumes, one wonders how on earth Mississippi, still considerably less than a century old, can have had history enough to fill them. One may also feel a little amused at the idea of devoting an encyclopædia to any single State. But if one chances to have wrestled in any way with the question of how best to present the history of an American State, one may also recall one's despairing conviction that a merciful providence never intended that any writer or group of writers should be required to put such material into really readable form. Whatever form may be given to the history of any State, two or three excepted, the book is far more likely to be consulted than read. Why, therefore, may it not be a good idea to throw the facts into encyclopædia form and thus make it easy to find what is desired and leave the rest alone?

Dr. Rowland and his helpers seem to have carried out the plan fairly well. The scale is too generous. There are some failures to meet successfully a difficulty inseparable from the form—the problem, namely, of

where and under what titles to place matter which does not fall naturally under a proper name or an ordinary topic-name. One finds, for example—but by accident, not by searching—a considerable mass of not uninteresting information under the caption: "Advent of the Flag"; and one doesn't find any cross reference under "Flag" or "American Flag." But there is a good introductory account of sources, the work is really comprehensive, and facts are presented clearly and without any tiresome attemnts at literature.

For so young a State, Mississippi has, in fact, a good deal of history, albeit much of it was made before she became a State. She has even more biography, if one may so express it, and some of the biography is decidedly picturesque. J. L. Alcorn, F. L., J. F. H., and W. C. C. Claiborne, Thomas Dabney (the hero of Mrs. Smedes's delightful "Memorials of a Southern Planter"), D'Artagnette, Jefferson and Reuben Davis, DeSoto, Andrew Ellicott, Henry S. Foote, N. B. Forrest, D'Iberville, L. Q. C. Lamar, S. S. Prentiss, John A. Quitman, Winthrop Sargent, Jacob Thompson, Robert J. Walker, E. C. Walthall—these names will indicate the rather extraordinary range of the biographical sketches.

There are no special bibliographies attached to the longer articles, and no list of the writers. The work would also be better for an index.

The Letters of Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. Translated and edited with a Biographical Introduction and Notes, by Francis Augustus MacNutt. Two vols., pp. viii., 354, and 374. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

"The letters of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V. are an historical monument . . . of the greatest authenticity and value," wrote the Scottish historian, Robertson, a century and a quarter ago. Despite the progress of historical science and the discovery of a vast number of manuscripts in recent times the verdict to-day must be much the same, and the appearance of the first English translation of the complete series of these letters is an event which all students of the early records of Latin America will hail with great satisfaction. The term "letters" scarcely conveys an adequate idea of the contents of the five "Relaciones," as they are sometimes more aptly called, which are here published. They average more than one hundred printed octavo pages apiece, and contain a minute and straightforward account of the conquest of Meixco from 1519 to 1527, told almost in the form of a diary, composed at different times and places and under varying circumstances of fortune. The first of the letters, it should be added, was written by the judiciary and municipal authorities of the town of Vera Cruz, and supplies the place of the first of the five reports of Cortes which has never been found, but is known to have been practically a duplicate of this, perhaps a little less detailed. This letter, and also the fifth, were first discovered by Robertson in the Imperial archives in Vienna in the eighteenth century, while the second, third, and fourth were all printed in folio in Spain within two years after they had been written, and have since been translated into Latin, Italian, French, English, and German at various times.

Mr. MacNutt has edited these valuable reports with care and ability. An admirable life of Cortes (in which not the least interesting item is the wrangle, taken from Lord Lyttelton's "Dialogues of the Dead," between the ghosts of the conqueror of Mexico and the founder of Pennsylvania, concerning the merits of their respective undertakings in North America), a copy of his last will and testament, and a clear and succinct bibliographical note precede the text of the "Relaciones" and occupy the first 119 pages of the work. The translation of the letters is good, and renders well the simple, soldier-like style of their author. A number of useful appendices, eight maps and illustrations, and a well-prepared index, enhance the value of the book. The printer has not been uniformly successful in coping with Spanish names and phrases, but the blemishes on the whole are few and slight. The general impression of Cortes that one derives from this interesting work, is undeniably correct, and much more favorable than the popular conception of him would allow—a typical sixteenth century Spaniard, who should be judged by the standards of his time, brave, devout, probably less, rather than more, cruel than the mass of his countrymen, and one who was treated by his Imperial master at the last with an ingratitude scarcely less ignoble than that which hastened the end of Cardinal Ximenes.

Science.

In the annual report of the Department of Marine Biology of the Carnegie Institution there is given a preliminary account of the interesting researches of Prof. J. B. Watson on the breeding colony of Noddies and Sooty Terns on Bird Key, Tortugas. Some fifteen of these birds were marked and taken away from their home Key on a steamer, shut up in coops on the decks. At distances varying from twenty to eight hundred miles, individuals were released, and it was subquently found that thirteen of the birds had unerringly returned to their nests, notwithstanding that a number of them had been carried north of Cape Hatteras. Excluding migration experience, sight memory, wind and other physical aids, as this experiment does, we have little left to explain the remarkable feat except that birds are possessed of some mysterious sense of direction of which we know nothing. If this proves to be true, the many unsolved problems of migration become clear and the whole matter shifts to the province of the physiologist or psychologist. These experiments promise to open up a new and fascinating field of inquiry.

In a quarto of 230 pages, with three colored and ten uncolored plates, Dr. Hubert Lyman Clark has produced a monograph of the "Apodous Holothurians" (Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, No. 1723). The classification of the two families of the group, *Synaptidæ* and *Molpadiidæ* is first disclosed, and in Part ii, is given an annotated list of the specimens in the United States National Museum. Of the first family, twenty-three species are listed, and of the second, twenty species. Two new genera and eight new species are described. The remaining space is devoted to a most thorough account of the morphology, embryology, physiology, and ecology of the group, with artificial keys and an account of each species considered specially in relation to geographical distribution. The monograph ends with a bibliography of over three hundred titles and a synonymic index which practically sums up all the work which has been done upon this branch of the Echinoderms. The nomenclature is in strict accord with the principles laid down in the International Code and thus should be acceptable to scientists the world over. This is a notable contribution to the literature of marine invertebrates, and may well be cited as an excellent model of a concise yet thorough monograph of a limited group of organisms.

Prof. Albert M. Reese has spent part of the last three summers in the heart of the Florida swamps in search of embryos of the American alligator, and has just published the results of his study of the development of this reptile, as number 1791 of the Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections. It is illustrated with twenty-three plates of excellent figures. Frequent reference is made to the work of Prof. S. F. Clarke, and this, together with the results of the careful technique of Dr. Reese, gives us an admirable outline of this important subject, forming indeed a summary of all the work which has thus far been accomplished in the field. The results are as interesting to ornithologists as to herpetologists. The alligator in its earliest stages was obtained only with great difficulty, as the embryo is more or less advanced at the time of laying. Newly made nests were watched and the eggs and embryos removed and fixed as soon as possible after deposition. It is strange that internal development of the embryo takes place to such an extent in a "cold-blooded" animal. The white of the fresh egg is so dense that the entire interior may be emptied from the shell and handled without danger of rupturing either the mass of albumen or the enclosed yolk. In the course of the research it was found that of the gill clefts, three clearly open to the exterior and probably a fourth also. A fifth cleft was seen in one surface view and in sections. No connection can be seen between the first rudiments of the sympathetic nerves and the central nervous system. The choroid fissure is a very transitory but well-marked feature of the eye.

"The Physiology of Stomata," by Dr. F. E. Lloyd, is the subject of publication No. 82 of the Carnegie Institution. The results obtained from a series of experiments on and the microscopic examination of the stomata of two species of desert plants, a *Fouquieria* and a *Verbena*, seem to negative the idea that has been held by many that there is a close correlation between the daily periodicities of transpiration and of stomatal movement. It seems likely that the extreme possible diffusion capacity of the stomata for water vapor is never reached, at least in the plants studied, since wide positive changes in the transpiration rate may occur at any particular size of the stomatal pore. The most important observation is that no adap-

tive behavior of the stomata to the high temperature and the low humidity of the desert environment was noticed. "That the activities of such apparently very important organs as the stomata, though subject to the exigencies of the desert, have not changed adaptively in the course of uncounted centuries, makes it appear improbable that plants have become gradually fitted to this environment, but that, being fitted, they have survived."

Drama and Music.

THE CHELSEA PAGEANT.

The fashion of the pageant has spread like a fever through England, since the first, at Sherburne, three years ago, until it has become something of a national institution. This summer as many as three have been arranged: two in the provinces, at Dover and Winchester, and one in London itself. It was proposed early in the winter to commemorate the history and growth of the whole town, or rather the collection of towns and villages that London really is, but this larger scheme had to be given up for the time, Chelsea having already undertaken a commemoration of its own.

Fortunately, Chelsea has an interesting, picturesque local history to hang a spectacle on, and takes great pride in it. It has, moreover, a beautiful background for a spectacle in the old Ranelagh Gardens, which, though put to a very different use, still survive. And, as the quarter is a sort of Montmartre, or Montparnasse, for London artists, many took an active part, both in the arrangement of the scenes and in the performances. Indeed, one of them, G. W. Lambert, who swaggered through the part of Admiral Seymour with something of the vivacity and vigor with which he swaggers in paint on canvas, carried off the chief laurels as actor.

The history may be disposed of in a few words. Ten episodes were found that supplied the necessary situations for pomp and ceremonial. Chelsea, claiming a past that is said not to belong to it, began with the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, crossing the Thames, and, if the events of the crossing were not as they are represented, they should have been, for none could better answer the purpose of a pageant. The intervening ages having been briefly and lightly summed up by Tamesis and Unda, as a sort of chorus, a Synod that most people probably have forgotten, if, indeed, they ever heard of it, brought the chronicle down to the eighth century, while, after this, a May Day festival in Chelsea Fields carried one swiftly on to the sixteenth. Visits of royalty to Chelsea —of Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas More, who lived there, of Elizabeth on two occasions, of Charles II. when he founded Chelsea Hospital—the funeral of Anne of Cleves; the meeting of wits and scholars in the gardens of Don Saltero's famous Chelsea tavern; a fête at Ranelagh, completed the history to the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the right period, those with an eye to costume may believe, with which to end it. Others might think that, for the sake of distinguished men who have lived in Chelsea—Carlyle, Rossetti, Whistler—it need only have ended with yesterday.

This was the plot. The play evolved from it was a series of shifting scenes where beautiful figures in beautiful dress met and arranged themselves into beautiful compositions, a succession of dances and processions and stately ceremonial; century after century contributing all that was finest and most typical in it to be woven into the picture of a moment for the pleasure of London through the late hours of a fine June afternoon. The stage was one of the loveliest gardens in England, or anywhere. It has not, it is true, the wide vistas that have added so much to some of the Pageants in the Provinces, but the players and scenes were so artfully disposed upon it, that there was no sense of smallness or of limited distances. The spot selected was an almost circular space, with a cluster of wide-spreading May trees in the centre that broke up the groups and gave wonderful variety; glades led from the two sides and from the far end opposite the audience, as if designed for theatrical effect. The Pageant began at four, and, as the performance went on, the long shadows lengthened, the gold of the London summer afternoon filled the sky, and birds sang and called to each other from the near trees. A strange effect of reality was given to the first scene with the wild rush of the British soldiers, savage as Zulus, down a leafy glade, followed by Druids and Druidesses, in green draperies, who formed their magic circle in the open by the May trees; above all, when the British patriot whirled into their midst in a chariot drawn by three white horses, and the Roman soldiers marched across the green. There was not a figure that was not fine in itself, not a costume the archæologist could have found fault with; the action was admirable; and sham as was the battle, you seemed to get something of the passion, the fury of it. No doubt this was in a large measure due to the outdoor setting, civilized though it was for the fights of the early Briton. But no scene painter, however cunning and realistic in his art, could have made the boards of a theatre so appropriate a background, or could have produced so realistically the feeling of a wild life close to Nature. Not a scene that came after was more suggestive and dramatic, or better done.

Impressive as I found this opening episode, it was not entirely free from one of the two serious defects of the pageant as a whole: the action was interrupted by too much talk. A pageant, by its series of pictures and eloquent movements, should explain itself with no more words than are absolutely indispensable. Besides, the noblest and most poetic dialogue must lose in the open air, where speakers either cannot make themselves heard at all, which was the case with many at Chelsea, or else have to labor so hard in the endeavor, that the beauty, or meaning, of their words is lost in the ugliness of the effort. There was comparatively little speaking in the first episode, though I thought that little too much, but in the second, the episode of the Synod, there was not much else. It was a relief when a troup of gray nuns came down the glade, chanting. Indeed, the music throughout, most of it composed for the pageant, was so good that it made the talk seem the more superfluous. But the scene dragged deplorably. Had it not come so soon in the performance, it would have proved tedious beyond endurance. This defect was felt still more seriously in the fourth episode, when Sir Thomas More received the visit of Henry VIII. In costume, no episode had greater beauty and dignity. More and his family might have stepped straight out of the portraits by Holbein, from which they had been intelligently and sympathetically copied. It was a pleasure simply to look at the group moving about in the sunshine and shadow of the golden June afternoon, as Holbein may often have seen them coming and going in their Chelsea garden. Henry also was admirable, a living portrait, to the very stride. But the talk was interminable, most of the time inaudible, and Mr. Laurence Binyon's lines, written, I believe, for the occasion, were quite thrown away.

How unnecessary the talk was, the scenes where there was the least of it explained. The May Day episode, almost silent save for song, was altogether charming with its dances on the green—Morris Dances and *Danses Gaillardes*—its May poles, and its games of bowls, its mummers passing in their cart, while dozens of children played and skipped and ran about; the spirit of the thing evoked and expressed with a reality and animation that showed how people in the sixteenth century should have amused themselves. The funeral of Anne of Cleves was an impressive scene, and it also was independent of the spoken word, nothing breaking the silence but the sad, solemn *De Profundis* of black-robed nuns. It was the more solemn because the robes of priests and servitors have altered so slightly with the ages, that it might have been the funeral of the great dead of to-day, though to-day we might not perhaps see so vivid and sumptuous a burst of color as in the banners of arms borne by the heralds. But to me nothing was so spectacular, so effective, so genuine, as the children's masque of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," performed for the greater honor and entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, on her visit to Lord Howard of Effingham, at Chelsea; a masque within a masque. It was the triumph of the pageant, and Miss Hawtrey, who wrote the few descriptive lines, and I suppose suggested the arrangement and presentment of the various scenes, cannot be praised too highly.

When I remember the beauty and interest of these scenes, it seems ungrateful to criticise the pageant at all. But it was so good in some ways, that its unnecessary failure in others is the more to be regretted. I have seen nothing in London to which it could be compared, except, perhaps, the Masque given several years ago by the Art Workers' Guild at the Guildhall. But the resemblance between them lies chiefly in the fact that both were carried out mainly by artists and enthusiasts who depended upon no more professional training and assistance than was necessary. The Guild Masque was as wholly an allegory as the "Faerie Queene," in the children's interpretation before Queen Elizabeth. It was held on a frankly artificial stage by artificial light. The pageant was a series of historical pictures arranged in

the open air, under clean, strong, summer sunshine. The masque was more complete, hetter rounded out, and so short as never to become tedious. The pageant had whatever romance there is in a green garden, and the glory of the perfect summer afternoon, rare in London, hut the more transfiguring when it comes. The defects were simply the result of the same zeal that made it a success, despite its length and halting episodes. N. N.

When Prof. J. Fred Wolle, who made the whole country talk ahout his Bach festivals at Bethiehem, Pa., accepted the chair of music at the University of California, he intended to start a Bach choir at Berkeley. The destruction of San Francisco upset his plans for the time heing, but it is now announced that he has organized a new Bach choir, which already numbers 125 singers. He expects before long to have a chorus of 500, made up of amateurs from Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Victor Herbert is the most strenuous musician of them all. He will have five new works on the stage next season. Two of these are completed, two others are practically so, while the fifth is in reservation as to its character and ownership. Those completed and those nearly ready are as follows: "Algeria," book hy Glen MacDonough, announced as the opening attraction at the Broadway Theatre some time In August; "Victoria," book by George V. Hohart, to have an early production hy Joseph Brooks; "The Prima Donna," book by Henry Blossom, to be the successor of "Mlle. Modiste," for Fritzi Scheff's use; "Little Nemo," book by Harry B. Smith, a gorgeous musical spectacle under the management of Klaw & Erlanger. The last named Is the stage verslon of a series of pictures in a newspaper supplement, whose use was conditioned upon the guarantee of the musical collaboration of Mr. Herhert.

Strauss's next opera, "Electra," will be no longer than his "Salome." It will he in one act, with nine scenes, and there will be four important rôles in it.

A Schubert festival is to be held in Vlenna next October. There will be a festival concert; a service in the St. Stephen's Cathedral, including his mass in C major; performances of one or more of his operas; and an excursion to Hinterbrühl, where his "Milier Songs" are said to have been written.

Probahly the most successful book on musical topics ever written in America is Miss Amy Fay's "Music-Study in Germany" (Macmillan Co.). It has passed through about twenty editions, and is still in demand, though written in 1880. Liszt liked it so much that he had it translated into German, and now a French version hy Mme. B. Sourdillon has been issued in Paris under the title "Lettres intimes d'une musiclenne américaine." It has a preface hy Vincent d'Indy, who relates therein how, as a youth, he went to Weimar and there associated with Liszt and his pupils, one of whom, with a "très réel talent," was Miss Fay. He heard her play a Bach fugue "not in the manner of a vain virtuoso, hut like a true artist, who is capable of feeling and expression."

Art.

Jewellery. By H. Clifford Smith. Pp. xlvii. +410. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

This is an instructive study of such jewelry as may be worn upon and ahout the person, and as made and used in European lands. The jewelry of antiquity is treated in fifty pages; and then comes the work of the migrating nations which broke up the Western dominion of Rome. Beginning with page 80 is the "mediæval period, tenth to fifteenth century"; the Renaissance follows—the Renaissance treated in that large and inexact sense common in English hooks, so as to include the sixteenth century, and even Elizahethan England. There are long chapters on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and with page 325 hegins "Nineteenth-Century Jewellery—the Modern Revival." A too-brief chapter is devoted to peasant jewelry, and then follow chapters on frauds and forgeries and on memorials of death.

That which is most admirahle in the hook is the author's strong sense of the artistic value and significance of jewelry. The inferior importance of variety and cost, the greater significance of color and ornamental treatment, the need of reckoning with the semi-precious stones, "aquamarine, peridot, zircon, tourmaline, and chrysoprase"—all this is good. The cast-iron jewelry, as of Berlin in the Napoleonic era, is well characterized, and the brass pendants of Spain have notice. Good, too, is the comparison hetween the designs of different periods of time. And best of all, because least to he expected, is the attention given to artists and workmen of our own time, the real originators of a new period of decorative design. The plates are not very attractive, but they are generally intelligible, and the system of cross reference between plates and text is well maintained.

The scheme of The Connoisseur's Library, to which this volume helongs, does not seem to include Oriental or non-European art; and if this condition were stated it might be accepted with no great reluctance or surprise. In the absence of such declaration it does seem odd to find—when peasant jewelry Is under consideration, as on p. 341 of the volume now in hand—a description of that of the North and of the South, the East and the West, of Europe, and never an allusion to the armlets and anklets of India.

From a list of all the volumes puhlished or in preparation, printed on a fly-leaf of the present work, it now appears that there are to he twenty volumes in the series.

The latest issue of George Bell & Son's Miniature Series of Painters is "Leonardo da Vinci," by Hohart Cust. Mr. Cust writes hriefly hut with adequate knowledge of the life and art of Leonardo, and the illustrations include most of the undouhted works of the master.

"Deutsches Leben der Vergangenheit in Bildern. Ein Atlas mit 1760 Naehbildungen alter Kupfer- und Holzschnitte aus dem 15.-18. Jahrhundert," edited hy Eugen Diederichs, with an introduction hy H. Kienzle, of which the first half has appeared from the house of Diederichs in Jena (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), may he regarded as a supplement to the "Monographien zur deutschen Kulturgeschichte" issued by the same house. The editor has thoroughly ransacked the larger collections of pictures and libraries of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and has hrought together a mass of material, much of which has never hefore heen reproduced, illustrative of the puhlic and private life of the Germans, beginning with the rigid masters of the Reformation period and coming down to the famous copper plates of Nilson and Chodowiecki. The second and final volume is promised for the near future, the whole to cost 27 marks.

At Christie's, the following pictures from the collection of the late S. G. Holland were sold—on June 25: Vicat Cole, Leaves of Wasted Autumn Woods, £462; Constahle, Arundel Mill and Castle, £336; F. Dicksee, A Love Story, £378; The Passing of Arthur, £420; Slr L. Fildes, An English Maiden, £420; Gainshorough, The Harvest Wagon, £735; A. C. Gow, The Garrison Marching out with the Honors of War, Lille, 1708, £756; J. Holland, Venice, looking up the Grand Canal, Sunset Sky, £1,207; The Colleoni Monument, Venice, stormy sky, £651; Venice, the entrance to the Grand Canal, £693; Greenwich Hospital, £367; J. C. Hook, The Mackerel Take, £378; Sir E. Landseer, Otter and Salmon, £378; J. F. Lewis, A Turkish School in Cairo, £1,312; A. Kihoh Shop, Scutaria, £1,050; J. Linnell, Carrying Wheat, £1,995; The Brow of the Hill, £651; E. Long, Thishe, £346; Millais, Caller Herrin', £1,890; W. Müller, Gillingham, £346; P. Nasmyth, View near Godstone, with a peasant carrying a scythe, £840; Forest Scene, with woodcutters and felled timher, £630; Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Napoleon on board H. M. S. Bellerophon, £1,680; Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, £420; J. Pettie, Treason, £556; Sir L. Alma Tadema, The Juggler, £315; Turner, Mortlake Terrace, view looking down the rlver from the garden of a house on the left of the picture, summer evening, £13,230; The Storm, raging greyish green sea, figure climbing to the wreckage, £5,775; The Morning after the Storm, £8,085; H. Woods, On the Steps of the Scuola, San Rocco, Venice, £420. On June 26: G. Barret, Tivoli, two shepherds with a dog, sheep and goats in the foreground, £693; D. Cox, Lancaster: Peace and War, £945; E. Duncan, The North

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Berwick Life-boat going out to a Vessel in Distress, £336; C. Fielding, Ben More, Isle of Mull, £619; J. Holland, View on the Grand Canal, Venice, £614; J. F. Lewis, A Lady receiving Visitors in the Mandarah of a House in Cairo, £630; Sir L. Alma Tadema, The Old, Old Story, £388; Turner, Heidelberg, with rainbow, £4,410; Hastings, with fishermen in a rough sea, £1,680; Messieurs les Voyageurs on their Return from Italy (par la Diligence) in a Snowdrift upon Mount Tarrar, 22nd of January, 1829, £546; Orfordness, Fishermen in the right foreground drawing a net, £1,942; Saltash, Calm Harbor, £1,102; Rye, Sussex, numerous figures collecting fragments from a wreck, £682; Torbay, from Brixham, £714; F. Walker, Marlow Ferry, £2,835; The Street, Cookham, £1,680; The Fishmonger's Shop, £1,680; P. De Wint, View on the River Dart, £672; Conningsbury Castle, £441. On June 29: Meissonier, Off Guard, £535; Corot, River Scene, £3,150; L'Étang, £2,730; Daubigny, On the Oise, morning, £3,675; On the Oise, evening, £3,045; Diaz, The Bathers, £3,097; Woody Landscape, £682; E. Frère, Bénédicité, £451; Harpignies, Matinée d'Automne, £1,680; Ch. Jacque, A Woody Pasture, £924; Watering the Flock, £1,312; L. L'Hermitte, The Gleaners, £1,312; The Gleaners, evening, £2,625; E. van Marcke, Returning from Pasture, £1,207; C. Seiler, In the Woods at Meudon, above Sèvres, £504; The Ferry, £3,255.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baurba, George F. Our Bird Friends. Outing Publishing Co. $1.

Beall, Mrs. Mary Stevens. The Story of the Washington Coachee and of the Powell Coach. Washington: Neale Publishing Co.

Blakely, Gilbert Sykes. Teachers' Outlines for Studies in English. American Book Co.

Brady, John. Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments. Goerck Art Press. 75 cents.

Buchanan, James, The Works of. Edited by John B. Moore. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Butler, Orma Fitch. Studies in the Life of Heliogabalus. Macmillan.

Conrad, Henry Shoemaker. The Structure and Life-History of the Hay-Scented Fern. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Cotton Exchanges, Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on, 1908. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Davis, Mary Hayes, and Chow-Leung. Chinese Fables and Folk Stories. American Book Co. 40 cents.

Dubois, Constance Goddard. The Religion of the Luiseno Indians of Southern California. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.

Emery, G. F. Laws Relating to Foreigners and Foreign Corporations. London: Effingham Wilson.

Ferree, Barr. Sentiment as a National Asset: An Oration Delivered at the Fourth of July Celebration in Tenafly, N. J., 1908. New York.

Foster, William Trufant. Argumentation and Debating. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

Gould, George M. Borderland Studies. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

Herrick, Robert. Together. Macmillan.

Jack, Adolphus Alfred. Mathilde: A Play. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Johns, C. H. W. Ur-Engur: A Bronze of the Fourth Millennium. Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

Jones, H. Stuart. The Roman Empire. Putnams. $1.50.

Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. The Winter's Tale. Duffield & Co.

Nicholas, Francis C. The Power Supreme. Boston: R. E. Lee Co.

Radau, Hugo. Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Rowland, Helen. The Widow. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.

Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics. Edited by Lewis A. Rhoades. American Book Co.

Shepherd, Henry E. A Commentary Upon Tennyson's In Memoriam. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Silence: A Compound Problem Novel. Jersey City: Connoisseur's Press.

Smith, Roderick H. Proposed Platform for the American Party. Revised edition. Buffalo.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Written anew for children by James Baldwin. American Book Co.

Weil, A. Leo. Modern Municipal Conditions and the Lawyers' Responsibility.

Who's Who in Fiction? In Praise of Books. Dictionary of Synonyms. Who Wrote That? Dutton.

Winter, William. The Life and Writings of William Law Symons. Privately Printed.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908.

The Week.

The official figures of the appropriations made by Congress at the recent session give the appalling total of over a billion of dollars—$1,008,397,543, to be exact. Yet so completely does our indirect system of Federal taxation blind us to the fact that such enormous sums are being taken from our pockets, that most people remain cool and indifferent. Indirect taxes are like opium, both in their insidious effect and in their grip on their victims. The story is told of a famous French Minister of Finance who bade the Deputies, when the annual expenditure first reached a billion francs, to salute the figures, inasmuch as they would never again be reached. They have since grown fourfold—a sinister comment on governmental extravagance in France. Perhaps more eloquent than our grand total of a billion dollars expended is the distribution of the expenditure. Of the entire increase—amounting to $87,000,000—54 per cent. is attributable to the army and navy. The total naval expenditure authorized is over one hundred and twenty millions, and this does not include the estimated cost of the two new battleships, two colliers, ten torpedo-boats, and eight submarines for which contracts were authorized. The increase in pension appropriations—over $16,000,000—comes next in order to naval outlay, while in the deficiency appropriation the increase over that of last session is $44,000,000. Tucked away in this deficiency appropriation are two notable items—$12,000,000 for the Panama Canal, and $12,000,000 for public buildings.

That Mr. Taft would take a hand in the Ohio fight was not to be believed. He has properly declared that he has no candidate to succeed Foraker, and if President Roosevelt will but stand on the same platform, there is an excellent outlook for Republican harmony in Ohio. That need surprise no one. Republicans are accustomed to sink their differences prior to election and present a united front to the enemy. To oppose Mr. Foraker would be exceptionally bad politics, not only because he is a dangerous fighter, but because his opposition to the President has won him friends where he never had them before. Any attempt to defeat him now would be regarded merely as an attempt to punish him for exercising a Senator's right to think for himself and vote independently of party orders. Such conduct is so rare that it may he welcomed, whether in a Foraker, a La Follette, or a Hale.

Since Mr. Gompers announced his intention of supporting "Bryanism," there have been dull murmurs of disapprobation—not to say contempt—from several quarters of the Socialist and labor camps. It does not appear that Mr. Bryan has been able to persuade the working man of his whole-hearted friendship, and President Gompers's vows of allegiance are not regarded as having any binding effect on federated labor. In fact, there seems to be some resentment at the ostentatious and, on the whole, futile way in which Gompers swung the labor club over two conventions. The union men will vote according to their own consciences, and not according to his. As Mr. Dougherty, secretary of the International Brotherhood of Book Binders, says, "the Republican union men will vote the Republican ticket and the Democrats the Democratic ticket, just as Protestants and Roman Catholics will continue to go to their respective places of worship." The *International Socialist Review* scouts the idea that the working people can be "bound, gagged, and delivered to Tom, Dick, and Harry by Gompers or anybody else." As for the Socialist, he cracks a smile at the great leader's discomfiture at Chicago, and scornfully sniffs at his attempt to make the "reds" desert their party and "permit themselves to be thrown from one capitalist-bunch to the other."

Mr. Bryan's avowal of his intention, if elected, of making his running mate, Mr. Kern, an unofficial member of his Cabinet, is an interesting suggestion, formed with a proper idea of enhancing both the dignity and the usefulness of the President's understudy, but aimed, we fear, in the wrong direction. If Mr. Bryan's proposal hardened into habitual usage, we should discover its drawbacks. Incompatibility of temperament between the Chief Executive and the Vice-President might be cited in a large number of recent instances. Can one imagine that President McKinley would have been exactly happy to have had sitting at his council board the gentleman who succeeded him? How surely could Mr. Sherman be counted on to uphold the "Roosevelt policies" in case Mr. Sherman sat at Mr. Taft's right hand in Cabinet meetings? The truth is that an able and trusted occupant of the Vice-President's chair, such as the late Mr. Hobart, is not unlikely to be taken into the confidence of the President, unless—as so often happens—both are nursing antagonistic "booms" for themselves or others. The Vice-Presidency, we fear, will continue for some time to suffer under the disability that deprives it of greatness except when an emergency calls its occupant to surrender it. At the same time, Mr. Bryan is on the right track in making a protest against the use of the position as a mere consolation prize for a disgruntled political faction.

"Bryan After Hearst Party—Plans to Get Independence League Endorsement"—thus runs the heading over a press dispatch from Lincoln. That Bryan would be glad to get these votes is undeniable. Mr. Taft himself would not refuse them. That Mr. Bryan will succeed in capturing Mr. Hearst's private following is far less certain. A few of the men who have been looking to Mr. Hearst as their prophet have already come out for Bryan; a few of the local organizations—several in Brooklyn, for example—have passed resolutions favoring Bryan. But we venture to say that the party as a whole will not break away from Mr. Hearst until he is ready to let go of it. In the history of American politics there has been no more remarkable example of a party paid for and pocketed by a single man. Pot-hunting politicians throughout this country have flocked to the Hearst standard, and they have served under it so long as they have found such service more profitable than working for a living. Of late, however, there have been signs that Mr. Hearst's ambition is flagging and his generosity is reaching its limit. He has other ways of spending the revenue from the family mines; and the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. But we doubt whether they will try to eat from the hand of Mr. Bryan; for that hand is apparently empty also. If the Republican managers can secure enough money and promise enough offices, these unswerving foes of plutocracy who have vowed eternal fidelity to Hearst will speedily perceive that Mr. Taft is the real saviour of the country. On the other hand, astute politicians, like Mr. Hitchcock, may discover that the Hearst party is not worth buying at any price.

The decision of the Anti-Imperialist League to support Bryan was to be expected. Many of its members and sympathizers stood by him in 1900, not because they cared for him personally, but because they regarded the Imperialist issue as the all-important one, and his position against it as sound and historically correct. No doubt the Democratic plank of 1908 also is more dis-

tinctly anti-Imperialist than the Republican:

We condemn the experiment in Imperialism as an inexcusable blunder, which has involved us in an enormous expense, brought us weakness instead of strength, and laid our nation open to the charge of abandoning a fundamental doctrine of self-government. We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us as we guarantee the independence of Cuba, until the neutralization of the Islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers. In recognizing the independence of the Philippines our government should retain such land as may be necessary for coaling stations and naval bases.

To this topic, it is announced, Mr. Taft will pay special attention in his letter of acceptance. Meanwhile, his own party says briefly enough of its rash colonial venture:

In the Philippines insurrection has been suppressed, law established, and life and property made secure. Education and practical experience are there advancing the capacity of the people for government, and the policies of McKinley and Roosevelt are leading the inhabitants step by step to an ever-increasing measure of home rule.

So far as the platforms are concerned, the adherent of old Constitutional policies will prefer the Democratic. But when it comes to the candidates, we must not forget that it was Mr. Bryan who served in the war with Spain, and then, after denouncing it, brought about the adoption of the Treaty of Paris, which fastened its grave consequences upon us. Yet he has rendered great service at home and abroad to the cause of peace. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, thoroughly approves the military policy of Mr. Roosevelt; and his attitude towards the independence of the Filipinos is tantamount to keeping them in leading strings forever. But every one knows where Mr. Taft will always stand; no one can tell from year to year where the unstable Bryan will land.

The seventh annual report of the Philippine Civil Service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, contains too much of interest to be overlooked because it has only just appeared in print. The director of the service, William S. Washburn, has been compelled to report that the withdrawals of competent and desirable men increase; twice as many resigned as in the previous year. Of the 500 who resigned, more than 100 were university or college graduates, including scientists, civil engineers, surveyors, physicians, etc., as against forty of the same educational qualifications who resigned in the year ending June 30, 1906. The loss of these men, says Mr. Washburn, "is in many instances irreparable." "Good men," he continues, "were evidently discouraged and apparently lost hope that the Philippine public service promised a career that would justify their remaining in it." Should these conditions remain unchanged, Mr. Washburn thinks that all hope of "establishing firmly a dignified and efficient civil service in these islands, composed of men above mediocrity and grafting tendencies, must be abandoned." Five changes Mr. Washburn thinks essential, if the service is to be made both attractive and worthy. There must be tenure of office for the efficient as secure as in any other branch of the Federal service; promotion by merit when vacancies are to be filled; pensions for disability or after a fixed term of service, the appointment of Filipinos to all positions they are competent to fill; and, finally, the prompt retirement of any man who is no longer efficient, or whose work is done by subordinates. As for the pensions, Mr. Washburn himself is in doubt as to whether the time has arrived to establish such a system. It is not necessary, he says, in order to induce high-grade Filipinos to remain in the public service. It is undoubtedly true that other nations pension their colonial officials; but since the United States does not pay civil pensions at home, it seems impractical to offer them in the islands. The elimination of the unfit is the grave problem of our own civil service boards, Federal, State, and municipal. If Mr. Washburn can devise an equitable way of getting rid of the drones he will have rendered a national service. It is gratifying to note that the relative number of Filipinos increases yearly. In 1903 the service was made up of Americans and Filipinos in equal numbers, above the grade of laborer. On January 1, 1907, there were 2,616 Americans and 3,902 Filipinos, and the change under Mr. Washburn's direction since then must be even more marked.

Would not Tolstoy, if he looked toward Canada, find that the problem of government and governed is not so simple as he would have it? The Dukhobors, that throng of primitive pietists whom the Count helped to emigrate to Canada some years ago to escape the persecution of the Czar's government, are in trouble again. They have been almost continually in trouble since their arrival. On two or three occasions these simple followers of the communal life have put away their tools and their clothes and started out, in the heart of winter, to search for the Lord. And one day last week, at Yorktown, in Saskatchewan, a band of 100 Dukhobors fought for three hours against a squad of mounted police, and a dozen of them were finally put into jail. Now, the Dukhobors have attained that state of pristine simplicity which Tolstoy demands as the basis of peace in society. The Canadian government, especially in distant and roomy Saskatchewan, is far from being like the Czar's. It has favored the Russian immigrants and been indulgent to their peculiarities. Yet in Saskatchewan, as in Russia, Count Tolstoy's sad vision will find the common curses of our own civilization, hatred, prisons, and war.

The annual report of the Hamburg Shipowners' Association will afford cold comfort to the advocates of a subsidy for our American merchant marine. The plight of the freighter and the passenger packet is laid at the door of the world-wide industrial depression. One might imagine that, under the circumstances, the Hamburg shipowners would grasp at a government subsidy as a dying man at a straw. But they have learned wisdom from observation. They condemn the subsidy policy as unbusinesslike and pernicious. Subsidies, except for mail service, they regard as certain to result in a plethora of ocean carriers, and in a more desperate rivalry for tonnage. They therefore advocate an international conference for doing away with ship subsidies. The suggestion of the anti-ship-subsidy conference is approved by such an eminent authority as Herr Ballin, the director-general of the Hamburg Line, in an open letter to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.

Portugal's welter of misrule, murder, and theft would seem to be moving steadily towards the overthrow of the monarchy, if there were not the drag of an illiterate and untrained population. Servia alone among European states can offer the parallel to the present situation in Portugal. Two political parties, alternating in office and playing into each other's hands, have for years been stealing the public funds. The only perceptible reason for their respective names is that the Regenerationist leaders used the nation's money to regenerate their personal fortunes, and the Progressives made rapid progress in piling up a huge national debt. The ruling house suffered from the prevalent disease of itching palm, and ministers to curry royal favor advanced "loans" to the King in his counting-house, the Queen in her parlor, the maid-of-honor in the garden. Then the party thieves fell out among themselves; and King Carlos, restless undoubtedly under the obligation imposed by Progressives and Regenerationists, frightened probably by the spread of the republican agitation, and perhaps stirred in conscience a bit, determined to make an end of the dual plunder system, chose Franco for his Minister, and made a clean sweep of the Constitution. He went too far. The

politicians of the old parties, out of fear of exposure, hit upon the plan of making King Carlos the scapegoat. The republicans did not object to violent means. And hence we have the spectacle of a King murdered as the result of a conspiracy in which the men who now rule the country accuse each other of being implicated; and the young King dare not look for the truth, or reveal it, if, as is probable, he knows it.

So far as the outside world is concerned, the new Cabinet in Japan is the same that guided the country through the war with Russia. The Premier is the same, Count Katsura, and the foreign portfolio goes back to Baron Komura, who negotiated peace at Portsmouth with Count Witte. The Saionji Cabinet, which came into office in January, 1906, fulfilled a necessary, if thankless, function. It had to guide the Japanese people back from the highways of victory and exalted hopes through the hard path of reaction and bitter payment for the glories of war, to the humble realization that the world is, after all, not Japan's. Immediately after the war the Katsura Cabinet had to go specifically because of the profound disappointment aroused by the terms of the treaty with Russia. But if it had survived that crisis, it would have fallen, as the Saionji Cabinet fell, sapped by the decline of aggressive militarism as the war retreated into the distance. Premier Saionji was too precipitate in his efforts to force recognition of complete equality for Japan in the sisterhood of nations. The result has been a quickened sense of Japanese "peril" on every shore of the Pacific. And now we have direct assurance by the new Premier, that armaments will be reduced, and that the peace of the world shall have no complaint to bring against Japan.

The Legislative Council of India has been hard at work to devise means for the prevention of bomb-throwing. In supporting the recently introduced Explosives Bill, Sir H. Adamson, as reported in the Calcutta *Englishman*, declared that the forces hostile to the government are not the scum of the lower classes, but "educated men banded together against all the interests that keep society alive—men who, like pirates, are the enemies of the human race." This is surely a two-edged charge. The Explosives Bill provides that the bare possession of explosives constitutes a criminal offence, unless the possessor can show that he has no evil intentions. The most original part of the bill is the "definition clause." An "explosive" includes not only the finished bomb, but the uncompounded ingredients. "If you allow a man to have in one room sulphuric acid, in another room nitric acid, and in another room glycerine, and you are to await till he combines the three, he will defy your law." How far beneath material evidences can the law probe? Sir H. Adamson followed up the Explosives Bill with an Incitement to Offences Act. It is bootless, he urged, to remove the temporary effect without removing the permanent cause. The *Yugantar* newspaper, five times prosecuted for incitement to offences, has lifted up its diminished head after each chastisement. It has been connected time after time with outbreaks of the most atrocious and anarchistic nature. The only way to deal with such a catlifed journal is to confiscate the press and extinguish it utterly. But why stop with the press? Extinguishing the *Yugantar* will not extinguish its editors, nor the people whose passions it foments. If the law recognizes as an offence the possession of glycerine, nitric and sulphuric acid in adjoining rooms, why should it not take cognizance of hunger in a man's stomach, hatred in his heart? These dangerous ingredients also compound swiftly.

The University of Berlin has successfully revolted against his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser and the entire Prussian government. We reported the other day the extraordinary action of the government in creating a new professorship in economics at the university, and appointing to it a little-known and young professor, Ludwig Bernhard, who has been doing a useful political service to the government in defending its treatment of the Prussian Poles. The university authorities knew nothing of this project until the position was created and filled. The Minister excused the anomaly by saying there was no time to communicate with them—although the university is but ten minutes' walk from the Ministry of Education. But the philosophical faculty, exercising its legitimate powers, has come to the rescue of the university by positively refusing to accept Professor Bernhard as a colleague; not, it is expressly stated, for any reasons derogatory to him, but because of the action of the government in not consulting the university authorities in advance. Simultaneously, it is announced that Professor Bernhard will give up the teaching career and will probably accept a handsome offer from a large corporation.

The latest delay in starting the longest voyage ever undertaken by a heavily loaded and well-manned airship does not discourage the seventy-year-old inventor, Count Zeppelin. The second of this month was the eighth anniversary of his first ascent with his first dirigible balloon, and in these past eight years he has sacrificed several fortunes and gone on experimenting with all the ardor of youth. It was only the other day he maintained, in his address before an assembly of German engineers at Dresden, that with proper preparations one of his airships could rise and land without difficulty or danger. The accident which has again injured his most successful invention will not therefore shake his faith in his own theory; but it will confirm many a doubter who refuses to take this invention at the value placed upon it by the German Emperor and press until it has proved invulnerable in a sudden and a heavy storm. Something like this was in the mind of the German Minister of War, Von Einem, when he demanded that Zeppelin should operate his craft in a storm before its acceptance by the government. Zeppelin himself, however, in his Dresden speech asserted flatly that the movement of his airship could in nowise be affected by sudden change of atmospheric pressure. He is, at least, justified by actual results in exulting over the great scientist, Von Helmholtz, who once declared that such airships as Zeppelin proposed were impossible.

For the rigid type of airship the Count is enthusiastic. It can go further in the same time than one of the semi-rigid kind. An injury to the single gas chamber of the latter is dangerous, because the airship loses not only its ability to stay aloft, but the form necessary for successful steering, whereas the rigid balloon retains its shape even when it has lost some of its buoyancy; the loss of one of its gas chambers is comparable to the flooding of a single compartment in an ocean liner. And that the rigid airship retains its form quite independently of the action of its motors is another point upon which Zeppelin dwells. He is, moreover, particularly satisfied with his new Daimler motors, which are heavier than any he has used heretofore. His belief in relatively small and rapidly revolving propellers is fortified by his most recent experiences; and in the extraordinary impermeability of the covers of his gas-bags he sees another step forward. As for the two watertight aluminum cars which hang beneath the gas-bag, dispatches report that the living quarters are so commodious and well arranged as to have given a special impulse to the formation of a large company to undertake an aerial passenger service. This may be discounting the future, but there is no denying that the world has entered on a new era in airship construction. The feverish activity among inventors everywhere—even in China—is certain to have results. Even our own army authorities have suddenly become convinced that there is something in the new devices for flying, and they deem it worth while to hold out inducements for military airships.

COMPETITION IN POLITICAL PURITY.

In the lively contest in political purity between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, Mr. Taft has just scored a point by announcing that the Republican National Committee will not accept contributions from any corporation. Mr. Bryan had already made a declaration to the same effect. The honors between the two leaders seem now to be about even, though in view of the intimate relations between the Republican Committee and the corporations in recent campaigns, Mr. Taft has made the greater renunciation. The spectacle of the parties bidding against each other in the matter of opening the campaign subscription books and in spurning "tainted" money is as exhilarating as unexpected. What Congress refused to do, what the Republican Convention shied at, has been brought about by the candidates. Each of them has perceived whither public sentiment is tending, and has sought to get into accord with it. The first move was made when Mr. Taft sensibly and shrewdly took a position in advance of his party, and gave orders that an account of all moneys given to aid his election should be made public after the voting was over. Then came Mr. Bryan, announcing that *his* publicity will begin on October 15, and extend over every day thereafter until the campaign closes. This is in line with the McCall bill, which provided that a sworn return of funds obtained should be published before as well as after the election. The arguments for such a course are obvious. If we are going to have publicity at all, we may as well have it real and entire. A huge campaign fund disclosed only after it had done its corrupting work would add more to our national mortification than to our wisdom.

It seems probable that the Republicans, in spite of statements to the contrary, will be obliged to follow the Democratic lead. When Mr. Bryan's committee tells the public on October 15 how much money it has raised, Mr. Taft's committee will be almost forced into equal frankness. Refusal would wear too sinister a look. The Democratic press and candidate would at once cry out that Republican pretensions of willingness to let the people know all were hollow; that Mr. Taft's managers had been resorting to the old tricks of tariff blackmail and corporation favoritism, and dared not let the whole truth be known. Under such circumstances, political expediency, if not very shame, will dictate a publication of the facts. The Republican Treasurer, Mr. Sheldon, may as well make his preparations to do this. It will come with better grace as volunteered than if extorted. The large fact is clear that this Presidential campaign is going to differ from any that has preceded it, in letting the voters know how large the party fund is, and who gave the money.

The great evils of secrecy in the raising and expending of money to carry elections are not confined to direct corruption of the suffrage by outright purchase of votes. Far too much of that has been done. When Harriman wrote that the $260,000 which he raised for Roosevelt in the closing days of the campaign of 1904 meant a change of 50,000 votes, he undoubtedly implied that they were bought like so many railway shares. In the two campaigns which Mark Hanna conducted so lavishly, doubtless an appalling amount of the coin found its way to the pockets of venal voters. But even more demoralizing and shocking are the secret arrangements of the party managers with large contributors. They are given, for their money, a first lien upon legislation, or are promised that they will be looked after when it comes to distribute good things in office. If the books of the two McKinley campaigns, and of Roosevelt's in 1904, could be inspected by the public, it would get an insight into many mysteries of law-making—and failures to make laws, such as those revising the tariff—and also understand why some apparently inexplicable appointments were silently made. This scandal has pursued and hurt both parties. It will not be forgotten that Mr. Whitney based the claim of a rich Newporter to the Italian embassy upon a contribution of $50,000 or so to the campaign fund, nor that President Cleveland tried to carry out the bargain. Who buys owns, has been the tacit or avowed maxim of wealthy men in sending large checks to campaign committees.

Unlike mercy, the secret contribution of a great sum of money to politicians curses both him who gives and him who takes. It is a source of political debauchery wherever tolerated. In England, it has embarrassed both parties and caused the nation to blush. The public has seen brewers suddenly converted into barons, and bankers into knights, and has understood perfectly that the only reason was a generous subscription to the expenses of the party. The matter has been brought up again and again in Parliament; and Liberal Premiers have vied with Conservative Prime Ministers in making shame-faced explanations of the "birthday honors," which do not explain. If this kind of purchased distinction is to be tolerated at all, we should like to see it adopted in the case of our own large contributors to party treasuries, rather than the form of reward which we do practise. To enable a man to write "Sir" before his name would tickle his vanity as much as making him an Ambassador, and would do less harm to the public service.

Cynics are questioning both the sincerity and the thoroughness of the publicity promised for this campaign. It is hinted that rich contributors will find a way of hiding their $25,000 checks behind 250 plain citizens—Smiths and Robinsons—who will each give $100, and not have to make a report, the sum being small. That a certain amount of trickery and deception will be attempted, it is highly probable. But in the main, we are confident that both committees will set forth an honest transcript of the facts. The country will know all, even if it does not pardon all. To have achieved no more than that is to have made a great political advance. Other reforms will seem less unattainable, now that campaign publicity has come to be established in a way so quiet and unforeseen.

A BISHOP PUBLICIST.

Bishop Potter was an eminent ecclesiastic who was yet better known as a public man than a churchman. He may have had distinction as a theologian, but of this the generality knew nothing. Nor was he of the priestly type. He was not, either in appearance or in the habit of his life, one of those devout, ascetic, saintly souls, to whom, as Mr. Gladstone said, "men look up as to the stars." Bishop Potter's robust personality and direct contact with the world about him reminded one, rather, of those English bishops who are half-churchmen, half-statesmen. It would be hard to name another American bishop who would have seemed so naturally placed in the House of Lords alongside, we will say, Magee.

Of recent years, age and the demands of his diocesan work had compelled Bishop Potter somewhat to abate his secular activities. Less in the public eye, it was easier for a short-memoried people to forget the prominence he long held in this city, and the useful part he played in civic and, indeed, national affairs. From about 1885 to 1898 no one was more in demand as a speaker on public occasions, and no one who spoke so often spoke better. He had a fine presence and manner, and he usually had something to say. It is clear that he valued highly such extra-clerical opportunities to impress himself upon the community. It was, to him, a part of the prophetic function of his ministry. There were times when he rose to its full height. One of them was the celebration of the centenary of the Presidency of the United States, in 1889, when it fell to Bishop Potter to preach the sermon in St. Paul's, with President Harrison in the audience. The preacher took advantage of the general disgust at the way in which the time and strength of the new Administration were being frittered away in the division of the spoils to utter a few pungent words about the impossibility of imagining George Washington devoting his chief

thoughts and energies to such office-broking. It was a sort of Nathan to David address, and produced an effect as wide as the nation. That Bishop Potter carefully weighed his message in advance is shown by the fact that he consulted Mr. Godkin about it before it was delivered. Naturally, that stout civil-service reformer bade him strike and spare not; and, after the prophetic rebuke had been delivered, wrote to him: "I think it is the bravest, timeliest, and most effective piece of pulpit oratory which this generation has heard, and a noble use of a great occasion. If it hurts any one, it will show that he is very sick, and finds in you his physician."

Being so completely a man of his period, Bishop Potter could not but share in that sense of "social compunction" which Mrs. Ward has said distinguishes our age. The fortunate feel for the unfortunate as never before; the educated for the ignorant; the safe for the imperilled. In many forms of humanitarian work, even when not calling itself religious, the Bishop of New York took interest. He gave name and pen and voice and time to charitable causes. His independent mind did not permit him to refrain from criticising philanthropy, when he thought it mistaken, and at times his reformatory zeal took a turn which exposed him to ridicule, as in his proposals for church saloons. But his good nature and firm poise enabled him to take the raillery, and even the denunciation, with a smile. He had the saving grace of humor, for lack of which too many social reformers have been a trifle forbidding in their earnestness.

It would be stretching eulogy to say that Bishop Potter always escaped the dangers which beset a churchman engaging freely in civic and political movements. People expect a clergyman to bring to such work higher standards, finer motives, and a more unyielding conscience than the average layman. But, unhappily, the children of light are not always wiser than their generation. They do not invariably rise superior to their environment. When they find all men compromising, they are very apt to compromise, too, and to bow down in the House of Rimmon. This is bad for them personally, and it is bad for their sacred calling. We do not like to see our spiritual guides acting as if they were no better than politicians. So it was necessarily with something of a shock that people saw Bishop Potter recant his first strong words about the recreancy to American principles involved in our treatment of the Filipinos. This had a disheartening tendency, in the public mind, to classify him with Chauncey Depew.

One cannot, however, have in this world a quality without the hazard of its defect. In general, Bishop Potter represented a most useful form of religion—that which does not hold itself aloof from the world, in cell or oratory, but goes to mart and university and forum, to meet and study human nature in the concrete, to take as well as to give, and learn while teaching. In the large division of labor of the church—what the Apostle recognized as "diversity of gifts"—there is room for many types of service. Some are called to the brooding life apart, their looks commercing with the skies. Others do their best work in touch with their fellows, letting all the streams of tendency play full upon them, and endeavoring to influence life at many points. The late Bishop of New York will be most missed because his death marks the disappearance of what was long a great civic figure.

THE PARTIES AND THE PROFESSIONS.

Mr. Bryan's speech on Saturday to a visiting delegation of teachers and scholars serves not to settle a question, but to raise one. Passing from "the divine law of rewards" to the importance and special qualifications for the work of teaching, Mr. Bryan emerges with the query, "And yet what is your remuneration?" The complaint is not a new one. It is only an irritant, political version of Johnson's Grub Street couplet:

> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

The real question it raises is the interest of professional men as a class in the economic and political struggles which loom so large to-day.

Upon this subject there are two sharply antithetical views. The one is that of Prof. Werner Sombart of Breslau, the historian of Socialism, who insists that professional people are "outside the class struggle" between capitalists and the proletariat. According to Sombart, those who render personal and professional services are not welded together by any feeling of class unity. They attach themselves to one camp or the other according as they are inclined individually by personal ties of kinship or acquaintance with individuals in either camp. Instead of reckoning on the *intellectuels*, or the learned proletariat, as eventual recruits for Socialism, the Breslau professor looks at them as an atomic agglomeration prospering each like a parasite, only as that party prospers to which professional people as individuals are attached.

A sharply opposed view is taken by an American scholar, Prof. J. C. Van Dyke of Rutgers College, in his recent vivacious little book, "The Money God." After inveighing against the relative and the absolute disparity in pay presented by a statistical comparison of artisans' wages and the average earnings of clergymen, lawyers, and teachers in the United States, Professor Van Dyke ascribes the low remuneration of professional men to a two-fold cause. They are not organized into aggressive political units like the trades unions, and are consequently victimized by predatory wealth and a robber tariff. They scorn, moreover, says their apologist, to prefer their class interest to the general interest of the community, and reap the reward of their altruism in their meagre compensation. Artists and authors, for example, would be ashamed to suggest the exclusion of European competitors or their products.

The chances are that in each of these opposing views there is a blend of truth and falsehood. Sombart's assumption that professional people "stand outside the class struggle" and have nothing to gain as a class, whether capitalists or trades unionists have the ear of the Legislature, is probably untrue. It comes dangerously near the exploded notion that unless a man's labor takes definite, tangible, vendible shape, the labor is unproductive or socially useless. If this were so, the man who trains horses is a producer, while the man who trains men is an economic parasite. The German savant is probably right, however, in emphasizing the absence of a distinct class interest among all grades of professional men. Their class interest is not focused, at all events, and so is often politically negligible. On the other hand, our American defender of the professional man probably imputes to his brethren somewhat too large an infusion of disinterestedness and altruism. The exceptionally gifted lawyer is said not to scruple to exact large fees; and the same thing has been hinted even of eminent specialists in medicine. But with due allowance for these failings, it is incontestably true that the interests of professional men have been systematically neglected, and even betrayed by legislators and politicians. A British finance minister once contended that the most heavily taxed people in England, in proportion to their means, were the small income-tax payers, "where the cloth coat leaves off and the fustian jacket begins." And it would be nothing surprising if the same thing were true to-day in the United States.

So far as the present campaign is concerned, it cannot be said that the economic interests of the professional classes are likely to be very carefully treated by either party. These classes will still sell their services in a competitive market and buy their supplies of tariff-fed Trusts and their labor of the "job-Trusts," *alias* the unions. Mr. Bryan's solicitude will be discounted by many of the teachers and other professional men. They will remember how ready he was to confiscate their savings and shrink their insurance policies in 1896, "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." They will

recall with alarm his approval of special legislation to legalize the boycott and to weaken the equity powers of the courts. They will remember his versatility in lending an ear to the loudest note in the welkin, now donning the uniform of the volunteer colonel, and now lecturing on "The Prince of Peace." They may even notice that, though the platform plank promising a Cabinet portfolio to a labor representative has his hearty approval, it does not occur to him that a Minister of Education could be of any service at his official council board. Nor has the Republican party, as a party, any claim on the professional classes. It has restricted the importation of books and scientific apparatus and put a tariff on works of art. It has raised the professional man's cost of living without any corresponding compensation, and shorn all uncomplaining consumers in ways without number. But for all this, the old adage that the frying pan is preferable to the fire will occur to many a weary-hearted and well-robbed professional man.

LESSONS FROM A FRENCH NOVEL.

It is risky to suggest going to school to the French novelist; but we should learn of our enemies as well as love them. In the best French fiction there is a quality that is almost unknown in the American novel—a fineness of flavor and workmanship that makes our six best sellers seem amateurish and flat. When a choice is possible, many readers will still prefer an unknown novel from France to a native product, and on perfectly valid grounds. The English writers who are so clamant for Latin liberty in dealing with matters not hitherto openly discussed in polite English society, by no means possess the whole secret. It may well appear to thoughtful minds that the limit set by Anglo-Saxon taste is not a thing to chafe at, but to be thankful for. There are areas of the higher moral life secured by it which are scarcely dreamt of in the French philosophy. There is no great English novelist of whom it can be said, as was said of Balzac, that he could not portray a good woman. There are national as well as individual specialties; and it is a credit to the English that they have not much striven to excel in the field proscribed by their own traditions and already preëmpted by the French. In commending the French novel it is necessary to add the caution to throw away the worser part and live the purer with the other half. It must be esteemed, as Matthew Arnold esteemed it, for the virtues in which the English race is particularly deficient.

The occasion of these reflections is a new novel, "Ciel rouge," of which two parts have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author is Baronne Aimery de Pierrebourg ("Claude Ferval"), whose earlier novel, "L'Autre amour," was crowned by the French Academy. The plot of "Ciel rouge," so far as it has been published, is startlingly conventional. It is the very old story of a dreamy, inexperienced girl, Laurence Bertal—nourished, by the way, on Balzac's "Le Lys dans la vallée"—given in marriage by worldly-wise parents to Ivan de Kermor, a lieutenant in the army. Lieut. Kermor is a man of property and a strong sense of proprietary right in every part of the household, including the members of his family. Of spiritual sympathies and aspirations he is destitute. The customary disillusionment follows for Laurence. The care of a growing daughter fills her hungry heart for some years; but eventually, in her mature womanhood, she meets in the drawing-room of her own father a poet whose heart is as hungry as her own. "Il sembla à Laurence qu'ils se tendaient l'un à l'autre la coupe vide de leurs cœurs." This is enough of the story to point the moral, deplorable as it is. Indeed, it is only on the technical side that "Ciel rouge" offers us anything of value.

The American mind athirst for novelty must regard such a plot as intolerably commonplace; why read the story at all? The Frenchman, on the other hand, would probably no more think of making that objection than the Athenian would have made objection to the "Prometheus" of Æschylus on the ground that he had heard the fable before. For the French novel seems to have reached a stage in some ways analogous to that reached by the Greek drama in the age of Pericles. The wise tragic dramatist, Aristotle pointed out, did not waste his energy in the search for unexplored material and strange themes. Prior to the classic age, to be sure, writers had made all manner of experiments; but the best practice of the great days confined itself to a few familiar subjects—Thebes or Pelops' line or the tale of Troy. The originality of the poet was exhibited in his invention within the limits of the well-known story, in the beauty of his diction, and in the profundity of his comment on life. So far as plot and material are concerned, the French novelist has comparatively little to decide. It is merely a question of a few formulas within one of which he must work.

Now precisely where the French novel is strong the American novel is weak, and vice versa. We feel, perhaps justly enough, that our fiction is more wholesome and more fairly representative of our life. We have not yet produced *the* American novel, and probably never shall. But we have a large body of more or less deciduous literature, which, taken together, mirrors in its crude way the American scene. We have New England novels and novels of the great Northwest, Chicago novels, and novels of New Orleans; and, on the whole, we are pretty well pleased with the variety and abundance of our literary output. But this large and heterogeneous mass of fiction has the defect of its qualities; it lacks choiceness and distinction. Prof. William James asserts with incorrigible optimism that "without too much you cannot have enough of anything. Lots of inferior books, lots of bad statues, lots of dull speeches, of tenth-rate men and women, as a condition of the few precious specimens in either kind being realized." As the condition, yes; but as the cause, no. We can never have the precious things in literature merely by adding to the multitude of cheap things. We can never have a fine piece of fiction merely by seeking some new thing. On the rock of novelty many of our writers split; they are mortally afraid of conventionality. Their search is all for new themes, new theories, new social groups to exploit. The result is a great increase in raw material, but little or no progress in the art of using it.

When American fiction reaches the classic age, we shall find its authors taking more thought for the morrow. They will remember that in a little while their novelties will be very stale, and recognize that nothing can preserve their work from oblivion but some special grace and fineness of workmanship. Consequently, they will accept with gladness the conventional and obvious plot as giving them leisure to devote themselves to transmuting their raw materials into the refined and precious product of art. They will work, for the most part, in harmony with the established order, discerning that pamphleteering for upstart social and political causes is foreign to the spirit of their calling. They will cordially refrain from offending the noble moral prejudices of the race; for they will find in them the helpful limitations of their best work.

THE PERIL OF THE BOOK STORE.

The recent statement of Frank H. Dodd, president of the American Publishers' Association, regarding the decision of the Appellate Division as to right to fix prices of copyright books contains some significant comment on conditions in the book-trade. He says:

> The object which the publishers have all along had in view is not to increase their own prices or profits, but to guarantee dealers in books a fair profit such as will enable them to maintain themselves, and thus to preserve the book store from decline or even extinction. . . . The publishers have tried not only to conserve the book stores, but to foster the business of department stores in the better class of literature. . . . Should they be unsuccessful, the inevitable outcome will be a lessened output of the more serious and valuable books. The difficulty of selling these

has already increased to a serious extent. The progressive publisher will, of course, adapt himself to the market, and should it become necessary for him to publish nothing but light fiction, he can do so. But if the business had no higher ideals than this, many of those who have given their lives to it would be engaged in other and more remunerative callings.

The phrase "higher ideals" implies that in the production and sale of books, as of other works of art, other considerations than the purely commercial must enter. Books are not to be viewed as a mere commodity, like pork and wheat, to which no sentiment attaches. The author, the publisher, the retailer, and the buyer must each in the long run get a fair return for their outlay of brains, of capital and business skill, and of money, but that fair return is not to be reckoned wholly in terms of dollars and cents. There is a margin, often small but none the less real, to be charged to other accounts.

In the case of the author the fact is clearly enough recognized. The writer who will go on turning out pot-boilers at the most rapid pace, who will sacrifice the quality of his work to quantity simply for the sake of money, is everywhere condemned. He is an artist who prostitutes his art to sordid ends. This common feeling—and it is at bottom just—explains the outcry when Trollope's "Autobiography" was published. To the casual reader Trollope appeared to be turning out fiction by the yard, just as a cotton-mill turns out sheeting. Trollope's emphasis on his method of composition certainly lent color to the notion that his chief concern was to fill as many pages as possible and led people to forget that he was also a careful artist. We like to think of our author as writing only when in a fine lyric rapture, and as living patiently on oatmeal till he is seized by the inspiration. The rest of us are at liberty to plod along mechanically at our more highly paid tasks; but in the realm of literature we insist that no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame.

Nor does this obligation stop with the artist. The ideal publisher is a man who is primarily interested in disseminating sound literature. We admit that he should make a fair profit, but if profit is all that he looks for, he should devote himself to what Mr. Dodd calls "other and more remunerative callings." And our ideal is often realized. The long list of notable publishers is made up of men who have brought to the undertaking the standards not of a mere trade, but of a profession. They have felt a compulsion to seek for good books regardless of immediate return. That is the honorable tradition established through several generations, say, by the Murrays of London. That is the tradition maintained by the foremost firms in this country. "I like to bring out my books through Mr. ———," said a writer on philosophy recently, "because he is something of a philosopher himself and takes a personal interest in the matter." The phrase applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all high-minded publishers. They are men of education and taste who will not print a book in which they and their kind may not take a legitimate interest. Granted that in publishing there are shysters as in law, quacks as in medicine, and sensationalists as in journalism, the fact remains that the best men in the business are governed by an intellectual and ethical code different from that of the maker of steel billets.

And this code, as Mr. Dodd plainly intimates, must be extended to the retailer if our purveyors of literature are not to come to grief. The difficulty with the book-counter of the average department store is that the books there are treated exactly as if they were calico, breakfast food, or wash-tubs. They are bought in vast quantities at the lowest possible cost, and are indiscriminately sold at bargain prices. We do not deny that a few of these book departments are competently conducted or that the cheapest and worst of them may be useful in bringing books to the attention of people who might otherwise never dream of buying them. But in general the book department which is but a small section of a huge shop can never be a substitute for the regular well-stocked book-store which it seems to be killing. The busy, hurried, crowded aisles of the big store do not invite to sauntering, and a leisurely tasting of this book and that till one has hit upon something that catches the fancy. The brisk young woman, whose ignorance of literature, except the last popular novel, is so abysmal, cannot take the place of the well-read bookman who is glad to have you sample his wares and who can, if asked, give you judicious advice as to the flavor of almost any volume on his shelves. The picture of the real book-seller has often been drawn from life—the man who actually loves books, and delights to handle them and to discuss them with an appreciative purchaser. The genus is, we fear, becoming extinct. In a few of our smaller cities he still survives and leads a precarious existence; perhaps half a dozen of the tribe may be found in the wilds of Manhattan. Wherever he lives he is a humanizing influence which we cannot afford to lose in this age of iron and concrete. If the publishers can do anything to keep him alive, they will deserve well of the republic of letters.

But the publishers cannot bear the burden alone. The rest of us also have a duty to discharge. A well-stocked and intelligently managed book-shop may be regarded as an important public institution. It deserves consideration and support beyond that accorded to most mercantile enterprises. If we ask author, publisher, and book-seller to make some sacrifice for the sake of literature, we must also do our share. It is worth our while to buy at the good book-shop, even if we occasionally miss a bargain in cheap reprints, shop-worn or shoddy bindings, or cut-rate novels at the department store. The great truth that man shall not live by bread alone applies to buyers quite as much as to the makers of books.

NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 1.

None of the Australasian experiments in government has attracted more attention in foreign countries than the system of industrial arbitration first projected in South Australia, then established in New Zealand, and next imported by New South Wales and Western Australia. None has provoked more controversy. In the United States alone the system has been written of with mere eulogy, and the colony has been described as "the land without strikes." These treatises Henry Broadhead believes to be dangerously misleading. They have been composed by casual visitors, who looked at the system from the outside, and never once saw the real nature of the thing they professed to examine. Mr. Broadhead is differently situated. For seven years he has been the secretary of the Canterbury Employers' Association, and for three years he has sat on the Canterbury Board of Conciliation. His dealings with arbitration have therefore been many and intimate, and in his "State Regulation of Labor and Labor Disputes in New Zealand" (Christchurch: Whitcombe & Tombs), he has clearly stated the results of a long inquest.

What is his verdict? Briefly, that the system has had but a partial and limited success and has been largely a failure. He does justice to its few good deeds. It has made an end of strikes. So, at least, it seemed twelve months ago. A formidable strike was then legally suppressed with a decision that spoke volumes for the efficacy of the method. The triumph was, we can now perceive, short-lived. For months past another strike has been on foot, and, though the machinery of the new law was put in motion in the same manner, the strike still drags on. We may further add that, in New South Wales, the same system sits paralyzed in presence of a strike. Next, Mr. Broadhead admits that it has stopped sweating. Has it? In many industries in Sydney the worker receives only the old wages, while he signs books which show that he is receiving the wages fixed by the Court of Arbitration. The chief business of the court has been to fix a minimum wage—an attempt which, Mr. Broadhead pronounces "very unsatisfactory." We can now go still further and affirm that it has been mischievous and unjust. Since the book was published, Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, has admitted, what keen observers long ago predicted, that the minimum wage has in practice proved to be the maximum wage. As the minimum wage has commonly been made higher than the industry could afford, the masters have had to cut down the wages of the more skilled

workmen. And Sir Joseph avows that legislation will have to repair the injustice—that is, undo its own handiwork!

Mr. Broadhead puts his finger on the most salient defect of the system by showing that it has been made an instrument for the creation of "industrial disputes," and he gives pungent examples of the way such disputes are got up. He carefully examines the effects of the working of the system. It has raised wages, but it has also raised prices, and the increase of prices, and especially of rents, has been so disproportionate that, according to the secretary of the labor department, "soon only the empty shell of an apparent prosperity will be left." The effects on trade have been serious. Several industries have been driven from New Zealand; and for some years hardly any new industries have been started. The prices of locally manufactured articles have risen, the volume of imported commodities has increased out of all proportion to the increase of the population. There is, moreover, no prospect of finality in industrial legislation. An amending bill was introduced last session, and the other day the system was completely recast in New South Wales. Factitious disputes, artificial rises of wages, consequent unreal prosperity, industrial unsettlement, and a probable collapse of the system when hard times arrive—such is the gist of Mr. Broadhead's indictment against state industrial arbitration in New Zealand.

The ambitious new series, Makers of Australasia, opens auspiciously with a work on "The Explorers of Australia," by Ernest Favenc (Whitcombe & Tombs). The author is the highest authority on all matters connected with the geography and exploration of Australia, and in a dozen different forms—endless articles in the colonial press, tales, and poems, but especially in a classical "History of Australian Exploration," published twenty years ago—he has poured forth his knowledge with a lavish hand. The new work is no mere *réchauffé* of the earlier treatise. It is supplementary and complementary. Having had access to the unpublished diaries of many of the explorers, to the private letters and memoranda of persons in all the States, and to contemporary newspapers, Mr. Favenc has been able to add a mass of details to the story he had already told. Himself a successful explorer, he has given the narrative the local coloring that could flow only from the pen of one who had personally experienced the vicissitudes of the explorer's life—its high hopes and visionary dreams, its joyful or splendid surprises, the first freshness of dawn in new scenes, and the lying down in despair to die. The work is exhaustive, because the achievement it records is complete. The vast island-continent has been thoroughly traversed. All but one of the larger explorations were carried out by government officers, or at the cost of government. The only notable exception was the heroic journey of E. J. Eyre (afterwards Governor of Jamaica, and a hero of Carlyle's) across the Great Australian Bight, and that was fruitless. Only one explorer—the unfortunate Dr. Leichardt—was in a high degree scientifically equipped, and he lacked the still more necessary qualities of bushmanship and the leadership of men. Again, all was done in the light of day. Pierre de Coubertin laments that a crowd of French explorers of Louisiana worked and died in the dark. We can follow the track of every Australian explorer save one, who was mysteriously lost in the desert. Of the rare tragedies, and no less of the useful work, Mr. Favenc tells the story with a minute accuracy never before approached, save by himself. Thus he corrects the error that attributes to Count Strzelecki the discovery of Gippsland. The value of the book is greatly augmented by fifty portraits, many of them now first published.

A small but useful treatise, "Modern Education: Its Defects and Their Remedies," by the most widely experienced and successful of New Zealand educators, Dr. Macmillan Brown, covers the whole field of education, from the primary school to the university. He denounces the system of examinations as at present conducted; he deplores the worship of "the isolated fact," to which the tyranny of examinations has led; and he condemns the "Liebigized text-books" into which knowledge is now boiled down.

In 1830, a book with the modest title, "The New Zealanders," was published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. As it bore the name of no author, and as the society had Lord Brougham for its president, the statement was strangely made, and has often been repeated, that the "work was revised and parts written by" the versatile ex-chancellor. It is now known to have been the production of George Lillie Craik, one of the authors of that admirable collection of treatises, "The Pictorial History of England," and afterwards professor of English literature in Queen's College, Belfast. The whole book is excellent, but its main value now resides in eight chapters describing the manners and customs of the Maoris. They were in substance taken down by Craik from the mouth of John Rutherford, a runaway sailor, who escaped from an English ship touching at New Zealand and sought refuge among the Maoris. The savages made much of him and gave him two daughters of a chief in marriage. Escaping a second time, (for he grew to loathe his wild life), he got back to England, where Craik interviewed him and drew from him this extremely instructive account of a savage people. The chapters containing the record, doubtless much manipulated, have been cheaply reprinted by Whitcombe & Tombs ("John Rutherford, the White Chief") and introduced afresh by James Drummond, the biographer of Seddon. Another valuable reprint by the same publishers is "Adventure in New Zealand, from 1839 to 1844," by E. J. Wakefield, son of the eminent colony-founder, Edward Gibbon Wakefield. It abounds in matter especially interesting to the student of colonization. Believers in the origin of society by means of a "social compact" will find two striking instances in this volume. The first shaping of new communities is described by a qualified observer; the more picturesque sides of their relations with the indigenes are well illustrated, and there are pen-portraits of notable Maori chiefs. A biographical introduction is supplied by Sir Robert Stout. The chief justice of New Zealand, who was at one time its premier, takes the opportunity of sketching, in a superior manner, the establishment of parliamentary government in the colony.

J. C.

EARLY BOOKS ABOUT NEW JERSEY.

The earliest printed books relating to New Jersey are a series of small quarto tracts prepared by the Scottish and English proprietors for the purpose of encouraging emigration. Six of these tracts are known, dated from 1676 to 1685; but, as they are all extremely rare, it may be possible that others were printed though now lost. The earliest now known has the title: "A Further Account of New Jersey, In an Abstract of Letters Lately Writ from thence, By several Inhabitants there Resident. Printed in the Year 1676." Since this is called a "Further Account," it is reasonably certain that some earlier "Account" was prepared, though it may have been circulated in manuscript and never printed. The first letter in this "Further Account" is from Richard Hartshorne, who lived in Middletown, N. J. Four copies are known—two in England (in the Britisb Museum and the Huth collection), and two in America (one in the Lenox Library, and the other, in a private library in this city).

The second publication, a similar collection of letters, has the title: "An Abstract, or Abbreviation of some Few of the Many (Later and Former) Testimonys from the Inhabitants of New Jersey, and Other Eminent Persons. Who have Wrote particularly concerning that Place. London, Printed by Thomas Milbourn, in the Year, 1681." Five copies are known—two in private libraries in this city, one in a private library in Newark, one in the John Carter Brown Library, in Providence, and one in the British Museum.

The next year, two pamphlets were printed. Of one, "Proposals by the Proprietors of East Jersey in America for the Building of a Town on Ambo Point," only a single copy is known, in the John Carter Brown Library. Of the other, "A Brief Account of the Province of East Jersey in America," there were two editions, or issues, as the two known copies differ. In the John Carter Brown Library copy, the earlier variety, the names of the proprietors are printed on a slip which is pasted down on the last leaf. The second copy, recently discovered and acquired by a private collector in this city, has the list of names printed on the title page. This pamphlet was reprinted by Smith in his "History of New Jersey," 1765. This "Brief Account" was prepared and printed in London by the English proprietors, William Penn and others. The next year, 1683, there was printed in Edinburgh, "A Brief Account of the Province of East New Jarsey in America: Published by the Scots Proprietors Having Interest there." Four copies are known—in the Lenox and John Carter Brown libraries, and in private collections in New York and Chicago. One of the two latter is the Barlow copy which Sabin thought to be the only one known.

The sixth and last of these quarto tracts is "An Advertisement Concerning the Province of East-New-Jersey in America. Published for the Information of such as are desirous to be concerned therein, or to transport themselves thereto. Edinburgh, Printed for John Reid, Anno Dom. 1685."

Only two copies are known—one in the Lenox Library, the other in a private library in this city.

A thick, small 12mo was also issued by the Scottish proprietors in 1685. It was compiled by George Scott and printed in Edinburgh by John Reid, who printed several of the quartos. It has the title: "The Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America; And Encouragements for such as Designs to be concerned there. Published for Information of such as are desirous to be Interested in that place." There are two issues, alterations having been made on pages 37 and 38. In the earlier form intended, it is said, for circulation in Scotland, there is a passage recommending religious freedom as an inducement for emigration. This was modified in copies intended for circulation in England. The earlier form is the rarer. This book is much more common than the quarto pamphlets, some sixteen or more copies being known. A copy of the first issue brought £120 at Sotheby's in June last.

The Lenox Library has the only known copy of a folio broadside "Advertisement, To all Trades-men, Husbandmen, Servants, and others who are willing to Transport themselves unto the Province of New-East-Jersey in America, a great part of which belongs to Scots-men, Proprietors thereof."

Other rare early printed pamphlets relating to New Jersey are: "A True Account of the Dying Words of Ockanickon, an Indian King," 1682, a copy of which brought $1,450 in the Weeks sale in 1902; "The Planter's Speech to his Neighbors & Country-Men of Pennsylvania, East & West-Jersey, And to all such as have Transported themselves into New-Colonies for the sake of a quiet retired Life," by Thomas Tryon, London, 1684, of which only one copy is known in this form; and Thomas Budd's "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey in America," 1685.

Correspondence.

THE "BURNING REPORT" OF 1779.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In studying the materials in the Papers of the Continental Congress, I have traced an incident which appears to be almost unknown, and on which the records themselves are not complete. It concerns the policy of the Continental Congress in the matter of making retaliations for destruction, more or less wanton, committed by the British troops; and the suggestion of action came from Washington himself, whose horror of all the cruelty that war necessitated is to be found in his acts and correspondence. No doubt the conduct of the English and Hessians, commanded at times by men who had been closely connected with the colonies as residents or officials, was particularly exasperating. A particular instance was the issue of a proclamation to the inhabitants of Connecticut by Sir George Collier and Major-Gen. Tryon, then on a marauding expedition in that State. They breathed threats of destruction against all who should be acting under the State government, and asserted that "the existence of a single habitation on your defenceless coast ought to be a constant reproof to your ingratitude." But the attitude taken by Congress on this occasion was quite as extreme, and that position is defined by the two documents now printed for the first time.

On July 13, 1779, Washington sent to Congress the Collier proclamation with other papers relating the cruelties perpetrated by the English in their raid into Connecticut, and added: "If it is practicable, it seems to me high time to retaliate by destroying some of their towns." Six days later his letter was read in Congress, and that body was much stirred by the disclosures. The papers were first referred to the Committee of Intelligence, whose sole function was to prepare matter for publication in the press. They were also referred to a special committee of three, composed of Gouverneur Morris, William Carmichael, and William Whipple. Of these, Morris was the ablest and possessed some imagination, as well as a facile pen; Carmichael was respectable, and is best known for his service in France and Spain; and Whipple was known to be versed in shipping interests. Considering the importance of the questions involved, it was not a strong committee.

Nor did this exhaust the action of Congress. On a motion of Drayton, of South Carolina, seconded by Penn, of North Carolina, the Marine Committee was directed to take the most effectual measures to carry into execution a threat of retaliation formally made by Congress in the previous October, "by destroying the towns belonging to the enemy in Great Britain and the West Indies." This motion was adopted by a close vote, five States in favor, four against, and three divided. It is significant that the States most exposed to the enemy were either opposed to the motion (Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and North Carolina), or were divided in opinion (New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina). Morris voted against it, Carmichael for it, and Whipple's vote is not recorded.

What was the action of the Marine Committee? The evidence is to be found in a paper, without date or signature, among the Washington letters to the Congress. It was doubtless placed among them in error, for if it had been submitted to the general for his views, some mention of it would occur in his correspondence. Thomson states that it was returned to the secretary's office by the committee of three, so the letter could hardly have been sent out before that committee reported. The handwriting is the only clue to the writer, and that is of William Whipple, who was at once a member of the Marine Committee and the Committee of Three. The paper was unquestionably prepared for the former committee, but there is nothing to show that it received the endorsement of the full Marine Committee. It must have been submitted by Whipple to the special committee, and guided its action. The document is as follows:

Sir: Inclosed you have a certified Copy of a Resolution of Congress dated July 19, 1779; by which you will perceive the Marine Committee are empowered and directed by Congress to carry into Execution their Manifesto of the 30 of Octr., 1778. In pursuance of this Authority, and for the more speedy accomplishment of the Ends proposed, we authorise and most earnestly request you, to take every Measure in your power to aid and assist us in the Execution of this Business.

It is not our intentions to confine the Measures to be used on this Occasion to open and hostile operations; But on the contrary it is expected, and we wish and desire that you would cause, at the Expence of the United States, any of the Towns of Great Britain or the West Indies, secretly to be set on fire. In particular London, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh are to be considered as the first objects of national retaliatory resentment; and above all, London, the Seat of Royal Residence and vindictive rage, and the quarter from which have issued the orders for the conflagrations which have by the Enemy been lighted up in these United States.

America would have the Monarch see, that when provoked she can light up fires even at his own Doors. And in this Business it is requested that you will use every possible Exertion. This Measure, in which so many Calamities are involved, and so contrary to the known and acknowledged Humanity with which Congress have heretofore carried on the present war, has at length become, for the sole and direct purpose of self-preservation, absolutely and indispensably necessary, from the cruel and unprecedented Manner in which our Enemies are daily carrying on the present War. Our Villages on the Sea Coasts are numerous, most of them defenceless, and all of them, with very few Exceptions, exposed and easily accessible to a naval Force, which renders them at any Time a prey to a savage and desolating Enemy.

The Towns of ——— here to fore laid in ashes, the late successful attempts in burning and destroying the Villages of Fairfield, Norwalk and Bedford in Connecticut and New York, and the unquestionable proofs Congress have received, that the Vengeance denounced against these States in the Manifesto of the British Commissioners will be executed in its fullest extent, has induced them, as the only effectual Means, to put a stop to the further destruction of our Country, to retaliate upon our Enemy by destroying, if possible, some of the most distinguished Cities in Great Britain and the West Indies.

Our Countrymen have long complained of the slow and forbearing disposition of Congress when every day announces to them the destruction of some part of their Country. To meet these Ideas, they have at length solemnly determined to revenge themselves on their Enemies, and to leave untried no exertions for carrying into execution their Manifesto of the 30 of Octr., 1778.

A few desperate [determined] Men, under the promise of handsome rewards, and well acquainted with the Situation of the large Towns in England and Scotland, will perhaps be the best instruments that can be employed for the accomplishment of this Work. We do not however wish to point out any Mode that shall be obligatory upon you; your own Judgment and observation will readily suggest to you such steps as are most likely to answer the Ends proposed.

As the avowed determination of the enemy, as set forth by the British commissioners, is to render us of as little use as possible to our ally, perhaps it would not be improper, if Capt. Jones should be in France, and his own force is inadequate, to request further aid, and attempt the destruction of some of their towns by a naval surprise.

How such a measure will accord with the sentiment of the court of France, your situation will best enable you to determine. If it should appear to you improper to communicate the matter at all to the Minister of France, you will then forbear to do it.

We cannot conclude without once more earnestly pressing upon you, the Necessity of striking some blow similar to those suggested in the resolution of Congress: The destruction of a single village would instantly convince our Enemy of the Danger to which they are exposed, and the Necessity there will be of desisting from the

present destructive mode in carrying on the War.

It is very doubtful if the letter was ever sent to Franklin, and more than probably it was retained by the Committee of Three, and so was never laid before Congress. Dr. Hays informs me that nothing in the Franklin papers shows that he ever received it, nor can any specific instruction to the commanders of American vessels in Europe be traced to this draft. The committee of three reported August 2, and the report, embodying some of the phrases of the Marine Committee paper, was prepared by Gouverneur Morris. The Journals merely state that it was read. There are no marks on the manuscript to show that it was considered, amended, or modified. Thomson has endorsed on it the words "Burning Report," and here the matter appears to have rested. The report is as follows:

Your Committee to whom was referred Genl. Washington's Letter of the 13th July, 1779, with the Enclosures, Beg Leave to report,

The following Draft of a Letter from the Presidt. to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Versailles.

SIR: The Burning of Suffolk in Virginia, Fairfield, East Haven, Green's Farms and Norwalk in Connecticut, together with the Ravages committed in Georgia and South Carolina, form a cruel Commentary upon the Proclamation of the British Commissioners. This Proclamation was defended in their Parliament as meaning no more than that in future the War was to be carried on agt. America as agt. other Nations. It becomes therefore a common Cause of all Nations to punish a People who so daringly violate the Rights of Humanity; and it is particularly incumbent upon the United States as well to check their present Barbarities as to conform to the Manifesto published in Answer to the Proclamation above mentioned and to deter all others by striking Examples from a Breach of those Laws which are held sacred among civilized Nations. I am therefore to instruct you that you employ Incendiaries to set fire to the Capital of the British Dominions, particularly the royal Palace, and to such other Towns in Great Britain as may be most expedient. And as soon as some great Object of this sort can be accomplished, you do in a proper Manifesto avow the same as having been done by the Order of Congress, declare that they are determined at all Times to meet their Enemies in whatever Kind of War they shall chuse to carry on, whether it be of civilized or of savage Nations, and call upon all the Powers of Europe who may have formerly suffered by the Pride and Cruelty of Great Britain, who feel a just Indignation over her present Conduct, to join their Efforts in vindicating the insulted Laws of Humanity. I am, etc.

In the meantime the Committee of Foreign Affairs was so deeply involved in the unfortunate differences among its agents in Europe, that its books and papers were on the table of Congress and its activity in a state of suspense. But one of its members, James Lovell, whose capacity for mischief was measured only by his intense partisanship, wrote to Franklin, July 16, in the name of the committee:

Will no one under a commission from these United States retaliate on the coast of England for the burning of our beautiful Fairfield? A single privateer might, I think, show there a striking sample of the species of war carried on by Britain against America.

The letter reached Franklin while he was receiving news of the little American squadron under Jones, which had been sent out to intercept the Baltic convoy, and had alarmed the north coasts of England, leading to some very expensive movements of troops for their defence. A proposed descent upon England from France, under Lafayette, had been abandoned.

Congress did intend to make some lasting memento of the "barbarities" of the British, and collected on this subject some material, which seems to have been sent to Franklin, so that when the facts should be published, Europe might be impressed, and perhaps aroused. That clever man entertained two plans of publication. Coins of copper were to be made, on one side of which would be some pious, moral, prudential or economical precept (it was a contest between the Proverbs of Solomon and the maxims of Poor Richard); and on the other "good designs, drawn and engraved by the best artists in France, of all the different species of Barbarity with which the English have carried on the war in America, expressing every abominable circumstance of their Cruelty and Inhumanity, that figures can express, to make an Impression on the minds of Posterity as strong and durable as that on the copper." Four months later his plan had changed:

It is expected of me to make a school Book of them [barbarities], and to have 35 prints designed here by good artists and engraved, each expressing one or more of the different horrid facts, to be inserted in the Book, in order to impress the minds of Children and Posterity with a deep sense of your bloody and insatiable Malice and Wickedness.

Fortunately the Burning order was not sent, the coins were not made, and the school book was not prepared.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, July 15.

TRIPLE HONORS TO PROF. HENRY JACKSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The many friends of Professor Jackson of Cambridge, England, will be glad to hear of the triple honors recently conferred on him. Among the birthday honors recently awarded by King Edward VII. is the following:

The Order of Merit.
Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood.
Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, June 26, 1908.

The King has been graciously pleased to make the following appointment to the Order of Merit:

Henry Jackson Esq., D.Litt., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge.

A few days later the new Sheffield University at its first degree congregation, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, made Dr. Jackson a Doctor of Letters (*honoris causa*).

A week later the University of Manchester gave him one of the honorary degrees voted on the nomination of the new Chancellor, Viscount Morley, on his accession to office.

W. W. GOODWIN.

Plymouth, Mass., July 14.

"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN" AND THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The statement in "News for Bibliophiles" (July 9), that "The Two Noble Kinsmen" was "included in the third folio" is incorrect, though also made by several critics and editors, including Dyce and Dr Hudson.

The second (1664) issue of the folio of 1663 included seven spurious or doubtful plays—the other six mentioned in the *Nation* and "Pericles," the only one of the seven in which Shakespeare certainly, or even possibly, had a hand. The fact that "The Two Noble Kinsmen" was rejected by the editor of the 1664 folio is strongly against its being partly Shakespeare's. It was not included in any edition of his works before Dyce's of 1857.

By the way, Dowden, in his invaluable little "Shakspere Primer" (1877), after referring to the "seven additional plays" in the third folio, makes eight of them by printing "The History of Sir John Oldcastle; the good Lord Cobham"—the two being parts of a single title. The mistake has not been corrected—or pointed out, so far as I am aware—in the many reprints of the book for the last thirty years.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., July 13.

Notes.

The Bobbs Merrill Company is bringing out a complete and definitive edition of the "Poems of Madison Cawein." Edmund Gosse furnishes a preface in which he has words of cordial praise for the Kentucky poet.

Sir Harry Johnston announced at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, that he was about to publish a comprehensive work on the regions of the Congo. His material has been derived largely from the researches and notes of the late George Grenfell, and other members of the Baptist mission in that region, which have been placed in his hands by the secretary of the mission for analysis and publication. This accumulation of ethnographic and linguistic material will enable one to realize, he says, that "nowadays most missionaries are at the same time men of science, in one direction or another, earnestly anxious, at no profit to themselves, to place before the world as much accurate information as they can obtain concerning the countries in which they dwell."

For the Mediæval Town Series (The Macmillan Co.), D. A. Chart writes the story of "Dublin." But the history of Dublin is inseparable from the history of Ireland, as a whole, and in this compact little volume of 355 pages the reader will find omitted none of the essential facts of that tragic tale. Dublin, which figures successively as a Danish stronghold, an English outpost, a disaffected Irish subject town, and an Anglo-Irish capital, is, throughout, the heart of Ireland, racked by invaders, wasted by civil war, never genuinely reconciled to England, never likely to accept submissively the domination of the "Castle" and all that it implies. Yet, like the rest of Ireland, Dublin has always shown herself capable of assimilating and turning into patriotic Irishmen the colonists who were meant to Anglicise her. Bestowed as a present on the citizens of Bristol by Henry II., she cheerfully absorbed the crowds of

Bristol men who came over to take possession and to develop Irish commerce, as she had already ahsorbed the Danes. The story of Dublin (Duhh-linn, the black pool) covers ahout two thousand years, for her regular chronology begins ahout 150 A. D. Mr. Chart moves cautiously among the legends of the tribal wars, in which Dublin was always the centre of the storm, and gives an impartial account of the long, tedious conflict with England and of those great Irish fighters and orators who "went forth to war but always fell." Meanwhile, her public buildings and streets were slowly developed, and Mr. Chart, in whom the historical interest is strongest, does not fail to give a complete account of all the monuments of the city. On the whole, it is not exhilarating reading, this story of a city that had every right to become a true capital, and has, so far, failed. Mr. Chart evidently does not look to England for the sequel that may yet transform Dublin into a centre of prosperous national life. The hook is well furnished with good illustrations by Henry J. Howard, maps and an index, and is written in an admirable style.

"Dublin," in the Ancient Cities Series (E P. Dutton & Co.), by Samuel A. Ossory Fitzpatrick, is a guide book, rather than a history, though a good deal of condensed history is included. Its author evidently sympathizes with the Gaelic revival, and gives the Erse equivalents for names of places and persons. The volume is not so attractive in style or dress as Mr. Chart's, but as a guide to Dublin, old and new, it is equally exact and useful. The illustrations, by W. Curtis Green, are attractive, and an appendix furnishes a detailed itinerary for visitors. There is no modern map.

"Edinburgh," in the same series, by M. G. Williamson, is charmingly illustrated by Herbert Railton. The national records of Edinburgh have twice been destroyed by English invaders, under Edward I. and Cromwell, but there are chronicles that fix the date of the building of the castle at 989 B. C., nearly 300 years before Rome was founded. The usual claim is made as to marriage connections of Edinburgh's earliest rulers with the Trojans. The city's consecutive history begins in the fifth century A. D., and from that date the author carries down his narrative to the nineteenth century. He includes a good account of the Golden Age of Edinburgh society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the literary men of Old Edinburgh. The volume is a good, historical guide hook, and contains an itinerary, hut no map of the city.

"Windsor" (the Macmillan Co.) is a handsome addition to a series of books illustrating the beauties of England. There are twenty full-page colored illustrations from the paintings of George M. Henton, described by Sir Richard R. Holmes. The text is a rapid historical commentary on Windsor and its castle from the time of the Normans to the present reign. The chronicle of the lords and kings whose names are associated with this hive of memories is enlivened by well-chosen extracts from Froissart, from the poems of the unhappy Surrey, and from Evelyn, the diarist. The feature of the book, however, is the illustrations which remind one somewhat of the work of Jules Guérin in the Château country of France. The drawing is fine enough to give a clear notion of architectural detail, while at the same time the rich, subdued colors soften the outlines and poetically interpret the charm and mellow antiquity of Windsor. It is a book that will allure the artistic traveller.

If the other Latin-American countries received as much attention as Mexico, students would no longer have cause for complaint that they lack trustworthy information concerning the people and the institutions of the republics of this continent. Although Frederick Starr's "In Indian Mexico" (Chicago: Forbes & Co.) does not pretend to be anything more than a book of travel, it is the work of a keen observer, whose description of the picturesque customs of the Mexican Indians has a deeper significance than a mere collection of interesting details. Combining the qualities of a trained ethonologist with a rare sense of the picturesque, he has given us an altogether admirable book. He has performed for southern Mexico a service similar to that done by Lumholtz for the northern section of the country. His chief interest is in the Indian population; he does not, in the present work, give the scientific results of his investigations, but an account of travel and experiences during the period occupied in collecting ethnological material. Nevertheless, the hook contains observations of great value to the student of primitive peoples. From no other source can one secure so clear an idea of the organization and operation of local institutions in the southern States of the Mexican republic. The numerous interesting illustrations are from photographs taken by the author.

"Mexico of the Twentieth Century" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), hy Percy F. Martin, although more pretentious, is in reality less valuahle than Mr. Starr's book. In his two volumes he attempts to cover the entire field of history, political organization, social customs, industry, and commerce. The monographic studies of the individual States are by far the most valuable portion of the work, and constitute a real contribution to our knowledge of Mexican affairs. Students of Latin-American affairs, therefore, owe him a debt of gratitude for the painstaking care with which he has undertaken a most difficult study. The book is profusely illustrated, but the pictures are not selected with the same care as in the work of Dr. Starr.

N. Newnham-Davis's "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe" (New York: Brentano's) lives up so honestly to its title that it seems almost unfair to censure it for being less delightful than it is. This, however, is the fault of the opening pages, which raise the high hope of a Continental journey in the company not only of an epicure, but a philosopher. The epicure persists with us until the end, displaying a sympathetic intimacy with the palatial resources of Scandinavia, Lusitania, the Near East, and all the Russias, that is little short of amazing. The philosopher abandons us after a while, and the greater part of our way lies through a succession of menus and national tastes that is instructive, interesting, and valuable from the practical point of view, but lacks the touch that makes literature. For instance, the author of a treatise on food who is earnest enough to declare, on page 3, that "the calf which has been fed on milk and yolk of egg, and which has flesh as soft as a kiss and as white as snow, is only to be found in Parisian restaurants," raises expectations to an exalted degree. When we are told that at Voisin's on the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris hy the Germans, ordinary food then being very scarce, the bill of fare included *Consommé d'éléphant, Chameau rôti à l'anglaise and Chat flanqué des rats*, the appetite is whetted for further anecdote. Such expectations the author does not redeem in his later pages, though always, as we have said, there is the same vast detail of information offered in convenient and agreeable form. Still, the acute observation and the light jest crops up now and then. At Monte Carlo, claret wines are extraordinarily cheap because the "winners drink nothing but champagne, the losers water or whiskey and soda."

"Literary and Biographical Essays," by Charles William Pearson (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), is one of those unnecessary books which the world will willingly let die. In dealing with the larger figures, the author is cautious. He thinks that Pope had much good sense, that Macaulay was weak on the spiritual side, that Tennyson divined evolution, that Browning was a good husband, that Ruskin was not so well balanced as Shakespeare, that Lincoln and Washington were our greatest Presidents. More interesting is his judgment of Anne Bradstreet in his essay on "Early American Poetry." At Andover, Mass., one evening she drew from the Merrimac River "an inspiration worthy of Chaucer or Burns or Tennyson." Furthermore, "she is likely to be remembered and honored more and more as the centuries pass." Another striking critical dictum is this: "The Son of Man is the central figure of modern poetry." "Theodore Hook, an English dramatic poet, who lived in the early part of the last century," would he a helpful hint to an illiterate woman's club. One is a little surprised to learn that Sir Philip Sidney was a friend and patron of Shakespeare; the common report goes that Sidney was dead in 1586, about the time Shakespeare probably left Stratford. "If it be a sin to court honor, I am the most offending man alive" is misquoted by Mr. Pearson and attributed to "Percy of Northumberland." The lines were spoken by Henry V. and should read:

> But if it be a sin to covet honour
> I am the most offending soul alive.

Perhaps they will not mind such little slips in the great poetic age to come: "When our present tongues have ceased," says our author, "men in the likeness of angels as they walk by the river of the water of life and stand amid the splendors of the city of pearl and gold, will still treasure poetry."

To the expert, Edmund Dale's "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature" (Putnams) may be of help; chiefly as a collocation of passages, references, and allusions. But in the hands of a beginner the book will, we fear, do more harm than good; for the author is neither methodical nor adequately trained for his self-imposed task. We can put no faith in any one who mixes up indiscrim-

inately Bede's History, the Beowulf poem, Gildas, Nennius, the Chronicle, the Judith poem, Henry of Huntingdon, *et al.* In any case, the Beowulf poem is altogether too conspicuous; it is high time to admit that the poem, though English in speech, is Danish in substance, a story of Seeland and the Island Danes told in conventional formulas handed down from a past that was misty even in the sixth century. Its allusions are still the despair of every cautious scholar. In the absence of clear data we should reject every attempt at reconstructing the mind of the Anglo-Saxon. It is conceivable that he looked with disfavor upon the stone walls and buildings left from the Roman occupation, p. 35, and preferred to build for himself wooden houses in the open; but is it probable? That the author's knowledge is at fault in very many places, we have not the space to demonstrate in full; we can give only one specimen. On page 87, Aelfric's description of the devil's personal appearance "seems undoubtedly to have come from an English picture"! As a matter of fact, Aelfric is here (Homil. i., 467, we supply the reference which our author fails to give) merely following the description given in the apocryphal Acts of St. Bartholomew (see the Edinburgh translation of the Apocrypha, p. 437). The portraiture is probably Jewish, certainly Oriental. The latter portion of the work, the Norman-Angevin-Plantagenet period, rests upon safer ground, yet is not wholly free from exaggerations and errors.

Miss Marie V. Williams's six essays on "The Platonic Theory of Knowledge, as Expounded in the Later Dialogues and Reviewed by Aristotle" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), are a thoughtful and creditable piece of work to have been produced during the "tenure of a studentship at Newnham College." Beyond this, the critic's estimate will depend on the school of Platonic interpretation to which he belongs. Miss Williams is a pupil of Henry Jackson and Mr. Archer-Hind. She endeavors, while presenting in the main their view of the Platonic metaphysics and the alleged modification of the theory of ideas in the later dialogues, to correct some of the undeniable errors that have been pointed out in their presentation, and to meet or evade the criticisms which it has called forth in the *American Journal of Philology* and elsewhere. Much reading between the lines would be required to determine how far her phrasing represents the second thoughts of her teachers, how far it is dictated by the becoming deference and gratitude of a pupil. We cannot reargue the question here, but must limit ourselves to a typical illustration of her method. She has apprehended the fact that the "Parmenides" and the "Sophist" represent the ideas as a sort of necessary Kantian postulate or precondition of conceptual thought. But instead of recognizing that this is a sufficient explanation of Plato's maintenance of the paradox in the face of the objections which were as patent to him as they can be to his critics, she infers (p. 13) that the revised Platonic doctrine is "that predication is a *sine qua non* of logical analysis, and that no transcendental explanation need be assumed." So again (p. 21) she says: "We have vindicated the right of the soul to pass judgment on any data supplied to her without the mediation of any exalted and mysterious existences called ideas." The true Platonic inference, of course, is that the transcendental basis remains a necessary postulate even if we cannot fully explain its nature.

The second volume of Prof. Sydney J. Chapman's "Work and Wages" (Longmans, Green & Co.) deals mainly with trade unions, arbitration, and workingmen's insurance. The introductory chapter, however, supplies an excellent statement of the laws of wages and profits and the effect of combination upon wages. It is in the main a hopeful picture that Professor Chapman draws. Labor organizations have accomplished much good as well as some harm; they may be useful in promoting industrial peace; and all the evidence points to a steady improvement in the condition of labor. He does not favor old-age pensions, and estimates that a pension of five shillings a week would enable only a very limited number of destitute aged persons to leave the workhouse. He favors, instead, expenditure to secure the best possible development of the young in health and intelligence. The volume contains a brief introduction by Lord Brassey, author of the work upon which Professor Chapman's is modelled.

"The Derbys of Salem, Massachusetts," by Robert E. Peabody, is noteworthy as being the college exercise of a Harvard junior of such interest that it has been published in the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute. It is "a study of eighteenth century commerce carried on by a family of typical New England merchants," the trade being largely with the West Indies. But it was not all peaceful, as appears from the statement in regard to Elias Hasket Derby that "of the 158 armed vessels fitted out from the port of Salem during the Revolution, he appears as owner, or part owner, of twenty-five, and it is safe to say that he had shares in and helped fit out twice as many more." After the battle of Lexington, the Provincial Congress employed Capt. John Derby of the schooner Quero to carry to England a document giving the American version of the affair, and he arrived before the vessel bearing Gen. Gage's official dispatches, though he sailed four days after. In 1783 Capt. Derby was at Nantes in command of the Astrea, and, learning that the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Paris, immediately set sail and was the first to bring the news of the close of the war to America. "A fortnight after Capt. Derby's arrival, Washington ordered the cessation of hostilities, and thus brought the war to a close." The Derbys now disarmed their ships and embarked in the trade with the East Indies and China, of which they were practically the founders. The conditions in New England towards the end of the war are indicated by the prices of standard commodities given in a letter written in 1780: "Pins at 1s. apiece, needles at 2s. . . . A suit of clothes which cost five guineas here [England] would cost five hundred dollars in Boston." Several portraits and pictures add to the value of this unique pamphlet.

"The True Story of Andersonville Prison," by James M. Page and M. J. Haley (New York: Neale Publishing Co.), is avowedly a defence of Major Henry Wirz. Lieutenant Page, whose military experiences the volume records, was a prisoner at Andersonville from February to October, 1864. He had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Wirz, and to have several interviews with him on matters connected with prison life and discipline; and while the unique relationship did not result in any mitigation of the narrator's own sufferings or blind him to the horrors of the place, it showed him a side of Wirz's character which many writers on this phase of the Civil War have either grossly misrepresented or completely ignored. So far as his own experience and observation go, Mr. Page feels able to deny *in toto* the oft-repeated charges of robbery, brutality, and neglect which survivors of Andersonville have lodged against Wirz; and he cites a number of acts of consideration and even kindness on the part of Wirz and his subordinates which one would fain believe were typical rather than exceptional. That Wirz was, in the main, a victim of circumstances; that the dreadful conditions in the prison were due in part to the poverty and demoralization of the Confederacy, and in part to the refusal of the Federal authorities either to exchange prisoners or to provide for the relief of Union captives; and that Wirz was hanged less because he was guilty of the offences charged than because Northern vengeance demanded a victim, are facts which records now available tend strongly to confirm; and Mr. Page's volume, though written not without obvious prejudice, adds interesting personal testimony to the same effect.

A second edition of Wilkin Updike's "History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, R. I., Including a History of Other Episcopal Churches in the State," brings before us, in much enlarged form, a useful work which was first issued in 1847 and soon became a "bibliographical rarity." D. B. Updike (who publishes the three volumes at the Merrymount Press, Boston) long had in mind to reëdit the work of his grandfather, but, being obliged to relinquish the undertaking was fortunate in getting Dr. Daniel Goodwin, sometime rector of St. Paul's Church, Wickford, Narragansett, to take up the task. Dr. Goodwin was already known as the author of a brief monograph on the "Old Narragansett Church," which will be found in Bishop Perry's "History of the American Episcopal Church" (Vol. I., pp. 595-7), and his editing of the present edition shows his eminent fitness for the work. He has preserved in its integrity the original text, and has added notes, biographical and explanatory, which have greatly increased the value of the work, and doubled its bulk. Thus of the 622 pages in Vol. I., his notes cover 314; of the 605 pages in Vol. II. his notes fill 222, and 145 comprise the records of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett from 1718 to 1774; and of 339 pages in Vol. III., 132 pages include eleven appendices, and 207, a full Index of Proper Names, facilitating greatly the ease of reference. A further valuable addition is the fifty portraits of noted men and women connected with the church, after old paintings, representing the art of the most distinguished American painters, such as Lincoln, Swibert, St. Mémen, Copley, Blackburn, Gilbert Stuart, Feke, Malhone, Lawrence, Trumbull, Cosmo Alexander, and others.

There are also views of noted houses. The book is a genealogical and historical repertory for the families connected with this church. The Merrymount Press is to be praised for the excellence of the typographical work.

Part vi. of the Aryan Series of "Anecdota Oxoniensia" contains the first fasciculus of Herman Ethé's edition of the text of "Yusuf und Zalikha" (New York: Henry Frowd). The critical apparatus is full, and is printed in a convenient manner in footnotes. Professor Ethé's grounds for regarding Firdausi as the author of the poem are given at length in the Proceedings of the Seventh International Congress of Orientalists (Vienna, 1888). The treatment of the text of such a work is a somewhat difficult problem. Ethé has chosen, no doubt properly, to adopt the longer form, following in the main the manuscripts B, M, and W; but he holds that "the only possible way with Persian poets to produce a readable text is to make the best selection of verses from all available MSS., provided that careful attention is paid to the individual peculiarities of the author in question." It may be a question, however, whether it would not be more satisfactory to print the best manuscript and give the variant readings in footnotes, together with such corrections as grammar and sense required. This would at least furnish a unitary instead of an eclectic text. The second fasciculus will give an index of words and phrases, variants from the copy of Sir William Jones, and a list of errata.

The fourth volume of the translation of Alexandre Dumas's "Memoirs," by E. M. Waller (Macmillan), includes the years 1830 to 1831, the Storm and Stress period of French Romanticism. Like its predecessors, this instalment treats of all the miscellaneous matters and persons that came to the writer's mind—kings, statesmen, politicians, writers, or actresses. It is, with its mass of anecdotes, a work that can be picked up and dipped into at any page.

It is to be regretted that E. F. Scott's treatise on "The Apologetic of the New Testament" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has not a more popular title, or at least one which would tend to give it general circulation. Many individuals who are repelled by theological terminology might be attracted to a study of the practical purposes the New Testament writers had in view, and an exposition of the manner and spirit in which they met the attacks which were levelled against them. Mr. Scott has conducted such a study in an able manner and presented its results in attractive style. He says:

> We cannot understand the New Testament itself, without some appreciation of the controversial motives which were present in the minds of the writers. They were not secluded thinkers but men of action, who never wrote without a practical object. They addressed themselves to the immediate needs of the early church, and their acquaintance with these needs determined the form and, in large measure, the substance of their message. In the case of each of the writings we have to take account of some polemical purpose which was almost certainly in the background; and when this is understood the argument of the book begins to explain itself.

From this point of view each of the principal writings of the New Testament is examined, and the development of the lines of Christian defence traced. Mr. Scott has a subject of great interest and importance, and his volume is a worthy companion of his work on the Fourth Gospel, which is recognized as the most thorough and enlightening examination of the Johannine writings that has appeared in English in recent years.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Carter, formerly of Huntington, Long Island, has been for many years a sturdy opponent of the theology of the Westminster Confession of Faith. His agitation began when it required no small courage for a Presbyterian divine to attack the Calvinistic system, and his persistent appeals did much to bring about the revision of the Westminster standards. Although now retired from active service, Dr. Carter can not remain idle while the Presbyterian Church still requires subscription to the Confession and while so many clergymen nominally adhere to it. His brochure, "Wanted—A Theology" (The Funk & Wagnalls Co.), is a vigorous onslaught on the entire Calvinistic system, with a plea for a milder doctrine. His spirit will be evident from the following:

> I want it to be well understood that I do not write the present treatise to say that the old theology has room for improvement, is not well adapted to the present time and ought to be revised and corrected, and then adopted at ordinations and councils. My purpose is very different from this; it is to express my utter abhorrence for the whole system as a system, to declare that in the light of the present day it is simply abominable, something that neither God nor man can bear any longer. It has been a dreadful burden for ages, it is an unendurable burden for this time, and should be utterly swept away with the besom of the hot indignation of the whole mass of the people.

With these vigorous sentences should be placed the following:

> I am persuaded that many of my readers think that I use strong language on this subject. That is not my difficulty; rather it is of the opposite sort, that the English language was not constructed with reference to the old theology and has not expletives enough or strong enough to set forth its cruelty.

The house of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig has begun the publication of a new monthly journal, entitled *Monatshefte für den naturwissenschaftlichen Unterricht aller Schulgattungen*, edited by B. Landberg and B. Schmid. It takes the place of *Natur und Schule*, which is now no longer published.

In order to publish works of independent research in the Biblical field, the Aschendorff'scher Verlag in Münster has begun to issue two series. One is entitled Neutestamentliche Abhandlungen, edited by Prof. A. Bludau of the Catholic theological faculty in Münster and the other, Alttestamentliche Abhandlungen, edited by Prof. J. Nikel of Breslau. The former series has just been begun by a volume, "Jesus und die Heidenmission," by Professor Meinertz; the latter will offer as its first instalment a work by Dr. Paul Heinisch, on the influence of Philo on early Christian exegesis.

The next number in the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher series (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), will be "Der Modernismus," by the young Berlin Church historian, Prof. Dr. Karl Holl.

The recently deceased Freiherr Hermann von der Goltz, a pronounced advocate of a type of Christian Socialism, had completed the first part of his "Grundlagen der christlichen Sozial-Ethik." This, his son, Eduard von der Goltz, has just published through the house of Mittler & Sohn of Berlin, and has supplemented it, from the outline sketches of the author, with a second part of a more practical nature.

Of the monumental work of Protestant scholarship, Hauck's "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), the twentieth volume has now appeared. One more volume will complete the undertaking. In the present volume leading articles are contributed by Buddensieg, Kattenbusch, Hunziker, Haussleiter, Harnack, Kirn, Mirbt, Lobstein, and Boehmer.

The house of E. J. Brill of Leyden has just issued the first instalment of the "Encyklopädie des Islams," in sixty-four two-column pages, including words from Aaron to Abd-al-Rahman. This work promises to be a monumental geographical, ethnographical and biographical dictionary of the Mohammedan races, and is published with the financial support of the International Academies of Sciences, and with the coöperation of a large corps of specialists from many lands. Prof. M. Th. Houtsma is editor-in-chief.

We can do no more here than invite attention to "Ferdinand von Richthofen's Tagebücher aus China" (2 volumes; Berlin: Dietrich Reimer), arranged and edited by E. Tiessen, with the consent of the author's widow. It was always Richthofen's plan to publish these diaries himself, but he never carried it out. His journeys lie relatively far back in time, but for that reason are perhaps to-day all the more valuable as records. Roman text is used, and there are a few sketches by the author. The style of the work is simple and clear to a degree unusual in German.

R. A. von Minckwitz has prepared for the Charles E. Merrill Co. of New York a new edition of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," basing his work on the Jubiläumsausgabe, and adorning the text with several illustrations after well-known German paintings, and a portrait of Goethe by Stieler. There is a biographical and historical introduction, a chronogical table of Goethe's life and activity, a bibliography, copious notes, and a vocabulary; but one of the best features—and one that might oftener be introduced into texts for classes—is a series of critical opinions from Boyesen, Carlyle, Kuno Francke, Lewes, Scherer, Bayard Taylor, and others.

Gustav Schüler, who already enjoys a high reputation as a lyrical and religious poet, has added materially to his fame by his latest collection, entitled "Auf den Strömen der Welt zu den Meeren Gottes" (Leipzig: Fritz Eckard). He represents the best type of modern religious feeling, divorced from the dogmatic tone of past generations. In not a few places a semi-mystical spirit pervades his compositions such as has not been witnessed in German secular poetry since the days of Novalis. The gems of the collection are found in the first two parts, "Leben und Natur," and "Liebe."

The military spirit of the German people finds expression, during these piping times of peace, in depicting the wars of the future with a characteristic vast display of

minute erudition. There has been more than one book dealing with the inevitable war between Germany and Great Britain. The anonymous author of "Bansai" (Lemcke & Buechner) speaks as a friend of our own. How Togo destroyed Admiral Sperry's fleet in the Pacific; how Gen. Nogi overran the Pacific Coast, and demanded an indemnity of two billion dollars, with the establishment of a dual American-Japanese régime in California, Oregon, Washington, and Nevada; and how the enemy was finally overwhelmed in a Titanic battle in the Rocky Mountains the reader may learn for himself.

A specimen of the kind of nonsense likely to contribute to international prejudice is found in "Der Krieg von 1908: Um die Vorherrschaft im Stillen Meer," by John Crabapple (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York). The author, in the introduction, reviews the sending of the American fleet to the Western waters, and intimates that the American government can have but one purpose in so doing, and that is to take away from Japan her hard-earned mastery of the Pacific, which, of course, Japan will never allow without a struggle and a naval battle that will show the Yankees where they really stand. The book itself is made up of real or imaginary private letters and newspaper cablegrams and editorials from the great London dailies. There is a letter from a Dutch banker in Amsterdam, who has valuable inside information showing that the Washington government deliberately caused the recent financial panic and depression, in order to draw gold to America and to prevent Japan from raising a war loan in Europe. Telegrams tell of the initial attack of the Japanese fleet on the forts of Manila, and finally a sea-battle, which is still more vividly described by "Leutenant Smith, U. S. N."

Ciro Trabalza's "Storia della Grammatica Italiana" (Milan: Hoepli) is a work of indubitable importance. It is an account of the progress of grammatical and rhetorical studies in Italy from Dante's day to our own, and every grammarian of consequence finds his proper place in its five hundred and fifty octavo pages. But to an admirable erudition Signor Trabalza adds a grasp of fundamental principles which is at least unusual in a work of this kind. His is no mere catalogue of rhetoricians, but a philosophical study of the evolution of grammatical thought. The book is dedicated to Benedetto Croce, whose influence on historical and critical studies in Italy has been momentous. The grammarians of our own tongue still await so intelligent an historian.

Canon George Albert Cooke, formerly a fellow of Magdalen College, has been appointed Oriel professor of Holy Scripture at Oxford in place of Professor Cheyne.

Further prizes have been announced by the Académie Française. The Prix Montyon (valued at 19,500 fr.) was divided into 35 portions, among the recipients being Gen. Gallieni for his "Neuf ans à Madagascar," Louis Gentil for his "Explorations au Maroc," Pierre Baudin for "L'Alerte," and M. Denis for "Christian Garnier." Among the other awards are one-half of the Prix Juteau-Duvigneaux (1,000 fr.) to Canon L. Lenfant for "Le Cœur et ses richesses," 1,500 fr. from the Prix Sobrier-Arnould to Albert Cim for "Le Livre," the Prix Née (3,500 fr.) to the poet Charles Le Goffic, the Prix Vitet (2,500 fr.) to Georges Goyau, the Prix Kastner Boursault (2,000 fr.) to Maurice Maindron, and the Prix Maillé-Latour-Landry (1,200 fr.) to Georges d'Esparbès.

The awards have also been announced by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques: the Prix Audiffred is divided, 5,000 fr. going to Émile Bourgeois of the Sorbonue, for his "Manuel historique de politique étrangère," 2,000 fr. to Christian Pfister for his "Histoire de Nancy," and 1,000 fr. to M. Jacob for his "Devoirs." The Prix Gigner (3,800 fr.) is obtained by François Pillon for "L'Année philosophique."

A medallion of Mrs. Oliphant in gilt bronze, from a cast by Pittendrigh Macgillivray, was unveiled July 16 in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, by J. M. Barrie.

We regret to report the death, on July 20, of Louis Dyer, for many years a valued contributor to the *Nation*. He was born in Chicago in 1851, and after studying in Switzerland and France, he went to Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1874; four years later he received the bachelor's degree from Balliol, Oxford. From 1881 to 1887 he was assistant professor of Greek at Harvard and since 1890 he had lived at Oxford. He was lecturer at Balliol, 1893-6; acting professor of Greek at Cornell, 1895-6; lecturer on art at the University of California, 1900; and he repeated his lectures at many of the leading universities in this country. Among his books are: "The Greek Question and Answer" (1884), an edition of Plato's "Apology" and "Crito" (1886), "Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated" (1891), a translation of Prof. Luigi Cossa's "Introduction to the Study of Political Economy" (1895), and "Oxford as It Is" (1902). He was a contributor to the Harvard Classical Studies, and to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies;* and he represented the American subscribers on the London Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and was a member of the Council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York died at Cooperstown July 21. He was born in Schenectady in 1834; and, after studying at the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia and the Theological Seminary of Virginia, he served as rector in Greensburg, Pa.; Troy, N. Y.; Boston, and also at Grace Church in this city. In 1883 he became bishop coadjutor of New York, and in 1887 he succeeded to the bishopric. Among his writings are "Thirty Years Reviewed," "Our Threefold Victory," "Young Men's Christian Associations and Their Work," "The Church and Her Children," "Sisterhood and Deaconesses" (1873), "The Religion for To-day," "The Gates of the East" (1877), "Sermons of the City" (1881), "Waymarks" (1892), "The Scholar and the State" (1897), "The East of To-day and To-morrow" (1902), "The Industrial Situation" (1902), and "Law and Loyalty" (1903).

Ralph Olmstead Williams died at New Haven last Friday at the age of seventy. After graduating at Yale he was for some time connected with the New York publishing house of Holt & Williams. He assisted in the compilation of Webster's Dictionary, and was the author of "Our Dictionaries, and Other English Language Topics," and of "Some Questions of Good English Examined in Controversies with Dr. Fitzedward Hall."

Frederick Louis Otto Roehrig, A.M., Ph.D., M.D., a noted Oriental philologist, educator, and piano composer, died July 14 at Pasadena, Cal., in his ninetieth year. He was born in Halle, Prussia. He was a graduate of that university and of Leipzig and Paris. At one time he was Prussian attaché at Constantinople. About 1853 he came to this country and was made assistant librarian at the Astor Library in New York. He became professor of Sanskrit and modern Oriental languages at Cornell University in 1869, and in 1886 instructor of Sanskrit at the University of Southern California. In 1895 he was appointed university lecturer on Semitic languages and Oriental philology at Leland Stanford, Jr., University. He published a number of books in various languages.

The death is announced of Sir Thomas William Moffett, formerly president of Queen's College, Galway. His chief publication was "Selections from Bacon's Philosophical Works, Translated with Notes."

Dimitrios Bikelas, the Greek author, who was born in 1835, died at Athens July 21. For a considerable part of his life he had resided in Paris. He had translated the works of Shakespeare into modern Greek, and had written a number of popular patriotic hymns. His novel, "Louki Laras" (1879), has been translated into several other languages. His chief historical works are "The Greeks of the Middle Ages," "The Rôle and the Aspirations of Greece in the Eastern Question," and "Greece, Byzantine and Modern."

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The second volume of this great work shows an improvement on the first. For one thing, the repetition and overlapping, with even occasional conflict of opinion between the different contributors, which marred the earlier publication, are pleasantly absent. The proportion of recognized authorities among the contributors, too, is larger. The volume completes the treatment of the subject down to the end of the fifteenth century, including writers like Dunbar and Hawes, whose activity extended into the sixteenth. There is one conspicuous exception, however—the mediæval drama, which is reserved for treatment in "the earlier of the two volumes which will deal consecutively with the general history of the English drama from its beginnings to the closing of the theatres under the Puritan régime," and will, accordingly, be subsequent even to the volume on the Renaissance and Reformation. It is a pity that so essential a part of the literature of the Middle Ages should not find its treatment in the proper place, and, notwithstanding the apologies of the editors, this must be accounted an unfortunate arrangement of material.

The first chapter, "Piers the Plowman and its Sequence," by Prof. J. M. Manly of

Chicago, is one which is likely to attract the most attention. It sets forth the author's well-known views as to the plural authorship of the poem or poems which have hitherto gone under the name of William Langland. Opinions will differ as to the discretion of the editors in admitting to the volume so controversial a treatment of this highly important subject, but, perhaps, the fact that they have done so will hasten the threshing out of a theory, which requires a more detailed discussion from every point of view than has yet been given before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached. Meanwhile, we confess that we do not feel convinced by Professor Manly's present observations on the style of the different versions. Not only ordinary men, but the greatest poets, as we all know, differ remarkably in their work in different periods of their lives, or, indeed, in the same period; and the examples of Tasso and Keats prove that even those distinguished for their art are capable of marring their best work by revision. The strongest argument in favor of the theory is undoubtedly the fact pointed out by Professor Manly, in *Modern Philology* two years ago, that the author of the B text did not observe the manifest omission or displacement of a leaf in the A text (in the description of "The Seven Deadly Sins") which he was revising.

In the chapter on Chaucer from the ever-ready hand of Prof. George Saintsbury, we have the customary sneers of this writer at philology, for which he makes amends by adopting the results of the practisers of the despised science in nearly every case. It is an error of some magnitude, nevertheless, when he speaks of Chaucer's first journey to Italy as having occupied "a great part of the twelve-month between the November of that year (1372) and the next." As a matter of fact the poet's absence from England lasted only from December to May, as appears from the "Compotus," which F. J. Mather, jr., published as far back as 1896. Seeing that there is a general agreement now as to the Chaucer canon, except in the case of the fragmentary "Romaunt of the Rose," Mr. Saintsbury devotes a disproportionate space to his account of how the spurious works once foisted upon the poet have been dropped. The principal merit of this chapter, however, lies in the vigorous criticism of Chaucer's qualities as a poet, in which respect it furnishes excellent reading. The same writer's chapter on the English Chaucerians is decidedly inferior to the corresponding one on the Scottish Chaucerians by Prof. Gregory Smith, which in amplitude of knowledge and critical skill is one of the best in the whole volume. Interesting in his earlier chapter on the Scottish language is Professor Smith's refutation of the current view as to the large indebtedness of the Middle Scots vocabulary to French.

Among the remaining chapters deserving of special attention are those on Gower by Prof. G. C. Macaulay (the recognized authority on the subject), and on early English printing by E. Gordon Duff, which deals very little, however, with the contents of the books printed; also the chapters by our countrymen, Profs. F. M. Padelford and F. B. Gummere on Transition English Song Collections and the Ballads respectively. The last-named may be recommended as the best brief treatment of this difficult subject, although the author has not, even yet, dispelled the haze which must ever hang over his theory of authorship "by the people." Miss A. D. Greenwood has given us readable chapters on the prose of the period—only in her discussion of Malory she commits the customary mistake of crediting this author with an originality in the handling of his materials which is hardly his due. The most inadequate pages in the work are those on Political and Religious Verse, from the pen of A. R. Waller, one of the general editors.

A serious deficiency in the present volume is the want of a general characterization of the period—a survey of its literary and intellectual development, as a whole, in its relation to general European development. Such a survey is indispensable to correct the unavoidable defects of the treatment by monographs.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Intoxicated Ghost. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These stories have the prim finish, the quaint self-consciousness, which belong to Professor Bates's gentle New England pen. He is the well-bred and accomplished amateur of fiction, and the *pince-nez* literature he produces is excellent in its kind; if neither markedly spontaneous nor powerful, always intelligent and pleasant. The title story is by far the most trivial in the book — rather consciously and not quite successfully Stocktonian, one would say, as "A Problem in Portraiture" is indifferently well conceived and executed after the manner of Hawthorne. Professor Bates is neither *farceur* nor mystic, but a quiet fancier of both those rare birds. The story in which he is most himself—which one is least inclined to docket as belonging to this or that familiar category—is "Miss Gaylord and Jenny," one of the best stories of "dual personality" yet written. Its special effectiveness is due to the simple and circumstantial manner in which the disconcerting fact is stated. Alice Gaylord is a decorous and rather colorless Boston girl, who is betrothed to a Dr. Carroll. She undergoes the strain of a long experience of filial nursing, and is finally released a nervous patient of the man who has hoped to marry her. She becomes a victim of self-hypnotism; and in the hypnotic state another personality gets the ascendency, a vivacious and vulgar and charming personality which calls itself Jenny, and sets itself to win away the doctor from his decorous Alice. He feels her charm, and is finally driven in self-defence to threaten her with a red-hot poker. She casts herself at his feet. "The wail of her pleading almost unmanned him. . . . The thought surged into his mind that perhaps she had as much claim to consciousness as Alice; he seemed to be murdering this strange creature kneeling to him with streaming eyes and quivering mouth." However, he stands firm to his guns, and in spite of the wiles of Jenny succeeds in marrying his proper Alice; after which it conveniently happens that Jenny is heard of no more, though in Alice's daughter she is destined to gain a sort of foothold in the flesh. To make such a story credible, as it is here made, is certainly more than a bit of literary sleight-of-hand.

The Mystery of the Yellow Room. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano's.

For sheer originality and ingenuity we reckon this the best detective story published for some time. A scientific investigator and his daughter are living in a lonely house outside of Paris. The daughter is nearly murdered in a room from which there appears to have been no mode of exit for the criminal; a young newspaper reporter, who has his friendly "Dr. Watson," solves the mystery in the face of the official detectives. As stated the plot is familiar enough, being compounded one might say of "The Murder of the Rue Morgue" and of any one of Sherlock Holmes's adventures. But the peculiar manner of sustaining the uncertainty to the end, while suspicion is thrown upon this and that person, not without hints of some mystical force of nature discovered by the scientist, is as original as it is fascinating. Not often does a detective story end with so total a surprise, which, nevertheless, when known, seems logical and natural. The writing of the book is above the average, although the translator has allowed a few gallicisms to slip in. And the characters are more than commonly interesting for the *genre*.

The Traitor's Wife. By W. H. Williamson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The traitor is a Russian who, true to no party, is known in different circles as a reliable official, a revolutionary, and a spy. His private and public betrayals of trust entwine themselves with the movements of a band of patriots, Russians and English with Russian affiliations, who are working for the cause of liberty, but are not friendly to bomb-throwing. A plot to carry off in a motor-car the Czar's little son and hold him till terms can be dictated to the Czar is worked out by them and fails of success only through the indiscreet disclosures of a woman who is playing at politics for the sake of interesting a man. Though it is the traitor who on this occasion thwarts the "Illegals," he meets his fate at their hands later when, as Governor of a province, he refuses to protect the citizens.

Into the story are cleverly woven threads of love affairs, heroism, politics, rivalries, loyalties, and treacheries. The book maintains a high level of interest throughout, not only from the swiftly moving action, but from an absence of the crude extravagance that often stamps the Russian story. Although it is published in England and makes mention of what "we English" do, there is marked internal evidence of translation.

June Jeopardy. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Romance up to date: a midsummer night's dream on Beacon Hill and environs! *La jeunesse dorée* of Boston leave a masquerade ball to meet an unknown bevy of delightful Blondes captained by the mysterious heroine Thethry. She is athirst for romance—frankly in quest of a hero who can hurry at need, whistle with expression,

take cold-water baths, smoke with grace and precision, and receive compliments delicately. Two diamond necklaces furnish the clue. Real thieves heighten the excitement. Thethry captures her golden youth and lets the thief go. The characters are piquantly innocent yet intensely sophisticated. The author's apparent passion for old furniture, old hooks, curios, and gems bursts into page long ecstasies suggesting the influence of Théophile Gautier and Oscar Wilde. Here is a brief excerpt:

The colors of these gems ran the gamut from the flashing pure white of stones of the first water, downwards through scintillant canary, somhrely-glowing amber, hot-looking red-browns, sullen, rutilant stones, flaming with orange and scarlet, and upwards, through shimmering rose to the fare of gems the color of absinthe, through apple-green, pale and beaming, to the sparkling white again. Queening them all was a big velvety blue diamond so deep in blue that it was only differentiated from the sapphire by the fierceness of the peacock glints in its glistening heart.

In like manner the heroine's reading list helps one to understand the maudlin catholicity of modern romantiicsm:

My favorite poet is Omar or Herbert when it is not Chaucer or Henley or any nonsense jingles. My favorite memoirs are Cazanova and St. Augustine when it is not Brantôme or the Book of Job or Pepys. My favorite play is "Lear" or 'Everyman" or "The Gay Lord Quex" or "Sister Beatrice," when it is not the latest melodrama. My favorite stories are "Tom Jones" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" when it is not "Alice in Wonderland" or any Jane Austen or the latest dime novel. Now choose from all the sides of my character if you dare.

The Cobbler. By Elma A. Travis. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The cobbler so-called of this story is son of a real cobbler, and keeps the paternal sign swinging over the paternal door long after he has hegun his own unpractical career. Peter Caverly is, need we say, a genius. From childhood he has been as brilliant and irresponsible as the formula demands. He condescended to spend two years at Harvard, where, though he went his own way as usual, he "was the best coach at Cambridge, and his literary stunts made the fellows sit up and take notice." He then tried journalism for a time, but lacked the necessary habit of subordination and routine work. So he returns to his village and marries off-hand—or is married by—the daughter of the village magnate, at whose house he has been practically brought up. She is in many ways his opposite—a singularly unimaginative girl, hitten with the mania for scientific "research," hy which she understands the piling up of facts. She annexes Peter as on the whole a desirable possession, returning placidly to college and the pursuit of her specialty, and leaving him thereafter pretty much to his own devices. Titolike he becomes involved in an affair with a little Bettina, his own part being mainly chivalrous, yet not altogether blameless as it must be judged by the world. She becomes mistress of a little establishment in the country, where, under her soothing influence, he is able to do much of his best writing. She is as ignorant of his work and his purposes as his wife; but she gives him the right conditions. And presently comes in his casual path a third, the daughter of "Ennis," a famous American painter of landscape. It is for her to give him everything in the way of sympathy and understanding. They love each other and nobly part for the sake of the child who has been born to Peter and his lovely scientist. In due time it befalls that the ocean separates Peter from wife, child, and nohle, abnegating lady-love, and only the little farm on the Hudson, with its vineyards and its Bettina, remains to him. Suddenly, he is summoned by cable to England, and is about to make off, not knowing whether to wife or lady-love, when Bettina stabs him. Lady-love dies opportunely, and wife returns to nurse husband back to life and eventually to herself.

The story is told gracefully, and is unburdened by moralizing or flippancy. It remains to be said that, as is common in tales of the kind, the eminence of the hero seems to consist far less clearly in what he does or is than in what his creator says of him. We learn that he is the greatest writer in America, perhaps in the world, and are dumb; for no specimens of his work are adduced for proof or disproof of the statement. But when we hear of "the suhtle reference, the whimsic inference, the daring paradox of Peter's hrilliant talk," we have a right to a shrug of the shoulders. Surely exhibits in this kind may be given in a novel, if anywhere; and Peter's talk, like his behavior, is, so far as we are allowed to know, simply that of a good-natured, amusing, rather blundering hoy. The alleged virtuoso is sadly overworked just now as hero of fiction; why not let the cheerful boy be a cheerful hoy, without decking him in this absurd flummery of artistic achievement?

Studies in the History of Venice. By Horatio F. Brown. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

We welcome Mr. Brown's Venetian Studies. He has long heen known as the author of delightful sketches of life on the Lagoons and of a well-articulated history of Venice. The professional students of history are also indebted to him for the Calendar of State Papers running from 1581 to 1613. The present volumes of essays round out his Venetian work and show on what an exhaustive scale he devotes himself to any topic which he takes up.

By arranging these essays in the chronological order of their subjects he produces the effect of writing an almost continuous commentary on Venetian evolution. There are, of course, gaps; hut in one essay or another we find an allusion to, if not a hrief account of most of the facts, elements, and personages that would appear in a complete history. The longest gap occurs hetween the first essay, which surveys the founding and early centuries of the city, and the second, which deals minutely with Bajamonte Tiepolo's conspiracy. Then follow an account of Marino Falier, and, again after an interval of less than fifty years, the plot and destruction of the Carraresi. Less than a generation later Carmagnola appears. Then there stretches nearly half a century before we come to Caterina Cornaro. The two remaining historical themes of primary importance are Fra Paolo Sarpi and the Spanish Conspiracy; but the essay on Cardinal Contarini and his friends—to wit, Pole and Sadoleto—introduces us to a sixteenth century hy-path, seldom explored by English readers; and "An International Episode," and "Marcantonio Bragadin" give strange but typical glimpses into two very different sides of life at the same period. The "merely literary" reader will turn to the pages on Shakespeare and Venice, the historian to "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic." Besides these subjects, the commercial and fiscal policy of Venice, the Constitution and the state archives, the Venetian "Index Librorum Prohihitorum," the Venetian printing-press, political assassination, and Venetian diplomacy with Turkey in the sixteenth century, have each a separate chapter devoted to them.

We list the titles of these articles because we have not space to discuss any one of them fully; hut it is right that we should call attention to the richness and variety of Mr. Brown's output. It will be seen that he discusses several of the most hotly dehated points in Venetian history. His conclusions will be carefully weighed, whether they be always acquiesced in or not. A few of them we may set down here. Both Bajamonte Tiepolo and Falier he regards as men fighting for more than a personal grievance—as champions of a class. He finds that the Repuhlic was justified in putting an end to Carmagnola's shilly-shally and in executing him. His analysis of the Spanish conspiracy, in which he shows the douhle-strand of plot, is the hest in English. The same may be said of his Taylorian lecture on "Paolo Sarpi, the Man," into which he has packed most of the essential personal information, and has given a clear statement of Sarpi's political theory. It is to be hoped that this essay may popularize among Americans a knowledge of one of the greatest of statesmen and one of the most admirahle of men. In defending Venice against the aggression of the Roman Curia, Sarpi furnished for all time arguments and an example for citizens who would preserve their state from clerical encroachment. Mr. Brown epitomizes in his paper on political assassination the results of several recent investigators: he deals not so much with concrete cases of poisoning and of other means of getting rid of an enemy, as with the underlying doctrine and the pleas by which the crime was justified.

In several of the essays we have fresh views, hased on his own researches, extending now over thirty years, among the Venetian archives; in all, we have well-considered statements, controlled by familiarity with the latest or best evidence to he had. Mr. Brown has placed within reach of American and English readers a *corpus* of information full of interest, which ought to help to disperse many of the legends about Venice that romancers, melodramatists, and members of the historical section of the Ananias Club still circulate. We think it a mistake that he introduces into his text untranslated passages in Venetian or Latin; but this is a slight blemish on so valuable a work. His British readers will be gratified to find that he is on the alert for every connection between England and Venice—as when he traces the relations between the Spanish Con-

spiracy and the expansion of English influence in the Mediterranean, or reproduces the Venetian ambassadors' accounts of Cromwell.

Which College for the Boy? Leading Types in American Education. By John Corbin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

A census of the students now attending any of our older colleges would quickly show how the question of Mr. Corbin's title is ordinarily settled in families in which the father or any other near relative is a college graduate. College loyalty ordinarily passes from generation to generation with comparatively few breaks, and these few are mostly due to other causes than a positive preference for another institution. Even families with no previous college history are more likely to select the institution patronized by some personal friend than to base their choice upon any comparison that goes much deeper than the one matter of expense. Such a study as this of Mr. Corbin, therefore, has no chance of taking place as a handbook for the actual settlement of the question which its title raises. Its influence will be rather upon the colleges themselves than upon prospective students. The reader may easily imagine that since the publication of Mr. Corbin's work, one of the institutions considered is taking quiet measures to lessen the place of the beer saloon in the social life of its undergraduates, that another is casting about for means to season its strenuous utilitarianism with a fuller recognition of the essential value of cultural studies, and that some of the better "small colleges" are seriously debating the propriety of exorcising altogether the devil of desire to become great universities and are devoting themselves to the consistent development of the ideals which they advertise.

It is a notable fact that with all Mr. Corbin's preference for the humanistic type of education, the one chapter in his book which the authorities of the institution studied could circulate with confidence as an advertising document is his description of "a Utilitarian University," the term by which he characterizes the University of Wisconsin. Here more than in any other chapter the writer is roused to a genuine enthusiasm, in spite of his preference for a radically different kind of education. He finds the community at Madison more single-minded in devotion to the ideals which it has chosen than is the case with some institutions which, ostensibly at least, have chosen the better part. Is it not possible that the earnestness in the work in hand so characteristic of the University of Wisconsin is distinctly favored by its very lack of that organized "social development" upon the alleged necessity of which Mr. Corbin is continually laying so much stress? A few students are so richly endowed with energy and ability as to be leaders in the highly developed *extra curriculum* activities of college life without any disastrous drafts upon the strength and freshness which should go into serious study, but the rule is the other way. The current student quip, "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education," is a jest which is only too painfully serious. If the students at Madison have been so keenly interested in its utilitarian ideals that they have neglected to build up a social system complex enough to tempt to mental and physical distraction, possibly they deserve no commiseration. Humanistic culture might not suffer if some of the institutions in which it is supposed to stand highest were to get as busy with Plato and Sophocles, Cicero and Tacitus, Dante and Goethe and Montaigne, as the Madison boys with their implements of applied science.

Through the Magic Door. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: The McClure Co. $1.25 net.

Persons who buy this book under the impression that it is an addition to the stirring tales of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will want their money back. The magic door is that which admits us to the world of literature, and the book is an account of Sir Arthur's reactions to the marvels of that world. Students of his works will perhaps hardly credit him with the qualities that make a critic, and it is fair to say that he lays no claim to such qualities; the present book is merely a rambling account of what he likes and what he does not like. One would perhaps guess in advance that what he wants from literature will be mainly supplied by prose. Two or three pages of admiration for the verse of Scott and of Macaulay, a passage in praise of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and another in praise of Henley's poems constitute his entire tribute to the muse of poetry. As he takes issue with Matthew Arnold on a question of poetic diction, it is interesting to note what his own ear can do for him when he cites with enthusiasm the following lines, admitting that they may not be quite right:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small,
> For the dear Lord who fashioned him
> He knows and loveth all.

In prose Macaulay is his ideal. Nothing is too strong for him. "A universal shout of laughter from the Tagus to the Vistula informed the Pope that the days of the crusades were past," is one of the sentences that "used to fill me with a vague but enduring pleasure, like chords which linger in the musician's ear." Scott is the subject of some rather interesting technical remarks, but Sir Arthur's idolatry does not balk even at "Count Robert of Paris"; "if it had been the first," he says, "instead of the last, of the series, it would have attracted as much attention as Waverley." He has the courage to resent the superstitious reverence for Johnson that Boswell has foisted upon the world; he enjoys Gibbon, swallowing him whole; he is great upon "Pugilistica" and the literature of the ring in general; he hails Poe as the master of tellers of tales, and most modestly acknowledges his own debt to him; he does not care for Nathaniel Hawthorne, preferring "the short work of his son Julian"; he praises "The Cloister and the Hearth" "as being our greatest historical novel, and, indeed, as being our greatest novel of any sort"; "Vanity Fair" is the second, and "Richard Feverel" the third; he reads with gusto the French chroniclers, the Napoleonic memoirs, and the "Conquest of Grenada" (*sic*).

In general, Sir Arthur likes books for their subject matter. Wars and high affairs, stirring matters of all sorts, and great emotions he loves as does a boy. And as far as the question of style affects him at all, his taste is all for rhetoric, as is a boy's. It may easily happen that many a boy, already under his influence, may be led by this book through the magic door. He has a piece of practical advice specially commendable to young readers:

> It is an excellent device to talk about what you have recently read. Rather hard upon your audience, you may say; but without wishing to be personal, I dare bet it is more interesting than your usual small talk.

Science.

Psychical Research and the Resurrection. By James H. Hyslop. Pp. 409. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

The reader who in opening this book hopes to discover some positive deductions relating to the nature of a future life will surely close it with disappointment. A large part of the book is given up to such discussion of cases as is familiar to those who see the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; and this leads the author to an attempt to explain why we gain practically no knowledge at all of anything non-terrestrial through the mediums, or "psychics," as they now call themselves.

Nor do we find this discussion of cases in itself very satisfactory, for we are asked to trust not only the writer, but every word of every person whom he trusts. The suggestion of conscious fraud on the part of his "psychics" he declines to entertain, and thus far we may well go with him; but when we consider the frequency of self-sophistication, and the constant occurrence of illusions of memory, of which the author takes little or no account, we find it impossible to persuade ourselves that we can trust his own critical judgment. Even in the record of cases we thus see the influence of the full acceptance of the spiritistic hypothesis—an influence that pervades the book, and makes it read like a volume of special pleading, rather than of scientific investigation. It is true that Dr Hyslop emphasizes almost ostentatiously the importance of assuming a scientific attitude toward the investigations referred to; but on the whole the impression left with the reader is that the "assertatory method" is indulged in too frequently, while the explanatory hypotheses presented are too far-fetched to be easily accepted. The words of scorn heaped upon the telepathic theory (p. 305) may with little change be applied to the author's spiritistic hypothesis as well.

It is, of course, to be granted that certain people experience mental states which suggest that they are affected by influences of a "discarnate" nature; and it is true that these occurrences are at present inexplicable in terms of our normal experience. But, when we search for explanation of these peculiar phenomena, we seem scarcely called upon to hark back to the animistic theories of early man. Many experiences, which only a generation ago were ascribed to spirit influence, are now explained, even by such ardent believers in spiritism as our author, in terms which

bring them into relation with our everyday psychology—such phenomena, for instance, as automatic writing, the voices and visions of hallucination, and the evidences of dissociated personalities with which men like Pierre Janet and Morton Prince have made us familiar. Naturally, then, the devotees of science assume that the kindred experiences recorded in this work will probably also some day find their adequate explanation without the adoption of any such highly complicated hypothesis as that presented by our author, who in this direction has developed the conception of the late Richard Hodgson. In the old days the "messages" which were supposed to come from the spirit world had as a whole fairly clear meanings for the enquirer. But modern investigation has shown, to the satisfaction of our author at least, that most of these so-called messages are really expressions of mental states of either the medium or the enquirer; and, if we eliminate these, we find that we have at the same time eliminated almost all those that are intelligible, or indicative of intelligence in the "spirit." The "spiritist" is therefore confronted with the fact that the "messages" upon which he relies for proof of the spirit world are exceedingly confused and trivial. It would surely seem rational to assume that these confused and trivial messages will some day be explained, as the more intelligible ones have been, as expressions of the mental states of medium or enquirer. Our "spiritist," however, will listen to no such cautious suggestion. He meets the problem by making the assumption that the true "messages" get through to us from the other world with much difficulty, and can come only from a spirit which in its own realm has entered into a state comparable with our own hypnotic state. This, in his opinion, accounts for the confusion in the messages. That they should deal with trivialities is held to be natural, inasmuch as the spirit plunges into the "suffocating atmosphere" where communication is possible, for the sole purpose of convincing us of his identity with some person who has died. Now it is interesting to note that this longing to prove identity, which is attributed to the "spirit," is the strong desire of the enquirer. Naturally, therefore, the more clearly men have come to think upon these subjects, the closer has appeared the relation of the messages to the medium and to the enquirer, rather than to the supposed spirit. This would naturally lead us to look for the explanation of these mysterious phenomena in a more careful study of the living human minds of the medium and of the enquirer; for it seems much more probable that light will be thrown in this way upon the problems set by mediumistic phenomena than by the adoption of any spiritistic hypothesis that is likely to be presented.

A full treatise on "The Fresh-Water Aquarium and Its Inhabitants," by Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg, is to come from Henry Holt & Co. It will contain one hundred illustrations, chiefly from photographs.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces a book on the "Animal Life of Malaysia," by J. Frank Daniels of Johns Hopkins University. This is a complete descriptive zoölogy for the Philippines, Java, Sumatra, and the other islands of that part of the world.

One can find hardly any excuse for George F. Burba's "Our Bird Friends" (Outing Publishing Company), which professes to contain "many things young folks ought to know—and likewise grown-ups," but which is here noticed solely because it is a type of the poorest and most colorless nature books that could well be imagined. The illustrations so offend the artistic sense, the diction is so flippant and uninteresting, and the facts are thrown together in such a purposeless, haphazard way as to repel the reader of any age. A score of unconnected chapters treating of our common birds, have been bound up together with ten colored illustrations of stuffed birds, so out of proportion to the book that only one-quarter of an inch margin is visible. Last and not least, many of the author's "things" are not known to any one, ornithologist or amateur. For instance, on page 56 we are told that chimney swifts are swallows, that they fasten together their nests with peach-tree "gum," and that their eggs have reddish-brown spots—all of which is untrue.

"Gold Producing Soil: French Gardening, or Intensive Cultivation on the French System" is the title of an interesting little volume just prepared by T. Newsome, A. R. C. Sc., of Dudbridge, Stroud. Mr. Newsome believes that much of the salvation of society depends on a movement "back to the land," and he has tried to prepare a handy guide, equipped with diagrams and working drawings made to a scale. He tells in simple English what a French garden is, and how it is made, giving also a history of French gardens in England, and he points out when, where, and how to begin in the making and arranging of frames, etc. The spirit of the book is admirable—to encourage everybody, even those with little capital, to make a trial of the ground. There are good half-tone engravings of specimen gardens.

The death is announced of Dr. Frank Kraft, a well-known physician of Cleveland, professor of materia medica in the Cleveland Homœopathic Hospital, and editor of the *American Physician*.

The death is announced of James Liddердale Scott, at the age of sixty. During the last fifteen years he had lived at Shanghai, and had there made observations of some value on southern double stars.

From Paris comes the news of the death of Louis Cruls, director of the observatory established by Pedro II. at Rio de Janeiro in 1845. Dr. Cruls was born at Diest, in South Brabant, in 1848. His career included services in the Engineering Corps of the Belgian army, and a good deal of travelling.

Prof. Oskar Liebreich, director of the Pharmacological Institute of Berlin, has died in that city at the age of sixty-nine. Fame came to him in 1869, with the discovery of the value of hydrate of chloral as a narcotic. He was the author of numerous works and editor of the *Therapeutische Monatshefte*.

Drama.

Charles Crawford is said to have finished his "Concordance to Marlowe" and to be well along with his "Concordance to Ben Jonson's Works." His "Concordance to Kyd," which has already been five years in the hands of his Belgian printers, will not be completed for another year.

The *Mask*, the new "monthly journal of the art of the theatre"—of which a double number for May and June has now reached this city from the publication office in Florence—differs widely from the mass of contemporary theatrical periodicals, inasmuch as it is honestly and independently artistic in aim and is the advocate of original and interesting if not always practicable or, to the uninitiated, wholly intelligible ideas. It commends itself to the fastidious reader by the attractiveness of its form, but unhappily the editing and proofreading are not always of high quality. Misprints are frequent and the essays might have been much improved by the judicious use of a corrective pencil. The most important of them are devoted to the well-known views of Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, concerning the possibilities of theatrical art, both scenic and histrionic, in the future. Many of these views are too visionary, or, in their present state too rudimentary to be of immediate importance, but they are artistic in aim and principle, suggest remedies for many conventional stage absurdities, and, with all their vague and rhapsodical idealism, evince a mastery of technical details, a definiteness of purpose and sturdiness of conviction which encourage the hope that they may result some day in substantial achievement. Mr. Craig has already given proof of his ability in the creation of impressive and eloquent stage pictures by his skilful use of the modern facilities for lighting, boldness and simplicity of scenic design, artistic employment of drapery, and appropriate color schemes, and, it is in this direction that his labors are likely to prove most productive. But his opinions on the drama itself and on acting are apt to be erratic. He seems to think that the spoken word, the play itself, is an affair of the smallest consequence, almost negligible in fact, in comparison with the symbolism of the background before which it is enacted and the gestures and movements of the actors, which are to be in exact and orderly harmony with their surroundings.

Those who believe there is a golden mean between a modernized version and a facsimile reproduction will be pleased with the recent addition to the "Old Spelling Shakespeare" (New York: Duffield & Co.), edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell Stone. We have already commented upon the earlier issues; tho newly published plays are: "The Comedie of Errors," "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Twelfth Night." It is needless to say that the painstaking accuracy of the previous work is sustained in these later volumes. Possibly exception might be taken to the categorical assertion that the "metrical evidence" proves that "The Errors" follows "Love's Labor's Lost." Though there is no

good reason for disputing this order, when a conspiracy of evidence—of which plot-complication is not the least weighty element—points in the same direction, it is well not to bear too heavily on the metrical tests. The boldest feature of the editing is the printing in larger type of those portions of the "Taming of the Shrew," which the editors believed could be distinguished as Shakespeare's. To the problem of differentiating "author," "recaster," and "amender" there is an eternal zest for the student, but never any definitive solution.

Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" was, on the occasion of its appearance, nearly forty years ago, the subject of much debate. To restudy the merits of Taylor as a translator, his theory of translation, his qualifications, the numerous and discordant criticisms passed upon his work—in short, to restate the whole question in the light of present scholarship, is the purport of Mrs. Juliana Haskell's doctoral dissertation: "Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust" (Columbia University Press). The dissertation certainly evinces much industry and patience in getting together half-forgotten data, and fairness in applying general principles. The author's conclusion, page 89, is that Taylor's "Faust" is not an adequate translation, not a "standard" rendering, not worthy of the esteem in which it is held by many Germans. With this conclusion we are not going to quarrel; we will content ourselves with a few comments. To begin with, Mrs. Haskell's argumentation suggests too much the geometrician's Q. E. D. In the next place, she has not always escaped the error of gauging 1870 by the condition of 1907. Some of her criticisms would have been tempered, at least, had she been always mindful of the fact that Taylor worked before there was a Goethe cult, even in Germany, before there was a Goethe Society, a Jahrbuch, a Weimar edition. In the '60s there was only a *stille Gemeinde* and even that was probably unknown to him. Further, her testimonies are sometimes *numeranda* rather than *ponderanda*. Lastly, she herself works occasionally with inferior tools. Is not the use of the great "Oxford Dictionary" prescribed on the Morningside Heights? A glance at Craigie's treatment of the adjective "real" would have prevented the stricture (p. 46) upon Taylor's dissyllabic pronunciation. Taylor's "grows real and undying" is matched by Shakespeare's "Is't real that I see?" Milton's "real eclipse," Pope's "A real bull." The "Century Dictionary" seems to be our critic's standard (see pp. 70, 71), yet the "Century" does not reduce real to a monosyllable. We might add the caution not to take critics at their self-valuation. Thus, when the *Athenæum* (p. 69) called "repentance-sentence," "harden-pardon" Cockney rhymes, it uttered sheer pedantry; the *Athenæum* writer, like every Englishman, pronounced all four terminations with the same obscure vowel sound. Still, despite occasional shortcomings, Mrs. Haskell's monograph will be a valuable, we might say, an indispensable, guide to the "Faust" student.

The new play which Jerome K. Jerome has written for Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, and which will be produced by them in the London St. James's Theatre on September 1, is said to be founded upon one of his short stories, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was first published some years ago. It dealt with the arrival of a stranger in a Bloomsbury lodging house, and the effect which it had upon the character and fortunes of the other inmates of the establishment. Mr. Robertson will be the stranger, and for Miss Elliott there is said to be a striking and novel part, which, however, is not that of the heroine, for which Alice Crawford has been engaged.

In a speech before the curtain on the last night of his London season, George Alexander announced that A. W. Pinero is at work upon another new play for the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Alexander's first production in the autumn, however, will be a new piece by Alfred Sutro, which will be followed by revivals of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Old Heidelberg." Later there will be new plays by Hubert Henry Davies and Haddon Chambers.

The future of the London Court Theatre seems to have been settled for some time to come. A lease of it has been acquired by Miss Mouillot, whose ambition is to produce plays with some more artistic recommendation than their mere commercial quality. She has entered into an engagement with Herbert Swears, of the Pioneers, who will undertake to give six performances—three afternoon and three evening—every week for forty weeks in each year. At other times the theatre will be devoted to musical, miscellaneous, and amateur performances. The work of the Pioneers, hitherto, has exhibited rather more zeal than discretion, but their announced intention to follow and improve upon the example set by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will awaken the sympathetic interest of intelligent playgoers. There ought to be an audience in London for one literary and artistic theatre and doubtless there is, but unfortunately the promoters of such enterprises in the past have often been unable to discriminate between that which is really significant, imaginative, or dramatic, and that which is merely sensational, eccentric, or unclean.

The Irish Stage Society, an amateur association—which must not be confounded with the company of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin identified with W. B. Yeats and others—has been giving some performances at the Court Theatre in London with only moderate success.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

The appearance of a new volume of the revised version of Grove's "Dictionary" is an event in the musical world, for no similar work is so elaborate and so much up-to-date. The fourth volume begins with Quadrille and ends with Marie Szymanowska, the Polish pianist whom Goethe praised so highly, while Mendelssohn suspected that he did so less because of her playing than because of her pretty face. A large proportion of this volume is taken up by four articles: Grove's "Schubert," Spitta's "Schumann," Mrs. Wodehouse's "Song" and Hubert Parry's "Symphony," each of which is long enough to constitute a volume by itself—and admirable volumes they would make. Grove's "Schubert" is still the best biography of that master in any language—the work of a scholarly enthusiast. Some additions to it have been made by W. H. Hadow, particularly in the bibliography, which, however, is still incomplete. That the writings of John Fiske, Elson, and other Americans are ignored is not strange, for "Grove" is not partial to Americans; but mention should certainly have been made of the books of Niggli and Heuberger, which contain much that is new. It is also to be regretted that Grove's catalogue of Schubert's compositions, which in the first edition took up several pages, has been omitted. To be sure, in the matter of completeness it has been superseded by the table of contents of the definitive edition of Schubert's works, issued by Breitkopf & Härtel, but Grove's list might have easily been corrected and supplemented by this German list. The omission of the Schubert catalogue, including over 1,100 works, most of which are alive, is the more surprising in view of the fact that nearly three columns are devoted to a catalogue of Raff's works, nearly all of which have, as the editor correctly remarks, passed "into an oblivion which cannot excite surprise in those who realize the inherent weaknesses of the composer."

A lack of balance has always been the chief defect of Grove. It is really preposterous to assign thirty-three columns to Spontini, a noisy and obsolete eclectic, who played no vital part in the history of music, while disposing of Saint-Saëns in less than four columns. Besides being too short, this latter article is unjust. The remark that his "creative faculty does not keep pace with the technical skill of the workman," may apply to the works of his old age, but all in all, there are only two Frenchmen, Bizet and Gounod, who are as fertile as he in new ideas; and in musical scholarship and command of form he approaches the greatest German masters nearer than any other Frenchmen. No mention is made, except in the list of his works, of the four picturesque and fascinating orchestral works which introduced into France the new form created by Liszt, the symphonic poem. What is more surprising still is the manner in which "Symphonic Poem" is treated. The symphonic poem—or tone poem, as some prefer to call it—has practically superseded the symphony in the musical workshops of all countries. It is the most important of the musical forms of our time, as the symphony was of the greater part of the nineteenth century, and the fugue in the day of Bach and Handel. Yet this fact the editor does not state, and the whole subject, which clamors for discussion from several points of view, is disposed of in less than half a column, while three columns are devoted to a long-forgotten English colorature singer, Ann Storace, and her brother, Stephen, a minor composer, concerning whose gout and stomach troubles full and authentic details are supplied.

In the article on Song, the bibliography is again incomplete, especially on the

American side. Ignorance of America, said Charles Dudley Warner, is one of the branches taught in English schools; but why display this ignorance so conspicuously in a lexicon intended for the American market quite as much as for the English? This ignorance extends to all sorts of details; in the article on Sembrich, for instance, it is stated that "of late her career, both in opera and concerts, has been divided between Austria and the United States." As a matter of fact, she has sung hardly anywhere except in this country. A picture of Sembrich is included in this volume, and three other singers, Sontag, Schröder-Devrient, and Rubini, are similarly honored.

The composers represented by pictures as well as articles are Schubert, Raff, Rameau (who, though he died in 1764, is the hero of the hour in Paris), Reinecke, Reyer, Rimsky-Korsakoff (recently deceased), Rossini, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Salieri, Scarlatti, Schumann, Smetana, Spohr, Spontini, and Richard Strauss. The article on Strauss is by the editor himself, who is by no means an admirer of that composer. We fully endorse his diagnosis of that composer's attitude, summed up in these words:

For the present it would seem as if the composer's wish to startle the frequenters of concerts were in abeyance, and he has turned his attention to the possibly harder work of shocking Continental operagoers. As his forthcoming opera, "Elektra," has been stated, on good authority, to contain points that will offend, or at least surprise, the most hardened admirers of "Salome," there is no injustice in mentioning this, as the primary object of the compositions.

Yet we cannot but think that it would have been better if Mr. Maitland had followed Grove's example of putting the articles on prominent composers in the hands of an admirer in each case. However, Strauss—and his rival, Max Reger—are setting such a bad example in making audacity—dissonantal and other—their principal object, that they deserve all the chastisement that comes their way.

The fact that conductors have become quite as important as composers and singers is not recognized in the new "Grove." Four of the most prominent musicians of our epoch—Hans Richter, Seidl, Schuch, and Sucher—are included in Vol. IV., but of these only the first named is treated in anything like an adequate manner. Seidl, who did for America in the cause of Wagner what Richter did for Austria and Germany, deserves more than a scant twenty-nine lines, without even reference to the magnificent and valuable volume on him written by prominent artists and authors. Since it is merely an American book, one could of course hardly expect mention of it; but the writer of this article, Carl Armbruster, is a lecturer on Wagner, who cannot be excused for remarking regarding the splendidly successful performances of the Nibelung dramas given under Seidl when they were new, in many European cities, that "the great music-drama was reproduced in a sadly mutilated condition." It was reproduced, as a matter of fact, exactly as Wagner wanted it to be done, as is shown in a letter, in which he said:

I myself, guided by common sense, was the first to indicate cuts for the regular theatrical performances; quite recently I did so for the "Götterdämmerung." Seidl knows them and I believe Richter does, too. . . . It is absurd to demand of the operagoers in a city who want to be entertained, exertions such as I endeavored to alleviate by the arrangements I specially devised for my Bayreuth festivals.

Poldoni, who has been known chiefly through some charming short pieces for the piano, has written an opera. After its first production at Breslau recently it was at once accepted for Vienna and Leipzig, and other cities are negotiating with the composer. The title is "The Vagabond and the Princess"; it is based on an Andersen tale, and the librettist is A. F. Seligman.

Busoni has completed an opera—his first—based on one of Poe's poems. He wrote the libretto himself.

The statement made a few months ago that Paderewski had accepted the post of director of the Warsaw Conservatory is now said to be incorrect. He has not yet accepted the offer; but if a subvention be granted, and a suitable edifice erected in place of the present one, he may take charge of the Warsaw institution.

William Mason, pianist and teacher of music, died last week in New York at the age of eighty. He was the third son of Dr. Lowell Mason, one of the first Americans to gain a reputation in the musical world, and showed early a bent toward his father's career. After studying in Boston and making his first public appearance there in a symphony concert in 1846, he went to Europe, where he studied under Moscheles, Moritz, Hauptmann, E. F. Richter, Alexander Dreyschock, and finally under Liszt. He made a concert trip through Europe in 1853, later returning to this country, and in 1885, in connection with Theodore Thomas, Carl Bergmann, Joseph Mosenthal, and George Matzka, organized the Mason and Thomas performances of chamber music. Subsequently he devoted himself more particularly to teaching, and wrote a number of works along those lines, including "Touch and Technics: Memories of a Musical Life." He also wrote numerous compositions for the piano. In 1872 he was awarded the degree of doctor of music by Yale University.

Art.

The Loeb Collection of Arretine Pottery. Catalogued with introduction and descriptive notes by George H. Chase. New York: Privately printed.

Considering the importance of Arretine vases, not only from an archæological point of view, as being the best products of the Roman potters, but also from a purely artistic point of view, it is astonishing how little of the material at our command has as yet been published. The large number of Arretine vases found during the last century at Arezzo, and now for the greater part placed in the Museo Pubblico there, are unknown except by the few who have visited that museum. The smaller collections of Arretine ware in other museums are also almost wholly undescribed. The present publication, therefore, of a fairly representative collection of moulds and fragments will be welcomed by all archæologists. And the artistic appearance of the book, with its good paper, beautiful print, and twenty-three plates, makes the work attractive to others than students.

Most of the Loeb collection, which is placed in the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard, was bought in Rome in 1904. There are in all 589 numbers. The catalogue proper, in which each piece is described in detail, is preceded by an introductory chapter on Arretine pottery. The history of the town of Arretium is briefly given. Passages from ancient writers are enumerated which show that Arretine ware enjoyed considerable popularity—a fact confirmed by excavations, since this pottery was found not only throughout Italy, but also in Gaul, Spain, and Africa, and was moreover extensively imitated throughout the Roman empire. The author also gives us records of the first discoveries, a useful discussion of the technique of the vases, a description of their decorations, and a list of the names and inscriptions occurring on them. In short, all the many and varied points of interest called forth by a study of Arretine ware are touched upon. But there are no original expositions; our present knowledge of the subject is simply compiled and represented in a clear and matter-of-fact manner.

The author divides his material into five classes. The first includes mould-made vases, in which the principal decoration consists of a frieze of single figures or groups of figures; the second, mould-made vases decorated chiefly with floral and vegetable patterns; the third, unmoulded vases, either plain, or decorated with separately modelled reliefs; the fourth, handles and single separately-modelled reliefs from moulded or unmoulded vases; the fifth, miscellaneous fragments. This division of the material into five distinct classes, of which one consists chiefly of handles, and another of miscellaneous fragments, cannot be called fortunate. It is rather confusing to the reader, who from this five-fold division naturally looks for five separate classes of vases, each with distinguishing characteristics. It would have been better to make classes four and five sub-divisions. The descriptions of the individual pieces are full and clear.

In the early autumn Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish a book on "How to Appreciate Prints," by Frank Weitenkampf, curator of the Print Department of the New York Library; and an elaborately illustrated volume by Elizabeth Luther Cary called "Artists Past and Present."

Bernhard Sickert's "Whistler," in The Popular Library of Art (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is well worthy of the excellent series to which it belongs. Mr. Sickert writes of the art of Whistler with great enthusiasm, but also with much discrimination. With Whistler the writer he disagrees entirely, and his reasons for this disagreement are convincingly put. Particularly illuminating is his analysis of the radical difference, in aim and method, between Whistler and the impressionists, properly so called, such as Monet. The conclusion is:

It is not sufficient to say that Whistler is the greater artist, we must say that Monet is not an artist at all. Science is the goddess that claims him and not art.

Taken by itself, this is, of course, an over-

statement; but it embodies an essential truth. The book ends with a tentative catalogue of oil pictures, which should prove a useful beginning. A great difficulty in its compilation has been Whistler's carelessness in changing the title of a work from time to time, and in repeating the same title for different works, so that his Nocturnes and Arrangements become almost inextricably confused. It is interesting to learn that Whistler himself could not always distinguish, any better than can we, between black and gold and blue and gold, or between blue and gold and blue and silver.

The latest issue to reach us of the Knackfuss Monographs (imported by Lemcke & Beuchner) is "Joshua Reynolds," by Max Osborn. It contains the wealth of indifferently executed illustrations common to the series and is worth having as a kind of memorandum of Reynolds's works. More of Reynolds's drawings are here given than are usually reproduced, serving to make plainer the weakness as a draftsman, which is partly hidden by qualities of color and handling in his paintiugs. It is uot only iu the drawing of the figure that he is weak —even his heads are ill constructed and formless when he handles the point rather than the brush.

Diligent research and an excellent method of analyzing the material accumulated give "La Scultura del Trecento in Roma" (Società Tipografico. Editrice Naziouale, Turin), by Laura Filippini, an honorable place among recent works on the history of Italian art. This monograph covers the years when the younger Cosmati family and their followers were working uuder the Tuscan influences introduced by Arnolfo di Cambio. Then, it traces the conditions during a long period of apparent inactivity after the papal court had abandoned the city for Avignou, when churches like St. John Lateran and St. Peter's fell a prey to the flames or to neglect. Finally, it describes the awakeniug of ecclesiastical art during the last part of the century, after the reëstablishment of the papacy at Rome and the return of sculptors who must have studied the work of contemporary Pisan and Floreutine masters in Tuscany or elsewhere, and who are represented by the Salvati family and their coworkers. Less interesting than periods of more brilliant achievement, this field had been almost wholly neglected. The forms of art treated are statues of saints, ciboria, portals, and monumental tombs found in the older churches of the city. The works of a dozen Roman artists are identified, and once or twice these workers are followed outside the city to Terarmo in the Abruzzi, to Orvieto, Venice, or Genoa. The literature of the subject has been critically scanned and tested by a careful examination of originals, and even of fragments which had been neglected by previous students. The conclusions adopted are often supported by records found among the unpublished archives of churches and monasteries. There are forty-four process reproductions of photographs, a full bibliography, and indexes to the monuments studied and to the contents of chapters.

At Christie's, July 3, the following pictures were sold from the collection of "a gentleman in Scotland," and other unnamed sources: Constable, The Valley Farm, £651. Millais, Cuckoo, £861; Portrait of a Lady in brown dress, £525. Sir W. Q. Orchardson, The Queen of the Swords, £714. J. Phillip, The Gypsy's Toilet, £546. Wilkie, The Bride at Her Toilet, £945. J. S. Cotman, Homeward Bound, £819. Gainsborough, Gen. James Wolfe, £1,890; Watering Horses at a Trough, £420; Mrs. Dorothea Scrivener, £210. Lawrence, Catherine Pakenham, £252; Miss Storr of Blackheath, £210. Morland, A Group of Peasants before the Door of an Inn, £1,837; A Farmyard, £315. Raeburn, Mrs. Mackenzie of Drumtochty, £4,725; Mrs. Hay, £3,360; Capt. Robert Hay, £682; Mrs. Balfour, £273; Alan Grant, £210; Portrait of Young Boy, £630; Mrs. Adams, £210; Col. Robert Macdonald, £399. Reynolds, Portrait of a Lady in white and gold dress £2,100; The Laughing Girl, £504; Portrait of a Boy in gray coat and crimson vest, £367. Romney, Mrs. Charnock, £1,995; Miss Maria Copley, £210. Holbein School, Portrait of a Gentleman, in dark dress trimmed with fur, £336. N. Maes, Portrait of a gentlemau iu black dress, £304. Rembrandt, Portrait of a Gentleman, holding a medal, attached to a chain round his neck, £2,100. Van Dyck, Cardinal Domenico Rivarole, £819; Countess of Northumberland £210. Velasquez, Queen Mariana of Austria, £577; Peasauts at a Repast, £1,050; Portrait of a Lady, in black slashed dress and pearl necklace, £1,050. J. Wynants, A Landscape, divided by a high road, £210 W. Mieris, An Apothecary, £210. S. Ruysdael, A River Scene, £504. Sir W. Beechey, Miss Moysey, £924. A. van der Neer, A River Scene, £399. C. Jaussens, Frauces, Duchess of Richmond aud Lennox, £210.

Finance.

THE CONDITION OF THE RAILWAYS.

The advance figures of the forthcoming report of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been summarized for publication. They offer a comparison of railway finances for the fiscal years 1905-6 aud 1906-7, interesting enough as history, but affording little light for guidauce at the present juncture. The compilation of statistics devolving on the statistician of the Commission is an elaborate task. It would perhaps be impossible for him to give an approximate comparison of earnings and operating expeuses for the fiscal year just closed and 1906-7. But it is precisely the latter comparison which is of moment The Commission's report, always twelve months and more behind the present, reminds one of Mark Twain's characterization of Louis XVI.—good at chasing national maladies, but very poor at overtaking them.

It would seem, however, that June 30, 1907, marked the high tide of prosperity for railway transportation in this country. The single-track mileage on that date was 229,951 miles, of which 5,588 miles had been added during the preceding twelve months. The passenger revenue had exceeded that of the previous fiscal year by over $54,000,000; and the freight earnings had overtopped the similar item of the previous twelve months by over $183,000,000. Expenses of operation had grown by $211,000,000, but gross receipts had increased their lead over operating expenses by more than $51,000,000. Net earnings per mile had grown from $3,548 to $3,696, and variations per ton mile and per passenger mile had both shown trifling gains.

Fortunately for our information, the *Wall Street Journal* has made an unofficial comparison of railway earnings for the fiscal year just closed, with the bumper year 1906-7. It is based on incomplete reports, but the totals will doubtless be close to those of the Commission's report a year hence. This comparison shows a decline in gross earnings of $106,000,000, or approximately 4.12 per cent. The slight concomitant increase in operating expenses—less than one per cent.—results in a loss of net earnings estimated at 14.47 per cent. It is of course, notorious that many roads have reduced their dividends, and that some have suspended them entirely. It is also true that they have lessened their outlay on new equipment and on extensions and improvements. The New York Central alone is said to have cut down these items of cost by about $60,000,000, as compared with the year preceding.

But grantiug all these dismal facts, one must be somewhat skeptical about the conclusion drawn by many transportation experts that there is no way to an industrial revival unless the railways can again begin to spend more freely on rolling stock, extensions, and improvements. And that the funds for such increased outlay can and ought to be obtained by a general increase in freight rates is another very disputable proposition. To galvanize industrial prosperity into renewed vigor by so simple and so mechanical a process is more than trained economists will expect. Unless it can be shown that merchants' and manufacturers' profits have declined on the average less than the earnings of the carriers, why should they be singled out as the proper persons on whom to unload in the first instance the burden of a higher price? The belief seems to have become general since the famous settlement of the anthracite miners' strike that the consumer can be made to pay all advances necessary for securing the prosperity of dissatisfied producers. This comfortable belief will be dissipated some fine morning. At present the country is wearing its old clothes. Railway men themselves comment on the shrinkage in pleasure excursions and ordinary summer travel. The dwindling of luxurious imports is another indication that even the well-conditioned classes are practising economy. Ultimately it is the disposition of the individual consumer that will hasten or delay industrial revival. And the advances in price, which retailers must ask to offset higher freight hills, will hardly lure the ordinary buyer into making more purchases.

The conference of railway presidents in this city last week gave strong confirmation of the double-edged character of the proposed remedy. The president of the Reading is reported to have said that local manufacturing interests served by his line could not stand the proposed advance. This determined position served to abate the zeal which other roads in the same territory had formerly felt for the policy of an increase. The Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Lackawanna cannot pursue a radically different policy, when serving the same region.

The precise effect of an increase in any freight schedule can be determined only by experience, and can be approximately predicted only by a far-seeing transportation expert. But one thing can be laid down *à priori*—that higher rates will not tempt any shipper to make heavier shipments, and that certain consignments now yielding only a small margin of profit will cease altogether under the pressure of higher rates. It may be possible that the higher rates on a smaller volume of traffic will, in special instances, augment the carrier's net earnings. But even in this extreme case the carrier's vicarious interest in a general industrial revival seems somewhat hypocritical when the policy of cure must curtail the volume of freight moved, and must tend to lessen the output of mill and factory. With some thousands of empty freight cars still on the sidings, and the country waiting for an industrial readjustment, the raising of freight rates would seem to be an obviously stupid remedy. If it should chill energy and defer the revival of trade, the railroads will have made a bad bargain.

In his "Railway Enterprise in China," Percy Horace Kent has brought together the essential facts about the origin and present status of the Chinese railways (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). An appendix, of some hundred pages, presents copies of the more important contracts and other documents, such as the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Railway enterprise in China is shown to be still in its infancy, the entire empire having but one mile of road for every 77,100 inhabitants. The net result to date is the development of what is theoretically a system of state railways. This the author regards as not only "the best conceivable for China," but even "the only possible system for the country," since private Chinese enterprise is inadequate for the work in hand, and grants of concessions to foreign capitalists involve serious political dangers. In the future development of the railways the primary problem before the government is a financial one, and in solving it reliance must be placed upon foreign money markets. The obvious course for the government, under these circumstances, is to administer the roads in such a manner as will foster confidence; and in the imperial railways of North China, Mr. Kent thinks, there is already an example of such administration. For the best results, also, a considerable extension of imperial control over railways will be desirable. Such a policy implies necessarily a strong central government, and it remains to be seen whether China will face the situation and introduce the needed reforms. Mr. Kent has been painstaking in his work, and has produced a book that commands the confidence of the reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Samuel, The Writings of. Collected and edited by Harry A. Cushing. Vol. IV. Putnams. $5.

Ayscough, John. Marotz. Putnams. $1.50

Bazin, René. Redemption. Scribners.

Bhagavad Gita. Translated by Charles Johnston. Flushing, N. Y.: Charles Johnston.

Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, Classified Catalogue of the. Part III. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Davenport, Cyril. The Book: Its History and Development. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Du Bois, H. Graham. The Soul of the Singer. Boston: Badger.

Du Bois, Mary R. J. Poems for Travellers. Holt, $1.50 net.

Galsworthy, John. Villa Rubein. Putnams. $1.50.

Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Old English Bible, and Other Essays. Macmillan.

Gilbert, R. W. Golden Rod and Lilies. Boston: Badger.

Humphrey, Lucy H. The Poetic Old-World. Holt. $1.50 net.

James, Henry. Vol. XI.: What Masie Knew; In the Cage; The Pupil. Vol. XII.: The Aspen Papers; The Turn of the Screw, etc. Scribners.

Keats's Poetical Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Henry Frowde.

Kent, Charles Foster. The Founders and Rulers of United Israel. Scribners.

Lenotre, G. The Daughter of Louis XVI. Translated by J. Lewis May. Lane. $4.

Little, Mary B. The Rubaiyat of a Huffy Husband. Boston: Badger.

New Jersey Archives. Vol. III. Trenton, N. J.

Nicolls, William Jasper. Brunhilda of Orr's Island. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Picturesque Sweden. Stockholm: Wahlstrom & Widstrand.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.

The Week.

The decision of Gov. Hughes to accept a renomination in case it is offered him is an event of great importance, both in State and national politics. His attitude is precisely that of a loyal party man and a good citizen. To serve again will mean a pecuniary sacrifice that he, not a rich man, can scarcely afford, but he will respond to the call of duty. To such a call he yielded two years ago, abandoned the successful practice of his profession, devoted himself to incessant and exhausting labor, and exposed himself to the bitterest attacks from the machine politicians of both parties. He has given an invaluable lesson as to the proper attitude of an executive. He has never compromised with the politicians; he has not allied himself with a faction; he has made his appointments to office for merit solely; he has steadily maintained the highest ideals. The common verdict on his career has been, "The best Governor since Cleveland." We need not dwell on the reforms which he has secured from a reluctant Legislature by his appeal to the moral sense of the whole State. He has attacked the bosses of his own party, large and small, with much vigor and success. The policy nearest his heart is to make still more complete the divorce between public service corporations and the politicians, and by a reform of the election laws and a system of direct primary nominations to restore to the people the powers that have been wrested from them. It is a cause to kindle the enthusiasm of every citizen and to make the pulse of every patriotic American beat quicker. The Republican machinists will probably be against him unless they come to see that this man, who has refused to dicker with them and to play the game of politics according to their rules, stands a better chance of election than any other man in this State. There is no one else so fully trusted by the people, no one so likely to attract the indispensable independent vote. Professional politicians are usually short-sighted; but Barnes and his kind can hardly fail to perceive that to refuse a renomination to Gov. Hughes will be suicidal.

Of Norman E. Mack as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the best that can be said is that he is not Thomas Taggart. Mr. Taggart as a national chairman is one of the most melancholy failures on record. Compared with Mr. Hitchcock, now generalissimo of the Republican campaign, Mr. Mack is nowhere; he is far inferior in general intelligence, energy, and directive skill. Moreover, the selection of Mr. Mack is a pretty plain notification that Mr. Bryan does not care for the support of the independents and the remnant of the Cleveland Democracy in New York State. Mr. Mack's character and antecedents will repel rather than attract voters of this type. Many independents are inclined under almost any circumstances to support Mr. Taft as against Mr. Bryan. A number of others who are wavering will surely accept the Republican ticket if Mr. Hughes runs again for Governor. But in order to make sure of alienating the last thousand of respectable and intelligent men who might still cling to Bryan, it has seemed necessary to get Mr. Mack to manage his campaign.

In opening the first national convention of the Independence Party at Chicago on Monday, W. R. Hearst characterized Mr. Bryan as a "knight arrayed in a motley of modified professions and compromised principles, of altered opinions and retracted statements"; and the Republican organization as "the open and avowed handmaiden of the Trusts." These phrases contain only too much truth. The defect of the Independence Party, however, is its leadership. Many thoughtful voters are disgusted with both of the old organizations—with the control of the Republican machine by the protected interests, and the control of the Democratic machine by Mr. Bryan and his Falstaff's army. These dissatisfied voters would welcome a third party with the weight and character of the Gold Democrats of 1896; but they cannot stomach Hearst. The conviction that the Independence Party is the tail to Mr. Hearst's kite is so widespread and well founded that his candidates and his platform excite profound distrust among serious men. It is possible that the Independence Party may poll a considerable vote among the wage-earners in those States in which Mr. Hearst publishes newspapers, notably New York and Illinois; and the influence of his Chicago paper may be felt in doubtful Indiana. If New York and Indiana are close, the defection of the Independents—chiefly, of course, from the Democratic ranks—may actually determine the result.

The President's cry of anger over the Standard Oil decision is proof that he has been hard hit. But the President's statement to the press will not stand analysis. He asserts:

> The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any way, shape, or form touch the merits of the case, excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendant, or of the exceptionally grave character of the offence.

But the fact is that judges on appeal pointed out one class of errors of the lower court which had nothing whatever to do with the size of the fine, but related:

> To the view adopted by the trial court, carried out in its rulings on the admission and exclusion of evidence and embodied in its charge to the jury, that a shipper can be convicted of accepting a concession from the lawful published rate, even though it is not shown as bearing on the matter of intent, that the shipper at the time of accepting such concession knew what the lawful published rate actually was.

The gist of the long discussion of these rulings was that the Standard Oil Company had not really been proved guilty; that the evidence was ambiguous or incomplete. The matter is summed up by Judge Grosscup in the following terms:

> The error of the trial court in making away from the plaintiff in error its right to submit to the jury the whole question of whether it had knowledge of the tariff sheet from which it is said to have accepted a concession, and therefore with intent to violate the law—whether the rate paid was not paid in the honest belief that it was the lawful rate—is an error that rises into one of solid substance.

Thus Judge Grosscup and his two colleagues on the bench declare explicitly that the error was one of "solid substance," relating directly to guilt or innocence. We grant that the President has fallen into a mistake by hastily

glancing at headlines, instead of studying the text of the decision; but a man in his position should weigh his words, and should not even carelessly mislead the millions who will read his crisp phrases rather than the legal argument.

But this is not, perhaps, the worst result of the President's recklessness. He goes on:

> The President would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if, through any technicalities of any kind, the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offence. The President will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice.

Here in effect the President roundly declares that the reversal of the lower court is a "miscarriage of justice," and that "the punishment would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of such offence." Now, the President either has evidence to prove the judges guilty of favoritism or he is talking with almost unexampled wildness. If he has the evidence, it should be forthcoming at once, and the judges should be impeached and driven from the bench in disgrace. We agree with the President that—as he said some months ago—justice should be "meted out with an even hand to great and small, rich and poor, weak and strong." It should be meted out with all swiftness to those on the bench who are guilty of oppression or partiality. But if there is no shred of testimony against the three judges, what shall we say of the President's attack upon them? What is their fault? That their decision displeases him and disarranges his plans for the campaign? Is it for this that members of the Federal judiciary shall be exposed to the fury of the Executive, and shall be accused of conduct baser than that of the average felon?

In his address at Newport last week President Roosevelt beat the tom-tom to summon the supporters of a big navy. The powerful navy that is the best guarantee of peace, the shame of evading imperial responsibilities, the danger of being rich and unarmed, the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, the Panama Canal, the Monroe Doctrine—these were the familiar arguments. The weakling and mollycoddle, easily identified under his new disguise as the man who hits "soft," was appropriately mauled. At the present moment, when the anti-Japanese craze gives signs of dying out in spite of Hobson and his tribe, when a new Japanese Ministry has extended assurances of good will, there was no reason why the President should stir up wrath anew by his tirade on undesirable immigration: "It is absolutely necessary that if we claim for ourselves the right to choose who shall come here, we shall be in trim to uphold that right if any Power challenges it." No names are mentioned. Of course, Russia's fleet may attack us if we shut out the Jews, Rumania's fleet may destroy our Panama Canal! The President poured scorn upon the heads of those who venture to believe that our national defence rests in something else besides the biggest navy on the earth. They are ignorant or blind who still cling to the old belief that our geographical situation forms part of our defence. Mr. Roosevelt laid it down that "to be rich, aggressive, and unarmed, is to invite certain disaster." But why should we be guilty of aggression? Mr. Roosevelt has not seen fit to take up the housecleaning in the Navy Department which real efficiency calls for. He has done nothing to modernize the antiquated bureau system. Ships not off the stocks go out of date because valid criticism of the naval construction hierarchy is not listened to. In other words, what can be done quietly and inexpensively to make a fit navy, the President has not done. But when it comes to sounding trumpets of alarm and defiance, Mr. Roosevelt can be counted on.

The detailed statement of imports and exports for the last fiscal year was issued last week by the Bureau of Statistics. The panic of October rudely interrupted the expansion of our foreign trade. It caused at first an acceleration of merchandise exports, but the shrinkage in domestic demand for manufactured articles was soon reflected in a curtailing of these imports. Our total imports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, were valued at about $250,000,000 less than for the year preceding. The decline was greatest in raw materials, and in partly manufactured articles intended for further elaboration in this country. In exports the net loss was only $20,000,000, as compared with the previous year. Our outgoing foodstuffs showed an actual increase, but this was more than offset by the decline in crude material intended for further use in manufacturing. It is noteworthy that the falling off in exports was greatest in the case of Great Britain, Canada, and Mexico; the export trade to Continental countries and the Orient was not very seriously impaired. The foreign trade figures for the recent month of June show a serious loss as compared with June of last year. Whatever may be the signs of industrial improvement in other fields, such indications are not found to any extent in the current statistics of our foreign trade.

Pity the downtrodden railway! Is there no one to say a good word for it in its present dilemma? Here is the President, or the Interstate Commerce Commission, serving notice that if freight rates are raised, there will be a rigid investigation of the increase to see whether or not it is justified. Last winter a similar threat prevented the cutting of wages, except in isolated cases—wages must not be decreased on the eve of a Presidential campaign. But, says the railway manager, there are only three ways in which a road can aid itself when times are bad: by lopping off all expenses that are not absolutely necessary, by lowering wages, or by raising rates. The first was resorted to last fall; no improvements or developments are under way, and no large purchases of rolling-stock or materials are reported. The salaries of clerks and operating officers (who are not unionized) have long since been reduced. What else can the railways do, they ask. Well, the *Nation* has steadily advised against raising rates as a tactical mistake; but we confess that the dilemma is perplexing.

In the general province of sociology, politics, history, economics, civics, psychology, ethics, and probably education, there are in this country too many technical periodicals. Their contents are too often thin and arid. Their influence on public opinion is generally *nil*. These journals are not usually exposed to the bracing struggle for existence. They are subsidized only too frequently, either directly or indirectly, by individuals, or scientific associations, or institutions of learning. Often they pay

their contributors the barest pittance, but more frequently nothing at all. Instead of rejecting from 95 to 98 per cent. of all contributions offered, as the large magazines do, they are eager for manuscript. The first infirmity of young instructors' minds—to see themselves in print—is played upon to the limit. In short, while one must acquit some of the better journals of this procedure, and while one must allow something for the scholar's altruism, which often gives a first-rate paper to a third-rate scientific journal, the indictment must stand as a whole, that the genus is a forcing-bed for sciolism—pseudo science. The reasons for the origin and spread of these so-called scientific publications are manifold. In the domain of physical and chemical sciences reputable periodicals were a necessity, and still are. They are simply clearing houses advertising the results of experiment and discovery. In finance and in administrative science in Europe something similar may be urged. But in the disputed domain of politics, economics, ethics, and sociology, the journal becomes too often merely a disguised advertisement for the advocates of some particular brand of thought, opinion, or method. But it is supposed that particular *éclat* attaches to the editor or editors, a glory which they in turn reflect upon the scientific society or the institution of learning to which they are attached. Nevertheless, absurd individual and university jealousies centre about them. They duplicate each other's book-reviews, steal each other's thunder freely, beg or extort contributions according as the would-be contributor is comfortably placed or looking for academic advancement; and become a needless tax upon the slender purses of graduate students and upon the budgets of public libraries.

For many years the evils of the undue multiplication of these journals have been conceded in the saner academic centres, and some unavailing efforts have been made in the direction of consolidation. The governing bodies of colleges and universities have sometimes persisted in keeping these journals alive, when the editors from their own faculties have admitted their futility. Indeed, the superstition attaching to printer's ink is nowhere stronger than in many academic circles. Said a friendly adviser some years ago to a newly appointed instructor in a small New England college: "They will do anything for you here, if you will only *publish*." Some universities seem to fear that Satanic mischief can be kept out of the staff of instruction if the annual professorial output, measured by the yard, is only extensive enough. More than one university publishes an annual record of the books and articles emanating from its faculty. If this list is intended to extort printed matter—well called *matter*, for spirit it generally lacks—it is the crassest Philistinism. Amongst the severest trials which Jowett recounts at Balliol was keeping in hand his young tutors, some of whom wanted to marry on inadequate incomes, while others wanted to rush into print without having anything to say. Something may be urged for a temporary suspensive veto to be wisely exercised by academic heads upon indiscriminate printing. The weariness resulting from making many books is proverbial, and if any reform is ever to come, it should emanate from those who are presumably able to assess literary and scientific values.

The revolutionary Old-Age Pension Bill passed the House of Commons by almost unanimous vote. But even had the Conservatives in greater number opposed the measure, they could not have avoided a large part of the responsibility for it. They dallied with the idea when in power; they have criticised the bill rather in details than in principle; and they generally supported it, because, as the London *Times* put it, they felt that "a great hope has been raised in the hearts of thousands of persons, and that it would be a serious step to retard the fulfilment of that hope, however much they question the wisdom of the Government's methods." This result was to be expected. When the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry took office the party turned, in the absence of any harassing foreign problems, to the great humanitarian movements of the day; the old-age pension offered an opportunity to please the masses and pay the new Labor Party for its support. And so it has come about that the party of Mill, Bright, and Cobden is sponsor for a bill which might well be called a Bill to Destroy Thrift and Industry. The party of the Manchester school of individualists has enacted a law which bestows a pension upon every person reaching the age of seventy, man or woman, who can produce a birth certificate, can prove a limited income, or none at all, and a fair character. The recipient is not compelled to save in order to provide for his old age. He may have drunk up his savings in moderate tippling, and may have been an inefficient worker all his life. But at seventy the lazy and incompetent, as well as the industrious and skilful, are alike informed that the world owes them a living. The results in the discouragement of thrift may not become manifest at once—indeed, it may take several generations before they are apparent. But there are other consequences which will appear sooner. The vast sums required to carry out the plan will put a weapon into the hands of the protectionists with which they may reach the vitals of the free traders within a surprisingly short time. The financial danger will vex every Chancellor of the Exchequer, and will always give a Chamberlain or a Balfour a reason for urging a "reform" of the tariff which will produce more revenue.

Forty hours under water during a cruise of 390 miles under war conditions—this is the extraordinary record of the British submarine manœuvre flotilla. It comprised seventeen vessels of the B and C types of the Holland boat as developed by the British naval experts. They are of 313 tons, using gasolene engines when on the surface or awash, and electrical power when wholly submerged; and they are reported to have living quarters that are decently habitable. Nothing like this record has been achieved anywhere else. But the English, slow to take up submarines, have been going about their development with true British thoroughness, and what was once characterized as Yankee energy. True, our own navy has done some experimenting at Newport, and Congress authorized eight new submarines at its last session. But our naval officers are wholly absorbed by the battleship controversy and the craze for Dreadnoughts. They have quite abandoned the American monitor, and have paid scant attention to torpedoes and torpedo-boat work, in which the Confederate naval officers were so conspicuous in days of the blockade.

MR. TAFT'S POLICIES.

Mr. Taft, in his long speech of acceptance, is, of course, enthusiastic over the policies and methods of Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party. Candidates seem bound to say the conventional things; and therefore we attach little weight to Mr. Taft's sweeping denunciation of the opposition and his distinction between the Republican platform as "progressive and regulative," and the Democratic as "radical and destructive." Mr. Bryan will pay his respects to Mr. Taft in much the same terms and will mean as little by them. Of the document as a whole we may say that it exhibits frankness and common sense and confirms former impressions of Mr. Taft's sanity and courage. We shall confine our comment to three of the main issues, in discussing which Mr. Taft amplifies the resolutions of the Republican Convention, and shows something of his personal qualities—the difference between his point of view and that of President Roosevelt and the party hacks. On corporation control he is rather non-committal; on the tariff disappointingly cool; on the demands of labor refreshingly firm and vigorous.

As to corporations, Mr. Taft declares that the task of the next Administration "is distinct from and a progressive development of that which has been performed by President Roosevelt":

> The chief function of the next Administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which shall operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible.

Since Mr. Taft differs from Mr. Roosevelt in having been severely trained in the law, since he grasps broad principles, whereas Mr. Roosevelt sees only detached concrete instances, he will, we are confident, move toward reform with a step that is far more cautious and certain. Mr. Taft points out, for instance, that it does no good "to prescribe new duties for the Interstate Commerce Commission," the performance of which is "practically impossible," or "to denounce new offences with drastic punishment unless subordinate and auxiliary legislation shall be passed," providing for the enforcement of penalties. On the question of physical valuation of railways Mr. Taft speaks with moderation. He argues that valuation is but one of many factors in determining rates; but he concludes that a valuation of the tangible property of a railway may from time to time be desirable or even necessary; and that in view of the legislation proposed in the Republican platform, forbidding the issue of interstate railway stocks or bonds without Federal authority, "there should be the right and machinery to make a valuation." He is also moderate on the subject of a Federal license for companies engaged in interstate trade. To ask a license of all such corporations would impose an "intolerable" burden, and he would therefore suggest some means for classifying and insuring Federal supervision of such corporations—"a very small percentage"—as "have the power and temptation to effect restraints of interstate trade." This may be vague, but at least it is much less revolutionary than some of Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations and the demands of the Republican extremists at Chicago.

On the tariff, Mr. Taft's apparent indifference must dash the hopes of all ardent revisionists. He objects to the Democratic plan of putting Trust-made articles on the free list because that "would not only destroy the Trusts, but all of their smaller competitors." This tenderness for the small competitor is an excuse which is worn so threadbare that Mr. Taft should be ashamed to produce it. Furthermore, he believes there are some "schedules in which the tariff is not sufficiently high to give the measure of protection which they should receive upon Republican principles." This staggering assertion must be a sop to the bourbon protectionists. But he admits the necessity of revision and confirms the platform promise to begin "promptly upon the incoming of the new Administration." From the point of view of reformers, however, the main thing is to get the tariff once fairly open for discussion. That is what the "standpatters" chiefly dread; for they know that the schedules reek with scandal, and that once the press and public have a chance to let in the light, Congress will be forced to abolish the worst of the inequalities and iniquities.

The paragraphs dealing with labor and law are by far the strongest part of Mr. Taft's speech. In tone his language is conciliatory, but he shows a far stiffer back than President Roosevelt and the weak-kneed gentlemen who wanted Gompers and the American Federation of Labor to have everything at Chicago. Of non-union workers Mr. Taft asserts squarely:

> Their rights before the law are exactly the same as those of the union men, and are to be protected with the same care and watchfulness.

On the boycott he is equally emphatic:

> What they have not the right to do is to injure their employer's property, to injure their employer's business by use of threats or methods of physical duress against those who would work for him, or deal with him, or by carrying on what is sometimes known as a secondary boycott against his customers or those with whom he deals in business; . . . they may not through the instrumentality of a threatened or actual boycott compel third persons against their will and having no interest in the controversy to come to their assistance. These principles have for a great many years been settled by the courts of this country.

This is a blow between the eyes for Mr. Gompers. Directly opposed to the position of "labor" also is Mr. Taft's clear analysis of the use of the injunctions in industrial disputes. He flatly contradicts Mr. Roosevelt by saying that "the number of instances in which restraining orders without notice in industrial disputes have issued in Federal courts is small"; and that this small number "shows the careful manner in which most Federal judges have exercised their jurisdiction.' He riddles the Democratic plank (a bid for the labor vote) demanding a jury trial in prosecutions for contempt, and condemns it as "an insidious attack upon the judicial system"; but he adds that "more definite specification in procedure . . . can be effected without injury to the administration of the law." His conclusion of the whole matter is sound and forcible: "The maintenance of the authority of the courts is essential unless we are prepared to embrace anarchy." In this position, in what promises to be one of the leading issues of the campaign, Mr. Taft deserves the cordial support of every good citizen.

In fine, Mr. Taft's speech seems likely to alienate still further the labor element and the hot radicals of his own party, especially those of the West. They already look upon the Chicago platform as too reactionary; Mr. Taft is even less inclined to cut loose and run amuck. By this attitude he will be strengthened among the conservatives of the East and the large business centres of the West;

and among those who, while anxious for reform, dread Mr. Bryan's propensity for flighty and ill-considered innovations.

THE STANDARD OIL AND THE COURTS.

The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing Judge Landis's sentence fining the Standard Oil Company $29,240,000, lays down pretty clearly the principle that this is a government of law, not of caprice, whether executive or judicial. For the Standard Oil we have no tenderness. We believe that the vast monopoly has been built up by men both shrewd and unscrupulous, and that the methods employed to crush rivals have been tricky, even treacherous. Moreover, we are convinced that long after public opinion was educated and clarified in the matter of railway rebates, long after every fair-minded man could see that a common carrier, enjoying special privileges—such as the power to condemn private property—should treat all shippers equally, the Standard Oil continued to secure secret favors; and that the official denials on this point were deliberate falsehoods. To say this, however, is not to say that the Standard Oil shall not have exact justice. Were it all compact of malignity, it is still entitled to its day in court, a verdict in accord with the evidence, and a sentence in accord with law and common sense. The fact that the three judges of appeal were unanimous raises a strong presumption that the rulings of the lower court were due in part to heat and prejudice. This presumption is fortified by the further fact that the opinion on appeal was delivered by Judge Grosscup, a man whose hostility to the lawlessness of corporations has been publicly proclaimed in terms of almost unjudicial bitterness. His natural inclination would be to let the offender feel the full rigor of the statute. If he maintains that the Standard Oil has been unjustly dealt with, most sober men will acquiesce.

The lower court is reversed on two main grounds: First, the evidence against the Standard Oil was not complete and unequivocal, partly because the rulings of Judge Landis excluded certain testimony favorable to the defendant; second, even had the evidence been satisfactory, the judge, in imposing the enormous fine, "abused the discretion vested in the court." The evidence is complex and often highly technical. When sentence was pronounced last August, we noted the difficulties and ambiguities and expressed doubt on this very matter. Judge Grosscup's analysis of the evidence makes its weakness even more apparent than in the press reports of a year ago. His reasoning further persuades us that the data from which Judge Landis reckoned the number of offences were not wholly trustworthy, and that the fine, even had guilt been certain, was excessive. We question, however, whether Judge Landis fully deserves the severe rebuke administered to him. He may have been swayed both by the popular passion against the Standard Oil and by a desire to help the Republican Administration in its campaign against the Trusts; but it is conceivable that he was wholly unconscious in yielding to such unworthy motives, and there is no proof that he deliberately prostituted his position to personal or political ends. If we are not to damn the Standard Oil on mere general principles, neither must we damn Judge Landis.

If he had an eye to political effects, either for himself or for his party, he has been sharply punished. The cry of Mr. Bryan and his followers that President Roosevelt has made a terrible ado about putting wealthy malefactors in prison, but has actually accomplished very little in this line, will now ring through the country with redoubled force. The Standard Oil is the most hated of all the Trusts; it was singled out for special attack; it was the big game which the mighty Nimrods at Washington were chiefly desirous of bagging; the fine of $29,240,000 has been dangling at Mr. Roosevelt's belt as the most conspicuous scalp he has taken. But the court has snatched that trophy from him; and the opponents of the Administration can declare with much effect on the stump that Mr. Roosevelt's loud professions are unsustained by performance. In the West, where the tide of radicalism is still running high, this argument cannot fail to be a telling one. Bryan, who has been complaining that Mr. Roosevelt has stolen his policies, can now assert that the thief does not know how to apply them, and that the Democrats still remain the only real enemies of the wicked corporations, the only real friends of the people.

In the East, however, where many people are tired of "muck-raking," and where the harrying of corporations has produced no small apprehension in commercial centres, the decision of last week will bring a sense of relief that may even help to reconcile some of the stoutest critics of the Administration to Mr. Taft and "my policies." It is plain that the courts will still defend property; that they will not accept reckless denunciations, whether in President's messages or public speeches, as a substitute for legal evidence; and that capitalists who obey the law have nothing to fear. The gloomy forebodings as to what may happen if radicals and revolutionaries come into power are groundless. We still have a Constitution to guard our ancient liberties.

It is plain, also, that if we are to curb the lawless corporations and bring them to the bar, the proper methods are not those of crude sensationalism and wild oratory, in which Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt have been competing. That sort of thing does very well for a little while. It may even carry a man into office on a wave of popular enthusiasm. But in this world results are achieved, not by noise, but by action. The quiet, steady, hard work and hard thinking for which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have so little liking; the careful framing of legislation; the thorough gathering and skilful presentation of evidence—this is the only process by which the people can successfully prosecute a case against the "criminal rich." If we elect Bryan, he will inevitably disappoint us as Mr. Roosevelt has disappointed us—and for precisely the same reason. In the light of last week's event Mr. Taft's rôle is obviously that of the cool, cautious, firm, and persistent man who will labor without clamor and be sure of each step forward.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

The festival at Quebec has been as much a tribute by Britain to France as by the British Canada of the present to the French Canada of the past. We have already referred to this broader significance of the Champlain celebration. It comes as a fitting culmination of four years of growing friendship between the two mother countries across the Atlantic, and naturally carries with it the weight that can scarcely attach to

mere Franco-British expositions and fraternal visits between French and British Mayors, Parliamentarians, authors, scientists, and school children. In France and in England, it is true, the thought of Canada can scarcely evoke the same sense of unalloyed rejoicing. Great Britain may regard the present with satisfaction, if with a sigh at the difficulties that have been surmounted on the way; France cannot help looking back with a pang to what was and reflecting sadly on what might have been. But the old wound has healed; and Gallic pride may console itself with the thought that the French genius has ever been more successful in the field of spiritual than of political conquest. Napoleon's empire lasted only a little while, but the ideas of the great Revolution transformed Europe, are still at work on the Continent, and are re-echoing in distant Asia. And so, though the crown and the power of Canada are Britain's, nevertheless Quebec's prominent rôle in the national life, her poets and her statesmen, have shown the high capacities of the French blood.

It is a commonplace to insist that French and English in Canada are now a united people; but, while it is true that the old racial animosities have been dying out, it is a question whether even in the troubled days before the Federation Act of 1867, England's rule was ever more gravely jeopardized by her French subjects in Quebec than by her English-speaking subjects in the other provinces. It is an interesting speculation as to how far the presence of a large French element in Canada has contributed, and will continue to contribute, to the perpetuation of British rule. One of England's greatest difficulties is in ruling Englishmen. With foreign races she seems to get on well enough. The thirteen English-speaking colonies were constantly quarrelling with the mother country until the final break came. All-English Australia is the most unruly, the most impudent and cock-sure young cub of a dependency that ever told a mother-empire to mind her own business. On the other hand, South Africa, with a predominantly Dutch population, is speedily accommodating herself to the rôle of being British and united. And Canada has, on the whole, preserved the duty and dignity of the young matron who has known how to combine the parts of daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own. How far is the presence of a non-English population effective in keeping English fellow-subjects loyal to the British crown? Without stooping to the brutal method of fomenting dissension, Great Britain has found it still true that divisions among her subjects, pacific though they may be, help her to rule.

Nevertheless, it is quite apparent that with time the French influence in Canada must show a decline. The national celebration at Quebec is commemorative of a spirit of pioneer enterprise among the French which seems now to have left them. When Champlain, after founding Quebec, turned south towards New York, he began the opening up of a continent which the Frontenacs, Joliets, Marquettes, Tontys, and La Salles were so gloriously to continue. But in building up the Canadian West, the French race is taking very little part. So that, even though Quebec escapes retrogression, even if it move forward in economic development with a caution characteristic of the French race in that field, it must come to count continually less and less as English-speaking colonists from across the seas, and from south of the border, form new centres of economic, and consequently political, power in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Add to these the older but no less progressive West of Manitoba and British Columbia, and the ultimate balance against the French-Canadian appears correspondingly weighted.

What must be the effect on Canada's relation to the mother country? According to our thesis, the more English she becomes, the thinner should grow the bonds that tie Canada to the Empire. Yet at first sight just the opposite would seem to have been the case. Canada now is more loyal than it was ten years ago, more intent on preserving the connection with England. But it is apparent, on the other hand, that Canadian loyalty is directed less toward Great Britain than toward Canada itself. So liberal have been England's concessions to the demands of her eldest daughter, that Canada's failure to reciprocate would have been inconceivable. The attitude of the Canadians toward Asiatic immigration, for instance, has been allowed seriously, though not officially, to modify Great Britain's relations of intimacy with Japan. Only a few months ago the British government, in treaty with our own, conceded to its colonies the practical right of veto on any treaty affecting their interests; naturally, this concerns Canada most. In other ways Canadian self-rule and pride have been flattered, so that, counting her enormous annual British immigration, it would be strange if Canada, situated a scant two thousand miles away from the mother country, and in easy and quick communication with it, should show the same tendency to independence that is so often seen in distant and isolated Australasia.

A CONSTITUTION FOR TURKEY.

A generation which lives through great changes seldom recognizes their full moment. Japanese victories over Russia may be dramatic, may even be vaguely portentous while we read of them, but the insistent cares of every-day business dwarf them to the stature of the ordinary event. Generally it is reserved for the future to contemplate with awe the working of large forces in the world's history. But the years since 1904 have constituted an exceptional period. It calls for no perfervid historical imagination to realize that we have been witnessing during these four years a tremendous social and political evolution in open and rapid play. Japan triumphant, Russia constitutionalized, Persia constitutionalized, China preparing for a Constitution, India and Egypt stirred by great dreams of self-rule—it has been like a picture from a gigantic, swiftly-moving film projected upon a canvas covering nearly half the earth. And now comes Turkey. Abdul Hamid, aghast at the spirit of mutiny which has blazed up among his Macedonian and Albanian regiments, has called a Liberal Grand Vizier to power, announced the grant of a Constitution, and summoned a Parliament to meet in Constantinople. To the world at large the news comes like a bolt from the blue. In Russia, the Constitution of August, 1905, was preceded by six months of revolutionary activity. In Persia there was a long preceding period of agitation. But it is only a day or two ago that we learned how active the leaders of Young Turkey have been among the troops. In that day or two the Sultan has taken fright and submitted.

Not that the Young Turks are a new factor in Ottoman affairs. They go back far into the nineteenth century. Their ideas were already current when Sultan Abdul Medjid, in imminent danger of losing his throne to Mehemed Ali of Egypt, issued, in November, 1839, the Hatti Sherif of Gulhane, which laid down liberal principles of government for the Porte, reformed the bureaucracy, and placed Christians and Mohammedans on an equal basis. A succession of Liberal Ministers kept the principles of the act of Gulhane alive till foreign complications, culminating in the Crimean war, led the Palace to reassert its old power. Again, in December, 1876, when the Balkans were in revolt and war with Russia was certain, Abdul Hamid, who had succeeded his brother Murad V. in the same year, promulgated a Constitution for the Empire. The first Turkish Parliament met in March, 1877, and its career was exactly like that of all new-born Parliaments. It put forward demands which the throne would not grant, entered into conflict with the Ministers, asserted its own supremacy in the state, and got itself dissolved after a session of eleven months. Since then the government of Turkey has been what we have known it. The Young Turkish leaders have been persecuted and compelled to carry on their propaganda from Paris, where a nephew of the Sultan has been the head of the party. Their work among the Turkish troops is now said to date from 1904. But the Turkish army for a long time has presented the anomalous character of an efficient and loyal force given to chronic mutiny. In times of crisis, the Sultan could count on his Albanian and Anatolian troops. He has found to his cost that he can no longer rely on them.

The ultimate outcome of the Sultan's sudden surrender is, of course, in doubt; in view of the course of constitutionalism in Russia and Persia, it would be rash to indulge in definite prophecy. In Turkey the problem is all the more complicated because of the historical relations of the Empire to the rest of Europe. One thing only can be said: that, unless the constitutional revolution was foreseen in the European chancelleries, the change must work an entire rearrangement in the diplomacies of each of the great Powers. If we recall how Europe was all in a flutter a few months ago over the comparatively trivial matter of a railway concession granted to Austria-Hungary, if we recollect how vital a problem in European politics Macedonia has been, it will be apparent what effect on European diplomacy will be produced by an event that dwarfs even the Macedonian trouble. It was, very likely, the preparations making by the Powers to loosen still further Turkey's hold on the Macedonian provinces, that stirred Turkish patriotism to action against the régime of Hamid and precipitated the present crisis. For in this latest manifestation of the Young Turkish movement there is more involved than a struggle for constitutional reform. Added to that is a new national pride and self-confidence which sees no reason why Turkey should continue to be dependent solely on the mutual jealousies of the European Powers. The Young Turkish leaders feel that in Turkey, as in Japan, there is the strength of self-subsistence.

The effects which the new Constitution will produce in Turkey itself are too complicated for summary treatment. But the new Constitution has an importance and bearing outside of the Ottoman Empire. It comes as a timely reinforcement to the cause of constitutionalism in those places where the forces of political progress have still to contend with formidable difficulties. Only the other day liberal institutions in Persia were in the most serious danger. To-day it cannot be doubted that the example of the leading Mohammedan nation will make it impossible for Persia to go back. Even in Russia autocracy, disguised as constitutionalism, must feel the effect. For very shame, the Czar cannot return to methods and institutions that Abdul Hamid has discarded. To civilization at large the event at Constantinople brings notable grounds for rejoicing. It brings another refutation of that gospel of inferior and superior races which has been made the basis of the brutal ethics of Imperial conquest and exploitation. Islam may rule itself. Liberty and democracy are not the special gifts of the divinely endowed white European races.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE.

Since Japan's triumph over Russia, public utterances about the character of the island empire have run the entire rhetorical gamut, from magniloquent eulogy to unfounded denunciation. At first the Japanese were the Anglo-Saxons of the East, but speedily they were metamorphosed into the Yellow Peril. The tumult and shouting have nearly subsided, however, and the sane and discriminating observations recently made in several newspaper interviews by that experienced traveller, George Kennan, only illustrate anew that, "when half-gods go, the gods arrive." Mr. Kennan is quoted as saying in part:

> The Japanese navy, army, and civil services are exceptionally clean. Some of the disappearing shady methods in business are due to a great extent to the fact that formerly only the lowest classes went into trade. Now that the Samurai are entering trade, business will soon be on an entirely honest standard.

There is a view of the Orient which postulates a peculiar psychology of the brown and yellow races. The convolutions of their brains are supposed to differ from the white man's. Even so sagacious an observer as Lord Cromer has descanted on the unpredictable workings of the mind of the East. But separated as East and West are by centuries of culture, the motives now seen to actuate Japan's policy are very plain, common-sense ones. Japan is averse to a hostile attitude towards the United States, because of Japan's heavy commitments in Korea, because Formosa's natural resources are so ample as to preclude any envy of our Philippine possessions, and because Japan is bent on maritime and commercial growth. Very plain and homely objects these, and such as require no metaphysical subtlety in race psychology to fathom

The importance to Japan of Formosa and Korea lies in the stores of mineral deposits, especially of coal and iron, which they contain. These raw products are, of course, native to Japan, which has even exported coal. But in Japan they are not found in the abundance requisite for preëminence in iron and steel production. There seems, however, good ground for the belief that Japan's maritime future is assured. The long, indented coast line has created a hardy, skilful, and adventurous sea-faring population, comparable perhaps to the Greeks of old or the English of more recent times. The modern art of shipbuilding with iron and steel has been pursued with zeal, and has expanded with great rapidity. The Japanese craftsman of former times has made a skilled and capable artisan. The

result has been a very rapid growth in tonnage, and so sharp a competition for freight that the English freighter often loses a cargo to the Japanese. The immediate carrying trade in the waters of the Pacific bordering on the Mikado's kingdom is practically in the hands of the Japanese. Whether the deposits of coal, iron, and petroleum from its outlying dominions will ever give Japan a position in iron and steel comparable with that of the United States or Germany is very doubtful. But Japan is not likely to be outdone in the ocean carrying trade of the Pacific, The manufacturing and industrial future of Japan will doubtless lie in the textile industry. Silk is, of course, the most important manufactured export, but cotton yarns and various products of split bamboo, such as mats, are important. Nor has the earlier mastery of the plastic arts, nor indeed any trade where digital dexterity is important, left Japan without important subsidiary export industries. Porcelain and earthenware, lamps, and matches still contribute heavily to the consignments that seek foreign shores.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Japan's industrial growth is the improving *morale* of trade upon which Mr. Kennan and other Japanese authorities are laying such stress. The contrast between the Japanese and Chinese merchant's honesty has often been pointed out—to the disadvantage of the Japanese hitherto. The explanation lies in the past social history and structure of Japan. For centuries precedence and dignity in that land have been accorded to the Samurai, the warrior class. Next below, but *longo intervallo*, stood the farmer, whose sedulously tilled rice garden was the principal support of a people almost entirely addicted to a cereal diet. Third, came the artisan class —the smith in iron, and the wood-worker, who often formed a part of the entourage of the warrior gentry. But below them all was the merchant, the trader, the retailer, whose gains were supposed to be at the expense of the other classes and of his own self-respect or honesty. To "a nation of shopkeepers," this may seem an undue disparagement of a necessary and useful function. But it is characteristic not alone of feudal Japan, but of many a Western nation in the same stage of economic immaturity. Aristotle's strictures on the trader or huckster but reflect the dominant view held a generation ago in Japan of the merchant.

Whenever the history of Japanese morals is studied, the fact always comes to the top that, while personal loyalty to one's superior was nowhere so splendidly developed as in Japan, the homely, every-day virtue of honesty was left to vegetate. But the old order changes in Japan, as elsewhere, and the Samurai families are increasingly betaking themselves to trade and commerce, to banking and manufactures. This has the double effect of relieving commercial pursuits of the stigma that has so long rested on them, and of enlisting in trade the flower of the Japanese people. The questionable practices of Japanese merchants in the past have been sometimes condoned by their compatriots, who discovered how various nations of the West, in early treaties and conventions, had outwitted the unsuspecting Japanese. It will not do, therefore, for the West to adopt a smug complacency, and to congratulate the Japanese on their improving standard of commercial honesty. If the descendants of the Samurai can erect a standard of commercial integrity at all comparable to their fine past record for courage and loyalty, we shall be their debtors, and not they ours.

THE TRAGIC SENSE.

The strange return of Eberhard, the New Jersey murderer, to the scene of his crime and his distracted confession, and the mystery surrounding the death of Hazel Drew of Troy, prove anew that the newspapers are dealing constantly in the raw stuff of tragedy. It is dangerous material to handle—this daily chronicle of passion and violence. For tragedy is one thing, and the raw material of tragedy is another. The spectacle of the one is a deterrent, of the other an incentive to crime. The process of transforming an unwholesome passage from the records of the police courts into something akin to tragic drama demands a deeply reflective mind. It must be admitted that the average newspaper reporter is wholly inadequate to the task, even were it not quite aside from the purpose of his calling. It is unnecessary to say that the mind of the ordinary newspaper reader is as unequal to the transformation as that of the reporter.

The truly tragic, according to the Greek critic, stirs the soul with pity for the offender and cleanses it with terror for the offence. The perilous fascination exercised by the newspaper record of crime is due to its entire lack of the tragic "purgation." By the newspaper men the divine terror of the "Agamemnon" would be reduced to the story of a brutal woman who trapped her husband in his bath and brained him with a hatchet. In that form the material is unedifying and unprofitable; but, unfortunately, in that form it is also the most generally palatable. The public, if we may judge by the circulation of the sensational papers, is most pleased when the major crimes are treated with apparent nonchalance or even with flippancy and gloating detail. What is desired is crude sensation, as in the voluminous accounts of the Thaw trial, without troublesome afterthought.

The moral purgation effected by tragedy is to be attributed in large measure to its constant relating of cause to effect—a thing which no reporter can do and which no self-indulgent sinner likes to do. Macbeth indulges in this weak or vicious thought to-day which will cause him to do that bad thing to-morrow which will lead to a bloody deed the day after—and so all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. The tragic sense divines every link in the chain till the first is forged to the last. The newspaper man's aim is clean contrary. His object is to thrill and startle. Last night this man was worth millions; this morning he has not a cent. Interesting. Yesterday this man was a pillar of his church; to-day he has two wives. Amusing. Last night he was a respected bank cashier; this morning he is in Canada. Alarming. This morning she was selling lace in a big dry goods store; to-night she is in the East River. Shocking. He quietly entered the house and put a knife into his wife and three children. Horrible. Horrible, shocking, alarming, amusing, interesting—sensations of the moment gradually accumulating into an abiding sense that this is a pretty nasty world; that is the limit of instruction in the newspaper account of crime. How different from the reflection of the villain Edmund in "Lear," when deep-dyed in evil he meets his end: "The wheel is come full circle; I am here."

Even when the sense of tragedy falls

on the criminal, and he comprehends that he has done what humanity cannot tolerate, no Shakespeare is at hand to record the fact. There is not ordinarily even a reporter. The retribution takes place in horrid silence, and the Eumenides tear dumbly in the inarticulate spirit. If the offender is young and has friends, the sensational newspapers may create for him a wave of ungovernable pity, but the terror to which they appeal is not the moral terror which purges, but the physical terror of pain and death which is felt by every coward. Not every criminal, however, has the intellectual vigor to discern, like Edmund, on his death-bed, that the gods are just. Commonly, they step into eternity with the hard bravado that they wear in life, or are shuffled off struggling, like dogs that have been caught killing sheep. The sordid hero of this sordid drama is the executioner. The only comment is that society has put away from the light something vile. In the old days it was regarded as wholesome to let the world see men dangling in chains. The comparatively recent exclusion of the public from executions is evidence of our perception that there is no tragic cleansing wrought in the emotions of the spectators by the punishment of an unrepentant criminal. On the contrary, the effect is a sense of degradation, and a feeling that the great stage of life has contracted into a den where animals fight and reptiles strike.

The newspaper records of crime weaken the will by reminding men of their moral insignificance; tragedy strengthens it by reminding them of their moral greatness. For, as the wisdom of the Greeks and of the Elizabethans divined, tragedy can befall only a great man in whom good and evil elements are mingled. In his destiny more than mortal powers participate. When Œdipus died, the sky lightened and strange voices were heard. When the devils contended for the soul of Faustus, Christ's blood streamed in the firmament. We no longer believe that tragedy is concerned only with the fates of lords and ladies. Since Wordsworth found it in the shepherd, and Thomas Hardy in the dairymaid, we have come to recognize the tragic possibilities in the common man who every day does as mad things as a king. But the common man towers to tragic proportions only when the contention of good and evil in him is related to superhuman powers—to the "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," and to the something not ourselves which opposes it. Into the pity and terror of that struggle the crime-monger never penetrates; and it is not the least of our grievances against him that his public revelling in horrors blunts the keenness of our own tragic sense.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, July 10.

"Aloyse Valérien," by Edouard Rod, marks the highest point yet reached by a novelist who has had a long and honorable career, but who has not carried off the first prizes. This new novel has made the occasion of a brief preface to explain the meaning of his works. There were four tentative beginnings between 1881 and 1885. Then came three "psychological studies"—these were the fashion then in novels—and one of them, "Le Sens de la vie," won high honor from the public and the French Academy. In 1892 he began the "études passionnelles," ten in all, of which the present novel is the latest; the preface announces another. In 1897 appeared the first of seven "social studies" so far published, also in the shape of very concrete story-telling novels. For twenty-seven years in the life of a writer who is not yet fifty-two, these twenty-four novels, all respectably, if not sensationally, successful, represent a serious literary product; and even this does not include the book which, in 1891, made him known as a penetrating critic, "Les Idées morales du temps présent." The new novel has the strength—and the limitations—of the others. The characters are no longer ostensibly Calvinists; Paris and the French province furnish the living background for which the author's native Canton de Vaud has so often served. The writing, the manner of looking at life, is not unlike that of the younger and more rapidly rising novelist, Henry Bordeaux, who is of the opposite—the French Catholic—side of the lake of Geneva. Nothing could be more instructive than the contrast of the latter's characters, on the one hand, in their spontaneous utterance—a naturalness softening even the tragedies of lawless passion and leading to some solution of them—and, on the other, the self-consciousness that insulates and the need of self-righteous respectability that fetters all the characters of M. Rod. Long ago it was noted that Catholics and Calvinists are as widely separated when unbelievers as before. Even in sin and crime M. Rod's characters make the reader feel that they do not belong to populations having the intellectual and emotional habits of confession to man as well as to God alone. Perhaps it is this chill reserve of their souls, their intense property in self and lack of human self-surrender, which prevent Edouard Rod becoming a great French novelist, although he stands at the head of the Swiss line.

Michel Corday's "Mariage de demain" directly attacks, with this author's usual boldness, a social problem less commonly solved in France, where social classes are hereditary castes, than in the United States, where the possession of money opens practically all doors. A young doctor, nephew of a rich manufacturer—that is, a *bourgeois*—has resolution enough to marry the factory girl whom he has learned to esteem as well as to love. His mother, daughter of a man of science, approves and tries that difficult task which has failed with more than one daughter of American *bourgeois* married into European nobility—the social education of the transplanted one. The uncle of the husband, the brother who is a man of the world, and even the sister, who plays at humanitarian reforms of comfortably future realization, take a steady, utterly unsympathetic stand against him. Perhaps the heroine would not have been so adaptable in French real life as she is in the pages of the novel, where she even contrives to rouse the energies of the worn-out caste which has been obliged to receive her. The whole tendency of the book runs counter to Paul Bourget's "Etape," which has popularized in France the reactionary doctrine that there is no quick bursting of birth's invidious bonds. In France it is this seemingly irrepressible conflict between wage-earners as a class and property-holders as a caste which has made possible the discomfiture of the Church, the invasion of the state by Socialism, and all the consequent threatening social revolution. In America, on the contrary, salvation has so far been found in the free and constant circulation of classes—three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. But in French middle-class atmosphere Michel Corday's story is revolutionary.

"L'Idylle de Marie Biré," by Gustave Geffroy, is the pathetic story of a naïve country girl whom convent education in her native village has not prepared to face the wickedness of Paris, where she takes service. Not without injury, she escapes back to the village, where she finds at last a worthy husband in a working boy, ignorant as herself, who condones because he humanly understands. M. Geffroy shows no particular bitterness against the unpractical otherworldliness of his convent school for the poor; but he has also nothing to say about making marriage legally easier in France, which might help to stay the flowing of people fit only for country life into the great city. Two other novels handle common life with less earnestness, to which fact, perhaps, they owe their

heavier sales. "La Femme bourgeoise," by Marcel Prévost, is in the vein which has won him popularity. Three feminine types are studied "in full amorous crisis," with the natural conclusion that "Every woman's soul is a world." Yet surely types no more exist in real life than do the faces of composite photographs. "Camille Frison," by André Vernières, a new writer, is the romance of a Paris sewing girl—one of the thousands whose youth and grace attract from the whole world those clothed in purple and fine linen. Bound to poverty beside countless riches, their lives cannot pass without the trials and temptations which are the tragedy on which fashion builds its comic opera. Apart from the pathos of the story, this novel gives a well-studied picture of an entire social class; it ranks worthily with those novels, honorably French, which portray the history of an epoch from the lives of its working girls—"Florise Bonheur" of Adolphe Brisson, and "L'Apprentie" of Gustave Geffroy. There could be no higher praise; and Lucien Descaves of the Goncourt Academy, friend of the lowly, writes a preface accordingly. "Les Affranchis," by Abel Hermant, who is also in training for the Academy, is another of this author's chronicles of contemporary life among the few that make up the fast set. Needless to say, the tale is told from that superior vantage point which sees foibles in relief, and smiles disinterestedly at all absence of moral sense.

"La Belle au bois dormait," by François de Nion, shows how undying is literary artifice once discovered. The story reverses Rip Van Winkle, and makes us live over a gallant and touching adventure of the time of Louis XVI. This author has been writing fairly successful novels for twenty years, with a certain air corresponding to the fact that he is a count and former attaché of an embassy. "L'Affaire Nell," by Louis Estang, also makes use of an old artifice, as good as ever for giving the reader his fill of incident, and, by the way, of insight into a special world. An attempt is made to dispossess the lawful heir of a great inheritance, with off-color judges and lawyers, but also with their honest and honorable compeers. This does not prevent the heroine winding up, after breathless trials, with only one-tenth of her original fortune; but she has a husband to make up for what she has lost.

With "L'Espoir," by Georges Lecomte, we come to a novel of some importance as a contemporary document; and yet, like most of the writings of this lawyer and art critic, who for nearly twenty years has had his say in fiction, it is likely to be little read outside of France, and there only by a party. It is centred in the life of *intellectuels* just after the war and Commune; and it is curiously alive with such art passions as found expression in Zola's "Mes Haines." How the nascent Republic gathered up all these intelligences and passions in revolt against the influences of their childhood appears in these pages—a strange mixture of fermenting ideas and independent thinking, with hatred of Philistines and, to foreigners, a quite unnecessary obsession of sex. The author himself does not seem to realize that the success of Manet and Claude Monet, and the others, which his characters predict at a time when the Philistine raged, has not only come—but is rapidly going in the sure waves of reaction. Perhaps, as a slight token of the turn of the tide, the first appearance of Alphonse Daudet's younger son as a novelist may be significant. Lucien Daudet's "Le Chemin mort" is a story of latest contemporary life; and, while the author is not evidently filled with the anti-Semitic and anti-radical passions of his agitating brother Léon, yet there is the same ever-present undertone of dissatisfaction with things as they are. S. D.

Correspondence.

TREVISA'S "GOD ME SPEED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Cambridge "History of English Literature" (Vol. II.), in the course of an excellent article on John Trevisa, and others, speaks of his "childlikè naïveté," without, however, affording us any example of this peculiarly mediæval trait. To my mind no better instance of the child spirit could he found than the few verses given below, which, so far as I know, have never heen printed, or noticed, in any account of this interesting man.

Trevisa, in 1398, set them as "fore-word," to use Dr. Furnivall's expression, to his translation of the great encyclopædia "De Proprietatibus Rerum," written by Bartholomæus Anglicus.

Picture the scene. This learned and advanced scholar, recently expelled from Oxford for his Wycliffite leanings, and now under the protection of a powerful noble, sits at a desk in the little cell assigned him in Lord Berkeley's house, and gazes reflectively from the huge tome of Bartholomæus, to his own vellum leaves, still white and bare. For many a day he is to be as fast chained to his ink-pot, as ever was the vast volume to its place. No more pleasant walks with my lord and his daughter, through sunny fields and under greenwood shows. He picks up his freshly sharpened quill, heaves a great sigh, and—pensively hut firmly—makes a cross.

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In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti, Amen!

. . . . .

A Croys was maked al of reed
In the bigynnyng of my book
That is clepid god me speed,
In the first lessoun that I took.

Thanne I lernede A and B,
And other lettris by her names;
But alwey god spede me
Thoughte me needful in alle games.

If I pleyede in feeld or medis
In stilnesse either with noys,
I praiede help in alle my deedis
Of him that dyede on the croys.

Now dyuerse pleyes in his name
I schal lete passe forth, and fare,
And auenture to pleye o. long game;
But yit also I schal spare.

Bothe wodis, medis, and feeldis,
Placis that I have pleyed inne;
And in his name, that al thing weldis,
This game I schal bigynne.

And praye help, counseil and reed,
To me that he now wil sende,
And this game wel rule and leed,
And bringe it to a good ende.

A——M——E——N——.

With the exception of the substitution of "maked" for "maad," and the transliteration of the Old English characters that do not appear in our modern alphabet (my copy is taken from MS. B. M. Harley, 614, fol. 4h), I have collated the reading with Harley 4789, and a copy in University Library, Camhridge. Neither improves on this. The other two copies, in private hands, are inaccessihle.

Most people know the old rhyme beginning "Christ his cross shall be my speed." Less known parallels are the "Alphahetum" (unpuhlished) in MS. Caius College (Camhridge), 176, p. 482—

Cryste crosse me spede and seynt nycolas
A b c A doth syngnifye,
etc.;

and the rhymes in the "Bahees Book," II., 303, from Sloane, 1986—

If that thou be a yong enfaunt
And thénke the scoles for to haunt
This lessoun schalle thy maistres the merke
Croscrist the spede in alle thi werke.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Oxford, England, July 9.

A LIBRARY IMPOSTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A man giving two different names is visiting lihraries remote from Boston, claiming former connection with the manuscript department of the Boston Puhlic Library, and, on the strength of this claim, horrowing money which he fails to repay. He has heen reported from lihraries in Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania. He is an impostor, and, so far as I know, has had no connection with any department of this library, although he wins confidence by showing familiarity with lihrary matters. He cannot he identified by us from the description given, nor hy either name.

HORACE G. WADLIN,
Librarian.

Boston Public Library, July 21.

Notes.

It is now announced more definitely that Swinburne's study of "The Age of Shakespeare" is in the press and will be published hy Harper & Bros. ahout the first of Octoher.

Among the new books on John Murray's list are "The Life of Major-General Sir

John Ardagh," by his wife; "From Ploughshare to Parliament: a Short History of the Potters of Tadcaster," by Georgina Meinertzhagen; "The Life of Lord Norton," by W. S. Childe-Pemberton; "The Letters of a 'Remittance Man' to his Mother," by W. H. P. Jarvis; and "The Reminiscences of a Stonemason."

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will print 500 separate copies of Prof. J. M. Manly's article on "Piers the Plowman and its Sequence" from the second volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." In its review of that book last week the *Nation* commented on Professor Manly's thesis of the dual authorship of the poem.

The Codex Vossianus of Lucretius has been elaborately reproduced by phototype at Leyden.

A selection from the letters of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, edited by Ferris Greenslet, appears in the *Century Magazine* for August.

After a lapse of ten years W. E Griffis brings out a new edition of his abridgment of Motley's "Dutch Republic," carrying the record down to include the second Peace Conference at The Hague. The book is fully illustrated with portraits and views of buildings, but contains only a single map, and that inadequate. Such an omission is unpardonable.

We have on our table the first volume of "The Complete Works of George Gascoigne," edited for the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams), by Prof. John W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin. We shall have more to say of the work when the second, and concluding, volume has appeared.

The fourth volume of the Humanists' Library (The Merrymount Press), containing Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," is based on Dr. Ewald Flügel's edition of the text and has had the advantage also of being read in proof by him. To the "Defence" are added the "Letter to Q. Elizabeth" and the "Defence of Leicester." Prof. G. E. Woodberry furnishes an appropriate introduction; the glow of Sidney's style and the exaltation of his mood finding fit response in the editor's vein of enthusiasm. And Prof. Woodberry does not fail to point out the genuine devoutness of the author's mind and the ethical end of his discourse which preserved his work as an English classic, whereas the Italian critics and philosophers from whom he drew so heavily have passed from men's memories. But it is the beauty of the type and the honest excellence of the paper that make the books of this series so desirable, and the present volume is in this respect of the same character as its predecessors.

In a tiny volume John Lane Co. has published a paper on "The Training of the Imagination," written by James Rhoades twenty-three years ago for an essay-society of public schoolmasters and printed afterwards in the *Journal of Education*. Despite its title it is really a practical little treatise, with hints for bringing a touch of solid inspiration into the schoolroom.

The advantages of a trip by automobile in foreign lands over every other mode of travelling have rarely, if ever, been so clearly shown as in Frank Presbrey's entertaining book, "Motoring Abroad" (The Outing Publishing Co.). We are convinced that the most prejudiced opponent of the motor will be converted by it. The independence of the tourist, the rapidity and ease with which, like a bird, he flies from place to place, the opportunities for viewing natural scenery under the most favorable conditions, the intimate touch everywhere with human nature, impossible to the railway traveller, but of keenest interest and enjoyment, are all strikingly portrayed. There is much, it should be added, that is not intended for the casual reader, for the book is practically a guide for automobilists; but the detailed information about machines, custom houses, roads, and inns is mostly in separate chapters. The trip lasted two months, and embraced Normandy, Brittany, and the British Isles. The narrative is not taken up with accounts of visits to museums, picture galleries, palaces, and cathedrals, but is simply an amplification of notes made in the auto as it sped through the country and stopped at farmhouses and villages. To most readers the part relating to France will have the greatest interest, but there is much that will be new to many readers in the scenery and incidents of the Scottish and Irish parts. One thing is made very evident in Mr. Presbrey's story, that everywhere he went, but especially in France, the roads are cared for infinitely better than in this country. The chapter on this subject is full of valuable and useful suggestions to town officers. The numerous reproductions of photographs add much to the charm of the book, which we can confidently recommend to the stay-at-home who is afflicted with the somewhat prevalent desire to see Europe from an automobile.

Ireland is a country peculiarly well suited to the automobiling tourist. The rain, which, when not continuous, falls almost hourly, and the great distances that lie between good inns are serious drawbacks to one who walks or bicycles. In his amusing book, "Wanderings in Ireland" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), M. M. Shoemaker shows how, in a motor-car, one may defy the soft rain and fly past the worst hotels. He opens a fascinating prospect to those who dread the heat of summer. "We wear fur coats and we use fur robes all the time," he writes, in mid-June, "and would be most uncomfortable without them." In the course of his tour through the north, south, and west, he was entertained at several country houses, and he gives lively accounts of Irish home life. Well read in Irish history, he imparts a good deal of information, without becoming tedious. Perhaps tedium is not likely to characterize a book whose style, like Mr. Shoemaker's, takes on the swift pace of his mode of travel. Unlike many passing tourists, he shows a keen appreciation of the misery of those who cling to the barren lands in the west. Most travellers see only the picturesque in Achill, but Mr. Shoemaker found it "sad and stern and strange," and marvelled at the blind passion of its wretched inhabitants for that thin soil and bleak coast. The effect of the blessing of St. Patrick on Ireland seems to be on the wane in one respect, for Mr. Shoemaker records the discovery last year of a snake three feet long. His book is well illustrated by full-page photographs, and can be read with entertainment even by those who have no interest in motoring.

Dr. W. A. Craigie, joint-editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary," presents a double section of Volume VIII., Reserve to Ribaldously. There are 2,763 words recorded as against the "Century's" 1,658, and Johnson's 317, and 15,983 quotations as against the "Century's" 1,835 and Johnson's 948. Johnson was, comparatively speaking, a copious quoter, but his erudition would surely have been aghast at the magnificent verbosity of the modern English. In all this list there are only two or three native words of importance. There is a considerable number of Greek derivatives beginning with Rh, prepared by C. T. Onions; but in perusing these teeming pages, one is struck by the fact that English from Reserve to Ribaldously would be an open book to any one commanding a Latin language. The great majority of the words have made their pilgrimage through the Romance tongues. Many of them are resistlessly resounding polysyllables. A few have been revoked or are retreatant. Others are revolant and reviviscent. The great bulk of them is constituted of words in good and regular standing compounded with Re-. It is interesting to note how much Johnsonese there was before Johnson. In 1664 H. Power wrote, "The most full evidence against this pretended vacuity is from the returgescency of the empty bladder suspended in this vacuity." You may explain Garnett's description of the Oxford cardinal, "the retrospicient Newman," as a relic of the classical invasion of the eighteenth century; but away back in 1611 the register of the Privy Council of Scotland records the words of some one who "callit the Eril ane retrospitiane, whome God has spewit furth of his mouth"—scornful quadrasyllable amid the curt Scots. "Riant," which sounds like a modern fad-word, and was oddly enough petted by Carlyle, occurs as early as 1567 in Thomas Paynell's English version of the "Amadis" "What an evill is it to be depryved of all the goodnesse that I receyved of hir riant and laughing eye." In 1690 Locke wrote: "When Ideas float in our mind without any Reflection or regard of the Understanding, it is that which the French call *Resvery:* our language has scarce a name for it." If he had turned to the "New English Dictionary" he would have found that Henry More used the same form in 1688, John Davies in 1657, Dorothy Osborne in 1653, and that the form "revery" was in use as far back as Chaucer. These historical illustrations should make us think twice before apologizing for an innovation.

"The Reminiscences of Albert Pell, Sometime M. P. for South Leicestershire," have been edited with an introduction by Thomas Mackay, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Pell was a member of the House of Commons from 1868 to 1885; and during his busy life also he served his country locally as churchwarden, overseer of the poor, and surveyor of the highways, and was so frequently summoned to special juries that at last he successfully appealed against any further such calls on his time. He held strong views concerning the evil done to the country and especially to the laboring classes by too lax an administration

of poor law relief; and while always in favor of a living wage, he was thoroughout his life a strenuous advocate of poor law reform. It is not, however, either his opinions or his political services that gives his reminiscences their special value. Mr. Pell was a practical farmer and land owner. He knew intimately the rural life of the English Midlands during the greater part of the nineteenth century; and in his racy unaffected language he offers a series of pictures of English life in hall, farmhouse, and cottage, which are a real addition to the literature of social England. He describes the tasks of the laborers, the share taken in outdoor work by the women and children, the village church and its parson, and the quickened life of the church which followed the ritualistic movement. Incidentally he tells of the various currents of opinion that passed over England in his day. He notes the hostile feeling of the upper classes towards the North during the civil war—a feeling which he did not share, and which excited his surprise. He himself, entertained a hearty admiration for President Lincoln, an admiration which he expresses in a characteristic tribute:

> I have often thought how effectively, if Moses had been out of the way, Lincoln could have taken his people through the long trail in the wilderness to the Promised Land. No other character in history, that I can recall, would have been equal to the business."

In his later years Mr. Pell made several visits to the United States, but except for an interview with General Sherman, he gives no account either of his doings here or of his impressions of this country.

Gaillard Hunt's "The Journal of the Debates in the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, May-September, 1787, as recorded by James Madison," in two volumes (Putnams), contains more than Madison's notes. He has drawn upon the memoranda of other members of the Convention, and on the correspondence of Madison during the Convention, and has added the personal characterizations of the members by Pierce. The text is certainly an improvement on earlier issues, and is more free from errors due to faulty reading of the manuscript. Yet the result does not give a definitive edition of the debates, and much remains yet to be done in the study of available material. Neither the Patterson nor the Hamilton notes are referred to, nor is the study of the Pinckney draft by Professor McLaughlin. The contemporary letters could have been increased in number, and critical notes on sources are needed to assist in determining the relative value of records. Capable as Madison was as a reporter, his rough notes are far from complete, and they require every test the contemporary records will afford. The discussions were carried into the State conventions, and not a little could be gained from that source, as well as the later writings of those who took part in them. The convenient form of this reprint is hardly sufficient to justify its existence, and there are not a few misprints which could have been avoided.

The H. R. Huntting Company of Springfield, Mass., has issued a second volume in its series of "Indian Captivities," begun with the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson. It contains "The Indian Captive, or a Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Zadock Steele, related by himself, to which is prefixed an account of tbe Burning of Royalton," a work first published in 1818. The events recorded took place in the years 1780-1782, and though not very important in themselves, furnished the occasion for a narrative full of incident and adventure. The burning of Royalton, Vermont, in 1780, was a brutal act of vandalism committed by the British and Indians, and deserves to stand beside the more famous burning of Deerfield. Zadock Steele was a Connecticut man, a recent emigrant to Vermont, and was carried off by the enemy to Montreal and there eventually lodged with others in a British prison pen. But fifteen pages of his story concern his experiences with the Indians, the remaining ninety dealing with his captivity on Prison Island in the St. Lawrence and his escape back to Vermont. If Steele wrote the narrative as it was printed, he possessed a remarkably vigorous style, showing little evidence of his want of education and many traces of his familiarity with the Bible and with contemporary poetry. The narrative well deserved reprinting, and our only regret is that so little pains was taken with the editing. The new matter—publisher's statement and introduction—should have preceded the facsimiled title page and the reprinted portions on pages v. and vii; some attempt should bave been made to annotate the text at points where brief footnotes would have aided in clarifying the narrative; and, most important of all, a better map should have been provided. The rough draft at the end of the volume contains only the route of the captives northward and ignores entirely the return route of Steele and his companions from Prison Island to Bennington. The text makes it quite possible to follow this route with considerable accuracy, the only uncertainty of importance being the exact spot where the refugees first reached Lake Champlain after their struggles through the forest from Lake St. Francis. This point probably lay somewhere between the Little Chazy and Plattsburg, as Steele does not mention crossing either of the Chazy rivers. From the Saranac River to Pittsford Fort, the route is fairly clear in all essential particulars. An interesting evidence of local usage is the name "Gilliland's Creek," applied by Steele to the river that certainly as early as 1766 was known on official maps as the Boquet River, a name familiar to everybody in Essex County to-day.

"The Process of Government," by Arthur F. Bentley (The University of Chicago Press), is described by its author as "a study of social pressures." Stated in summary form, Mr. Bentley finds the true basis for an interpretation of society in the activities of multifarious social groups, whose characteristics should be analyzed and stated wholly apart from any theory of psychic causation. His method is critical rather than constructive, however, and he expressly disclaims any intention of elaborating a complete theory of politics or society. What he does, or at least vigorously tries to do, is to show the inadequacy and futility of theories which seek to explain social phenomena in terms of group "consciousness," social "purpose" or "will," or other metaphysical categories, and to insist upon the need of a minute study of actual social processes before philosophizing about them. Can it be that sociology is at last to betake itself to the study of history? Mr. Bentley's volume is bulky and diffuse, and its style often flippant, but its acute and outspoken criticism—a criticism which, from the author's point of view, leaves few of his co-workers much ground to stand upon—should cause it to be welcomed by speculative sociologists as at least a rod of chastening.

The eight lectures that make up President Woodrow Wilson's "Constitutional Government in the United States" (Columbia University Press), are a suggestive, but not very profound, examination of certain aspects of the American system, viewed primarily as an attempt at self-government in a country of diverse local circumstance. President Wilson naturally finds our greatest and most permanent contribution to be the States, since in them we have at once the greatest variety of interests and the most striking success in political adaptation. In the Federal field, the President alone represents the whole people, while the House represents its population masses, and the Senate its local spirit and diversity. The author's defence of the personal and poltical attitude of the Senate, however, is singularly insufficient, while the implication that the House, in sacrificing discussion and leadership to efficient organization, has really become an efficient legislative body, will hardly bear the test of thorough examination. There are strong words on behalf of the courts, and a pretty obvious rapping of President Roosevelt for his treatment of them. As for the boss and the machine, no cleaner bill of health for their essential activities has lately come under our eye. It is certainly matter of regret that, with such keen insight and so much literary skill, the distinguished author should here have held his plough with so light a hand.

A child of many countries is Prof. A. C. Coolidge's series of lectures on the United States as a world power, first delivered in Paris and now offered to us in a German translation. The English original is not to appear for some months. Dr. Walter Lichtenstein, in charge of the European historical collections in the Harvard Library, has produced a very readable translation, the simplicity of which will be no defect in the eyes of non-German readers. The publishers of "Die Vereinigten Staaten als Weltmacht" are E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin.

A. R. Gordon, in his "Early Tradition of Genesis" (imported by Scribner) aspires to no startling originality. He is content to walk mainly in trodden paths; but he has seen things for himself by the way. The historical questions in Genesis i.-x. are discussed—the analysis, age, and relation of the documents, sources of the traditions, the cosmogonies, myth, and legend, historical tradition of the Hebrews, social and religious instruction; and tbere are chapters on Israel's conception of God, the nature and destiny of man, revelation, and inspiration. Translations of the separated and reconstructed "documents," with critical and exegetical notes, are appended. These notes contain little that will be new

to scholars, but they will doubtless be serviceable to the students whom the author seems to have had primarily in mind. A second appendix gives for comparison translations of the Babylonian cosmologies, chiefly Englished from Jensen. It may be remarked that the "Babylonische Weltanschauung" has not darkened the author's heavens, but that in the interpretation of Semitic sacrifice he is too much under the spell of Robertson Smith's brilliant speculations. In details he is confident about some very doubtful things, *e. g tehōm* is "no doubt" a foreign word, derived from the Babylonian Tiāmat. Some proof of the possibility of this assumption (taking in, of course, the Arabic Tihāmah) would be more profitable to the rest of us dull mortals than confessions of unshaken faith.

Every one knows that the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, but there has been a notable need of a clear and painstaking monograph setting forth how the devil, saints, and ordinary people have in times past made use of the sacred writings of Jews and Christians. Such an essay is now supplied in Dr. George Holley Gilbert's "Interpretation of the Bible: A Short History" (The Macmillan Co.). In ten brief chapters the exegesis of the various ages is described, including the Jewish interpretation in the Talmud and Targums, Philo of Alexandria, the New Testament interpretation of the Old, Biblical Interpretation in the Middle Ages, and that of the reformers and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The final chapter is devoted to modern criticism, or, as Professor Gilbert entitles it, "The Scientific Era of Biblical Interpretation." The difficulty in producing such a manual is the over-abundance of material, but this treatise keeps the salient and noteworthy to the front, and allows one to follow interestingly a remarkable and instructive history.

In the series of works on Biblical and theological research issued in recent years by French scholars, under the general title, Études bibliques (Paris: Victor Lecoffre), the latest addition is a commentary on the twelve minor prophets, by A. van Hoonacker, professor in Louvain, entitled, "Les Douze petits prophètes." The volume contains a new translation, commentary, and critical discussions.

The Catholic publication house of Ferdinand Schöningh, in Paderborn, has begun a new series, Studien zur Philosophie und Religion, under the editorial management of Dr. R. Stölzle, of the theological faculty in Würzburg. The first number is "Martin Deutinger als Ethiker: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der christlichen Ethik im 19 Jahrhundert," by Dr. Georg Sattel.

A modern religious encyclopædia will soon be published by J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen, entitled "Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart: Handwörterbuch in gemeinverständlicher Darstellung," edited by F. M. Schiele, with the coöperation of Hermann Gunkel and Otto Scheel. The work is to appear in four or five volumes, of about one thousand pages each, and to be finished in 1911. The first *Heft* will be issued in September. Illustrations and charts will accompany the text.

In his new work on Acts, entitled "Die Apostelgeschichte," constituting Part iii. of his "Beiträge zur Einleitung in das Neue Testament" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), Prof. Adolf Harnack of Berlin returns to his defence of the Lukan authorship and substantially historical character of the Acts. He undertakes a literary analysis of Acts, finding in the First Part evidences of three sources. A prompt reply to Harnack has been published by Prof. W. Bousset of Göttingen, in the *Theologische Rundschau*, No. 6.

"Der einzige Reine unter den Unreinen" is the title of the latest issue of the series known as Für Gottes Wort und Luthers Lehr (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann). The author is Prof. K. F. Nösgen of the University of Rostock, a recognized conservative scholar. The purpose of the book is clearly indicated by the sub-title, "Eine Darlegung von der Sündlosigkeit Jesu Christi."

In Gustav Pfannmüller's "Jesus im Urteil der Jahrhunderte" (Leipzig: Teubner), the different conceptions of the personality of Jesus prevailing in theology, philosophy, literature, and art, from the earliest times to the present day, are fully described and critically discussed. Especially interesting and instructive is the retrospect of the conceptions of Jesus embodied not only in ethics and philosophy, but also in mediæval and modern poetry and in works of art, from the oldest pictures in the Roman catacombs to the latest delineations of scenes from the life of Christ by modern painters, such as Gebhardt, Klinger, and Fritz von Uhde.

As a sort of argument for the union of the four dozen Protestant churches of Germany Dr. F. M. Schiele of the University of Tübingen, has published, through J. C. B. Mohr of that city, a new work, chiefly historical, entitled, "Die kirchliche Einigung des evangelischen Deutschland im 19. Jahrhundert." The book furnishes clear insight into a difficult and involved problem.

A collection of sermons, from the point of view of advanced theology, "Von Gott und Gotteswort," by Pastor Julius Bode of Bremen, has just been published by Friedrich Schaumburg, Stade.

"Die alttestamentliche Religion im Rahmen der anderen altorientalischen," by Prof. Ernst Sellin of Vienna, is a summary of a non-technical character, by an archæologist experienced in Oriental research, showing on the one hand the close connection between the Old Testament religious teachings and those of other ancient Oriental and not merely Semitic religions, and on the other hand, the marked differences.

In the series of scholarly histories known as Allgemeine Staatengeschichten, edited by Prof. K. Lamprecht, of Leipzig, and published by F. A. Perthes, Gotha, N. Jorga has just issued the first volume of a "Geschichte des osmanischen Reiches," covering the subject to the year 1451. Its character is well indicated by the sub-title, "Nach den Quellen dargestellt." The author, whose work on the history of the Rumanian people is well known, has a thorough command of the occidental, Byzantine, and Slavic sources in the original, but has had access to the Turkish authorities only through translations.

To Meyers Volksbücher, published in Leipzig and Vienna by the Bibliographisches Institut, and offering at a normal price the best of literature in fiction, science, history, biography, etc., has recently been added the 1,500th volume. The latest issues contain works of Ottilie Wildermuth, Fritz Reuter, Erich Schmidt, Alfred Kirchhoff, and Max Dietrich.

The "Genealogischer Hand- und Schulatlas" appears now in its third edition with a new title, new editor, and new material. It is now called "Genealogisches Handbuch der europäischen Staatengeschichte" (Stuttgart: Cotta); the deceased editor, Dr. Ottokar Lorenz, is succeeded by Dr. Ernst Devrient; and the new features include tables of various minor ruling families of Europe, past and present. The work contains in all eighty-two genealogical tables.

B. Kahle's "Henrik Ibsen, Björnstjerne Björnson und ihre Zeitgenossen" (Leipzig: Teubner) gives an interesting account of the development and character of the two most distinguished Norwegian poets, and of the influence exerted by them upon the literature and culture of Scandinavia and other European countries, especially Germany. The author, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, presents the subject in an attractive and instructive form.

The Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, after a silence of three years, has issued a triple volume (V., VI., VII.) of its Veröffentlichungen, and annual reports for the two fiscal years, 1905-6 and 1906-7. The fifth report contains in abstract Dr. Gottfried Zedler's address at the annual meeting of 1906, dealing with Gutenberg's earliest type fonts; the sixth, in extenso, the address of Dr. Alfred Hagelstange at the meeting of 1907, on "Our Inheritance from Gutenberg, and the Duties of the Present Day towards Him." These duties, the author held to be a greater regard for printing as an art; and he pointed out the grievous sins committed by modern printers, especially of magazines and newspapers. The new volume of the Veröffentlichungen contains four papers: Dr. E. Schröder shows that the "Weltgericht" fragment, printed by Gutenberg, which was described in an earlier volume of the publications, is really part of the old German Book of the Sibylla; Dr. Zedler investigates the occurrence of the type of the forty-two-line Bible in Peter Schöffer's Missal of 1492; Dr. W. Velke discusses Peter Schöffer's advertisements; and Dr. Adolf Tronnier of the City Library of Mainz deals with the missals printed by Peter Schöffer and his son Johann. Dr. Tronnier throws some interesting side lights on the civilization of the Middle Ages. The typographical part of Dr. Tronnier's investigations have extended to a comparison of the several copies of each missal, so far as such copies were sent to Mainz for the purpose. In an appendix the author has brought together the results of his investigations in a formal bibliography.

The Mecklenburg Ministerium has made an appropriation for the establishment of a Low German collection, to be deposited in the University Library at Rostock. A fair collection is already on hand, and this is first of all to be satisfactorily catalogued.

William Lewis Montague, for many years instructor in Latin, and then professor of modern languages at Amherst College, until his resignation in 1895, died at his home on Monday. He was born in Belchertown, Mass., in 1831, and was graduated from Amherst in 1855. Besides his work as teacher

he served as librarian in Amherst College from 1864 to 1878, and registrar from 1860 to 1880. His publications include "History and Genealogy of the Montague Family in America" (with George W. Montague), "Modern Italian Readings," "Bornier's La Fille de Roland," "Half-Century Record of the Class of Fifty-five, Amherst College."

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, a novelist of some note and a general literary worker, has died at Beccles at the age of seventy-eight. Among her better-known books are "A House of Cards," "Falsely True," "Griffith's Double," and "A Stern Chase."

The death is announced of Charles J. Dunphie, a journalist who for more than fifty years was connected with the London *Morning Post*, more particularly with the departments of drama and art. His memory went back to the days of Dickens, Thackeray, and Disraeli. His volumes of essays, "Sweet Sleep," "The Chameleon," and "Many-Colored Essays," won him a considerable reputation.

Dr. Eberhard Schrader, the distinguished professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Berlin, has died at the age of seventy-two. He had earlier in life held chairs at Zurich, Giessen, and Jena, and was called to Berlin in 1875. Among his works are: "Studien zur Kritik und Erklärung der biblischen Urgeschichte," "Die assyrisch-babylonischen Keilinschriften," "Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament," "Höllenfahrt der Istar."

From Berlin comes the announcement of the death of Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, professor of systematic theology in the university of that city. He was born at Stetten bei Kannstatt, in 1839, and studied chiefly at Tübingen. Among his works are "Wesen der Religion," "Moral und Religion," "Paulinismus," "Fichte," "Geschichte der Religionsphilosophie von Spinoza bis zur Gegenwart," etc.

EDWARD VI. AS HERO.

King Edward VI.: An Appreciation, attempted by Sir Clements R. Markham; with sixteen portraits. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Sir Clements R. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, has been more successful as a supporter of Arctic exploration than as a discoverer of new lands in the field of history. For twenty years he has been endeavoring to convince the world that Richard III. was an upright, philanthropic, and merciful man, who sought only the good of his people; and during all these years Sir Clements has stood like Athanasius *contra mundum*, prepared to maintain his cause against all comers. The present work is but a mask to cover old and new prejudices. Behind the appreciation of Edward VI. lurks a host of partialities, bitter personal likes and dislikes, hates expressed with all the fervor of a man who is not open to conviction and who endeavors to convince others, not by proofs, but by the mere force of his utterances. Sir Clements never admits any ground for difference of opinion.

Briefly stated, his views are as follows: The children of Edward IV. were illegitimate, therefore Richard III. was no usurper, but rightful King. Henry VII., on the other hand, was not a legitimate sovereign, only an adventurer who maintained his position by murdering his rivals and neglecting his people in order to amass money. Henry VIII. was a monster. Protector Somerset was a man of fair abilities, naturally disposed to moderation, but vacillating and easily influenced by a wife who was a vindictive virago of strong will and violent passions. Warwick, whom historians have generally condemned, was a remarkable and very able man who always did what appeared best for his country, and was finally condemned to death by treacherous and dishonored politicians. His apologist has to admit, however, very reluctantly, that there were stains upon Warwick's character, and that he "abandoned all dignity when he begged for life" on the scaffold. Mary was an insatiable despot; Lady Jane Grey a paragon of virtue and a rightful Queen of England; Elizabeth a noble, saintly, and temperate woman. Some of these judgments, we suspect, are due to much the same peculiarity of temperament that led Froude to conceive Henry VIII. in terms of warm approbation; others seem to have come, by some process of inexorable logic, from Sir Clements's one supreme conviction, here thrice repeated, that "the Anglican Church is nearest, among all the modern forms of Christianity, to the divine original."

The appreciation of Edward VI. which Sir Clements has "attempted" to give is attractively worked out and contains much that deserves to be restated. But in this case, also, the picture is too highly colored, every line contributing to an excess of flattery, until the whole becomes unnatural. Although in sympathy with any attempt to create a real personality out of this pathetic historical figure, we decline to believe that a boy whose life was, much of it, sickly and whose years numbered but sixteen, could have been as abnormally precocious as Sir Clements makes him out to be. The Edward of this book was a statesman who understood the self-seeking, unprincipled character of the politicians about him; a princely boy "who had more sense in his little finger than both his uncles put together had in their whole bodies." He was a profound student with "a constitutional power of concentrating his thoughts on the work in hand and a constitutional habit of husbanding and dividing his time." He was a thinker who understood the political and economic difficulties that surrounded him, was familiar with the true principles of national defence, had studied with care the problem of the currency, was possessed of extensive geographical and topographical knowledge, and in what he accomplished "fostered commerce, lent his own ship to encourage the Levant trade, dispatched the first Arctic expedition, and enriched his country by opening the first trade route to Russia." In other words, Edward laid the foundations of England's commercial greatness. Furthermore, he was learned in divinity, was an engaging diplomat, and "never was there a better or more genial Captain of Games." Sir Clements does not appear to be able to distinguish between the work of Edward and that of his advisors, and in no part of his book does he bring forward any evidence to show that the boy himself initiated any one of the numerous undertakings that were started in his name. The book contains many excellent portraits and much useful biographical and genealogical information, but its conclusions will hardly find acceptance at the hands of fair-minded historians.

CURRENT FICTION.

Together. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Professor Herrick has done nothing so good as this, nothing so full of energy and truth. His tendency to prolixity does not, however, decrease, or his tendency to scatter the interest by the multiplicity of minor actions. His theme is complex, and he evidently aims to give his treatment exhaustiveness. Any one of the half-dozen human pairs here presented would have sufficed the ordinary novel. But Mr. Herrick has wished to make a thorough study of marriage as it now exists in America, and each of his human pairs, whether united by marriage or not, offers its own peculiar testimony. His view of the usual American marriage is not rosy, and he does not hesitate to describe exactly what he sees. Only one of his couples have from the beginning the normal relation, are really married in the sacred and human sense of the word. Stephen and Alice Johnston are, it must be admitted, not persons about whom a novel would be written. They do not wander from each other, they do not lose their faith or follow false gods. They have many children, and are glad of them, though they are poor because they will not sell themselves. After a slow and silent man's long struggle towards a competency, Stephen refuses the chance which comes at last, because he will not be the tool of a corporation. He dies as the result of an act of unselfish courage, leaving the wife and children unprovided for. But the two have had their happy and successful life together.

Better material for fiction is furnished by the other pairs involved; their experiences, indeed, stated baldly, would sound like material for fiction of a

rather sensational sort. But Mr. Herrick has written with enthusiasm, and "Together" is an absorbing story. For many reasons (not all of them desirable) it is likely to "make a sensation." It is a great advance upon "The Winged Victory." If it has not the absolute character, the heroic saliency of great fiction, it may be welcomed as a vivid and sincere chronicle of contemporary life.

Into the Primitive. By Robert Ames Bennett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

One of the shipwrecked mariners of this tale declares: "We've got old Bobbie Crusoe beat, hands down, on the start-off, and he with his shipful of stuff for handicap." All that the presence of the "bounder" and the cad can do to spoil the ancient topic has been done. And yet we are tempted to say that the theme is shown to be unspoilable. For in spite of what the English fraud and the American rough and the pampered heiress have achieved in language and in threat of worse, a satisfying remnant survives of cyclone, tropical reef and jungle, cocoanut palms, jerked leopard meat, poisoned arrow tips, and a real lion. Is there a heart so withered that it does not leap up to read of living in a hollow tree, of using a burning glass for fire, of welding keys into a knife blade, of making hyena skins into garments, and of climbing for the daily birds' eggs over a tree ladder? That the story is not hopelessly damaged by the coarse characterization is tribute to the immortal freshness of the primitive, and, to be sure, to a great and marvellous ingenuity in combining possibilities of desert coast flora and fauna.

Sir Richard Escombe: A Romance. By Max Pemberton. New York: Harper & Bros.

The situation in this story has the double advantage of being highly dramatic and wholly unhackneyed. The setting is the time of George the Second, and of the notorious Society of St. Francis as founded at Medmenham Abbey. The tale is of Kitty Dulcimore and Sir Richard Escombe; the cause of the anguish, a certain rule of the infamous club which "decreed that any brother who draws sword upon another in the name of woman shall by his own hand pay the forfeit of his life before twenty-four hours have passed." The author's idea is that, though the club is "entitled to perpetual obloquy," it has probably been unduly credited with elaborate blasphemies and that the members were mere clever jesters. He declares that "a close analysis of such records as exist—and they are few enough—these and a just appreciation of the spirit of the age" fail to establish proof that there was "an open mockery of established religious faith." Precisely how he squares with this theory the scene in the Abbey where the cowled revellers in solemn procession sing an ode to Bacchus set to a Gregorian tune, is not explained. Considering, however, the stench that might well have attended such an unearthing of history, the author has kept his story relatively fragrant. Dealing with offences, he has fairly avoided being offensive. There is an ingenious story, there are court portraits, social caricatures, wild Irish extravaganza, even idyllic patches.

The fact remains, however, that the trail of an immense affectation is over it all. To take us back to the day of German Soldier George, the writer has used a language that fairly wallows in artificiality. It is not the "foregads" we complain of. They are desolating, but they are local color. It is the forced and clumsy indirection, the "as by lots" and "if God wots," the "oh! be sure's" and "we shall say's" in which in his own character of narrator the author flounders, with evident intention and relish. The epithets of Meredith and the labyrinths of Hewlett are for them alone.

Side-Stepping with Shorty. By Sewell Ford. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

If it were not so much upon the Chimmie Fadden order as to have the ring of an echo, this would doubtless be more amusing, as, if it were not by the author of "Horses Nine," it would be less disappointing.

> And for a straight front Venus, she was the real maraschino. Course, even if the complexion was true, you wouldn't put her down as one of this spring's hatch; but for a broad, heavyweight girl, she was the fancy goods. And when she cuts loose with that eighteen-carat voice of hers . . .

There are something over three hundred pages of this kind of dialect; and the substance has that essential vulgarity of which a sound realism, however unflinching, is never really in danger. But Mr. Ford's benevolent and omnipotent slugger is a fancy picture, not a portrait; and his absurd performances as *deus ex machina* of lower Broadway doubtless give the effect desired by their contriver; the question is whether they were worth his contriving, in view of the better sort of thing of which he has shown himself capable.

The Girl in Question. By L. C. Violett Houk. New York: John Lane Co.

She is the American-descended queen of a tropical realm, and she comes to Washington "with a request to the President to recognize her sovereignty, and a petition for money and help from Congress to aid her in freeing and reconstructing her country—which is only an island—on a modern, civilized plan." The islanders are enslaved by voodoo superstition, and in her passionate patriotism Donna Carima stands ready to sacrifice her dearest feelings if she may free her people. The reformed priest who accompanies her to America still lives in an atmosphere of magic, and thus we are treated to the spectacle of a general of the United States army reading in a crystal dial the history of the island and of the lady. This scene, however, is scarcely less remarkable than the rest of the book. Social and political intrigues, long-lost relatives, high officials in shady dealings, negro politics in humble circles, masked balls, with Congressional committees in attendance, strive for combination in a whole quite as amazing as the occult atmosphere in which the all-subduing girl-queen moves. To a girl friend she says: "Come, dear, dry the bright jewels that burden your lashes"—and the response is a smile, "creating a volcanic eruption in dimple-land."

If this book were not actual, it might fairly be called impossible. The central idea of the woman and the voodoo has its original side, indeed, suggesting the thought that, out of the vast tangle a real story might be extracted and reconstructed. Imagination is not lacking; even an occasional flash of wit lights the lush jungle.

The Letters of Martin Luther. Selected and translated by Margaret A. Currie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

An English translation of Luther's letters is an especially welcome addition to our sources of information about the great Reformer. It is, indeed, a singular fact that no such venture should hitherto have been made. Luther was an admirable correspondent. His style, always, even in Latin, singularly effective, is nowhere more vigorous than when he lets himself go in intimate discourse with his friends or in stormy reproach to those who differed from him. The material is abundant to embarrassment; the great collections of De Wette, 1826, and of Enders, 1884-1903, leave little to be desired as to completeness. The real task is one of selection, and here the difficulty is, as always, to find a principle that will work to the satisfaction of all readers. It is a pity that we could not have a complete translation, but, pending this, we are glad to have as judicious a selection as the present one. The translator has been guided in her choice by the references in leading biographies of Luther; and, in default of a really personal command of the whole material, a wiser method could hardly have been employed.

Thus far in commendation of the plan of the work. As to the execution there is not much to be said in praise. To select certain letters for translation is

altogether permissible, but, having selected them, the translator is bound to give them to us as nearly in the form of the original as possible. He has no right to mangle them in pursuance of some notion of his own as to what the reader may wish to hear. Least of all has he the right to omit obscure or difficult passages. If he cannot understand them, he is at least bound to state his difficulty and let the reader make his own attempt. This dressing up—or undressing—of foreign material for English consumption is an inveterate habit in England, and it cannot be too strongly condemned. There is hardly a page of these translations where one can be sure of finding what Luther wrote. It is sometimes abbreviated, sometimes distorted, and sometimes even added to, at the discretion of the translator. Nor is it possible to discern any consistent principle, except that of condensation, by which such liberties are to be explained. For example, the very first letter is addressed to "Sancto et venerabili Christi Mariaeque Sacerdoti." The translator leaves out Mariae altogether, though it is certainly an interesting fact that Luther in 1507 does not hesitate to include the word in describing the title of a friend. In the same letter, "patrum meorum" is rendered "my father." In the following letter, Luther addresses the same correspondent as "Pater amande, magis quam venerande," showing the peculiarly tender relation in which he stood, but "honored father" is enough for this translator. "Salutem in Domino et paraclito ejus" becomes "Salvation in the Lord." In the famous letter of 1521 to Albert of Mansfeld, describing Luther's experience at the Diet of Worms, "der Doctor, Canzler des Markgraufen zu Baden" becomes "the Elector of Baden"! Not infrequently these distortions of the original throw the translator off the track in her English, and she has obviously given her work very little revision. "So I beg your Grace to take care . . . but if you are not, then, etc."—this is in the splendid letter in which Luther defies the Archbishop of Mainz; and no better illustration can be found of the utter inadequacy of the translator than her attempts to give the spirit of this tremendous denunciation. The most striking passages are left out altogether, and the sledgehammer blows of what is retained are softened into the taps of a lady's finger.

Errors in spelling are numerous: Lübeck is Lubeck, Bucer is Bücer, Eoban Hesse is Coban Hesse. The use of "would" for "should" occurs with a frequency surprising in an English writer. In short, we have here an amiable attempt to do a really worthy piece of work with an altogether insufficient equipment. The translator's own statement that she has used "the simplest English as more in accordance with the original and with Luther's ideas in general," cannot bar us from asking in what sense she would wish the word "simple" to be understood.

Abraham Lincoln. By Henry Bryan Binns. [The Temple Biographies.] Pp. xiii.+379. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Binns has stated pretty well in his preface the merit and the weakness of his book:

> This is, as far as I am aware, the first serious attempt made by an Englishman to portray on any full canvas the greatest of the popular statesmen of the last century, the most notable figure among the leaders of the English-speaking democracy. I have not attempted to do more than to suggest, by way of background, the events among which he lived.

It is doubtful if, to any mind not already somewhat informed concerning American history, Mr. Binns's scant outline will even serve to suggest the vast background against which Lincoln's figure ought to be viewed. Of the environment of his earlier years more is given—and most sympathetically—than one might expect of an Englishman. Mr. Binns seems to have made a good effort to understand American frontier life seventy-five years ago. But the greater and more momentous the events about Lincoln become, the less we are told of them. Of the Civil War we do not get even an outline; and what little Mr. Binns tells about it leads one to suspect that he could not have told much more—for that little is not always correct. He makes Gen. Hooker, instead of Burnside, responsible for the Union disaster at Fredericksburg (p. 273), and makes amends by calling Chancellorsville a mere "repulse" and crediting Hooker with more than his share of the Union victory at Chattanooga. While we are of opinion that Nicolay and Hay erred in overweighting their life of Lincoln with a detailed history of the entire war, we think Mr. Binns has erred more egregiously in attempting a complete life with the war practically omitted. Else Lincoln himself missed the true quality of his own genius when he said: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." No other man ever owed his achievement so distinctly to the ability to make his words and deeds the right response to the everchanging demands of circumstance.

Mr. Binns's book must therefore take its place among the essays rather than the lives. As such, and as the work of an Englishman, it is not uninteresting, although we do not think that many educated Englishmen need to have the American Lincoln books interpreted to them. Indeed, Mr. Binns is not very English. Now and then, as in the hyphenating of Congressman (Congress-man), and in the unfortunate quotation of Edward Carpenter's reference to the turkey-buzzard as game (Mr. Binns himself has heard of the wild turkey, for he mentions it elsewhere) we find the kind of insularity which hardly any Briton but Mr. Bryce entirely escapes in writing of America. But there is no good reason why the book should not simply take its chances with all the other accounts of Lincoln written in the English tongue.

That is not too hard a fate; for, while there are a good many of the American Lincoln books which we prefer to this by Mr. Binns, we cannot yet say that there is any one of them which succeeds indisputably in the task he has set himself. He does not contrive to phrase convincingly his many attempts at a sympathetic interpretation of the most human of all great men. But the attempts are earnest; the sympathy is real; there is much comprehension. Yet the book fades quickly—as, indeed, they all do—and only Lincoln abides. It is, in fact, hard to judge any book about him, since anything really about him is readable. Did any man ever live who offered biographers such an opportunity? And shall we ever find a biographer with whom we shall be content?

The Story of the Guides. By Col. G. J. Younghusband, C.B. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Col. Younghusband does not attempt to give a connected history of the famous corps of native Indians, but he simply narrates some of the adventures in which they have showed an unsurpassed bravery and devotion to duty. The corps was organized in 1846 to furnish trustworthy men who could not only fight, but were specially adapted to act as guides to troops in the field and to collect information. The men were recruited mainly from the frontier tribes, and so popular was the service that at times the applicants for enrolment have been far more numerous than the vacancies. Princes and chiefs enlisted to learn the art of war. As the corps was to be for service and not for show, the time-honored scarlet of the British army was laid aside for the dust-colored uniform now known as khaki. The man who raised the corps and was its first commander was Sir Harry Lumsden, and among its officers was he "whose name still lives as the intrepid and dashing leader of Hodson's Horse." At present it numbers 1,400 men and 27 British officers.

Among its noteworthy exploits was the historic march to Delhi at the outbreak of the Mutiny. When the summons reached the corps, consisting of cavalry and infantry, it was in camp 580 miles distant. At six hours' notice it

started, and, though the season was summer, marched on an average over twenty-seven miles a day. As it drew near the city, a staff officer "gallops up, and, after giving friendly greeting with the general's compliments, asks, 'How soon will you be ready to go into action?' 'In half an hour,' is the gallant Daly's cheery reply." After a short rest, the trumpet sounded, and the battle began in which the Guides "showed great and glorious valor," but at grievous cost, for of the little band of British officers "in that one first fight, all were killed or wounded." In one of their latest campaigns, in 1897, the probably unique historic record was established of three officers in one regiment earning the Victoria Cross on the same day, while many of the men who had shown conspicuous gallantry were decorated with the Order of Merit. One of the illustrations shows thirty-four of the corps wearing the star "For valor," the highest distinction open to an Indian soldier for gallantry in action.

From this "story" one gains a new and higher appreciation of the Indian's character, not only as regards his bravery, but more especially his absolute devotion to duty. Here is an incident among many showing this quality, a quality which to those who are interested in the Indian and are watching his development is most encouraging. On one of their frontier expeditions a young Afridi near whose village the Guides were camped deserted, carrying two rifles with him. On learning of this, the commander, Col. Jenkins, asked, "How many men of that man's tribe are there in the regiment?" It was found that there were seventeen of them, all told. "Parade them all here," said the Colonel; and they were summoned and paraded in line. "Now take off every scrap of uniform or equipment that belongs to the Sirkar." Each man did as he was bid, and placed the little pile in front of him on the ground. "You can now go, and don't let me see your faces again till you bring back those two rifles." He hoped that they might overtake the deserter, overpower, and secure him before he had gone far.

But if so he was disappointed, for as day followed day, and week succeeded week, no news came of pursued or pursuers. The matter had been forgotten; the vacancies had long since been filled; indeed, two whole years had passed, when one day there walked into Mardan Cantonment a ragged, rough-bearded, hard-bitten gang of seventeen men, carrying two rifles. It was the lost legion! Of those two years' toil and struggle, wounds received and given, a stark unburied corpse here and there on the mountainside, days in ambush and bitter nights of silent anxious watch they spoke but little. But their faces beamed with honest pride as their spokesman simply said: "The Sahib told us never to show our faces again until we found the rifles, and here they are. Now, by your Honor's kindness, we will again enlist and serve the Queen."

The illustrations are well chosen, and add much to the interest and attractiveness of the book, many of them showing the different types of men in the corps.

Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism. By Newman Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Careful reading of Dr. Smyth's tractate confirms the first impressions of it as one of the most vigorous, conscientious, and truly catholic endeavors for Church unity that has been made in many a day. Seldom has the lofty ideal of one organic Church, one world-conquering force in behalf of righteousness and the life of the spirit, taken deeper possession of a noble mind. The inspiring vision has filled its advocate with an enthusiasm and eloquence which must move the dullest and most skeptical. One feels almost ashamed to remain an unbeliever, and yet, since the truth must be told, there can be little question that the outlook is not so bright in fact as it is on Dr. Smyth's pages. Enthusiasm consistently overlooks difficulties, sees victories where there is only the excitement of preparation for battle, and finds problems solved which are merely coming on the horizon. As an example of the ambition which leaps too quickly to a desired conclusion may be mentioned the thesis with which Dr. Smyth opens his essay, that Protestantism has accomplished its mission. He announces the dissolution of Protestantism, not because it has failed or is weak, but because it has done its work and achieved its victory:

Protestantism has its triumphal arch, and upon it are depicted the victories of hard-fought fields, and the procession of the mighty oppressors of the nations, led captive by it. But it is a completed arch. Its crowning achievement is the victory which it has won forever for the spiritual liberty of the individual man. Henceforth the right of private judgment for every man can never be abolished or destroyed.

This is glorious, if true; and if one could believe it, we should have little difficulty in following Dr. Smyth the remainder of his journey, up to the prospect of a unified Christendom just ahead of us. But in reality how far is the vision true? In how much of Protestantism even is the freedom of a Christian man thoroughly realized? Does not the principle of external authority, either of book or of organization, dominate still in the large circles of Protestant adherents? Was not Harnack telling us only a short time since that we had not yet mastered the lesson of Luther? Dr. Smyth would be the first to declare that if unity is to come, it must be with fullest recognition of individual liberty. One who knows the Protestant masses, clerical and lay, not as they are in the more favored centres of New England, but by and large in America and in the state churches abroad, would be more inclined to herald the need of a new Protestantism within the free churches themselves, and to fear that if union were now to come, it would be on the Catholic basis, as that has existed historically, with some sort of fixed and legal authority to cramp men's minds and stifle their souls. While infallible Bibles and authoritative churches still bear their harmful sway, Protestantism cannot consent to pass away, but must seek strength still more vigorously to protest.

One would like to think also that Dr. Smyth in his fond optimism has not over-estimated the power and possibilities of the modern liberal agitation in the Catholic Church. As yet, however, it is but a comparatively recent stir, to which every generous mind must offer full encouragement, but in which one cannot yet discern the rallying-point of a world-movement. It remains to be seen what the iron heel may do. Strong men, and great numbers of them, have been crushed before now. Father Tyrrell, the Abbé Loisy, and Senator Fogazzaro have scarcely won the permanent success which entitles them to be hailed as heralds of the coming Catholicism.

Despite these doubts, however, Dr. Smyth's appeal to his brothers of all faiths is a notable attempt to face one of the most pressing questions of the time.

The Itinerary in England of John Leland, in or about the years 1535-1543. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. I., parts i.-iii.; Vol. II., parts iv., v. New York: The Macmillan Co.

John Leland, the antiquary, was a kind of sixteenth century Karl Baedeker, in that he loved rambling for its own sake, was careful to give accurate information of the regions through which he wandered, avoided elaborate and flowery descriptions of local legends and scenery, and within certain limits was systematic in making his survey complete. He travelled on horseback, and of course had no eye for the needs of tourists, a tribe of wanderers unknown in his day. But he noted the essential facts regarding the objects that interested him and produced the first guide book to the English counties. His immediate successors are Stow, Harrison, Holinshed, Camden, and other antiquaries, but his more remote descendants are Murray, Klein, Baedeker, and their hosts of followers. His "Itinerary" will always stand as a work indispensable to the student of English topography and life of the sixteenth century. Unlike the Elizabethan and Jacobean writers, Leland did not succeed in casting

his notes into a readable literary form, else his work might have become a classic in English prose. Its value is chiefly for the scholar and the local antiquarian, but to them it marks the awakening pride of Englishmen in their own country, the precursor of that national enthusiasm of the Elizabethan period which led men to extend their zeal for knowledge and adventure beyond the shores of Albion into the seas of an unknown world.

Starting from Cambridge, somewhere about the year 1538, Leland journeyed by a devious route northward to the River Tyne and back to London. During the six years that followed he went from London to Land's End and back by the coast to Winchester, from Oxford to Bristol and northward into Gloucester and southward into Dorset, through the old Mercian counties to Shrewsbury and Litchfield, and again northward by the west coast into Northumberland, and back by a new route to London. He entered nearly every county in England, passed through every large town and city, rode along the country ways by pasture, meadow, and fen, and penetrated forests, even to the heart of Sherwood. In the towns he made notes of the churches, schools, monastic foundations, and markets, observing tombs, brasses, inscriptions, and architectural peculiarities, and supplemented his own knowledge with information obtained from individuals, libraries, and private records. Outside the urban centres, he noted the nature of the country; recorded the existence of coal pits, quarries, mines, and salt works; and was at great pains to specify the bridges he crossed. The reader is impressed with the great extent of woodland and with the slight percentage of arable land that he speaks of as turned from open fields into enclosures. In all his wanderings he scarcely mentions a hedge, and his entries of enclosed fields and pastures concern less than a dozen counties, and those only occasionally. Essentially an antiquarian and not, like his contemporaries, More, Hales, and Latimer, a student of the social problems of his day, he was not interested primarily in social and economic questions. He does, however, record the meanness of the villages, the ruinous state of walls, castles, and manor houses, and the decay and poverty of many a town. He leaves one with the distinct feeling that the old mediæval economy was passing away and that the new Elizabethan prosperity had not yet come. There is need of more work based upon Leland, like that of Dr. Gilbert Slater, whose study of Leland's text has added a new chapter to the history of the enclosure movement. The material is not wanting, for Leland makes frequent entries of markets and fairs, and often speaks of the industry by which a town was supported. All these items are, however, more or less incidental to his main theme, for his eye was open chiefly to topographical features, and his inquisitive mind led him to search out antiquarian and historical informaton rather than the causes of prosperity and decay.

Leland was a careful observer who generally got his facts correctly, though he made errors at times in judging distances. He had a critical sense, expressing occasional doubts as to the accuracy of the answers given him, and declaring certain stories to be nothing but fables. His work is often incomplete, blanks are left unfilled, and many of his notes were never worked up into narrative form. For this reason the "Itinerary" is often confusing and contains a number of repetitions.

Miss Toulmin Smith, the editor of the present version, has had before her an exceedingly difficult task in putting the material in order, and in endeavoring "to give as close a representation as possible of Leland's original where this is continuous, and where it is fragmentary to restore it as nearly as may be." The original manuscript is in bad condition, and has had to be pieced out from the transcripts by Stow and Burton and from the edition of Hearne. The editor thinks that "his malady [insanity] overtook him before he had finished his work," and that it is almost impossible to determine the order in which the material ought to be arranged. That she has succeeded in giving coherency to the whole is in itself enough to justify the publication of her edition. When we add further that she has taken infinite pains to identify all the place names, has drawn maps for the first time illustrating each journey, and has prepared excellent and exhaustive indexes to persons, places, and subjects in each volume, we can judge of the indebtedness of the scholarly world to her efforts. Her annotations, though brief, are always helpful, and her accuracy is above suspicion. On one or two points there is occasion for a legitimate difference of opinion, as, for example, whether Leland actually journeyed from Patrington to Ravenspur and thence to the River Tees, as Map i. conjectures; but whenever doubt arises, it will be found that there is always good argument on the other side. As far as can be judged from the two volumes before us, Miss Toulmin Smith has given us a definitive edition of this useful work.

The Truth About Port Arthur. By E. K. Nojine. Translated from the Russian by Capt. A. B. Lindsay, and edited by Major E. D. Swinton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

As a rule, distrust attaches to the book that professes to tell the whole truth about a controverted matter. When the book is from the beginning as frankly partisan as this indictment against Gen. Stoessel, presented by a Russian journalist who was in Port Arthur before war broke out, and went through the entire siege, distrust strengthens into doubt. But this impression does not last, and M. Nojine's book has this important point in its favor, that its charges have been substantiated by a Russian court-martial. His argument is a simple one. In Port Arthur, almost from the outbreak of the war, Gen. Stoessel, who was commander of the military district of Kwan-tung, usurped the authority of Gen. Smirnoff, who was commander of the fortress proper. The only justification for such a breach of military authority would have been success against the enemy; but Stoessel, our author maintains, only hastened the fall of the fortress by general incompetence, indifference, inactivity, and a disposition to look out primarily for his own interests. The court-martial of last February seemed to hold the same opinion when it sentenced Stoessel to death, though with a recommendation to the Emperor for mercy. Gen. Smirnoff does not come off unscathed in our present account. Able, energetic, determined to fight to the end, and probably strong enough, if he had been left alone, to prolong the defence of the fortress for a few weeks or months, he is censured for acquiescing in Stoessel's seizure of power, and thus placing himself under a fatal disadvantage. Our author insists that Gen. Smirnoff could easily have placed Stoessel under arrest and assumed entire charge of the defence—such was his own popularity and the general contempt for his opponent. But Smirnoff was afraid to take the chance of precipitating civil strife in the face of the enemy, even when it became apparent that Stoessel's conduct was inspired by the very unmilitary consideration of his own personal safety. In Smirnoff's conduct we find exemplified the soft streak in the Russian character which foreign critics have so often pointed out. Altruism is an amiable virtue; in the soldier it may even be magnificent; but it isn't war.

To the unprofessional reader the story of the defence of Port Arthur, as he has commonly read it, is no simple tale. There were so many ridges, redoubts, bastions, lunettes, and counterscarps, each having its Russian, its Chinese, and its Japanese name, and sometimes its English name and its number, that only devotion to the map will save one from utter confusion. M. Nojine's book is the first to marshal details into broad lines easily followed; and this without apparent effort at being vivid or picturesque. The straightforward, logical, absolutely lucid account has very few purple patches. When these come they have their correspondingly intense effect. There are only one or two pas-

sages like the following in a volume of nearly four hundred pages:

Rafalovitch appeared at the staff headquarters. He was dirty; his clothes were torn and covered with blood and spotted with whity-red bits of something. This handsome, healthy young fellow was quite unstrung by what he had been through. He was trembling as if in a fever; his eyes were bloodshot and wandering, and he could scarcely speak.

"What's happened? Your face is covered with blood. Are you wounded?"

"No, sir, I am—I am not wounded. It's not my blood; it's Capt. Veselovsky's brains," was the stammering reply.

"What! Veselovsky killed?"

"Yes, sir. His head was carried away—only not quite. The lower jaw and beard were left—and I was covered with his brains, right in my face."

Science.

Systematic Anatomy of the Dicotyledons. By Hans Solereder; translated by L. A. Boodle and F. E. Fritch. Vol. I. New York: Henry Frowde. $8.75 net.

Our flowering plants are divided, by a sharp plane of cleavage, into two great groups, depending on the number of seed-leaves, or cotyledons, in each seed. Taking species as they are commonly reckoned, and leaving out of account the myriads of newer species which have resulted from the splitting up of the older, we find on one side of this cutting plane about eighty thousand, and on the other not far from twenty thousand. It is with the eighty thousand species, which possess two cotyledons in each seed, that the present work has to deal, and in all it considers not far from two-thirds of them. By anatomy, as here used, is meant the minute structure as revealed under the compound microscope; and it is called systematic because it brings into view the classificatory relations of the different features thus shown.

The work is encyclopædic, gathering to itself every reference which was accessible to the author, and it thus possesses high bibliographical importance. It is, as the title declares, a handbook for laboratories of pure and applied botany. By pure botany, nowadays, one designates the study of relationships, in the broadest sense; its aim is to answer a very hard question: "How did our plants come to be what they are?" It is closely allied to another speculative study, œcology, which asks how our plants came to be where they are. The first of these questions is usually investigated in the light which is thrown upon the history of the plant by an examination of the gross anatomy of its organs, or members; but every serious student feels the necessity for an inspection of the minute structure of these members. Many investigators deserve credit for emphasizing this branch of study, but Radlkofer first indicated sound methods for pursuing it systematically. Professor Solereder was trained in Radlkofer's laboratory: it is, therefore, eminently proper that he should try to coördinate the vast amount of material which has been accumulating.

The task of arrangement was enormous, for it involved translating into a uniform terminology a host of descriptions written in the most diverse and even contradictory terms. Thanks to De Bary, much of this discordant terminology was long ago swept aside into the rubbish heap, and we now have a grammar of microscopic anatomy which serves most purposes. This consistent grammar, used throughout by Professor Solereder, enables the student to find his way through the different families with little embarrassment. But, unfortunately, although he has done his work admirably, and no fault is to be found with his methods of investigation or of presentation, disappointment follows disappointment. The reason is that, while the broad lines of separation are seldom obscured by anomalous forms, there are innumerable minor adaptations which make the study of the histological relationship of closely allied species an almost hopeless task. Two species very near of kin may be far apart in their minute structure, since they may have developed under wholly different conditions. In Solereder's work, which has been of great service in its German edition, the student of pure botany finds all needed material for his search for affinities. But, of course, the main office of a treatise like this is to supplement personal investigation and serve as a guide to the literature of the subject.

Considered from the side of applied botany, the work may be regarded as indispensable to the economic botanist and the pure-food expert. It is not designed to take the place of special works on microscopy, such as Mœller's, but it fills an important place as a supplement. In the excellent volumes which have come from some of the pure-food authorities in our own country, one can find practically all needed information regarding specific matters, such as the structure of the coffee seed or the character of our spices, but the facts given by Solereder are of importance in completing these pictures. Perhaps the addition to this work of much that is to be found in Mœller and others would have made it a handier book of reference, but as it stands it is very useful.

Dr. D. H. Scott, one of the most eminent students of the subject, has given this volume careful supervision. He has done much towards increasing interest in histological morphology, and he now places the botanical world under fresh obligations by his labors on this book.

The most noteworthy article in the July number of the *Geographical Journal* is Prof. J. W. Gregory's résumé of the principal scientific results of the English, Scottish, German, and Swedish Antarctic expeditions of 1901-1904, so far as the published reports permit. The natural history collections are so great and the observations so numerous that it will take three or four years more to complete the reports, which will then form an Antarctic library of about thirty volumes.

Compared with poultry, which have been bred for more than 2,000 years, canaries, which have been caged for 250 years, are a recent addition to the list of creatures semi-domesticated by man. Prof. C. B. Davenport has chosen canaries as links between domesticated and wild birds, and has summed up his investigations in publication No. 95 of the Carnegie Institution, "Inheritance in Canaries." He finds that the yellow canary is derived from the original "green" canary by the loss of the black pigment. The former, however, carries a mottling factor, so that when a yellow canary is crossed with a pigmented bird or with a finch the hybrids are mottled. The plumage of a yellow canary may be compared with a letter that has been written with invisible ink. Whenever the developer acts (*i. e.*, when the black pigment of the green canary is added) that which is written appears with all its idiosyncrasies—striping on shoulders, black on the wings, and olive on the breast.

"Magic Squares and Cubes," by W. S. Andrews, with chapters by Paul Carus, L. S. Frierson, and C. A. Browne, jr., is issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Although magic squares have lost their influence as one of the arbiters of fate, still they have a peculiar fascination. And it is difficult, at times, for the soberest minded not to believe that some secret power rules our numbers, so unexpected and curious are the properties of their grouping. Nor is it only over the lover of the mysterious that these *lusus numerorum* exercise a hold, for probably as difficult and complicated squares as were ever made, are those of Benjamin Franklin, who was not given to wasting time. To those who are interested in the subject, Mr. Andrews's book will be very acceptable. The examples are numerous; the laws and rules, some of them original, for making squares are well worked out. The volume is attractive in appearance, and, what is of the greatest importance in such a work, the proof-reading has been careful.

In reply to the lectures delivered by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, in the Singakademie in Berlin, and published under the title "Kampf um den Entwicklungsgedanken," the Jesuit father, E. Wasmann, a Catholic specialist in biology, has delivered a series of discourses, also in Berlin, to which were added public discussions after each lecture. The full material of the lectures and discussions has now appeared in a volume, "Der Kampf um das Entwicklungsproblem in Berlin" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder Verlagshandlung).

Three volumes of the "Dictionnaires techniques illustrés en six langues" (French, German, English, Russian, Italian,

Spanish), by K. Deinhardt and A. Schlomann, engineers, have now appeared. The first (6.50 francs) takes up the elements of machines and usual tools; the second (31 francs) is devoted to electrotechnics; the third, just out (19 francs), deals with steam boilers, engines, and turbines.

Adrien de Mortillet, continuing his father's work, publishes "La Classification palethnologique," a handy octavo album, with 12 plates and 116 figures. It forms a short, easily understood summary of the prehistoric races of man, with clear, exact designs of the chief types in each division The 747 pages and 249 pictures of Joseph Déchelette's "Manuel d'archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine" are also exclusively prehistorical.

Sir Thomas Stevenson, M.D., senior scientific analyst to the Home Office, author and editor of various memoirs on forensic medicine, and past president of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, of the Society of Public Analysts and of the Institute of Chemistry, died July 28. He was born in Yorkshire in 1838, and was knighted in 1904.

Drama and Music.

Mathilde. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Mr. Jack, who has given an uninteresting and misleading title to this blank verse play, has already attracted favorable critical attention by a previous piece called "The Prince" and an essay on Shelley. "Mathilde" is a story of sixteenth-century Italy, and is written with notable literary ability, uncommon skill in the denotement and development of character, and a good sense of dramatic motive and theatrical situation, but is deficient in one of the most important requisites for successful stage representation, rapid and progressive action. The author evidently has been a close student of the Elizabethan dramatists, and his verse, while showing few traces of poetic inspiration, is of excellent quality, smooth, vigorous, imaginative, and, in places, eloquent. His vocabulary is full, dignified, and expressive, having its sources in the wells of English undefiled. Nearly all his sentences are pregnant, none frivolous. In literary style, indeed, his play is well worthy of the rank of poetic tragedy, but in its story—which is founded upon conventional ideas, though fairly original in its use of them—it scarcely rises above the level of melodrama. The chamberlain of the Court of Ferrara, a child of the people, is spurned by the princess, who is presumptive heiress of the reigning duke, a crazy old tyrant. Impelled by passion and ambition, he procures the poisoning of the Duke, and contrives that popular suspicion shall rest upon the princess. Thus he becomes regent, and, being in power, proclaims his conviction of the lady's innocence, and so works upon her gratitude that she will not even listen to the evidence of his guilt offered by his discarded accomplice, but joyfully hails him as her preserver and willingly becomes his bride. After nine years of happy joint rule, knowing himself to be at the point of death, he remorsefully confesses to her the crimes by which he had won her, is forgiven, and dies, leaving the throne to her in trust for their infant son. The proud princess, the chancellor, the cardinal, the profligate gamester, and minor personages are all cleverly drawn and clearly differentiated, but are variations upon familiar models. But the central figure of the Machiavellian usurper, crafty, bold, sophistical, and remorseless in pursuing the ends of his ambition and passion, but just, capable, and beneficent in the exercise of secured power is a character study remarkable for its strength, consistency, and subtlety, which would furnish rare opportunities to an intellectual actor.

In its present shape the play is more suitable for the library than the stage, as its chief virtues are literary and analytical rather than dramatic. But with judicious rearrangement and condensation it might prove very valuable to such a player as H. B. Irving.

By arrangement with the English publishers, the H. M. Caldwell Co. will issue in September the "Century Shakespeare," complete in forty volumes. Dr. F. J. Furnivall contributes the introductions, and the life of Shakespeare is by Dr. Furnivall and John Munro.

By bringing together Johnson's "Proposals," of 1756, the celebrated "Preface" of 1765, and a selection of illustrative notes, Prof. Walter Raleigh has made a capital little book, which he calls "Johnson on Shakespeare" (Henry Frowde). And Professor Raleigh's own introduction is almost a model in its kind. With a few touches he shows how much of Johnson's character went into the editing and especially the promises to edit the plays. Only one may think that in defending to the letter Johnson's famous saying: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," he has fallen into the fallacy of extremes. There may be virtues in the world of manufacture and finance, just as there are in that of literature, but it is also true that there is no direct relation between ability and pecuniary reward in letters, such as there is in commerce, and that consequently Johnson's hasty generalization cannot be supported by such a comparison. But that is a small point. The important matter is Professor Raleigh's comprehension and sturdy defence of Johnson against the slights and sneers of the ultra-romantics—which has authority as coming from one who is himself so excellent a Shakespearean scholar, and particular interest as the opinion of one who himself sometimes inclines to an ultra-romantic view of literature. "The head and front of Johnson's offending," says Professor Raleigh, "was that he wrote and spoke of Shakespeare as one man may fitly speak of another. He claimed for himself the citizenship of that republic in which Shakespeare is admittedly preëminent; and dared to enumerate Shakespeare's faults."

In "Das neue Shakespeare-Evangelium" (Hanover: Sponholtz), Peter Alvor endeavors to prove that all the tragedies were written by the Earl of Southampton, and all the comedies by the Earl of Rutland, but, in order to escape political persecution, these noblemen induced a mediocre actor, William Shakespeare, to assume the authorship, a responsibility for which he was well paid. This idea of two authors is ridiculed by Karl Bleibtreu in his pamphlet: "Die Lösung der Shakespeare-Frage" (Leipzig: Thomas), in which all the dramas, both tragedies and comedies, are ascribed to the Earl of Rutland. Bleibtreu sets forth the same view in a tragi-comedy: "Der wahre Shakespeare." In a volume entitled "Misachtete Shakespeare-Dramen" (Berlin: Eisner), Alfred Neubner not only asserts the genuineness of Shakespeare's dramas, but also ascribes to him twelve dramas not included in his published works, of which four are lost and eight still preserved, namely, "Locrine," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Lord Cromwell," "London Prodigal," "King John" in two parts, "Merlin's Birth," and "Two Noble Kinsmen." We may add that one of the best of these productions is "A Yorkshire Tragedy," which, in the opinion of A. W. von Schlegel, was undoubtedly written by Shakespeare, and Lessing took the same view of a "London Prodigal." Quite commendable, from a biographical and analytical standpoint is Dr. Max J. Wolff's "Shakespeare der Dichter und sein Werk" (Munich: Beck), the second and concluding volume of which has just appeared. Marie Joachimi-Dege's "Deutsche Shakespeare-Probleme im 18. Jahrhundert und im Zeitalter der Romantik" (Leipzig: Haessel) shows the important influence exerted by the British poet on the development of German literature, especially during the period immediately before the rise of the romantic school.

The first volume of the collected plays—"Théâtre"—of Tristan Bernard has appeared in Paris. This writer is as nearly a humorist as a Frenchman can be, a good story-teller, and without too much literature. He has been manager of an aluminium factory, and was once ready for final admission to the grave Paris bar, having all his university degrees and having served the required "stage," but he broke away in 1894 and took charge of the Parisian Velodrome Buffalo (reminiscent of Col. Cody), and since then has been writing books and plays endlessly. He is more like Dickens than Mark Twain—and very good French.

The New Theatre in this city, which is to be devoted to the higher forms of drama, is to have an executive staff, consisting of Winthrop Ames, director; Lee Shubert, business manager; and John Corbin, literary manager. Mr. Ames, the director, is a native of Boston, and was graduated from Harvard in 1895, where he spent a post-graduate year specializing in dramatic literature. For four years, in partnership with Lorin F. Deland, he successfully conducted the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Mr. Shubert is a well-known theatrical manager; and Mr. Corbin, who is also a Harvard graduate, has been a dramatic critic. The announcement is made that though the New Theatre will attempt the best works of modern English and Continental dramatists, the primary object will

be to foster American playwriting. Each season the management will produce as many good American plays as can be obtained. The theatre will have several plays in production at the same time, and they will be offered in alternation, for long or short periods, according to the popular demand. By this system the theatre will be able to present from ten to fifteen plays each season without cutting short the runs of those that prove to be notable successes. One evening a week, and perhaps one matinée, will be devoted to performances of the higher class of light opera. These operas will be performed by the singers and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but will be productions unsuited to the larger auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House. The financial plan adopted by the founders is as follows: A low annual rental is set on the land and the building, and the theatre will be required to earn this in addition to its running expenses. It will, however, pay no profit, and if funds accrue they are to be used for the further development of the enterprise. By this plan the founders hope to shield the theatre from any temptation to sacrifice quality to financial profit, and, at the same time, to insure it against ignoring public opinion, and falling into the apathy which is the danger of subsidized theatres abroad. It is expected that the building will be finished a year from this autumn.

In a conference between Charles L. Hutchinson, president of the board of directors of the Chicago Art Institute, and Donald Robertson, director of the Robertson Company of Players, an arrangement has been made for a theatrical season of thirty weeks in Fullerton Hall, in the Institute building. Beginning in September, performances will be given on Tuesday night of each week, of plays by German, Spanish, Scandinavian, French, Italian, and American playwrights. The directors and members of the Art Institute have arranged to pay the expenses of the experiment, and no admission fee will be charged. Attendance will be limited to the members.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, are to act apart for a time. The new comedy of H. H. Davies has a character said to be exactly suitable to Miss Moore, but none that appeals to the fancy of Sir Charles. Therefore, the lady will play in the Criterion Theatre, London, while Sir Charles will be seen in the New Theatre. He has just bought a new play from Walter Ellis, which is called "The Duke and the Demigod."

The new version of "The Duke's Motto," which has been made by Justin Huntly McCarthy, will be produced in the London Lyric Theatre in the autumn by Lewis Waller. The original piece, taken from "Le Bossu," was a wonderfully effective romantic melodrama, and the performance of Lagardère by Charles Fechter, when in his prime, was nothing short of a masterpiece. It was the theatrical sensation of more than one season in London. Mr. McCarthy is said to have simplified the action. If Mr. Waller can reproduce one-half of the effect created by Fechter he may be sure of a brilliant success. Later Mr. Waller will produce the first part of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V."

A committee, composed of Alfredo Frassati of Turin, Benedetto Croce of Naples, Marco Praga of Milan, Domenico Oliva of Rome, and three other prominent dramatic and literary critics, have awarded the Giacosa prize of 4,000 lire to the "Viandante," by Tomaso Monicelli of Mantua, a young writer, twenty-four years old. This prize was offered for the "best dramatic work written during the past year by an author at the beginning of his career, and played with marked success in Turin and at least one other large city of Italy." The "Viandante" has met with general praise from Italian critics and has been translated into French.

Some valuable manuscripts have been presented to the Royal Library in Berlin by Ernst von Mendelssohn-Bartholdl, the composer's nephew, who inherited them from his father. Among them are the complete score of Mozart's opera "Die Entführung," of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and of Beethoven's third, fifth, and seventh symphonies.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who has been among the most successful concert-givers in European cities for five years, is to make his first American appearance at Carnegie Hall in this city on December 19, with the Russian Symphony Orchestra as a background.

Art.

THE LONDON SALON.

LONDON, July 13.

At this season of the year in London most people would say that the crying need was to diminish, not to increase, the number of art exhibitions. But the large majority of artists, who are without a chance at the Royal Academy and other established institutions, are evidently of another way of thinking; and, on July 11, the first London Salon was opened by the Allied Artists' Association at the Albert Hall, Kensington. The object of the society is, first and foremost, to allow artists "to submit their work freely and without restriction to the judgment of the public." Members pay one guinea, and, in return, can show five works without any question of merit or of selection by a jury. In theory, of course, nothing could be more liberal and just. But the practical result is unhappy. A jury may be stupid, incompetent, corrupt, but, at its worst, it would not countenance the license, not only possible but inevitable, when no other qualification is demanded from an exhibitor save the ability to pay five dollars.

Perhaps the wonder now should be that not more than eight hundred subscribers have been found, and that the number of exhibits does not rise above four thousand. It stands to reason that such a collection must degenerate into a hopeless hodge-podge—an array of good, bad, and indifferent. The Salon des Indépendants and the Salon d'Automne in Paris, are, it is said, taken as models, but few would deny that both these exhibitions are superfluous, and that the clear duty of the art reformer is to restrict the limits of the two summer salons, not to enlarge them.

Worse than this, the Allied Artists have made the mistake of introducing themselves under the most unfavorable circumstances. The Albert Hall is no place for an exhibition. The sculpture and black-and-white fill the arena, surrounded by rows of faded, unsightly stalls, above which and just below the boxes pictures hang in a melancholy line—a more brutal test than would have to be faced at the much-abused Academy, or the overcrowded Salon. The rest of the pictures hang upstairs in the circular gallery under the roof, while the water-colors are packed together on screens, tier above tier, close together, in the orchestra. The public, satiated with the annual Academic debauch, will not have the energy, or the patience, to make its way through the maze; the most conscientious critic would be exhausted before the task had fairly begun.

Good work is to be found, of course; it would be tragic if there was none among four thousand pictures and prints, drawings, and sculptures. But as much of it as I discovered, with the best will in the world, came from men who have no complaint to make of the opportunity offered to them elsewhere—artists like Mancini, Mark Fisher, Morrice, Lavery, Wilson Steer, Theodore Roussel, George Thomson; or else from younger men whose names are already beginning to be heard of in Piccadilly and Bond Street—Albert Maurer, whom the International has long since made known to London; J. D. Fergusson, Gerald Kelly, Gerard Chowne. But there are really too many to mention, and they themselves probably already realize that their work shows to better advantage at the International or the New English Art Club, or any one of the numerous little Bond Street galleries. It was a daring experiment to make, and experiment is better than stagation.

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But it was a mistaken experiment.

N. N.

The G. C. Hesselgren Publishing Company is bringing out what promises to be an important architectural book, called "Apartment Houses of the Metropolis." The work will contain the elevations and floor plans of the most important buildings of this kind in New York.

Paul Kristeller will publish through Bruno Cassirer of Berlin a collection, "Zeichnungen alter und neuer Meister," which is to reproduce from public and private collections in Europe, as far as possible in colors, the characteristic works of the greatest artists. Even the size of the originals is to be retained if possible. Monthly sections of ten sheets each, costing 4.50 marks, will be issued, twelve of them to constitute a volume, with explanatory notes and index.

The picture gallery of the Vatican has been enlarged to four hundred numbers, by incorporating the pictures from the library and the Lateran museum. This has involved a complete rearrangement. One side of the Belvidere has been devoted to this purpose and the pictures are grouped in seven galleries historically by schools. Through this consolidation of the Papal collections, the gallery gains notably in examples of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The architectural and decorative features are highly praised by the few who have enjoyed an advance view. The public opening, which will be solemnly celebrated, will take place in October or November next.

A loan exhibition of Italian portraits will be held at Florence in connection with the national celebration of Italian freedom in 1911. The best examples of all periods, it is expected, will be gathered from private and public collections throughout Italy, but special attention will be paid the work of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, when portraiture was notably vigorous.

The following pictures were sold at Christie's July 10: Sir E. Burne-Jones, The Tree of Forgiveness, £609; Sir Luke Fildes, Devotion, £220; Corot, Woody River Scene, with two figures decorating a statue, £399; N. Diaz, Glade in a Forest, with a fagot-gatherer, £325; Ch. Jacque, Landscape, with a flock of sheep, peasant-woman, and dog, £1,102. July 14 the same firm sold these engravings of the early English school: After Romney, Mrs. Musters, by J. Walker, £325; after Hoppner, Lady Anne Lambton and Family, by J. Young, £204; after W. Hamilton, The Months, by Bartolozzi and Gardiner (the set of twelve), £204.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allaben, Frank. John Watts de Peyster. Frank Allaben Genealogical Company. 2 vols. $2.50 net.

Annual Report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of the Department for Home Affairs of the Japanese Government. Tokio.

Armitage, Ven. W. J. The Church Year. Henry Frowde.

Bradford, Benchara. A Study of Mathematical Education. Henry Frowde. $1.10.

Burns, Judson D. What is Man? Cochrane Pub. Co.

Call, William Timothy. The Literature of Checkers. Hawthorne, N. J.; C. M. Potterdon. $1.

Collis P. Huntington Fund for Cancer Research. Vol. II. New York city.

Cuentos Modernos. Edited by Albert B. Johnson. American Book Co. 60 cts.

Elliott, G. F. Scott. Chile. Scribners.

Everyman: A Morality Play. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Mitchell Kennerley. $1

Fisher, Sydney George. The Struggle for American Independence. 2 Vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Fleshman, Arthur Cary. The Educational Process. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Forman, Emily Shaw. Guess Work: 101 Charades Boston: Badger.

Gardner, Percy. The Gold Coinage of Asia before Alexander the Great. Henry Frowde.

Gill, George Creswell. Beyond the Blue-Grass. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

Green, J. Reynolds. Lord Kelvin. Dutton. $1 net.

Hilton, Harold. Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order. Henry Frowde.

Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. V. to XIII. Henry Frowde.

Irving, John. Stories from the History of Oxfordshire. Henry Frowde.

Lamb, Charles. Essays selected by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Henry Frowde.

Le Gallienne, Richard. Omar Repentant. Mitchell Kennerley.

McKenzie, F. A. The Tragedy of Korea. Dutton. $2 net.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Its History. Published by the company.

Matthews, Albert. Uncle Sam. Worcester, Mass.: Davis Press.

Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. VIII. Reserve—Ribaldously. Henry Frowde.

Packard, Charlotte Mellen. From the Foothills of Song. Boston: Badger.

Poulton, Edward Bagnall. Essays on Evolution, 1889-1907. Henry Frowde. $4.

Quinet, Edgar. France et Allemagne. Henry Frowde.

Rees, Arthur Dougherty. William Tell. Philadelphia: Lippincotts.

Rumball, Edwin. Jesus and Modern Religion. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Scheffauer, Herman. Looms of Life. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Schmucker, Samuel Christian. The Study of Nature. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Smith, J. C. A Book of Verse for Boys and Girls. Parts I. and II. Henry Frowde.

Smith, J. C. A Book of Verses for Boys and Girls. Pt. III. Henry Frowde.

Spencer, Henry Percival. The Lillies. Boston: Badger.

State Commission in Lunacy. Nineteenth Annual Report. Albany.

Stilgebauer, Edward. Das Liebesnest. Berlin.

Traherne, Thomas. Centuries of Meditations. Edited by Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the editor.

Wales, Hubert. The Old Allegiance. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Wall, Mary Virginia. The Daughter of Virginia Dare. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

Walpole, Sir Spencer. Essays Political and Biographical. Dutton. $3 net.

Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, Ulrich von. Greek Historical Writing and Apollo. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Henry Frowde.

Wright, H Nelson. Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. III. Henry Frowde.

Wright, Walter P. The Perfect Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908.

The Week.

Plans to break up the solid South are usually announced at about this stage of the Presidential campaign. In August matters are pretty dull, and there is little else to talk about. McKinley was going to capture a Southern State or two, and Roosevelt was going to; and now, of course, Mr. Taft is having his turn. Mr. Roosevelt did actually carry Missouri, but that is a border State. This week we learn directly from Hot Springs that there is a better chance to carry away part of the South than at any time in the last quarter of a century. Letters from Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee are urging Mr. Taft and the National Committee to seize this exceptional opportunity. We cannot, however, believe that Mr. Taft will become much excited over the outlook. He knows what the Republican machine is in the South. He has publicly declared in effect that it is made up of men who hold Federal offices, or are looking for them; and he has denounced this shadow of a party for failing to win the respect of the substantial citizens of the South. So long as the race question remains in the foreground, so long the South is likely to remain Democratic. Unless the face of affairs greatly changes before November 3, we shall hear, as usual, that Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee—to say nothing of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and the rest—have gone for Bryan.

The Independence Party at Chicago has nominated for President Thomas L. Hisgen of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, John Temple Graves of Georgia. Mr. Hisgen, who has been the leader of the Hearst forces in New England, ran for Governor last year, as the candidate of the Independence League, when the League ticket received more votes than the regular Democratic. Beyond this, Mr. Hisgen is but little known to fame. John Temple Graves is a fire-eater of the fiercest type. As a journalist in Florida and Georgia—particularly as editor of the Atlanta *Daily Georgian*—he has been extremely bitter in his denunciation of the negro and his defence of lynching; and last year he came to New York to edit Hearst's *American*. It is not too much to say that Mr. Graves is a demagogue of the cheapest type. The Independence platform fits the candidates. It advocates radicalism of every kind: it would exempt the farmer and wage-earner from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it voices the other extreme demands of labor and appeals to the worst passions of the mob. Hisgen and Graves stand no chance of election. It remains to be seen how far their presence in the field may damage Bryan. One thing is sure: they will help to keep Hearst in the public eye and increase the sale of his newspapers.

As a rejoinder to troublesome questions, Mr. Bryan's glib "not in the platform" will soon wear out. Not more than one man in the United States has expressed himself more freely, on an almost countless number of problems, during the last few years, than Mr. Bryan. If he imagines that by barring various indiscretions of his past loquacity from the platform he has effectually eliminated them from the campaign, he will soon find out his mistake. Does he think, for instance, that people are no longer interested in his deliberate condemnation of railway regulation as a necessary failure, and his espousal of government ownership as the only alternative? His abstention from putting his conviction on this matter into his platform doubtless proves his belief that public opinion is not ready for it just now, but it gives us no assurance whatever that he will not use his position, if he is elected, to bring public opinion over to his own declared views. We all know the skill and persistence of President Roosevelt in turning his office into an agency for the promotion of opinions not found in the platform on which he was elected. Bryan's assertion that public opinion is not ripe for ownership now is the veriest makeshift. The people are entitled to an unambiguous display of Mr. Bryan's present state of mind on this vital question. If it has not changed since his speech on returning from Europe, then the man who votes for him should do so with a full knowledge that he is voting for an early resumption of the highly disturbing agitation for government ownership.

That a man's foes shall be those of his own household has been the bitter experience of many a labor leader before Samuel Gompers. It now appears that it was a rueful bargain which was made at Lincoln between Mr. Gompers and Mr. Bryan. It may be true, technically, that the head of the Federation of Labor never promised or undertook to deliver the labor vote to the Democratic ticket. But after the emphatic rebuff at the hands of the Republicans at Chicago and the hand of welcome extended by the Democrats at Denver, Mr. Gompers went straight to Lincoln. Here he gave assurances of his own support, and summoned the faithful to vote for the friend of labor. He may never have said that he could commit his organization to one party or the other. But he certainly has injected politics into labor circles. Such, at least, would seem to be the view which recalcitrant heads of local unions take. Even Mr. Gompers is palpably alarmed at the prospect of losing his job. He admits, in his irritation, that "the enemies of organized labor" [*i. e.*, his enemies] may, by lies and misrepresentation, "even be successful in accomplishing my removal as president of the American Federation of Labor." Those who object to the dragging of the organization into politics are dubbed by him "political renegades and discredited outcasts of labor." He should apply for a writ of injunction to stop their utterances.

Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican National Committee spent last Friday in this city in sweet converse with Woodruff, Parsons, and other prominent Republicans. The result is half a dozen more or less conflicting reports in the newspapers as to the attitude of Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Taft, and President Roosevelt toward the renomination of Gov. Hughes. Mr. Hitchcock says frankly: "The National Committee will use its influence in behalf of the man who is palpably strongest with the voters." Hence most of the reporters who inter-

viewed Mr. Hitchcock jump to the conclusion that the committee influence will be thrown for Hughes, and, on the other hand, the people who do not believe in Hughes infer that the committee is against him. It is clear, however, that the committee and the State bosses are likely to be at odds. The committee wants the strongest vote-getter; but crawling politicians like Woodruff, Barnes, and Hendricks want a man whom they can use. Some of them would much prefer a Democrat to another term of Hughes. But Mr. Hitchcock declares emphatically that he regards it as of the "first importance to carry this State." If he maintains this position there can be no reasonable doubt that in the course of a few weeks the national organization will be openly for Hughes. For it is more and more evident that Hughes is the one Republican who is reasonably sure of carrying New York. He is popular precisely because Barnes and Hendricks and Woodruff hate him. These creatures of the machine are despised and detested by the mass of the voters, and a candidate needs no better certificate of merit than their disapproval.

If anything can give President Roosevelt concern over the effect of his hasty public utterances, it should be the way his example heartens his fellow citizens to quote his rashness as their excuse. The Central Labor Union of Indianapolis has passed resolutions whose preamble declares:

> President Roosevelt, the highest executive in the land, has recently shown a greater contempt for the courts than has ever been shown by any officer of the American Federation of Labor or any member of organized labor.

The sting of the declaration lies in the very considerable amount of truth it contains. One cannot effectively preach good citizenship one day, and the next day use his high position to castigate openly a trio of judges, merely because their decision is a personal disappointment to the critic.

The transcontinental railway lines will, according to a published report, discontinue their import and export trade with Australia and the Orient, and will lay off their Pacific steamships. The decision is said to have been reached by the railways in consequence of Rule 86 promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The rule in question requires carriers doing an import or export trade to publish the proportions of the through rates which are respectively charged for inland railway transportation and for sea-carriage. Many of the through land-and-sea rates are exceedingly low. Competition often induces steamship managers to accept a cargo practically as ballast, and cases have repeatedly been made public where a through rate, as, for example, from Antwerp to Chicago, was less than the all-rail rate from the seaboard to Chicago. Originally, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered carriers to desist from making such low through rates, and rejected the carriers' contention that competition in foreign countries created a dissimilarity in conditions and circumstances which exempted the carriers from any legal taint of discrimination. The Supreme Court, however, sustained the view of the railways, declaring:

> As a matter of law, it is not any violation of the [Interstate Commerce] Act for the carrier to make a lower rate to the point of export . . . upon the traffic which is exported or imported than upon that which is locally consumed

The Commission may, however, require the railways to publish the inland part of the joint rate. This the railways fear to do, by reason of the disparity between such rates and the ordinary rates on inland traffic. The Japanese freighters, subsidized by the government, offer sharp competition for freight in the Pacific; and if the transcontinental lines carry out their threat, the monopoly of our Pacific trade seems likely to pass into Japanese hands.

The pending difficulty between the Lackawanna Railway and the switchmen's union illustrates anew the evils of dragging the railways into politics. The immediate cause of the trouble is the dismissal of two union employees for disobedience to orders. The management of the road declined, very properly so far as can be learned, to reinstate the two discharged men. Thereupon appeal was made to the union by referendum, and, much to the surprise of the grand master of the organization, the union voted to tie up the entire Lackawanna system unless the two complainants were reinstated. There can be little doubt that this attitude of the union is due to its reliance on political influence, never so easily secured as during a Presidential campaign. The retort which the railway makes to the union—that it can fill the strikers' places three times over in a single day—while doubtless true enough, is not the highest ground the Lackawanna could take. The railways, as well as their employees, are in the first instance under a common obligation to the public, both shippers and passengers. Rigid discipline is the only guarantee of safety of life or prompt and efficient service. The union, in insisting upon the company's condoning lax discipline, and in relying on political influence to secure immuity for its members' offences, is taking a short-sighted position, against its own interests, against the carrier's interests, and against the interests of the general public.

Governor Magoon is delighted with the good order of Saturday's elections in Cuba, and everyone must rejoice with him. It will be easy, however, to be misled in the matter, for it is much too early to say, as the Governor does, that the success of the new and complicated election law is assured. To demonstrate that will take more than one election, and even if the elections were quiet, it remains to be seen whether the results will be accepted by those defeated for office. By all odds the best outcome of the voting is the reported Conservative successes. Cuba is to be congratulated if these have been great enough to induce that party to enter the Presidential campaign. Gen. Mario Menocal, who is spoken of as the candidate, is the first man mentioned for the Presidency really worthy of that office. Zayas and Gomez are quite the wrong kind, and their candidacies are waning because they are already quarrelling among themselves, much as they would were they to obtain control of the Republic. Gen. Menocal represents the educated and well-to-do classes—genuinely conservative, who have heretofore shrunk from taking part in politics with the rabble of successful gamblers, horse thieves, and revolutionists whom the fortunes of war brought to the front after the fall of the Palma government. Should Menocal be chosen President, there would be hope of the stability of the reconstituted Republic—a hope that would be wholly lacking should any one else now in the field be elected.

Mr. Asquith may fairly be said to have emerged with credit from the session of Parliament just closed. It is true that a number of important subjects foreshadowed in the King's speech in January were scarcely touched. But the measure of chief popular interest, the Old-Age Pension Bill, was passed in the House with scarcely any effective opposition. The Conservatives attacked it, but finally voted for it. The amendments adopted by the Lords were promptly rejected by the House, and the Lords acquiesced—for the simple reason that the radical and labor vote in England is now so formidable that neither party dares to thwart it. The general belief is that in succeeding sessions the scheme of pensions will be made still more inclusive, and the burden still heavier. The Irish Universities Bill, engineered by Mr. Birrell, also encountered comparatively little hostility. Whether it will permanently settle the grievances of the Irish Catholics in regard to higher education remains to be seen; but it is, at any rate, a long step toward conciliation. This concession to the Catholics was viewed coldly by a large number of the narrower non-conformists, yet it was strongly urged by many of the more liberal elements in that group. The most important matter left for the autumn sitting is the Licensing Bill. This is a complicated and extremely contentious piece of legislation. As at present drawn, the measure is opposed by the whole brewing and public-house interest; and various competent observers predict that, unless the bill is considerably modified, the government may be defeated on it.

Premier Clemenceau has had to deal before this with labor crises as tense as that which now confronts Paris. For nearly two years the Confederation of Labor has been pursuing a policy directed towards ultimate armed insurrection against the present economic régime. Strikes, lockouts, "demonstrations," and actual conflict with the troops and police have been attempted as a means for organizing and "training" the proletariat in preparation for the struggle. Such an affray as that at Vigneux must seem to the bystander a mere wanton provocation of bloodshed on the part of the labor leaders. When they urged the Parisian workmen to proceed to Vigneux and "demonstrate" against the slaying of two of their comrades by the troops a number of weeks ago, the heads of the Confederation must have foreseen the inevitable outcome. But they did not hesitate to pay the toll of human life for the resultant gain in class exasperation and hatred. That, we presume, is good tactics, if you want to have a fight; but the leaders of the Parisian organized workingmen will find their Machiavellianism just a bit out of date. The French workingmen, more prosperous than any others in Europe, would seem as a whole to be unprepared as yet for the promised revolution.

The recent promulgation of the North Sea treaty by the French government ought to end the attempts to portray Germany as bent upon swallowing Holland. When sensational journalists in this country and abroad were hard up for a new charge against the German Emperor it was easy enough to get some anti-German professor to prove conclusively that the Kaiser was only awaiting his opportunity to seize Queen Wilhelmina's little kingdom. Her marriage to a German prince was part of the scheme; her childlessness the aid of Providence. The Kaiser might deny all he pleased. Did not Holland have better harbors than Germany, much more convenient to the latter's great iron and steel and coal districts than Hamburg or Bremen? What would you? The Kaiser's guilt was proved. Unfortunately for those who reason thus—and they are the worst mischief-makers the world possesses to-day—in this North Sea treaty which France has just accepted and proclaimed, Germany has ended this game once and for all by guaranteeing the territorial *status quo* and the sovereign rights of those countries which border on the North Sea. Moreover, it is worth recording before this treaty takes its place among the host of international agreements of long standing, it was Germany that first suggested it, and, above all, her ancient rival accepts it in good faith.

Austria has just made a material enlargement of the railways under state ownership and control. Three important lines, the Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Staatsbahngesellschaft, the Nordwestbahn, and the Südnorddeutsche Verbindungsbahn, together with their minor connections, have been purchased by the government. The yearly obligations assumed towards the security-holders amount to 29,600,000 kronen, or about $6,000,000. The length of line previously administered by the state was 15,000 kilometres. This recent acquisition adds 3,000 more. The Austrian railway budget resulted in a deficit last year of about 70,000,000 kronen. In order to secure a more effective control, and thus raise rates, the three lines above noted were purchased. The government will now be in a position to dominate traffic to the Elbe and between the Adriatic and various German markets. Tho movement is a long step towards replacing the mixed system of state and private railroads with a system entirely under state control. Austria's experience demonstrates anew the futi ity of the idea that if the government can but control a certain number of lines, it can dominate rates. The private roads have rather set the pace, and the state roads have been compelled to follow suit. A certain mild compulsion was put on the companies to induce them to sell out, but they are reported as having made a good bargain.

The Englishwoman is making great headway in the medical profession. The College of Physicians already admits her to all its examinations. The Royal College of Surgeons has just taken up the question. At a recent poll of the fellows and members a majority of the fellows were in favor of admitting women, but the majority of the members were opposed. The London *Hospital*, commenting on the result of this poll, declares that the opposition of the members depends on their ignorance of the excellence of women practitioners and on fear of their competition. These two objections cut each other's throats. Skilled men surgeons are not troubled by the competition of unskilled women surgeons. On the other hand, there is no tenable ground for barring the skilled woman from any of the honors or privileges of the profession. Antique prejudice cannot long hold out against the assault of the expert, no matter how unwise she may have been in her choice of sex. It is better to give cordially what she demands, than to wait till she takes what she deserves and thus renders the withholder ridiculous.

STATESMANSHIP AND NAVAL RIVALRY.

Dr. Macnamara, the new Secretary of the British Admiralty, dwelt the other day upon his impression of the international race for supremacy in battleships. He told the House of Commons that he had been "filled with despair at the dreadful rivalry which civilized peoples were inflicting upon themselves." Everything was growing bigger, everything more expensive and more rapidly obsolete. The Victory, he pointed out, was forty years old when she fought at Trafalgar, and was regarded as a useful ship for some years after that. Last year, he said, England sold for only $132,500 a battleship built in 1891 for $3,955,600, and in her sixteen years of service repaired at a cost of $500,000 more. In the last five years England has sold for $1,000,000 battleships costing $12,500,000. Ten years ago the British naval estimates were $132,500,000; now they are nearly $162,000,000. In the same time Germany's naval expenditures have risen from $33,000,000 to $83,000,000. "I don't see," exclaimed Dr. Macnamara, "where it will all end."

Something of this despair is evidently Mr. Lloyd-George's as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for in his address to the Peace Conference in London last week he said:

> We are spending each year $300,000,000 preparing for war, which is a stupendous waste. Let us cast aside European mistrust, quarrels, and feuds, and unite in redeeming humanity from the quagmire where millions are sunk in misery through intemperance, ignorance, and crime.

These are the words of humanity and also of sound common sense. Indeed, the end of the naval rivalry that appalls Dr. Macnamara is bankruptcy. That outcome is plain enough to students of finance and economics; and the Socialists the world over are basing their arguments on the suffering of the poorer classes under the terrible burdens entailed by this mad struggle for superiority in battleships. Yet the statesmanship of the world is helpless before it. Letting "I dare not wait upon I would," each Prime Minister offers the same old excuses that a nation's strength is measured only by its floating cannon, the "surest means of preserving peace."

Even Dr. Macnamara, for all his frankly-expressed disapproval of conditions, has no remedy to suggest. All he can do is to come back to the trite conclusion:

> But after all, heavy as these charges are, rapidly as they increase, battles cost more than battleships. The people of this country have to recognize that war indemnities may very well be naval estimates multiplied many times. It is upon the strength of the British navy, its unimpaired strength, that depend not only our trade and commerce and happiness and safety and the honor of our people, but the very foundations of the peace of the world.

It is true that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was known to feel about this subject as Mr. Lloyd-George does, declared his willingness to reduce British naval estimates, if other nations would join the movement. But the Kaiser and the Hague Conference giving no encouragement for the limitation of armaments, the matter ended. There is more warlike talk than before, and more appeals to keep up the navy and increase the army and its reserves. Lord Cromer announces that a European war is imminent.

Where is the statesman anywhere who will aspire to immortality by taking the first step that will really count in the direction of disarmament? He is not to-day to be found in the United States. That Mr. Bryan's platform abandons the former Democratic attitude of opposition to a large navy, Mr. Taft clearly points out. But his own utterance on the subject of the fleet is only a feeble imitation of Mr. Roosevelt's assurances that the United States wishes no war, and will provoke none, but that nevertheless we must be prepared to resist aggression, to insist upon peace with honor, etc. These are the same familiar catch-words so dear to the politician, and particularly to the makers of armor-plate, of guns, and of ships. This confession of the limitation of statesmanship, this appeal to the jingoes, ought to be humiliating to any one who aspires to the title of national leader. It is an admission that we are unable to change a policy involving a gigantic waste of national resources.

And the wonder at our impotence grows when one studies the vacillations, the bickerings, the blunders of navy-maniacs the world over. For masterful Imperialists, moulders of the world's fate, they are strangely uncertain in their counsels, and amazingly timid. If there is a rumor that one nation is to buy or build a few more ships, the whole crowd, German, English, or French, trembles and begins to calculate anew. The possibility that Japan may buy the ships that Brazil is said to be building sets every chancellery to figuring with pad and pencil just how the balance of power may be restored. Ever a prey to wild alarms, those who put their whole hope for earthly salvation in fleets, wrangle incessantly over the size of their battleships, and their number. One writer like Park Benjamin may insist that a fleet of twelve battleships on either coast is an adequate navy for the United States, but forthwith he is dubbed a traitor for not saying sixteen or twenty. And when a conscientious official like Dr. Macnamara sees the folly of it all, he, nevertheless, feels compelled to concede in the same breath that for all this folly there is no cure but more folly.

THE TIDE OF MIGRATION.

The statistics of migration for the past year are significant. They take most of the wind out of the sails of those who argue that our American ideals are likely to be blotted out by an alien invasion. The steamship authorities assert that the departures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, exceeded the arrivals; and this, too, despite the roaring trade we were driving until the crisis of October last. For the first six months of the present calendar year the net loss caused by the excess of aliens leaving for home was almost 200,000. The immigration restriction leagues will breathe easier now, and our native virtues may get a chance to grow between whiles.

Reference to immigration is made by only one of the old political parties, and that is to Asiatic exclusion. The Republican platform is discreetly silent. Mr. Bryan, knowing of the disaffection that was formerly rife on the Pacific, played the small politician by inserting in the Denver platform a declaration opposing "the admission of Asiatic immigrants who cannot be amalgamated with our population, or whose presence amongst us raises a race issue and involves us in diplomatic controversies with Oriental Powers." The Hearst platform reëchoes this declaration with the added humbug of demanding "an exclusion act which shall protect American workingmen from competition with Asiatic cheap labor, and which shall protect American civilization from the contamination of Asiatic conditions." Mr. Taft, in his encyclopedic review of

the Democratic platform, drops a tear over his own party's silence in the matter, but assures us that a Republican Administration can "by diplomatic negotiations" minimize "the evils suggested."

The most significant fact in the rapid ebb of immigration is that economic considerations are not only paramount —they have been that for many a year —but that they act with unexpected rapidity. The mobility of international labor was never as great as to-day. Trained observers of the movement never suspected that the supply of labor would ever become so readily fluid. Adam Smith commented on the anomaly that a difference in the prices of commodities would occasion their transport from one end of the world to the other, while a similar difference in wage-scales would not induce a workman to remove to a neighboring parish. No modern economist, however, would dare to apply to modern conditions the great Scotchman's dictum:

> After all that has been said of the levity and inconstancy of human labor, it appears evident from experience, that man is of all sorts of luggage the most difficult to be transported.

Like many another phase of modern life, the choice of habitat has come under the sway of conscious industrial motives. "A faith's pure shrine" was doubtless the lure of the New World to the Pilgrim Fathers, but the modern Hungarian does not despise "bright jewels of the mine," albeit the jewels are of anthracite.

Despite our better knowledge of the impulses to migration and the rapidity of their operation, many of the older fallacies persist with reference to the effect upon our industrial welfare. Commissioner Watchorn's statistics note that the 585,970 immigrants who entered at this port for the fiscal year last ended brought with them in money only $11,812,000, as compared with $25,559,893 brought by the 1,116,295 immigrants of the year before. Now it is legitimate —in some ways useful—to calculate the additions made to our currency by these new recruits in the industrial army. But there is danger of hastily accepting the cash in their pockets as an index of their addition to our national wealth. What we gain from the immigrant is measured by his contribution to the national income, by the value of the produce he adds, by the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries he enables us to enjoy. It would hardly seem necessary to enunciate this truth, were it not for the persistent lament over the supposed loss the nation suffers when the departing worker takes some cash home with him. Thus the commissioner's statistics console us for the decrease in cash brought in by saying it "was balanced partly by a reduced amount in money orders sent abroad by immigrants." The perturbations which short-sighted people experience over money "taken out of the country" by returning emigrants would be quieted if they only asked the question, "How was the money earned?" If a returning Sicilian has laid bricks or dug ditches, the wealth he has created stays on this side. It could not be transported to his old home.

Persistent, too, is the other cry of the way low-wage laborers depress the scale of native wages. This much truth does contain: if the native worker persists in staying in an occupation entered by the low-wage worker of equal efficiency, the native worker must expect to accept the lower wage. But instances out of number show that when the native worker is forced to the alternative of rising to a higher employment or sinking in the old one, he commonly rises. Besides, as every employer will testify, the immigrant has no inherent predilection for the low wage. He generally asks for the American wage before his employer thinks the new employee is worth it.

With the decreasing birth-rate of the native-born population in the older parts of the country, we may yet find in these strong stocks of the Old World a very real element in our national strength. Our prejudices are strong enough to render us for some time to come immune to the contagion of alien ideas, and the harmonious coöperation of many a polyglot household to-day is a cheerful sign that social assimilation on a larger scale may at least be hoped for.

CONCERNING ORATORS.

Sir Charles Wyndham declared the other day in a pardonable outburst of British pride that, though the Americans are always talking, there is nothing like the same proportion of really good public speakers in America as in England. As Dickens's friend Major Chollop would have said, "the sentiment is quite Europian," and does not surprise us. The whole question hangs on the meaning assigned to "really good." When Sir Charles Wyndham uses the phrase, he is evidently thinking of a speaker fit to stand up in Parliament and address the English nation with distinction. He is thinking of the effect of the speech upon an audience having in common certain standards of stylistic and oratorical excellence. He is thinking of the fine traditions of English orators, of Gladstone, Bright, Macaulay, Fox, the Pitts, and Burke—of a style of oratory, to adapt Burke's own words, which every well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. The well-formed English mind relishes what Arnold called "prose of the centre," prose free from barbarism, provincialism, and idiosyncrasy, prose used by the most cultivated people of the capital and understood by all intelligent men. The really good public speakers in England use such prose habitually, and it must be admitted that even the best public speakers in America frequently do not.

The explanation is not far to seek; Washington is the capital of the United States in no such sense as London is the capital of England. It is not the great intellectual and social centre of the country, but only a little out-of-the-way political resort in which gentlemen from the several States spend a few months of each year trying to come to some agreement over the conflicting interests of their constituencies. The Constitution has provided that they shall not be very young or impressionable when they go there. Congress is in no sense a training school for them; it has no established standards to which they are constrained to conform. They are ordinarily too old to learn. They bring with them, one and all, their own ideas of the methods and manners of the public speaker—the methods and manners that they learned and employed in their own home States. The gentleman from Massachusetts brings the polished, incisive style that pleased in Massachusetts. The gentleman from Mississippi brings the grandfatherly "plain planter" style that pleased in Mississippi. The gentleman from Idaho brings the copious and ardent style that pleased in Idaho. Many of them bring the neologisms, metaphors, and even the solecisms of their own particular provinces—sometimes coupled with an unruly temper and a love of abusive epi-

thet better adapted to "spellbind" an Iberian village than to carry conviction in the capitol. But the fact remains that most of them have been effective speakers somewhere—which is not always true of the gentlemen who get to Parliament—or they never would have got to Washington. They have all prophesied with honor in their own countries.

If these gentlemen tried to follow any common ideal of oratorical excellence they would probably be less effective than they are. For, if the truth be told, Americans are almost always a little suspicious of any speaker who seems to be at all concerned for the form of his speech. They like a man who has grown up in their "section," and who is not above their manners and mannerisms. They trust a man not for his elocution, but for his power to feel precisely as they do and to express precisely their feelings, and, as nearly as possible, in their own words. The simplest type of the successful American speaker is Squire Higgins of Higginsville, who gets up in town-meeting with an air of unpremeditated candor, and says, "Naow, my friends." That is the prevailing American tradition of which Lincoln, and not Webster, was the father. "You will find people," said the Illinois lawyer in his debate with Douglas, "who will try to persuade you that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse." That was the kind of speech—and not the almost lyrical passion of the Gettysburg address—that earned him the title of Honest Abe, and made him President. He, too, was a man of sectional idiosyncrasies; he had formed his style while he was hewing out ox-yokes. But he had the greatness to recognize the "I'm-from-Missouri" element in all his fellow-countrymen. The country is too large and diverse, however, to find its voice very often in any one man. Our most effective speaker to-day, the only one who pretends to address the nation as a whole, speaks in words as hard as twelve-inch projectiles, swinging his terrible right like a sledge-hammer on an anvil; but he does not speak in any tradition, and his appeal is only to a constituency. His power as a speaker resides largely in his ability to make pebbly phrases which fit in the slings of the sons of Jesse.

The unacademic qualities of our public speakers rise out of incorrigible necessity—out of the unacademic qualities of the people whose representatives they are. The eccentricity of public speech is one with the eccentricity of our literature and our common talk. But that does not settle the whole question against us. We have the virtues of our defects. The "prose of the centre" has its characteristic defects as well as its characteristic virtues. It sometimes preserves its academic purity at the cost of popular effectiveness. A writer in the London *Nation* complains of the absence in contemporary English of a "certain racy smack of the joy of living which comes from life in the open air. The language of the present-day pulpit is wearisome in the extreme. Our English at present is suffering from a certain anæmic refinement." That complaint, at least, hardly holds of English as it is written and spoken in America. We have an occasional *précieuse*, to be sure, like Mrs. Wharton, who says "the tacit conspiracy of inanimate objects had focussed the light on the picture," when she means merely that the picture happened to be in the light; but that is contrary to our traditions, which are nothing if not racy. How much more traditional is the ring of this from O. Henry: "Far-reaching from somewhere comes the smell of ham and red cabbage, and the crash of dishes on the American plan." Or this from Jack London—the man's hands are freezing: "The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends." Or this from the classic pages of the *Atlantic Monthly:*

> Behold, for instance, the necromantic spitball, how it drops from the batter's hips to his knees in two feet of forward motion, or "floats up like a chunk of lead till it gets close to the swatting station, and then ducks around the corner like a subpœna-dodger!" The mere expectation of a spitball unnerves the doughtiest "sons of swat."

Sometimes, it is true, our speakers do stoop too much to conquer. The lawyer stoops too much when he concludes that it will damage him with his clients if he speaks grammatically. The college president can scarcely afford to inspire the undergraduates and "jolly things along" in their own picturesque jargon. Certainly, the evangelist who translates the Beatitudes into the language of Chimmie Fadden has mistaken his calling. There should be some public speakers to resist the levelling and vulgarizing will of the people. At the same time, the fresh and racy vigor of the Elizabethan speech for which the English writer sighs is possible only when the people in the quick smithy of their thought forge the word or phrase that fits the need of the minute. In his healthy disdain for dictionaries and grammars the American speaker has many advantages over the English—when the English language stands in his way, it hasn't a chance.

STRAINING THE THEORY OF DEMOCRACY.

Two men were bracketed for Senior Wrangler at Cambridge University this year. One of them is a Russian Jew, Selig Brodetsky, whose father landed in England practically penniless. The young man himself, as the English papers explain, "has been educated at schools mainly attended by the poor." To Englishmen, who are less familiar than we with the achievements of the Russian Jews in any field which they choose to enter, the incident has seemed very remarkable; and there has been much comment on the "educational ladder" which has enabled one without money or family to mount so high. The London *Spectator*, for example, urges that there should be larger opportunities for capable but less brilliant students:

> It is satisfactory, indeed, to think that, if a boy of this high capacity is born, it will be his own fault if he does not make full use of his natural faculties. But it would be more satisfactory still if we could assure ourselves that the ladder was equally open to those who are not fitted to mount so high, and that at every round boys or girls would find the means of taking another step upward, and of turning to account such modest talent as they possess, though it will never make them famous beyond their own narrow circle. . . . . A system of scholarships may do very useful work and yet stop far short of the university.

If England fails to encourage talent that is not the highest, we err in the other direction. It may almost be said that our educational system sets a premium on mediocrity.

The pace of classes in our public grammar schools is determined by the average pupils, or perhaps pupils a little below the average. In view of the task thrown upon our grammar schools, of taking all sorts of raw material—children of foreign birth, children in whose homes study is impossible—we can hardly complain that the work often drags. Our chief criticism is that in so many

cases no provision is made for promoting the bright children more rapidly. They are held back in a lock-step with the rest. The boy who can easily complete the programme for three years in two or two and a half, and who would profit largely by moving ahead quickly, is not allowed to break the ranks. He is under no stimulus to exert himself and do his best. As a result, he dawdles and forms thoroughly bad habits of application, habits which may cling to him and clog him through life. We do not say that a high-strung girl or boy should be put under pressure, but many grammar-school children, as both parents and teachers admit, are allowed to drift along too easily.

In high school the problem is somewhat different. The attendance is comparatively small, and yet it includes a considerable number who are intellectually unfit to profit by high-school instruction. We are enthusiastic supporters of the public high school, but we maintain that that costly education should be bestowed only on those who are capable of benefiting from it and of making some adequate return to the community for the outlay. Our high schools are apparently conducted on the principle that the stupid son or daughter of any honest taxpayer is entitled to pass the successive grades. The standard is far too low. We should say, at a rough guess, that in most of our high schools in this country the lowest quarter or even third of each class should be dropped out, as not fairly entitled to the money and pains expended on them. Were these dullards dismissed, the remnant of competent pupils would get much more out of their course. They would go farther, would go more thoroughly, and would graduate as better-trained and more useful citizens. Not only should the standard be raised, but, as in the grammar school, more liberal provision should be made for promotion. We have seen a boy take a four years' high school course in two years and do better work than nine-tenths of his fellows; but under existing circumstances such exceptional pupils are generally discouraged; indeed, they are deliberately sacrificed to the machinery of the school, and to the mediocre children to whom it is adjusted. At present bright boys and girls who cannot spend four years in high school hesitate about entering because it takes so long to get anywhere. But were the standard high and the grades less rigid, the ambitious would be tempted to enter, because in a year or two they might really accomplish something, whereas now they mark time.

In college the difficulties as to promotion are less perplexing. The extension of the elective system and the arrangements for the three-year degree have made for a flexibility that is a distinct stimulus to ambition. But in most courses in all our colleges the standard for passing is low. The authorities in the Western State universities maintain much the same attitude as the authorities of our public high schools—that any sober and industrious child of a taxpayer is entitled to a degree. The result is that these institutions are flooded with mediocrity. It would be rash, however, to assert that Eastern endowed colleges maintain a distinctly higher standard. There is hardly a college in this country whose bachelor's degree is a genuine certificate of intellectual discipline. That precious sheepskin may and often does mean four years devoted to athletics and everything else but study. More serious, however, is the fact that our colleges, in carrying along this mass of dead wood, really neglect the man of extraordinary capacity, the cultivation of whose talent might produce striking results. Scholarships are spread out thin among dozens of relatively unpromising boys, instead of being concentrated on the highly deserving. Harvard has some large scholarships, and the scholarships of the Harrison Foundation in the University of Pennsylvania range from $500 to $800. These will enable a scholar to do the proper work of a scholar. But in most colleges your poor boy, no matter how eminent his gifts, is forced to devote his energies to tending furnaces, shovelling snow, and other tasks that eat up his time and strength without carrying him toward his proper goal.

This fault may be characteristic of a democracy. We try to apply the democratic principle in a field in which it is not applicable. Like Matthew Arnold's friend in Ohio, we assume that excellence is common and abundant, whereas by definition it is rare and seldom met with. We are victims of the fallacy that everybody can profit by a college education, after the manner of that enthusiast who wanted to solve the race problem by sending every negro in the South to a good university. Thus we tempt through college and into a professional life people who would be much more useful and happy in less ambitious callings; we spoil good carpenters and plumbers in order to make poor ministers and lawyers. We forget the aim of education as defined by Ruskin, "to raise the fittest into positions of influence, and to give to every scale of intellect its natural sphere." You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, black or white, and if you want silk purses, you must cultivate silkworms. To that undertaking, we should like to see more of our colleges dedicate themselves more exclusively.

LITERARY PROPERTY: AN ITALIAN VIEW.

In recent copyright congresses there has been a strong and growing party which holds literary property to be like any other. The doctrine, though widely held, is made in France, and its motto is Alphonse Karr's dictum, *la propriété littéraire est une propriété.* Hence its partisans look to copyright in perpetuity, and meanwhile demand great extensions of the customary periods. A notable expression of this sentiment has been the somewhat fantastic suggestion that artists and their heirs should have the right to a percentage on every resale of their works.

With this view the veteran Italian publisher, Pietro Barbèra, takes issue in that excellent Florentine weekly, the *Marzocco* (July 5). Literary property, he maintains, is properly restricted. A book is in a peculiar sense indebted to the civilization out of which it springs. It is fitting, then, that, after the author and his heirs have enjoyed the usufruct, the debt should be paid by returning the book to its source. We have no space to argue this opinion, but may say, in brief, that it seems that of a follower of Taine. Would a follower of Emerson or Carlyle, if any such belated hero-worshippers there be, acknowledge any such debt? We think not. Yet the principle that literary property is on a special footing seems perfectly sound. Let us recall that even copyright is comparatively a recent invention. For the most part of written history authors have had practically no rights in their own works, living by state or private

patronage. Without commending the days of this blindness, we need not suppose that the sense of the race has, until the formation of copyright leagues, been wholly wrong in this matter. Finally, perpetual copyright or even its exaggerated extension seems forbidden by the general principle of law which discourages mortmain. It is a pragmatic age, and to realize the inexpediency of indefinite copyright one has only to imagine the practical inconvenience to publishers and readers were it necessary to-day to verify the copyrights of, say, Montaigne. The only way to meet the difficulty of the ever-ramifying claims of heirs and assigns would be to convey the right in perpetuity somewhere near the author's lifetime, and this would have all the disadvantages of other perpetual trusts.

The real question of copyright continues to be, in Signor Barbèra's opinion, how and how long? A consensus of legislation in many lands has answered the second inquiry: For the author's lifetime and that of his immediate heirs. This is the common intention of numerous laws which otherwise differ considerably. Signor Barbèra calls attention to the advantages of the Italian law by which the right of publication is devolved from the author to the public through a sort of middle stage. For forty years, or life, should he outlive the term, the author retains full control of his works. When through his death or expiry of this term of forty years the copyright lapses, all publishers are free to print without authorization, but on condition of paying a royalty of 5 per cent. on the gross price to the author's heirs or assigns. Take the concrete case of the highly important copyright which Manzoni obtained in 1827 for "I Promessi Sposi." He died in 1873, outliving the usual term by six years. At his death that famous novel became public property subject to the payment of 5 per cent. to his heirs. This they received until 1903 on the many editions of this classic that come from the Italian presses.

This provision is certainly, as Signor Barbèra contends, in the humane and flexible tradition of Latin legislation. Such a reversionary right, which cannot be appraised or assigned in advance, may often make up for an original bad bargain on the author's part. Furthermore, it provides a decent devolution of literary property to the public. The requirement of a royalty warns off the less responsible class of publishers during the second period. We do not see in Italy, as we do in England and America, base reprints of early and perhaps disowned volumes appearing in an author's lifetime, nor do we often find the rather undignified expedients, perfunctory revision, and the like, by which an expiring copyright is here kept alive. On the whole, too, this period of freedom to print by paying seems to make for greater enterprise among publishers (who are too prone to sleep upon their copyrights), and thus to further incidentally the interests of the heirs of authors. In short, this scheme of devolution has so many obvious advantages that it is surprising it has not attracted greater attention among copyright reformers.

A natural application of the principle, Signor Barbèra points out, would be the right to print within an established time after an author's death, and on payment of a fee, selections of his works in anthologies and of his correspondence in memoirs, etc. It would seem, also, as if all posthumous papers neither strictly literary nor copyrighted, might properly be treated like works that have passed into the middle category. It is hard to see why a publisher should secure all the privileges of authorship for works never intended for the public eye, but luckily found or thriftily bought. If the law made such literary flotsam and jetsam free to all upon payment of a percentage to the respective heirs, we should have fewer swollen official biographies and less questionable trafficking in the small change of authorship.

THE STATE OF CANCER RESEARCH.

The second volume of Reports of the Collis P. Huntington Fund for Cancer Research, just issued, contains seventeen papers which collectively give a fair summary of present knowledge. Scarcely a month passes without the announcement in the press of a new remedy for cancer, and quacks are constantly advertising "sure cures for cancer," and "cancer cured without the knife." But we may as well face the facts, however depressing. The truth is that no one knows exactly the cause of cancer, and there is no sure cure. An early and radical operation is recommended by the most competent diagnosticians, though X-rays have proved effective with some kinds of superficial cancer, and what is known as "Coley's fluid" has been used with success in certain cases of inoperable sarcoma.

The cause of cancer is discussed at length in the article "Cancer Problems," by Prof. James Ewing of the medical department of Cornell. After a survey of all the evidence, he discards the theory as to a parasite. This conclusion, as some of our readers may recall, agrees with that of the Harvard report of several years ago. Dr. Ewing does not "deny all relation between parasites and malignant tumors":

> In one sense, certain well-known micro-organisms seem to act as indirect exciting agents of tumors. One of the most important facts in the etiology of tumors is that many malignant neoplasms develop after long-continued inflammation, which is caused by external irritants or parasitic micro-organisms.

Cancer of the stomach, for example, is sometimes the sequel of an ulcer; epithelioma, of lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin. But in the latter case "the tubercle bacillus gradually or suddenly disappears from the field and the tumor process continues from its own intrinsic forces." Hence Dr. Ewing infers that "external irritants and parasites are concerned only with the inception of tumors, and then indirectly"; and that there is little or no basis for "the theory of a special cancer parasite and of the necessity of a continuous irritant propagated by a micro-organism throughout the course of a malignant tumor."

The theory of "cell autonomy" is in his opinion the most tenable, as "founded on the sum total of clinical observations and supported by assured principles drawn from many collateral sciences." This theory is difficult to explain in non-technical language; but it is, in brief, that certain cells of the human body, under certain conditions, seem to have an autonomous power of growth and reproduction, like the cells of the lowest organisms. Some pathologists ascribe this morbid activity of cells, this reversion to primitive types—resulting in tumors—to the removal of the cells "from the influence of tissue tension by which their growth is normally restrained." Some inflammation which changes the mechanical pressure of cells on each other or the distribution of nutriment

may disturb the balance and set a group of cells free on a course of abnormal development and multiplication. This incomplete statement of the theory we may supplement by a single paragraph from Dr. Ewing's paper:

> We see, therefore, that the growth of tissue cells is normally controlled by the organization, that these cells possess regenerative powers greatly in excess of ordinary needs in order to meet extraordinary and accidental requirements [as from mechanical injuries], and that cells exhibit, in response to certain external conditions which some call stimuli, enormous grades of proliferative capacity. Why limitless growth should be such a striking characteristic of anaplastic cells, which have lost the control of the organization, we may not fully understand, but we can observe it as a fact.

It follows that one of the most fruitful fields of investigation is, in the language of Dr. Ewing, "the very minute observation and analysis of the general and local conditions surrounding the early stages of cancer." "The chief hope, for the present generation, of a reduction in the mortality from cancer" lies in "the earlier recognition of the precancerous stage of the disease and the elimination of some of its accessible factors." This study is now being carried on by experts in many parts of the world. Numerous experiments are being made in the transplantation of cancer of various types in mice, rats, and dogs, the conditions under which such transplantation or inoculation, is possible, and the conditions under which it fails. This volume contains a number of reports of such experiments. One paper by Dr. George W. Crile and Dr. S. P. Beebe shows how the blood of a dog which "has spontaneously recovered from sarcoma, when transferred into an animal with a rapidly growing sarcoma, has the power of producing immediate retrogression of the tumor," and this tumor has in most cases disappeared entirely. This observation, as Dr. William B. Coley, secretary of the fund, notes, may ultimately prove "of great value in the treatment of malignant tumors in man." There are also two papers by Dr. Coley on the treatment of inoperable sarcoma with the mixed toxins of erysipelas and bacillus prodigiosus. He details some striking results—the more remarkable because his cases were inoperable and therefore regarded as hopeless. Under date of November, 1907, he writes:

> Altogether, I have personally treated about 430 cases of sarcoma with the mixed toxins. In 47 of these cases . . . the tumor has completely disappeared; and in 28 cases a period of from three to fifteen years has passed since the disappearance. . . . During that period [of fifteen years] important improvements have been made, from experience, in both the preparation of the toxins and the method of administration. The proportion of successes is, therefore, higher now than in the whole past period.

Dr. Coley, however, urges the early use of the knife, when possible, and the administration of the mixed toxins, after the operation, as a prophylactic against recurrence.

To sum up, then, the various secret remedies that are so widely heralded both in the news and the advertising columns of the press, here and abroad, are, like all such nostrums, a fraud. The deception is peculiarly cruel because no disease is more dreaded than cancer, the victims of which eagerly grasp at any straw of hope. And we may add that the improvements in methods of diagnosis by the most skilled pathologists, of surgery by our best surgeons, and of post-operative treatment—all these things increase the chance of recovery after an early and thorough operation.

NEW GERMAN FICTION.

A book which is likely to attract considerable attention in Germany, and perhaps elsewhere, is Jacob Wassermann's "Caspar Hauser," which has for its hero that mysterious person. (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.) The voluminous literature which has grown up about this victim of the *raison d'état* is more concerned with the secret of his birth, his exposure, and subsequent persecution than with the man himself. But Wassermann is no Sherlock Holmes deftly unravelling the threads of circumstances: he is more given to the task of threading the labyrinth of human souls. The reader who would seek a key to the Hauser mystery will be disappointed in the tale. Its merit lies in its artistic treatment of a subject which lends itself as easily to melodrama as to moralizing. With the exception of a play by Kurt Martens, "Kaspar Hauser" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), it is the only work about the man of undeniable literary quality. Wassermann's book is a faithful and sympathetic record of the few years which Hauser was allowed to live in comparative freedom in Nuremberg, where he was the object of conscientious study and solicitous care on the part of two eminent men: Georg Friedrich Daumer and Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach. The author has based his portrait of Hauser on their reports, and succeeds in presenting a touching picture of the gradual unfolding of a mind that had been reduced by solitary confinement to a state of helplessness and ignorance. The novel is a tragedy of guilelessness. The introduction of the love element for the sake of the story seems somewhat forced. Yet the innocent affection springing up between the two comrades in misfortune—the strange youth and a highly sensitive woman barely more than a child—furnishes some of the most delightful pages of the book. Clara von Kennekampf becomes a hardly less interesting character than Hauser himself. Wassermann treats the subject with a spirituality rare among the writers of Young Germany.

Georg Hermann scored a success some time ago with "Jettchen Gebert" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), a story of *bourgeois* Berlin in the first quarter of the last century, in which he limned cultivated middle-class characters with the delicacy of old miniatures, and contrasted them with a more robust type, the rising conquerors of the commercial world, the men with few scruples and unlimited enterprise. Jettchen Gebert, the charming girl heroine, grew up between the two different classes, and by her marriage to Julius Jacoby was destined to become the link between them. The new story, "Henriette Jacoby," begins with the wedding feast, when the sensitive, refined girl suddenly becomes aware of the gulf between her and her bridegroom, and seeks refuge in the house of her uncle Jason. The story is unusual. The meagre plot is concerned with the attempts of the two families to settle the difficulty without publicity; but below the ripple of surface events is a deep undercurrent interrupted by spiritual crises. The slow and quiet tone of the narrative lends itself admirably to the old-fashioned setting. Few novelists of modern Germany have succeeded in creating such a remarkable group of characters as Jason, Solomon, and Jettchen Gebert, Doctor Kössling, and Julius Jacoby, and none has caught the spirit of that period and reflected it with equal subtlety. The story is an admirable achievement.

Heinrich Mann made his appearance a few years ago with stories so exotic in subject and manner, as to be but feebly convincing and hardly enjoyable. But he has proved the innate strength of his gift by a steady development towards that mastery which does not require the abnormal and the extravagant to support its claim to originality. Out of the storm and stress of his generation, with its quest for the unusual, he has grown up to an appreciation of characters and conditions more within the range of common understanding. Yet his novel, "Zwischen den Rassen" (Munich: Albert Langen), treats a problem of exceptional interest: the life of

a child born in Brazil to a Teuton father and a Latin mother, and brought up in Germany. For in the sensitive nature of the girl, one of Heinrich Mann's most interesting heroines, the antagonism between the two races is incarnated. She becomes conscious of the homelessness of her soul, and, when the mother joins her after the father's death, drifts along the changing and treacherous currents of an international society which verges dangerously on the *demi monde*. Once she has grown into a woman, the struggles between her German soul and her Gallic senses are the source of painful experiences. She marries an Italian superman, but, becoming aware of his perfidy, finds refuge and final rest in the more ideal affection of a man of her father's race. The story is well-constructed and well-told. Among the many interesting and graphically portrayed types, the heroine stands out as an unusually complex individuality, that engages and holds the sympathy of the reader. That the author should have chosen to give the mother a touch of the conventional adventuress of Latin extraction is regrettable. His book would have gained in dignity had he resisted the temptation to have his fling at her race.

Ludwig Thoma's "Kleinstadtgeschichten" (Albert Langen) is another highly enjoyable volume. Thoma is Germany's greatest humorist since the death of Wilhelm Busch. He is, however, a distinct product of southern Germany, like his brother Hans, the painter, and is particularly happy in the portrayal of provincial types of Bavaria. In this book he presents the atmosphere of a little town so vividly that its life becomes a reality, and its quaint characters living men and women. The innocent adventures of the brewer's son, the carefully planned revolution, and the curate's assault upon the monument erected to the memory of the victims of the war—all this is delightfully amusing, yet not without an undernote of satire.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first edition of Milton's "Comus," 1637, offered at Sotheby's on July 13, brought £317. It was bound in a volume of seven plays of later date, and, except for writing on the title, was a fine copy, with good margins. This was almost double the preceding record at auction (£162 at the Van Antwerp sale last year), but that copy was in poor condition. A more remarkable price was £405 paid for a copy of the first edition of Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," 1624. The copy was in contemporary English calf, with the arms of King James I. on the covers, though, according to the catalogue, two of the maps were torn, one being defective. It contained the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, but not that of Matoaka; nor did it contain the printed slip of errata found in some copies. This price is far in excess of any heretofore paid for a small-paper copy. If the copy was on large paper, the price was low. Brinley's large-paper copy (now in the Lenox Library) brought $1,800 in March, 1879; the Beckford copy (now Richard Hoe's) brought £605 in July, 1883; and the Barlow copy (now J. P. Morgan's) brought $1,900 in February, 1890. The collection of ninety-five autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott, mostly written to the Marchioness of Ahercorn, brought £610. Other lots at the sale realized the following prices:

"Tales of the Islanders," an unpublished manuscript, by Charlotte Brontë, in four thin volumes, £22; Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," 1615, lacking two leaves, with several other plays bound in, £106; Homer, the first edition, 1488, a fine large copy, but as usual without the Latin Epistle of Nerli, £165; Samuel Purchas's "Pilgrimage," 1617, and his "Pilgrimes," Vols. I. to IV., 1624-25, both presentation copies to Lord Chief Justice Robert Heath, £250; Washington's Letter Book, kept during the campaigns of 1775 and 1776, 151 leaves, in the handwriting of an unknown secretary, £41.

Daniel B. Fearing of Newport has just made a valuable gift to the library of the Grolier Club of this city. Included in the collection are many volumes of rarity and value, among them a Second Folio of Shakespeare's Works, 1632; the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the fourth title-page, 1668; Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, the second volume being the first edition; Cicero's "Cato Major," printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744, the most famous book from his press; Birch's "Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain," 1756; Chippendale's "Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Directory," 1754; Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," 3 vols., first editions; Locker's "London Lyrics," a presentation copy to George Cruikshank with inscription by Locker and Cruikshank's signature; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Bibliophile Society, including André's Journal and the Lamb Letters; Voltaire's "Dictionaire Philosophique," Paris, 1809, 14 vols., one of the only two sets printed by Didot on vellum; a fifteenth-century manuscript on vellum with numerous miniatures, done probably by a Belgian artist. An important and valuable set included in Mr. Fearing's gift is Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," 9 vols., folio, one of the colored copies, with the first volume dated 1830. Lowndes, Sabin, and Allibone give the date as 1831. The last volume ends abruptly with a topic unfinished. The author spent his entire fortune upon the work; he was sued by a paper dealer in Dublin, and died in prison there. The subscription price of the colored copies was £210.

The Bibliographical Society will begin printing in a few weeks a new "Census of Caxtons" by Seymour de Ricci of 22 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, a foreign member of the society. The volume will contain a full account of every known copy of every book from Caxton's press, including fragments. The copies will be traced from sale to sale, with descriptions of bindings, imperfections, and size (in millimetres). Mr. Ricci has been able to discover between two and three hundred copies not mentioned in Blades's work. But he says that although he has had the assistance of such expert bibliographers as E. Gordon Duff and B. Quaritch, he cannot hope to have registered every Caxton lurking in small libraries or private collections. He therefore asks information in regard to stray copies, or present owners of any Caxtons or fragments which have appeared in recent sales.

Correspondence.

A MONUMENT TO FRANÇOIS LAURENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I not call the attention of your readers to the project now on foot among scholars to erect a monument in the city of Ghent, which was the scene of his life-long activity, to the eminent historian, jurist, and philanthropist, François Laurent? For such a memorial of one whose eloquent freedom of thought was all his life an annoyance to mediævalists and reactionaries, political, social, and religious, no help, of course, can be expected from the present clerical government of Belgium; but he holds a proud place in the hearts of the more liberal-minded of his countrymen, who have already raised some three-fourths of the ten thousand dollars needed for the monument, and they appeal with confidence to the aid of those who honor his memory throughout the world.

To Americans Laurent is known doubtless much less by his noble labors for popular education and for the elevation of the working classes or by his great works on the history and theory of law than by the remarkable volumes to which he gave the collective name of "Studies on the History of Humanity." This learned and profound survey of human history, which from the appearance of its first volume, in 1850, raised its author to a foremost place among historical philosophers, is still perhaps the ablest demonstration of the reality and the permanence of historical progress and the most eloquent argument for the divinity of its origin and end. Despite the deeply religious temper and tone of the work and the reverent warmth of its treatment of Christianity, its refusal to recognize in those who in his country represent that faith the perfect and final realization of religion, brought down upon Laurent the lasting enmity of the dominant clergy. He narrowly escaped being driven from his professorship, and no pains have been spared to darken and to blur his memory. His writings, however, have found readers in all lands, and their liberalizing influence has perhaps been even greater in France, in Italy, and in the Spanish-speaking countries (notably in Spanish America) than in his Belgian fatherland.

It is proposed to place the monument in one of the public squares of Ghent. The noble design submitted by the sculptor Van Bieshroeck—a relief of bronze on a pedestal of stone—represents the historian sitting lost in meditation, with Jurisprudence and Philanthropy standing at either shoulder, while Philanthropy and Education ply their helpful tasks beside him. The committee in charge of the enterprise embraces a large number of the most eminent and justly respected jurists, professors, and publicists of Belgium, the Netherlands, and other countries, among them Mr. Asser, a member of the Council of State of the Nether-

lands, president of the Institut de Droit International; M. Frédéric de Martens, professor at the University of St. Petersburg, and formerly president of the Venezuela Tribunal at Paris; M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, formerly Belgian Minister of the Interior and now a member of the Hague Tribunal; Professor Westlake of the University of Cambridge in England; Professor Pasquale Fiore of the University of Naples; and several distinguished members of the Peace Conference of the Hague. A few contributions have already been made from America. If there are others who would gladly help, their remittances may be addressed to the treasurer of the enterprise, M. Henri Boddaert, Counsellor in the Court of Appeals, 46, Coupure, Ghent, Belgium.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 26.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation*, from Prof. George B. Adams of Yale, published May 28, occurred a passage that might be construed as a defence of the dry-as-dust style of writing history. The plea for this somewhat musty savor was based on the ground that historians are now collecting merely the raw material for a history, that for a long time to come no final word can be spoken, that not until that word is said will there be much occasion for literary form, and that the ultimate literary history is the far-off divine event toward which the whole (historical) creation moves. Now it is not probable that many historians will be influenced in practice by this view, either for better or worse; for it is extremely doubtful if historical writers who are equipped with Macaulayan vividness or Carlylean force deliberately lay aside those qualities, and assume a colorless medium of expression. A styleless style is usually the result not of choice but of necessity; and since necessity in this case is the mother of the lack of invention, arguments pro and con will not seriously affect the matter.

Yet I could not but reflect how much labor might have been saved to the overworked race of authors, to say nothing of teachers of English, if the same simple principle had been applied to other literary forms. For all literature—if to save discussion we except Shakespeare—is surely but a fragmentary, half-true, half-false groping after the final philosophy of life. Why, then, this premature struggle for literary form? Why did not Dickens leave us his newspaper sketches, and Thackeray his note books, and George Eliot a description of rural life supplemented by "Theophrastus Such," and Hawthorne a few aphorisms on the sin-haunted Puritan soul? Then, some distant day, when these matters are really understood, it might be worth while to put them in literary form. But unfortunately—or fortunately, the mere reader might say—novelists and poets and dramatists and a few historians have been impressed by the idea that there are two ways of treating a fact of life: as a tangible block of knowledge to be put to practical uses, or as a vivid picture of life itself. It takes more literary skill to present it in the latter form. "Samuel Budget, the successful grocer," tells you that the sun rose. As a fact this is strictly accurate. A painter puts his soul into the new day on canvas: it is the same fact, though recorded in a different style.

For my own part I am no student of history; I am merely one of the Reading Public; and I shudder to think how dense would be the night of my historical ignorance, which even now is a dim gray twilight, were it not that Motley, and Gibbon, and Macaulay, and Prescott persisted in writing works that were literary as well as historical. The Serious Student of History will tell me that some of these authors present erroneous ideas; but at least they do present them, and they are probably more accurate than historical novels, on which I should otherwise be forced to depend. And the ordinary Reading Public, of which I again confess to being a part, ought to get its history somewhere; but it will not unless it is readable. If it does not get its history—that is, if it does not read history—and so fails to profit by the wisdom and folly of former days, it must still go on making history that will ultimately seriously affect the story told in that final artistic product of minute research, which, it may be feared, will come too late by several generations.

For it is a difficult thing to know even a passage of history, and a more difficult thing to relate it. The only bit of history I feel that I know is a fragment of the civil war. I know the thrill that ran through a little New England town at the fall of Sumter; I know the enthusiasm of the rally in the town hall; I feel the oppression of the white-lipped silence in an old farm house when the newly-enlisted soldiers came home; the wild heat of the unreflecting charge on the slopes of Round Top, the horror of hospital service, the bitterness mellowing slowly like the gold of succeeding autumns—these things form a scrap of authentic history, that I know as no history that I have read has told them. I do not care to wait until the aim of all historical study is attained to see them adequately treated. I am not convinced that the only field for the historian is the collection of raw material.

W. E. AIKEN.

Mount Hermon, Mass., July 21.

"HOT WILL FOR TEMPERATE LAW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent outpouring of Executive wrath recalls the following from Chapman's translation of Homer, Book i., lines 285-7:

"But this man breaks all such bonds; he affects,
past all men, height;
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all
His hot will for a temperate law."

AUSTEN G. FOX.

Wickford, R. I., July 27.

"THE MYSTERY OF CRUELTY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I offer a concrete instance to illustrate your editorial, "The Mystery of Cruelty," May 28? A day or two ago I heard a man talking substantially as follows:

"Yes, there are a good many snakes around the quarry. In spring, before the snow is melted, the workmen will sometimes find a lot of them in a crevice of rock, rolled up into a frozen ball. The fun is to put this ball of snakes on a level place, build a circular fire round them, and see them thaw out and try to get away."

I grant that it may be desirable to kill the snakes about the quarry. But why torture them? N. J.

New York, July 29.

Notes.

T. Fisher Unwin has in the press a volume called "The Birth of Modern Italy: The Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario," edited, with introduction, notes, and epilogue, by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. Jessie White Mario, the English wife of an Italian patriot, played a prominent part with her husband in the struggle for Italian independence. Her memoirs contain a good deal of new material relating to Garibaldi, Mazzini, and others, and to the stirring events in which they took part. In his "Confessioni e Battaglie" Carducci describes Jessie White Mario as "a great woman, to whom we Italians owe a great debt." For a number of years preceding her death in 1906, she was a valued correspondent of the *Nation*.

Revells will issue immediately a 690-page "English Esperanto Dictionary" prepared by Joseph Rhodes.

The Grafton Magazine of History and Genealogy is a new quarterly periodical, the first issue of which has just been brought out by The Grafton Press of New York and Boston.

Enciclopedia Filipina is the title of the first Philippine review in the lines of social and political science, history, and administration. It is a monthly, which began in February, with Felipe G. Calderón, Manila, as editor and publisher. The text is in Spanish, but a special effort is made to bring the Filipinos into touch with American publications on the subjects named above; and the co-operation of American scholars is invited.

Volumes XI. and XII. of the New York edition of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James contain "What Maisie Knew," "In the Cage," "The Pupil," "The Aspern Papers," "The Turn of the Screw," "The Liar," and "The Two Faces." The prefaces are, as usual, devoted to Mr. James's suggestive criticisms of his own writings. "What Maisie Knew," he tells us, is "a tree that spread beyond any provision its small germ might on a first handling have appeared likely to make for it." In one of his sentences he throws an interesting light on the kind of material that particularly appeals to him:

No themes are so human as those that reflect for us, out of the confusion of life, the close connection of bliss and bale, of the things that help with the things that hurt, so dangling before us for ever that bright hard medal, of so strange an alloy, one face of which is somebody's right and ease, and the other somebody's pain and wrong.

In discussing this story, he returns to a point already made in regard to "The Awkward Age"—the way a topic will run

away from the author: "Once 'out,' like a house dog of a temper above confinement, it defies the mere whistle, it roams, it hunts, it seeks out and 'sees' life." The idea of "The Pupil" came to Mr. James one day in a hot Italian railway carriage, when a friend chanced to tell him of "a wonderful American family, an odd, adventurous, extravagant hand, of high but rather unauthenticated pretensions, the most interesting member of which was a small boy, acute and precocious, afflicted with a heart of weak action, but beautifully intelligent, who saw their prowling, precarious life exactly as it was, and measured and judged it, and measured and judged *them*, all round, ever so quaintly; presenting himself, in short, as an extraordinary little person." This Mr. James regarded as "a thumping windfall." "In the Cage" recalls the author's "irrepressible and insatiable, his extravagant and immoral, interest in personal character, and in the 'nature' of a mind, of almost any mind the heaving little sea of his subject may cast up. And this also, we may add, must be the interest which a reader finds in Henry James's stories. "The Aspern Papers" was suggested to him by certain aspects of the affair of Byron and Jane Clairmont; but he covered his tracks by "postulating a comparative American Byron to match an American Miss Clairmont." "The Turn of the Screw" was written as a "Christmas-tide toy," based on "the vividest little note for sinister romance" that Mr. James had ever jotted down. "The Two Faces" he looks upon as a neat "example of the turn of the *whole* coach and pair in the contracted court, without the 'spill' of a single passenger or the derangement of a single parcel." These stories and Mr. James's comment raise a number of points which we shall reserve for discussion till the series is completed.

The Oxford edition of "The Poetical Works" of Keats has just been issued (Henry Frowde), with an introduction and textual notes by H. Buxton Forman. The text and the critical apparatus are the same as those of the handsome edition of 1906, from the same press (see the *Nation* of January 10, 1907, p. 32), but the paper is thinner, the margins are narrower, and the type is less generously leaded.

The series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribners) would be incomplete without Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," and yet the admirable reprint of this famous text by the State of Massachusetts in 1898 renders a new edition almost unnecessary. The accessory matter accompanying the present reprint is, however, welcome, and sufficiently justifies its appearance. The introduction and notes by the late Hon. William T. Davis, president of the Pilgrim Society, and historian of Plymouth, are excellent, and the text, freed from the uncouth and incorrect forms, ye, yt, yey, wth, wch, which have so long disfigured reprints of seventeenth century manuscripts, is an improvement on that of 1898. The facsimiles represent the first page of the manuscript, the beginning of Book ii., on which occurs the text of the Mayflower compact, and the title-page of "Mourt's Relation." The map is a reproduction, somewhat reduced, of Smith's map of New England in its fifth state, representing the map as it would stand in the freshest copies procurable in 1620. An index covering seventeen pages is a welcome novelty. Mr. Davis has performed his editorial functions with good judgment and without prejudice, and has kept his comments refreshingly free from the incense of ancestor worship. His recognition of the undue significance hitherto attached to the Mayflower compact and his classification of it as merely a "plantation covenant," though he does not employ the phrase, is deserving of special commendation. He has utilized Marsden's researches into the history of the Mayflower and its captain, though he is inclined to regard the English scholar's identification of the vessel as "not proven," and he has incorporated in his footnotes references to the Bradford letter which Marsden discovered among the unarranged miscellania of the High Court of Admiralty in England. He has not, however, deemed it necessary to secure copies of the accompanying letters of Altham and Bridge, which were sent over as exhibits in the suit of Stevens and Fell against the Plymouth Colony in 1624, and throw light on the Kennebec venture. Mr. Davis's critical discussion of the contents of "Mourt's Relation" and his belief that Richard Gardiner, not Robert Cushman, wrote the John Pierce letter contained in that work, seem to us reasonable and convincing. Bradford's accuracy in the copying of quoted texts has often been commented upon, and now a new bit of evidence can be presented to strengthen the proof of his scrupulous painstaking. The order in council on p. 289 is the only copy of this document known to exist, but when compared with the minute in the Privy Council Register, it is found to reproduce the text almost *litteratim*. A few slight differences in spelling are the only points on which the formal order differs in any way from the informal minute.

James H. Moore, in his "Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" (Raleigh, N. C.), replies to the recent volume of William H. Hoyt in no half-hearted manner. Unfortunately, he possesses neither the historical sense nor the critical acumen of Mr. Hoyt, and is obliged to rest his case upon the tradition of the Declaration and the good character of those who have directly or indirectly given their evidence in favor of the document. How little of contemporary record exists on the subject is well known; how capable of a double interpretation that record is, the two writers show. But in the strength of argument the balance is on the side of Hoyt. It is a curious psychological problem involved, for a good North Carolinian finds it difficult to rob his State of the credit of so early a declaration of independence expressed in the very phrases of the Jefferson paper. But it is impossible to conceive that the North Carolina delegates in Congress suppressed the Mecklenburg defiance, that Stevenson, our minister to England, was little short of a thief, or that there existed a conspiracy among Jefferson's friends to do away with all the records relating to the declaration. Mr. Moore writes with sentiment, with little historical method, and is daunted by no aspect of the question as presented by those on the other side. As a complete expression of what can be said in favor of the declaration his book has value.

To writers who have not published any considerable work the American Historical Association offers the Justin Winsor prize of $200 for the best unpublished monograph on some subject in American history. Manuscripts offered in competition must be submitted before October 1, 1908, to the committee of award. Details may be ascertained from Charles H. Hull, Ithaca, N. Y.

The grasp of general ideas, the sound and penetrating criticism, the orderly marshalling of material, and the literary virtues of "Studies in New England Transcendentalism," by Harold Clarke Goddard (The Columbia University Press), lift this thesis above the mass of ephemeral doctoral dissertations, and give it permanent and substantial value. The main purposes of the investigation here undertaken are two: To discover first what were the sources of New England transcendentalism, immediate and remote; and, second, how far justified, as applied to the leaders of the movement, is the popular definition of transcendental, "transcending commonsense." The union of humor and sympathy displayed in the discussion of the second question interests the reader and illumines the subject. The answer, however, that the transcendentalist curiously fused in himself much practical sense with much theoretical nonsense is less contributory than that given to the first question. In dealing with this complex problem of the sources of the intellectual movement of a whole generation, Dr. Goddard shrewdly avoids the snare of superficial parallelisms, and commits himself with distinct success to pregnant generalizations. The main line of his argument is that transcendentalism was neither a wholly indigenous product, nor, as is commonly asserted, an importation from Germany, but rather the logical culmination of general tendencies of European thought in a union of the two separate eightcenth century currents, skepticism on the intellectual side, sentimentalism on the emotional side. It is a mistake, he points out, to speak of the new era as a mere revolt from the old. The French Revolution demonstrated the impossibility of any wholesale repudiation of the past. The new era cannot descend from heaven; it must spring from the marriage of existent elements: "Locke plus Richardson gives us Rousseau." "If Wordsworth came to bury theism from the dead." The age of pure reason was discredited by a growing conviction that "the practical and moral sides of a man's nature play a part in his apprehension of the truth." The metaphysical stimulus of transcendentalism came from Germany. But the transcendentalists were no great metaphysicians; and they were emotionally ripe for transcendentalism before Germany touched them. Their spiritual ancestry runs, broadly speaking, thus: Calvinism branches into Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, with Unitarianism on the left; Unitarianism branches into Transcendentalism and intellectual Conservatism, with Transcendentalism on the left. The whole movement thus appears as a "French Revolution of American religion," proceeding logically out of the typically eighteenth century phenomenon, early American Unitarianism. From the practical extravagances and moral anarchy of the analogous European movement, the Concord revolutionists were preserved by the solid in-

crement of New England Puritanism—also, it should be added, by certain social and political differences of which Dr. Goddard does not take much account, and which, having largely disappeared, no longer suffice to keep the anarchy of the successors of the transcendentalists wholly in the theoretical sphere.

It is a pleasure to record two additions to the cleanly-printed York Library of George Bell & Sons. One of these is Goethe's "Poetry and Truth from My Own Life" in a revised translation (2 vols.), by Minna Steele Smith, with an introduction and bibliography by Dr. Karl Breul. The earlier versions needed revision, and these corrections together with Dr. Breul's essay render the present volumes by no means superfluous. The other addition is also a volume of translations—Calverley's "Idylls of Theocritus and Eclogues of Virgil." This serious work of the famous humorist, exquisite both in taste and in faithfulness to the original, ought to be better known than it is; here, if anywhere, the Strephon and Amaryllis of ancient Arcadia sigh in the right British tongue. Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell furnishes a clever and appropriate introduction to the book.

Those who care to have in permanent form Sir Oliver Lodge's pseudo-scientific argument on "The Immortality of the Soul" will be pleased to know that his papers on that topic in the *Hibbert Journal* for January and April of 1908 have been reprinted as a book by the Ball Publishing Company of Boston.

No philosopher, packing his valise for a summer holiday, should fail to put in "The Grammar of Philosophy," by David Graham (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). He may find other lay contributions to philosophy that are as anachronistic and as absurd; but he will not in many summers find another so breezily refreshing in its anachronism and so consistently amusing in its absurdity. It is a robustious apology, by a Scotch barrister, for the philosophy of the Scottish school; and it admirably conforms to the definition of that philosophy once given by an unsympathetic expositor, who said that it consisted in regarding everything as an intuitive and necessary truth which the Scottish philosopher had been taught before he was twelve years old. In the blessed and reverently capitalized name of Common Sense, all the great non-Caledonian thinkers and even the heterodox Scots—Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Mill, Darwin, Leslie Stephen—are quite simply shown to be intellectually akin to the inmates of Bedlam, though less consistent than the latter in the matter of practice. Intuitive ethical truths like those of mathematics; the argument from design; the foundation of the legal institution of the dock in the eternal nature of things—these and many similar archaisms are triumphantly demonstrated. The prevailing mode of argument is like this (p. 252):

> None of these theories [hedonism, utilitarianism, determinism, somewhat oddly grouped together] are worthy of much attention, inasmuch as they all stand in point-blank opposition to Daylight and Common Sense. If there be a person in the whole world who *really* believes in such theories, he "neither kens the hert o' a Hielandman, nor the honour o' a gentleman." That noble person, Evan Maccombich, will look upon him with utter scorn.

In showing the paramount authority of Common Sense, we sweep all such systems into the kennel.

Of itself the Scottish philosophy is usually as little enlivening as it is convincing; but it becomes a real addition to the pleasures of life, when so much else that is magnificently Scotch (of a certain type) goes to the defending of it—such a grimly humorous contempt for all alien creeds; such solemn and elaborate jocosity; so thorough a belief in the subtly ironic effect of the unaided exclamation-point; so splendid a command of the English dictionary (imperfectly supported by grammar and idiom), especially in its more damnatory and more sesquipedalian portions; so perfect an imperviosity to any other man's points; and so hearty and unconcealed a gusto in one's own infallibility. Nothing so excellent in this vein has appeared since the lamented death of Professor Blackie.

Charles Johnston (Flushing, N. Y.) has written and printed what, all things considered, can be recommended as the most satisfactory version of the "Bhagavad Gita" in the English language. It would be possible to point to a good many passages in which, in the opinion of the present reviewer, he has not used the best equivalent for the technical terms of the Sanskrit or has failed to reproduce the force of the original. Thus it seems a doubtful, if not misleading, departure from custom to write "Soul" instead of "Self." The word Self has become pretty well naturalized as the equivalent for the Sanskrit Atman, which is both the ordinary reflexive pronoun "self" and the infinite inner nature of man. "Soul," by which we commonly mean a persisting *personal* individuality, introduces an utterly wrong connotation. Again, such a phrase as *nirmama* is rendered flatly by Mr. Johnston "without the sense of possessing"; it might be put more literally and more vividly, "who says not This is mine." But withal these are matters where opinion may differ; Mr. Johnston's work never fails from ignorance; it is as a whole forcible and true. His introductions to the various books show a wide knowledge of the thorny ways of Hindu philosophy, and, if anything, too complete a confidence that the "Bhagavad Gita" has fused the various beliefs of India into a homogeneous and universally adaptable creed. Perhaps the most striking section of the introduction is that in which he deals with the Hindu people at large, and shows the part played by the various races, or castes, in creating the national religion. Mr. Johnston is firmly convinced that the "wisdom of India" was the property of the Rajput race, or Kshatriyans, whom he relates to the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans, and that it was by them imparted to the Brahmans. All scholars are not so certain of this matter; but whether Kshatriyans or Brahmans discovered the secret, those who wish now to get at the heart of that mystifying people cannot do better than go to the "Bhagavad Gita," and they cannot find a better translation than Mr. Johnston's.

In "The Philosophical Basis of Religion" (The Macmillan Co.), Prof. John Watson has brought together two series of lectures one given before the Brooklyn Institute, the other before the Theological Alumni Association of Queen's University, Kingston. Convinced that the theology of the future must take the form of a philosophy of religion, the author begins by showing that all attempts to base religion on authority fail to satisfy the modern mind, and that we must either abandon all systematic thought in this field or rebuild our theological beliefs on the basis of reason. Starting from Kant, he outlines a speculative idealism which affords such a basis, criticising with much acuteness the theory of personal idealism and the new realism. The lectures on the Interpretation of Religious Experience—devoted chiefly to Professor James and Pragmatism—and on Christianity and History—against Harnack—are among the most interesting in the volume. The following lectures deal with epochs in the history of philosophical theology (Philo, Gnosticism, Augustine, Mediæval Theology, Leibnitz, and Protestant Theology), concluding with a discussion of the relations of God and the World, and God and Man, from the point of view of speculative idealism. The author describes his work as "mainly essays in the reconstruction and history of religious belief." To this great and urgent task he has made a noteworthy contribution.

Prof. Paul Haupt's "Book of Nahum" (Johns Hopkins Press) contains a "restoration" of the Hebrew text, with a corresponding metrical translation, and with explanatory and critical notes, which string together much curious and not always strictly pertinent learning. Professor Haupt has discovered that the book is a liturgical compilation for the celebration of the victory of Judas Maccabaeus over Nicanor in 161 B. C. The first two of the four poems of which the reconstructed book consists were inspired by the Maccabaean struggle; the last two were written by Nahum, an Israelitish poet in Assyria. Of the latter, one was composed shortly before the fall of Nineveh in 606 B. C.; the other, after that event. The second poem is made up of Nahum iii., 1-7; i., 11, 14; ii., 1; i., 12, 15; ii., 2. The city addressed is Antioch; ii., 1 is a play on the name Maccabaeus ("The Hammer"). The positiveness of these divinatory pronouncements is equalled only by the arbitrariness of the critical procedure.

In the Sammlung illustrierter Einzeldarstellungen, edited by Cornelius Gurlitt (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), Volumes XXIV. and XXX., just out, are entitled "Moderne Theologie und Kultur," by Th. Kappstein. The leading purpose is to show the relation of theology to modern thought, chiefly through studies of the views of representatives of the various theological tendencies, especially Adolf Harnack, Otto Pfleiderer, Adolf Schlatter, Reinhold Seeberg, and Ludwig Lemme.

Of the standard work of Catholic scholarship, the "Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters," by Ludwig Pastor, the fourth volume has been issued by Herder of Freiburg-im-B. Its individual title is "Geschichte der Päpste im Zeitalter der Renaissance und der Glaubensspaltung von der Wahl Leos X. bis zum Tode Klemens VII. (1513-1534)." This section, however, deals only with Adrian VI. and Clement VII. The characteristic feature of this work is the use of new sources; the title page correctly says that the author has had the use of Papal secret archives in Rome; and the list of archives and

libraries, added as an appendix, mentions ninety-three collections of manuscripts in forty-four different cities. Catholic scholarship can be proud of this work, which adds so much to our knowledge of certain Popes. Thus, Pope Clement VII. had up to this day not yet found a biographer; yet Pastor has discovered such an abundance of unused data on this pontiff that he can devote nearly five hundred pages of a total of eight hundred to him alone. The pathetic story of the brief reign of Adrian VI., the last German and at the same time the last non-Italian Pope, is especially interesting on account of the special literature in the Netherlands on this period here used completely and virtually for the first time.

The former Jesuit and convert to Protestantism, Count Paul von Hoensbroech, has added two new publications to his anti-Catholic works (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel). In his "Rom und das Zentrum," he discusses the political policies of the present Pope and his two predecessors. The purpose is to show that the Centre, or Catholic, party in the German Parliament is virtually under the direct dictation of the Vatican. The second work, "Die katholisch-theologischen Fakultäten im Organismus der preussischen Staatsuniversitäten," aims to prove that in their dependence on the creed of the church, the Catholic faculties cannot be regarded as bodies of independent scholars and accordingly should not constitute a part of the universities.

A work of interest in view of Luther's faith in the devil is "Dr. Martin Luthers Krankheiten und deren Einfluss auf seinen körperlichen und geistigen Zustand" (Stuttgart: Ferdinand Enke) by Prof. W. Ebstein.

The Verband evangelischer Buchhändler, an influential national organization of German book publishers, has just brought out the issue for 1907 of its "Verzeichnis der evangelischen Presse." It reports in full name, editor, publisher, circulation, etc., of the entire nine hundred and more periodicals of Germany with pronounced Christian tendencies, the total circulation of which is more than nine million.

The Buchgewerbe-Verein of Leipzig arranged for six lectures by prominent scholars on the relation of the publishing business to modern culture, and these have now been issued by B. G. Teubner, Leipzig, under the title "Das Buchgewerbe und die Kultur," as a volume of the series Aus Natur und Geisteswelt. Prof. R. Focke, Posen, discusses "Das Buchgewerbe und die Wissenschaft"; Prof. G. Wittkowsky, Leipzig, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Literatur"; Prof. R. Kautzsch, Darmstadt, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Kunst"; Dr. H. Hermelink, Leipzig, "Das Buchgewerbe und die Religion"; Prof. R. Wuttke, Dresden, "Buchgewerbe und Staat," and Dr. H. Waentig, Halle, "Buchgewerbe und Volkswirtschaft."

The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Jena, celebrated this year, has been the occasion for the publication (Jena: Diederichs) of an interesting picture of German academic life in the seventeenth century, entitled "Ein Jenaer Student um 1630," edited by Edmund Keiter. The story is reproduced from manuscripts in the Hamburg City Library, written by Eberhard von Todenwert, a Darmstadt nobleman, who studied at Jena.

"Märchengold für grosse und kleine Leute," by Gustav Adolf Müller (Leipzig: Eduard Moerter), is an interesting collection of fables, old and new, in attractive poetical form. The work is more adapted to the needs of the average reader, especially the young, than to the student of folklore.

The Gyldendal Publishing Company (Copenhagen and Chicago) has just issued the first volume of a serial entitled "Mindesmærker af Danmarks Nationallitteratur" (Monuments of Denmark's National Literature), which purposes to give a selection of the earlier, as well as the modern (but not contemporaneous), Danish literature in cheap and handy, well printed, and decently bound (cloth) volumes. It is the intention that the collection, which is to be increased by at least two volumes a year, under the editorial supervision of Prof. Vilh. Andersen of the University of Copenhagen, shall comprise: (1) individual masterpieces with comprehensive introduction, and copious notes (*e. g.*, some of Holberg's comedies, Oehlenschläger's heroic poems, Paludan-Müller's "Adam Homo," Drachmann's "Forskrevet," etc.); (2) selections from prominent authors (like the present first volume containing selections from Sören Kierkegard, with introduction and notes by Carl Koch); (3) selections of the products of a period (the pre-Christian age, the Middle age, etc.); and (4) selections of prominent products of a specific poetic genre or a special science (*e. g.*, fiction, lyrics, historical writing, etc.). Students of Danish literature will here have an opportunity of obtaining easily and cheaply the most important and characteristic productions of Danish genius, judiciously chosen.

The announcement is made that all the German universities, except perhaps that of Rostock, will be open next semester to women on exactly the same terms as to men. On the other hand, however, the Prussian Cultus Minister has announced that as a matter of principle women will not be permitted to enter the university teaching corps as privatdocents.

William Potts, who died in Philadelphia July 29, at the age of seventy, was much interested in civil service reform and in all charitable and philanthropic work. He had been secretary of the Brooklyn Civil Service Reform Association, of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, and of the National Civil Service Reform League. Of this last organization, as well as of the Outdoor Recreation League, he had also been vice-president. He was author of "Noblesse Oblige" (1880), "Evolution of Vegetable Life" (1889), "Evolution of Social Reform" (1890), "Form and Color in Nature" (1891), "The Monetary Problem" (1892), "From a New England Hillside" (1895), "More Notes from Underledge" (1904).

Samuel Cheetham, archdeacon and canon of Rochester, England, died July 19 at the age of eighty-one. He was a graduate of Cambridge, and he had been professor of pastoral theology in King's College, London. He contributed many articles to Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," and he was author of "A History of the Christian Church during the First Six Centuries" (1894), "The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian" (1897), and "Mediæval Church History, a Sketch" (1899).

Canon Charles Bigg, who had been Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford since 1901, has died at the age of sixty-eight. Among his publications are some small editions of Greek classical authors and "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria" (1886), "Neoplatonism" (1895), and "Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History." He had also edited St. Augustine's Confessions, the "De Imitatione," and Law's "Serious Call."

The death is announced of the German author, Leo Berg, who was born in 1862 and educated at the University of Berlin. He was a frequent contributor to German periodical literature. Among his writings are "Der Naturalismus" (1892), "Der Uebermensch in der modernen Literatur" (1897), "Gefesselte Kunst" (1901), "Henrik Ibsen" (1901), and "Geschlecter" (1906).

POVERTY IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE.

L'Assistance et l'état en France à la veille de la révolution. (Généralités de Paris, Rouen, Alençon, Orléans, Châlons, Soissons, Amiens.) Par Camille Bloch. Paris: Picard.

After all that has been written upon the French Revolution, it seems incredible that at present a group of scholars should be engaged upon what promises to become a complete reconstruction of the whole story. Here, as elsewhere in history, the "old masters" are going. Michelet's brilliant intuitions, Carlyle's inadequate equipment, or Taine's hasty examination of such sources as suited his preconception of how things happened, are no longer to be tolerated as history. Even the collections of sources, which gave the student of a generation ago his closest touch with reality, are being replaced by more accurate and scholarly editions—and the errors which have been pointed out are not infrequently appalling. The men whom Professor Aulard of the Sorbonne has inspired with his mixture of *civisme*, enthusiasm for the Revolution, and zeal in research, are at work in the provincial as well as the national archives of France, upon that minute examination of the records of the obscure and commonplace, which an earlier generation did not deem worth its attention. In their work one sees the spirit of the new Sorbonne—keenly skeptical, laborious, and scientific upon its critical side, not seldom warm with sympathy, limited, or even blinded by prejudice upon its constructive side. Canons of textual criticism are seldom violated in the study of sources. There are few who know so well the relative value of the different kinds of material out of which history is made as these

Sorbonnese. But all the warnings of all the Langlois or Seignobos cannot repress the subjective element in the narrative based upon this carefully assorted material. This, however, is true more or less of all history. In investigation, it is a science; in presentation, an art. In any case, it is not too much to say that through the work of Aulard and his men and the too little appreciated labors of Jean Jaurès we are bound some day to know the real forces of the Revolution more accurately than we are ever likely to know the reality behind any movement in European history preceding it.

The book before us is a notable contribution, not merely to the history of France, but also to that of charity and the question of poverty in general. Dr. Bloch, an Aulard man, has attempted to gather up the results of the previous study which his subject has received from investigators of the *généralités*, or administrative divisions, of north central France in the Old Régime, and has added to this a search in archives for everything essential to the accuracy or completeness of his survey. The result is a fine piece of scholarship and an important addition to the literature upon the Old Régime. Every device familiar to the research worker is invoked to make the book indispensable—exhaustive, classified bibliographies, careful references, illustrative and explanatory foot-notes, index, and analyzed table of contents. The text is simple and to the point, based for the most part directly upon the original sources. A general historical introduction traces hurriedly the treatment of the poor in France from the sixteenth century, but the body of the book is concerned with the problem from 1764 to 1788. The descriptions which follow, forming the opening section, are hardly more than an arrangement of facts, with a little comment wedged in. The arrangement is a good one: first the poverty of the country, then that of the city, then following the pauper out into his career of mendicity and crime. After this come the institutions that look after him, the rôle of the Church, the laicized hospitals of the sixteenth century, the treatment of the sick, and other offices of charity. These first four chapters form a book in themselves, one that cannot easily be surpassed for concentrated human tragedy. The second section, "Reforms," covers the efforts made by the government, by such men as Turgot and Necker, during the years from 1764 to 1788, to better the lot of the poor. The third section takes up the formation of the Revolutionary doctrine of state aid, and the volume closes with the programme of the committee on mendicity of the National Assembly in 1790.

The subject is in every way an interesting one. It forms a part of the prolegomena to that war against poverty which is beginning to absorb the attention of European governments—and our own—and is invading literature and art. Here we already have the "poverty line," made familiar by recent sociology. In Versailles itself, the city of luxury, there were some 5,000 who were dependent upon that meagre wage below which lie beggary and starvation. Versailles, however, was well off compared with Rheims, with its 10,000 workmen reduced to pauperism whenever work was slack; or Vendome, with its 1,200 beggars out of 6,500 inhabitants. Statistics from the Old Régime are, of course, untrustworthy; but the probability is that Dr. Bloch's estimate of the proportion of indigent to self-supporting will stand. In Paris it was about 10 per cent.

It is impossible to follow our author into the crowded detail of any of these divisions of his work. But we wish to commend especially that part in which is traced the awakening conscience of France. One realizes now a little better the religious intensity of the gospel of Rousseau. But the awakening of social conscience does not necessarily mean achievement. If any one thing stands out clearly from this volume, it is that the elevation of the submerged class can never be accomplished by benevolent despotisms. Even wise Turgot saw but a little way into the tangled problem, and how futile were his efforts! There is no larger chapter in the history of human futility than that of the benevolent despots of the eighteenth century. Charity is merely part of this benevolent futility. In the next place, and as a corollary, the class that suffers must emancipate itself. Self-interest, that most potent of all historic forces, must be instructed and educated. It, not benevolence, wins the revolutions. This fact is understood by Socialists to-day. It is the root of much of their strength with the masses. A careful study of the second and third sections of this book will cast light upon the force of some present-day movements.

While heartily commending Dr. Bloch's book, we are tempted to add a word of warning as to its use. The feeling of the reader, as he lays it down, will be one of absolute depression. It would seem from its tragic story of suffering and abortive attempts at alleviation, attempts sometimes too cruel for words, that Taine did not paint too darkly, after all. That sombre chapter upon "Le Peuple" will stand. People did eat grass and die like flies. They did find themselves reduced by whole villages to beggary. It is this first impression which one must not let grow into an over-emphasis. To be sure, there was poverty, awful poverty; but one must not deduce a whole philosophy of history from that. It would be absolutely false to view the whole of the Old Régime through the dark glass of this intensive study of but one of its many phases. Against this volume one must set a similar analysis of the middle class; there were capitalists then as now, so many of them and so strong in their new wealth that they, not these suffering masses, made the Revolution. Indeed, as Dr. Bloch expressly states, the outward appearance of pre-revolutionary France was prosperous. The new industrial and commercial activities were enriching the country. We know that the Church was enormously wealthy, and the nobility, with its sinecures and privileges, was a rather large fraction of the population—perhaps one noble family to a town. They had thousands of dependents, not seldom getting rich from the folly of their masters. We must be careful not to lose our perspective when we are beginning to know more about one phase of society than we knew before. We need only glance at our daily press to see how the historian must guard himself against exaggerating the importance of known over that of unknown phenomena. On the same evening on which a ball in a Fifth Avenue house cost $50,000, men on the Bowery were fighting for the chance to earn a few cents shovelling snow. One can imagine what material the historian of a future century may find in the congestion exhibit last winter in the American Museum of Natural History. But the great mass of New Yorkers live apart from these things—in fact, hardly know of them. So, as we look back at the Old Régime in France, let us not forget its infinite variety, even while we face the tragic depth of its misery and suffering.

CURRENT FICTION.

Villa Rubein. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The "Villa Rubein," which appeared in England in 1900, is now rewritten and brought out for the first time in America; and "The Island Pharisees" is also advertised as rewritten throughout. Both, we may add, have been improved by revision. They are not great works, but they are earnest, and are carefully finished. The style shows the results of artistic solicitude. It has the precision and compact force that come from pruning. It has also, what is rare in the fiction of to-day, a distinct prose rhythm. In fact, the rhythm in the later book seems occasionally a little overmeditated, so that here and there considerable runs of pure iambics occur. But in the main the diction has a crispness, terseness, and vitality that war-

rant former readers in turning to these novels again.

The author announces that the "Villa Rubein" is a "plain story." If one had not read "The Island Pharisees," one might take him at his word. On the face of it, "Villa Rubein" is an almost old-fashioned story of family life, with a good deal of interest in two or three strongly marked types. The head of the household, situated in Botzen, Austria, is a widower, Paul von Morawitz, a drinking, pleasure-loving roué, who has pulled himself together for the sake of his maidenly daughter Christian and her little sister Greta. Mrs. Decie, an insignificant person, his wife's sister, and Nicholas Treffry, her brother, a bluff but soft-hearted old gentleman of seventy, are also members of the household. The action arises through the appearance upon the scene of Alois Harz, a man of peasant birth, anarchistic past, and a passion for art. Christian and Harz fall in love, but the family is up in arms at the suggestion of marriage. Even old Treffry, exceedingly fond of his niece, cannot swallow the young man's past. But after a much protracted illness this uncle dies, and leaves his property to Christian. Whereupon, in the most quiet and ordinary way, the young couple are married and go to England, where the artist devotes himself to his calling. One wonders what is the motive of the book. It is so much like life as to be meaningless. The absolutely tame ending obscures its drift.

Light breaks in "The Island Pharisees." Shelton, an eminently respectable idle young man of the upper middle class, is engaged to marry Antonia Dennant, an equally respectable and very normal healthy English girl. They have rather foolishly agreed to see nothing of each other for some weeks prior to the marriage. In that fatal interim Shelton has a number of adventures which rouse his disgust for the conventional ways of the world. He meets with a young French vagabond who sponges on him, and at the same time attracts him by his indifference to the customary modes of life. A woman of the town is arrested for accosting him. He drops in at a wedding, and it seems very formal. He visits Oxford and the old dons appear very dull. He is present at a dog fight and the standers-by refuse to pull off the bigger dog. He is worked up into the state where he can write to his lady-love: "There is something about human nature that is awfully repulsive, and the healthier people are, the more repulsive they seem to be." When Antonia discovers his theoretical difference from other people, she loses her love for him, but still feels bound to marry him. That is to Shelton the last proof of rottenness in the state, and he breaks the engagement. There the story ends.

In his preface Mr. Galsworthy says that all authors love to be abused, and he begs "criticism welling out of the instinctive likings or aversions, out of the very fibre of the human being who delivers it." Well, then, the present critic feels an instinctive liking for human nature, including healthy people, and an instinctive aversion for love-sick puppies like Shelton. Saying this, he stamps himself in Mr. Galsworthy's eyes a Pharisee. At the same time he wishes to believe that he understands what Mr. Galsworthy is driving at. Shelton, says his creator, is not a Pharisee; he is the one virile soul in a hundred who knows that "whatever is, is wrong." He is intended as an apostle of discontent to accomplish among the upper classes what Gorky has done among the Russian peasants, and what Tolstoy has done for all classes. Like the hero of the "Resurrection," he is meant to be the symbol of the awakened spirit shaking off its old fetters and reaching forth to new and better forms. But Shelton falls immeasurably short of his purpose; he is too weak a vessel for his message, emotionally and intellectually. Wishing to strike at the fundamental evils of society, he succeeds only in impeaching order and respectability. He is not virile, but puerile. He has not one constructive thought. He has merely been touched by a low fever of socialistic unrest, and vague and watery humanitarian sympathy.

The Princess Dehra. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Yes, she is one of the clan. Her name betrays it. Her provinces confirm it. They are Valeria, Lotzenia, Porgia. She has an aristocratic bearing and a beautiful face, and a smile that would be called by a playwright a practicable smile, for it flashes and dazzles and achieves. But, most of all, she has a Cause and a wildly enthusiastic following, her only foes being a rejected lover and his makeshift lass. And there is more: while the populace clamors to make Dehra the Queen, she is all for the claims of her true love, the Colonel of the Red Huzzars, who has been heard of before. He is an American, and at the same time a scion of the royal stock. "I likely shall," he says in an American moment, but when the blood of old Hugo and the great ancestral Henry is up he can cry, like the Archduke he is, "Oh, woman! Oh, faith, and intuition, and loyalty beyond the stars!" And since language is nothing if not contagious, we find the "Woman in Black," her of the "sinuous indolence," with "raven hair and dead-white cheek," bidding her Ferdinand "get busy"; while he, a Dalberg, who addresses his enemy with, "How say you, cousin?" like any mediæval knight, replies to his charmer that the laugh is on him. The peerless Dehra, at whose name every woman curtsies, and every man uncovers, stoops graciously to the domestic level of the plain reader by her human habit of sitting on the corner of desk or table, "one foot on a chair, the other dangling," while she receives an official visit from her ducal foe. Thus may romance be sung in rag-time. Thus may royalty abate its dazzle that even cats may look.

The Lost Article is a Book of the Dalberg Laws and though it is a large object, it remains cunningly hidden through the story, from the true prince and princess, while the villain and the reader are in the secret. Not to be outdone by a villain, the reviewer discloses no mysteries, but promises the reader a lively chase from castle to council room, a clatter of swords, and a sharper clash of wits. Perhaps situation has never reached a greater altitude than in the scene where the two claimants are fighting with swords in one part of the library, their two lady friends doing the same in another, and receiving occasional coaching from the combatants of the sterner sex in such measure as their pressing preoccupation admits, while the Book slowly burns in the fireplace.

Gleam o' Dawn. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story, set in a familiar French-Canadian and Indian atmosphere, is lifted out of the common by its grace, its portraiture, its situations. Of the last, indeed, there are perhaps too many. One is tempted to think that a masterly short story has been partly sacrificed to the mistaken call of length. The contest in the heart of the half-breed hero between the inborn clamorings and claims of two races, if not a new theme, is at least not treated in a common way. But it becomes mere repetition after it has dramatically said its say a certain number of times; and even the picturesque wording shares the same fate, to the point of wearisomeness. The personality of the young man is charmingly conveyed in scenes that recall a little the whirling breeziness of Owen Wister's "Virginian."

Russia's Message: The True World Import of the Revolution. By William English Walling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

A history, particularly of the things of yesterday and to-day, which sets out from a highly personal point of view and proceeds in a white heat of censure and advocacy would seem to be courting immediate damnation. Is not the document the sole foundation, and the massive footnote the only pillar of scientific history? They may be. Yet Mr. Walling, though he violates the law of historiography as it is handed down to us from Germany, has given us by far

the most noteworthy study of the late Russian upheaval that has appeared in this country, and one of the very few first-rate books on the subject that have been written anywhere. We have, of course, Mackenzie Wallace's classic volume on Russia and the translation of Leroy-Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars"; but both of these are only old works revised to meet a new demand, and bound in consequence to make new conditions agree more or less with a thesis already laid down. Bernard Pares's "Russia and Reform" (see the *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 332) is the only recent work in English that adopts the thorough treatment of Wallace and Leroy-Beaulieu and carries something of their earlier authority. With Pares's book we may rank that of Mr. Walling. They differ strikingly enough in temperament, method, and conclusion; but both go beneath the surface of things. The Englishman has passed in review definite institutions, forms and figures, and gives only secondary attention to the working of inner causes. The Russian peasant is to him still the largely passive and unknown element in the life of the Russian nation. In Mr. Walling's account, however, the peasant holds the centre of the stage. It does not absolutely follow, as our author maintains, that because the *mujiks* constitute four-fifths of the Russian population, the fate of the Czar's empire must in the last result be worked out by them. Minorities may effect revolutions, just as they may maintain monarchies and guide republics. Yet *through* the Russian peasant the future of Russia must be worked out. We can imagine no solution that does not deal first of all with the peasantry. And it is in his comprehensive, intimate, and sympathetic narrative of what the Russian agricultural laborer has been in the past, and what changes have been coming over him during the last three or four years of revolutionary unrest, that the chief value of Mr. Walling's book consists.

The Russian peasant has been either not understood or misunderstood. He is not the sodden victim of centuries of ignorance and vodka that even professedly friendly accounts make him. Mr. Walling is quite justified in pillorying such summary estimates as those he quotes from Howard P. Kennard's "The Russian Peasants." To say:

> The peasant emerges from the ordeal today but the semblance of a man—a thing with half a mind, a mortal without attributes, a morbid being blessed with life alone and cursed with ignorance and imbecility until, in the twentieth century, his melancholy has become innate—

to say this is to say what is not true. For the facts are that the Russian peasant, under the very weight of the grinding régime of autocracy, has carried on the communal life of his *mir*, or village society, with a degree of intelligence which has led conservative Slavophils and revolutionaries alike to look upon that institution as the suitable basis for a regenerated Russia. When peasants assemble in village meeting to choose their local officials, to distribute and redistribute the common land and regulate its cultivation, to apportion Imperial assessments, and to mete out justice on their own members, they give indubitable signs of being at least as far removed from a state of besotted imbecility as the Italian or Prussian agricultural laborer or the Yorkshire farm-hand. The peasant drinks to excess; but the blame for the habit is still to be apportioned between the *mujik* himself and an Imperial government which draws an enormous revenue from the sale of liquor. The Russian peasant is notoriously gentle and pacific; only under direct government incitement does he lend himself to Jew-baiting and massacre. He is free from religious prejudices, and his superstitions are mitigated by shrewd recognition of the fact that his village priest is much like himself. If the peasant is primitive, our author is right in describing him also as unspoiled. He is virgin material for the rebuilding not only of Russia, but, indirectly, so Mr. Walling thinks, of the world. Here our author is at one with the patriot Slavophils, the proud contemners of Occidental civilization. The West, in their view, is corrupt. It has lost, or is fast losing, the capacity for high faith, the sense of human brotherhood, and the simplicity of heart that can work miracles. The Russian peasant has all of these.

That, then, is Russia's message to the world. Why it should speak so strongly to our author is made apparent by Mr. Walling's general economic doctrine. He is an outspoken Socialist, and he finds in the present condition of the Russian people the Socialist problem stated in its most difficult form, but offering at the same time a comprehensive solution. It has been the weakness of Marxian Socialism that its theories find little place for the agriculturist. It is industrial development that, as the Marxians see it, will bring about the economic revolution and the Socialist state. The farmer is on the whole a drag on the wheel of progress. But political Socialism has been unable to overlook the fact that the farmer has a vote, and it has come to recognize the need of modifying the original Marxian teaching so as to take into account what is, after all, the great bulk of the world's working population. In Italy and to a lesser extent in Germany the Socialist propaganda has been carried on among the rural classes. The question is a vital one in American Socialism, and remains everywhere in the West exceedingly perplexing. But how is it in Russia? There Mr. Walling finds an enormous agricultural population living under a Socialistic régime; for that is what the *mir* in essence is. The superimposed despotism of Czar and bureaucracy keeps the communal system from developing its full capacities for making man happy. Remove this burden, and Russia stands before the world, a great empire made up of Socialistic communes which know a spirit of fraternity and democracy that the West does not posses. Thus, to Mr. Walling, a free Russia rounds out the Socialist scheme admirably.

The Catholic Encyclopedia: An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others; in 15 volumes. Vol. II.: Assize to Brownr; Vol. III.: Brow to Clancy. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The first volume of this great work was reviewed at length in the *Nation* for June 20, 1907, p. 566. The second and third volumes are marked by the same general characteristics, and maintain on the whole the same high level of excellence. Among the more notable articles are those on Augustine, an admirably fair and judicious treatment of the great father; Bishop, which gives in detail the various theories of Protestant scholars touching the origin of the monarchical episcopate; Benedictine Order; Bernard of Clairvaux; Bonaventure, in which the traditional Catholic belief in the miraculous finds expression, as in some of the biographical articles of the first volume; Byzantine Architecture, Empire, etc.; Canon of the Mass, of the Scriptures, etc.; Catacombs; Capuchin Friars; Cistercian Order; Celibacy of the Clergy, apologetic as well as historical; and Charity, in which Christian history is not unnaturally somewhat idealized. The elaborate articles on Christianity and the Church are written, of course, from the Catholic point of view. In the former the treatment is greatly simplified by considering only the Christianity which is found "realized in the Catholic Church," and excluding "those forms which are embodied in the various non-Catholic Christian sects, whether schismatical or heretical." As a sample of the characteristic lack of historical discrimination in which, however, the Catholics sin no worse than many Protestants, the following sentence may be quoted:

> We may take the apostolic messages as one self-consistent whole, any apparent discrepancies, or want of coherence, being amply accounted for by the different circumstances of their deliverance.

Australia, Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, Baltimore, Bavaria, Belgium, California, Canada, China, and other similar articles are instructive, both historically and statistically. As in the first

volume, there are some, as for instance Avesta, Aztecs, and Buddhism, the reason for whose insertion in a Catholic Encyclopedia does not clearly appear. For a discussion of Civil Authority there might be sufficient ground, but unfortunately the article on this subject is very defective, consisting almost exclusively of a polemic against the theories of Hobbes and Rousseau, while the more germane and promising topic of Ecclesiastical Authority is deferred to a later volume. In the article on Bull Fights, written by a Spaniard, the sport is defended, and we are told that "moralists as a rule are of the opinion that bull-fighting as practised in Spain is not forbidden by the natural law." And yet the author is careful to assure us that "it is false to say that the Spanish clergy encourage these spectacles."

Giordano Bruno is treated with less sympathy and fairness than might be wished, and in the article on Bible Societies the Roman Catholic antipathy to certain features of Protestantism finds rather strong expression. On the other hand the authorized version of the Bible and the English Book of Common Prayer are spoken of with genuine appreciation. The articles on Calvin and Calvinism are on the whole surprisingly good, though there is a tendency in the latter to minimize the agreements of the reformers with Augustine, and a very inaccurate comparison of Augustine and Luther is quoted from Cardinal Newman, whose historic sense was exceedingly defective. The discussion is marred by the following sentence: "Its essence [that is the essence of the disposition characteristic of the Reformed Churches] is a concentrated pride, a love of disputation, a scorn of opponents." And the article on Cajetan is equally marred by a reference to Luther as "the proud and obstinate monk," and by the declaration that he "finally showed the insincerity of his earlier protestations by spurning the Pope and his representative alike." But in the main there is a marked absence of anti-Protestant polemic, and the general fairness and breadth of view of the work as a whole, so far as it has appeared, are highly commendable.

Millard Fillmore Papers. Edited by Frank H. Severance. 2 vols. [Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, Vols. X. and XI.]. Buffalo: Published by the Society.

Mr. Severance is to be praised for the diligence and devotion with which he has carried through a difficult task. Not only are the Fillmore papers widely scattered, but one important collection was destroyed by direction of its owner, and another, presumably business papers, is still inaccessible. Such as are now presented have been gathered from newspapers and printed records, the files of the departments at Washington—except the War Department, which, as usual, turns a deaf ear to inquiring students—from the Library of Congress, the collections of historical societies and of individuals, and the published writings of contemporaries. Much of the material, moreover, consists of brief and often fragmentary contributions to debates in the New York Assembly or the House of Representatives, where Fillmore, though speaking frequently and to the point, rarely spoke at length, and where the value of his remarks can be weighed only by a study of the whole debate. Still another portion comprises press reports, sometimes in the third person, of remarks on public or semi-public occasions. Fillmore's public career, covering as it did the exciting years of the later slavery controversy, brought him into relations with a great number of important questions, but with the result that his utterances are, taken as a whole, somewhat heterogeneous, and make the problem of editorial selection difficult.

While Mr. Severance has evidently spared no pains, and has collected in his introduction and notes a mass of data for which some future biographer will be grateful, his editorial work cannot be unqualifiedly praised. To begin with, the documents are presented, not under a chronological arrangement, but in the confines of an arbitrary topical classification. Thus, the first volume contains, in order, Fillmore's autobiography of his earlier years, his remarks as a member of the New York Assembly, a pamphlet on religious tests for witnesses, speeches, letters, and reports as Comptroller of New York, and two addresses as Vice-President. Then follow official letters to heads of departments, and four groups of addresses, political and official, between 1840 and 1856. The second volume opens with Fillmore's speeches in the campaign of 1856, followed by a hundred pages of miscellaneous addresses, two collections of letters, and some miscellaneous documents. Obviously, such an arrangement, despite a good index, makes the volumes hard to consult.

In the matter of selection, too, Mr. Severance has not always been well advised. He omits altogether, for example, Fillmore's Presidential messages and proclamations, on the ground that they are already available in the Richardson collection! Official letters to the Secretary of the Treasury, Thomas Corwin, though calendared like the messages and proclamations, are not reprinted, because they relate to routine business or to appointments. Yet space is found for such trivial notes as that expressing the writer's inability to attend "your daughter Kate's Fancy Ball" (Vol. II., p. 321).

Of the documents here collected, the most interesting is undoubtedly the suppressed portion of the annual message of December 6, 1852, relating to slavery. Considered either as an apology for slavery, or as a rebuke to the friends of abolition, or merely as an expression of its author's views, it shows a singular lack of insight into the conditions which were rending the country, and a fatuous confidence in the one remedy of African colonization. For the rest, these two sumptuously printed volumes will not, we think, greatly alter the general estimate in which Millard Fillmore has come to be held. He was a good lawyer, a successful financier, a faithful public servant, and a courteous gentleman; but he was in no respect a great man. Raised by accident to the Presidency in a time of approaching crisis, he failed to grasp either the moral or the political significance of events. When war came he stood for the Union, but he could not approve of Lincoln's administration as a whole. Of warmth or emotion, as of the culture which comes from communion with literature, he was alike destitute. One has but to turn the pages of his collected writings to undertsand why it is his name, rather than his memory, that has survived.

Science.

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg. Second edition. American Nature Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

That Professor Kellogg's work has reached a second edition is good proof that its high merit has been recognized, and that by a constituency not easy to please. It well deserves this patronage. It would hardly be called "summer reading," though our summer friends of the fields, the brooks, and the groves flutter their wings all through its pages. Nor would one venture to classify as "light literature" a volume whose cyclopedic bulk tips the scale at six pounds. Yet there are homes whose inmates could find within these covers that which might set them and theirs upon a rational recreation that would lighten the tedium of a long summer holiday. It is an admirable book, admirably illustrated.

Two marked changes are made in the new edition. First, is the substitution of a detailed table of contents for a simple list of chapters. The reason for this return to an old method cannot be the wish to pad a book already too heavy, and it is a questionable improvement. However, some students in "skimming" for specialties may find advantage in such a brief summary. But no such accessory can add much to a good index, and that Professor Kellogg has given. The second change is the addition of an entire chapter (xix.), on

the interesting, perplexing, and widely disputed subjects of insect behavior and psychology. It is this alone that gives special value to the edition. Herein Professor Kellogg clearly states the views upon the causes of insect behavior current among scientific writers, adopting substantially the definitions of C. L. Morgan. His own position seems to be between Loeb's belief, on the one side, that all animal habits may be resolved into rigorously mechanical reactions to physico-chemical stimuli, as light, humidity, etc.; and, on the other side, what he terms the "anthropomorphic naturalist's" theory of a mystic capacity incident to living matter, and the "churchman naturalist's" theory, whose distinction from the anthropomorphist's, it must be confessed, evades the ordinary reader's mind. To quote the author's words:

> Our point of view is that fairly safe one between the rigid mechanicalism of the trophism believers, and the mysticism of the believers in a divinely endowed creature of psyche as contrasted with a long series of unfortunate soulless brutes (p. 637).

Elsewhere, however, Professor Kellogg declares that "to distinguish sharply between reflexes and instincts on the one hand, and instincts and reason on the other, is impossible" (p. 636). Again, while he holds that it does seem impossible to recognize among insects "simply rigidly mechanical reflexes" of the nature of direct inevitable response to external stimuli, such as temperature, gravitation, contact, light—he affirms (p. 638), "yet, recent studies have shown that this can in certain cases be done. It has been done, in fact." One therefore, who is disposed to read between the lines, or rather among the lines, comparing text with text, must conclude that Professor Kellogg does not occupy a position quite so midway between *mechanical* and *mystical* as his quoted "point of view" would seem to indicate. It is, indeed, a difficult subject, and the most careful and conscientious explorers may well be excused for leaving somewhat zigzagging footsteps on such uncertain ground.

That insects and all living things are keenly responsive to the stimulus of their environment, every naturalist knows, none better than the entomologist. The cases cited by the author of Davenport's observations of the Poduridæ in the sand beaches of Long Island, and of the mating of silkworms observed by himself, seem to present nothing particularly remarkable or even new. That podurids leap and whirl at contact with water and with falling sand, every walker upon the sea beach has seen; and human beings leap and whirl under like contact with stimuli. But do these facts as stated cover all the case? What, and how much lie beyond these? It is quite a different matter when one comes to such complex actions as appear in the study of ants, bees, and wasps. And this the author shows in his liberal quotations from the classical experiments of the French naturalist, M. Fabre, and of our own countrymen, Professor and Mrs. Peckham, with the wasps.

The gist of the conclusions to which these writers have come, or incline, may be given in a few sentences. Fabre's inference is that instinct knows everything in the unchanging paths laid out for it, beyond which it is entirely ignorant. The habits which awaken "the sublime inspirations of science and the astonishing inconsistencies of stupidity, are both its portion, according as the creature acts under normal conditions or accidental ones." The Peckhams conclude that there are "not only instinctive acts, but acts of intelligence, as well; and a third variety, also, acts that are partly due to imitation," although, with an indeterminate amount of intelligence accompanying. Morgan, the English student of animal behavior, infers from the facts given by Fabre and the Peckhams, from which our author quotes, that among the solitary wasps and mason bees the behavior, though "founded on instinct, is in a large degree modified by intelligence."

This second edition does not contain Professor Kellogg's last valuable researches on "Inheritance in Silkworms," printed in the Stanford University publications; but there is an abstract of his studies on silkworm reflexes, from the Biological Bulletin of 1907.

Among the papers to be read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association, according to the provisional programme, is one by Prof. William M. Davis of Harvard, on the Physiographic Subdivisions of the Appalachian Mountain System. The president of the section, Major E. H. Hills, will advocate the remeasurement of the principal longitudinal and meridianal arcs in the United Kingdom, pointing out that, owing to the fact that the survey of Great Britain and Ireland was one of the first great national surveys, the accuracy of the work, though excellent for the date at which it was performed, does not come up to modern standards. Several American professors are also to deliver lectures in the vacation course, August 10 to 28, of the Oxford School of Geography.

The French Académie des Sciences has awarded for the first time the interest on the 100,000 francs placed at its disposal by Prince Roland Bonaparte for new scientific discoveries or researches. M. Gonessiat, director of the Observatory at Algiers, receives 5,000 francs for the purchase of new instruments; M. Collin, director of the Observatory at Tananarive, 3,000 francs for the publication of a map of "Imérina de Sud," in collaboration with M. Rollet; and other amounts are granted for scientific investigation.

Sir John Banks, honorary physician to the King in Ireland and first president of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland, died July 17 in Dublin. He had been president of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and professor of physic in the University of Dublin. Among his publications are "Clinical Reports of Medical Cases," "Loss of Language in Cerebral Disease," and the article on Typhus in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

Drama.

Arthur Dougherty Rees, author of "Columbus," "The Double Love," etc., has written a blank verse play around the legend of "William Tell" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), and has dedicated it to the principles of human progress, which have raised the Swiss people from a state of slavish subjection to their present position. It has evidently been a labor of love, is inspired by a free and patriotic spirit, and is not wholly devoid of imagination or descriptive power, but is so undramatic in its action and so untheatrical in form as to be wholly unsuitable for stage representation. There are between thirty and forty speaking characters, and nearly all of them indulge in long-winded orations, of which many verge upon the ludicrous in their violence of rant. If Mr. Rees means to write for the theatre, he must acquire some notion, however faint, of the virtues of order, compression, and moderation.

None of Ibsen's dramas reveals so much of Ibsen himself as "Brand," written at Ariccia, Italy, in 1866. For those who would know Ibsen, therefore, it is necessary to know "Brand." But its linguistic and other difficulties are very great, and the English reader finds himself further handicapped by inadequate translations. The John Anderson Publishing Company of Chicago has therefore done a service to students of Ibsen in issuing a text, with introduction and notes by Julius E. Olson, professor of Scandinavian languages in the University of Wisconsin. In an introduction of fifty-five pages he traces the origin of the play; and, from the information gained from all available sources, and especially from Ibsen's "Letters," issued two years ago, he shows "how close this idealistic drama was to the reality of the poet's life." The notes offer an excellent commentary, with numerous references to and significant citations from the now vast body of Ibsen literature. The editor has made special effort to produce a text wholly free from typographical errors. The difficulty of this task we can appreciate when we know that Ibsen himself paid little attention to new editions of his works, and errors of all kinds have crept in.

Bronson Howard, often called "the dean of American dramatists," died at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 5. He was born in Detroit in 1842, and after some experience in journalism, including a residence in London, he took to play-writing. He was author of nearly twenty plays, including: "Saratoga" (1870), "Diamonds" (1872), "Moorcroft" (1874), "The Banker's Daughter" (1878), "Old Love Letters" (1878), "Hurricanes" (1878), "Wives," adapted from Molière (1879), "Young Mrs. Winthrop" (1882), "One of Our Girls" (1885),

"Met by Chance" (1887), "The Henrietta" (1887), "Shenandoah" (1889), "Aristocracy" (1892), "Peter Stuyvesant," in collaboration with Prof. Brander Matthews (1899). "The Banker's Daughter," "Aristocracy," "Shenandoah," "The Henrietta," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" are still more or less popular. In London "Saratoga" has been played under the title "Brighton," "The Banker's Daughter" under "The Old Love and the New," and "Hurricanes" under "Truth"; in Berlin "Saratoga," adapted by Paul Lindau, was given the title "Eine Erste und Einzige Liebe." Mr. Howard was also the author of three books, "Kate—A Comedy" (see the *Nation* of November 15, 1906, p. 421), "Norroy, Diplomatic Agent" (1907), and "Sears on the Southern Seas" (1907).

Music.

Dr. Julius Kapp, 20 Eschersheimerlandstrasse, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, is preparing a book on Franz Liszt and would be glad to receive any hitherto unpublished letters, documents, or authentic reports relating to him.

Under the title "Bach's Mass in B Minor, in Cambridge, 1908," a little book has been issued in England containing three papers; one by Sedley Taylor, "On the Circumstances under Which Bach Composed His B Minor Mass"; one by Dr. Allan Gray, "On the Structure of That Work"; and another by Mr. Taylor, "On the Revival of Bach's Choral Works after Nearly a Century of Apparent Extinction." Another English publication of value to Bach lovers is a catalogue of his choral works, issued by Novello & Co. It includes short descriptions of the works and information likely to be useful to intending performers.

"The Evolution of Modern Orchestration" is the title of a book of Dr. Louis A. Coerne to be issued in the autumn by the Macmillan Co.

The season at Covent Garden, London, which has just closed, proved the most successful in the annals of the Grand Opera Syndicate. Eighty-one performances were given, Verdi leading with 21, Wagner coming next with 15, followed by Puccini with 14. The operas given, with the number of performances, were: "Aïda" 4, "Armida" 2, "Barbiere di Siviglia" 6, "Bohême" 5, "Carmen" 2, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" 4, "Faust" 2, "Fedora" 1, "Fliegender Holländer" 2, "Huguenots" 3, "Lucia" 6, "Madama Butterfly" 4, "Manon Lescaut" 3, "Meistersinger" 3, "Otello" 5, "Pescatori di Perle" 3, "Rigoletto" 5, "Tannhäuser" 2, "Tosca" 2, "Traviata" 7, "Tristan und Isolde" 3, "Walküre" 3. It is encouraging to find Verdi's "Otello" so prominent in the list with five representations; but where is "Il Trovatore"? The trend of taste in England is also indicated by the repertory chosen for the Moody-Manners English opera company, which begins its season on the seventeenth of this month. It includes four Wagner operas, besides such favorites as "Faust," "Trovatore," "Aïda" "Madame Butterfly," La Bohême," "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria." The four Wagner operas are "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger."

Art.

Screens and Galleries in English Churches. By Francis Bond. Pp. xii.+192. New York: Henry Frowde.

Mr. Bond is the author of a most valuable book on the Gothic art of England—a huge volume, which was duly noticed in these columns (August 9, 1906, p. 126). With great propriety, he treats now, in a separate work, the peculiarly English subject of those partitions which, under such names as chancel screen, choir screen, rood screen, rood loft, and gallery, were as essential as roof and wall to an English church. He deals with the subject "from an evolutionary point of view," and shows how the need of high and rather solid screens followed from the opening of the great window in the square east end, so common in English church architecture, and so peculiar to the island. He shows how much the old churches have lost in internal beauty and fitness from the destruction of those screens in recent times. For it is a matter of repeated regret and reproach—the freedom of nineteenth-century vicars in moving and destroying the screens of their churches; although, as our author says (p. 139), there has never been a legal order permitting the destruction of a screen:

> It is just as much rank contempt of the law to destroy a screen—one vicar in the last century had the destruction of three on his conscience—as it is to destroy the font or the altar, or anything else. A faculty* is necessary if a screen is to be destroyed.

The screen built across the chancel, or the choir, and separating it from the nave, may be traced to the low enclosure which was needed to fence off the reserved place for the choristers. But the rood screen also, as a strong foundation needed to support the rood beam and its cross and reliquaries, is of the earliest times; and these two wall-like members were easy to combine into one—into the choir screen. This is found to be now a screen of columns, now a piece of elaborate joinery in wrought and sculptured oak; here it was massive, there open and hardly more than a symbolical barrier; again, it became a solid stone construction, as, most notably, in Albi Cathedral, of late Gothic type, or in Notre Dame of Chartres, of rich neo-classic style. In the eighteenth century, high wrought-iron grilles take its place. Of English screens, at least 150 are figured in the excellent half-tone illustrations and measured drawings of this volume.

It is not easy to praise too highly the simple and effective presentation of the subject, and the interest of the book to all persons who care for ecclesiology or for decorative art. It is the work of an enthusiast whose zeal is informed with full knowledge. It may please some purists to know that, whereas the author prints the word "choir" in his earlier book, he has adopted the remoter form "quire" for the new volume—forgetting the change only once, so far as we have observed.

*"Faculty: A written dispensation granted by the bishop of a diocese, or his chancellor, to enable certain things to be done which, without such permission, the law would not authorize to be performed." From "A Glossary of Liturgical and Ecclesiastical Terms," by the Rev. Frederick George Lee.

E. P. Dutton & Co. bring out the first volume, dealing with ancient art, of an English translation of a "History of Art," by Dr. G. Carotti, professor in the Milan Academy of Fine Arts, and lecturer in the University of Rome. The translation is by Miss Alice Todd, who has had the help of Mrs. Arthur Strong "in some of the stiffer archæological passages, and in the rendering of names." This assistance would hardly seem to amount to the "revision" promised on the title page, Mrs. Strong especially disclaiming responsibility for any of the views expressed in the book. Professor Carotti has wished to do on a larger scale something like what Solomon Reinach has done in his admirable "Apollo," and the get-up of the two books is similar—a small and closely printed page, with a profusion of illustrations on too minute a scale to serve for much more than memoranda of the works spoken of. The ground covered in the present volume is that of Chapters iii. to x., inclusive, of "Apollo" (Professor Carotti does not concern himself with prehistoric art); and the 350 pages of text correspond to some 72 of Reinach's, the pages containing much the same amount of matter, while there are 540 illustrations, against 128 in the "Apollo." But if Professor Carotti is thus enabled to give us more detail, he has neither the grasp and lucidity nor the charm of Reinach. His book is dryer reading, and will hardly convey so definite a conception of the character of the art discussed in it. "Apollo" will still remain the best popular history of art in existence, but the present work will prove a valuable supplement, which may be recommended for reading in connection with the earlier one. Whether the fault be that of the author or the translator, the style is often difficult, and sometimes confused to the verge of unintelligibility. As might be expected, there are occasional differences of opinion between the two authors, particularly as to the age of art in Egypt and as to the date of the Venus of Milo, which statue Reinach places much earlier than any one else. Professor Carotti expressly agrees with Reinach, however, in calling the figure an Amphitrite.

A translation of Edm. Solmi's "Leonardo da Vinci" has been added to the biographical series Geisteshelden (Berlin: Ernst Hofmann & Co.). The merits of Solmi's work, which appeared last year in a second edition (Florence: Barbèra), are so well known, that we need recall only that in spite of its compactness it is the most complete and accurate collection of biographical data concerning Leonardo. It has the advantage of approaching him as a whole without especial prepossession, artistic or scientific. This authorized German version by Emmi Hirschberg is well done,

and should be useful to students who do not read Italian. The letter press is better than that of the Italian edition, and there are nine plates, of which, however, three are taken from originals of more than doubtful authenticity. Solmi's book was written as a sort of condensed epitome of a great work on Leonardo in his relation to his contemporaries, for the appearance of which all Leonardists still wait eagerly.

Signor Nathan, the Syndic of Rome, is desirous of avoiding all unnecessary destruction of the fortifications of the ancient city and is making common cause with the archæological authorities. One question under discussion is where openings may best be made in the long, unbroken tract of old walls between the Porta Sebastiano and the Porta San Giovanni. Signor Boni and his associates suggest the reopening of three old gates, which are now closed, the Porta Latina, Porta Metronia, and Porta Asinaria. These three arches would provide sufficient approaches to the new quarter beyond them for some time to come. Signor Boni also suggests the conversion of the Via Latina into a wide boulevard. This plan would give room for the excavation of the tombs which stood on each side of the Via Latina, and for their future preservation in gardens on both sides of the road. The tracts of old wall between the Porta San Lorenzo and the Porta Maggiore and the Porta Maggiore and Porta San Giovanni present a more difficult problem. In the first case the needs of the railway require a wide opening at one place which, if made at the acute angle now proposed, would destroy a considerable stretch of wall. Here the only alternative is that the railway should be curved so as to approach the walls more nearly at a right angle. As for the needed exits between the Porta Maggiore and the Porta San Giovanni—where the old walls carry the Claudian aqueduct—it is suggested by Signor Boni that openings be made through the arches of the aqueduct itself which in some places would furnish a sufficiently wide passage without further alterations.

An interesting discovery has again been made on the Roman Forum. Inside a small drain beneath the pavement of the Clivus Palatinus have been found eighty-six seals with various artistic devices, such as the wolf and the twins, Mars and Venus, Cupid, Mercury, Isis, Fortuna, Silenus with a boar's head, and many figures of animals; also extensive remains of lamps, one of which is ornamented with the figure of an Eastern god inscribed *mystikon*.

A new entrance to the Forum has been planned at the end of the Via Cavour, where the temporary office of the excavations used to stand, and where now about 3,000 cubic metres of earth have been removed. It is hoped that the old gateway of the Farnese gardens on the Palatine, which is now scattered in fragments, may be made to serve as the entrance.

A strong committee of French artists has now been formed with the object of securing for painters, sculptors, designers, and others the legal rights already granted to authors and dramatists. There will be a meeting in October, when many of the artists who are now absent from Paris will have returned to town. Thus far, the presidents of the two leading salons, as well as of the Association des Artistes, Peintres, Graveurs et Architectes, the Salon d'Automne, the Société des Artistes Indépendants, and the Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique, as also several prominent representatives of those associations, including no fewer than seven members of the Institute, have already declared themselves in sympathy with the objects of the association. Other supporters of the movement are Armand-Pierre-Marie Dayot, inspector-general of fine arts, and Paul-Arthur Cheramy, the well known collector. The latter, who is a retired lawyer, has submitted to the French minister of public instruction a draft bill providing for the payment to artists of a royalty or percentage upon the amount paid for their works every time they change hands. This idea originated with Frantz Jourdain, president of the Salon d'Automne and of the Syndicat de la Propriété Artistique.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts has awarded the Premier Grand Prix de Rome to Paul Marcel Damman, a young engraver of twenty-three; the Premier Second Grand Prix to Henri Dropsy; and the Deuxième Second Grand Prix to Charles Fraisse.

At Christie's, London, July 17 and 20, the following pictures were sold: Reynolds, Mrs. Robinson as Perdita, £378; Raeburn, Mrs. Kerr, £336; J. Linnell, sr., Milking-Time, £304.

A cable dispatch from Berlin announces the death, last Wednesday, of Kuno von Uechtritz, the well-known sculptor of Berlin. Von Uechtritz was born in Breslau in 1856. His principal statues are the Moltke in Breslau, the Bismarck at Grimme, the Chinese war monument at Tientsin, and the Steuben memorial which received a gold medal at St. Louis.

Joseph Henderson, a Glasgow painter of portraits and sea pieces, has died at the age of seventy-six.

Finance.

THE STOCK MARKET "BAROMETER."

That the movement of prices in the stock market is an accurate forecast of coming changes in general trade has long been a commonplace. Ample demonstration of Wall Street's "barometric" capacities has been afforded in the case of the recent panic and present business depression—a fact which makes all the more interesting the present "readings" of the instrument.

It will be recalled that, so far as the records of carefully prepared averages may be relied upon, the stock market made "high tide" in January, 1906, more than two months before the San Francisco disaster. By that time, moreover, the bond market was in such condition that railways and other companies whose needs compelled provision of fresh capital, were obliged to resort to "short-term notes" or convertible bonds, finding it impossible to make issues of ordinary long-term bonds on satisfactory terms. The speculative debauch begun in August, 1906, by the "Harriman dividends" temporarily reversed the ebbing tide, but in December, 1906, the waters were rapidly receding. Thus the bond market gave fully two years' warning of the depression that is now with us; and, even reckoning from the "Harriman boom" of August, 1906, the stock market reflected coming events at least one year in advance.

The modern theory of business "depressions" recognizes that they are primarily the result of contraction in the volume of new capital available for enterprise. According to this theory, whatever checks the flow of capital into new undertakings brings about a general halt in production and reduces consumption materially, as people are thrown out of work. The conditions thus brought about are commonly described as "bad times"—like the present. When capital ceases to seek investment, the turn of the business tide is at hand. Now, the securities which are bought and sold in Wall Street—stocks and bonds—represent this kind of capital. The prices of these securities represent the valuation of this kind of invested capital; and this valuation is made by that keen and subtle business faculty—the speculative instinct. Consequently, the price list of representative securities in Wall Street represents the record of the most sensitive business nerve centres—seismographs, one might say, at times—presented in its simplest form. In 1906 the bond market showed the scarcity of capital for conservative investment, and showed it most clearly; in 1907 the stock market, which began to decline in January, and crashed in March, plainly evidenced a state of things that did not finally show itself in trade until twelve months later. In other words, Wall Street registered one to two years in advance the progressive scarcity of capital to which our present business depression must be ascribed, and it did so simply because it had to.

Now, it is important to note that, before the business contraction had had time to make itself fully visible to the naked eye (in bank clearings, railway returns, etc.), the Wall Street barometer had started to rise. The lowest "readings" were made in October, 1907, and at the end of July, 1908, the level was higher than in July, 1907. The business depression was at its greatest in June. Taking the average price of twenty active railway stocks as kept by a Wall Street publication for twenty years, the highest "reading" was about 138, in January, 1906, and the lowest 81, in October, 1907. At present the level is about 106, as against about 104 at the end of July, 1907. Thus at the climax of the business depression the "barometer" has risen almost half-way from the lowest to the highest. What does

this mean? Can we take it as evidence that the business depression is soon to pass away—as the "Sunshine" and "Prosperity" clubs tell us? Allowing for the existence of "manipulation" of prices, and of "speculation" of a concentrated type in high places, there is no disguising the fact that the sharp and sustained recovery of stock prices is a good sign as bearing upon the future of business. And yet the continued sluggishness of the bond market is a very curious portent, and one which suggests that possibly there may be necessary some correction of the "barometric readings" taken simply from the stock market. It is admitted by all experts that the bond market is most disappointing, in view of the low rates for money. It was hoped that the July disbursements of interest and dividends would stimulate investment in bonds, but they failed to do so, and we have had the strange spectacle of 1 per cent. call money, a "booming" stock market, and a bond market without animation. All those whose business it is to cater for the strict investment public agree in saying that the demand for investments is very small.

From these facts, it would seem that the new capital available for investment in enterprise has this time been willing to take speculative risks, rather than engage in the safer and more humdrum paths of employment. In the recovery that followed the 1893-1896 depression, the first sign of the better times coming was found in the extensive refunding operations on a 3½ per cent. basis, started by the Lake Shore, and followed by other railways, with good credit, such as Northwestern and New York Central. The accumulated capital sought first the most conservative type of investments, finally flowing down into the speculative classes. Ten years ago the public bought the first mortgage bonds of good or reorganized properties, and the bankers and syndicates had to carry the stocks. Now the public has taken away the stocks (in "odd-lot" purchases), and the bonds languish in bankers' hands and on the shelves of bond-jobbers. In the ten years of "boom"—1897-1907—stocks and bonds a-plenty were made to suit every one's taste, until last year neither stocks nor bonds could be sold, and only short loans could be effected. Now the public seems to prefer Union Pacific stock at 150 to Union Pacific 4 per cent. bonds at 95. The inference is that there has not been enough accumulation of new capital for new enterprise to affect both the stock and the bond market. If this inference is correct, then arguments from the stock market to business conditions must be qualified to some extent, so far as the near future is concerned—in other words, the "barometric readings" will have to be corrected for error in a degree measured by the sluggishness of the bond market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amundsen, Roald. The North-West Passage. E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. $8 net.

Beaven, Rev. Alfred B. The Aldermen of the City of London. London: Eden, Fisher & Co.

Caffin, Charles H. A Child's Guide to Pictures. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.

Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Classified Catalogue. 1902-1906. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.

Carpenter, Mary L. Essentials of Dietetics. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Chapin, Eugene W. Lincoln: The Man of Sorrow. Chicago: Lincoln Temperance Press.

Garnett, Porter. The Bohemian Jinks. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50 net.

Holland, Henry Scott. The Optimism of Butler's Analogy. Henry Frowde.

Homeri, Opera. Edited by Thomas W. Allen. Vols. III. and IV. Henry Frowde.

Hyatt, Stanley Portal. The Little Brown Brother. London: Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

Janitschek, Maria. Eine Liebesnacht. Leipsic: Verlag von B. Elischer Nachfolger.

Kearny, Stephen Watts, The 1820 Journal of. Valentine Mott Porter, editor. St. Louis: Missouri Historical Society.

Kellogg, Vernon L. Insect Stories. Henry Holt & Co.

Kirkland, Caroline. Some African Highways. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. $1.50

Locy, William A. Biology and Its Makers. Henry Holt & Co.

McClung, Nellie L. Sowing Seeds in Danny. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Morse, William Inglis. Acadian Lays and Other Verse. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.

Morton, Walter S. Hydraulic-Fill Dams. Morton & Burritt.

Norton, Frederick Owen. A Lexiconographical and Historical Study of Διαθήκη. The University of Chicago Press. 79 cents.

Oldmeadow, Ernest. Aunt Maud. The McClure Co.

Osborne, Charles Francis (editor). Historic Houses and Their Gardens. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. $6.

Potted Fiction. Ed. by John Kendrick Bangs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Privat, Edmond. Esperanto at a Glance. Fleming H. Revell Company. 15 cents net.

Privat, Edmond. Esperanto in Fifty Lessons. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents net.

Sabine, Alvah Horton. House Painting. John Wiley & Sons. $1 net.

St. Luz, Berthe. Tamar Curze. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.

Shaw, Bernard. The Commonsense of Municipal Trading. London: A. C. Fifield. 6d.

Slosson, Annie Trumbull. A Dissatisfied Soul. Bonnell, Silver & Co. 75 cents net.

Smith, Arthur. The Game of Go. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

Tennyson, The Works of. Eversley Edition. Vols. III. and IV. The Macmillan Co.

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The Week.

Mr. Bryan is much pained because President James W. Van Cleave of the National Association of Manufacturers does not approve the "labor plank" of the Democratic platform, and in the last issue of the *Commoner* Mr. Bryan has expressed his grief. The Democratic plank, he assures us, does not, as Mr. Van Cleave asserts, demand "class favors." "The laboring men," says Mr. Bryan with much unction, "resent an attempt to discriminate against them in favor of any other class." Apparently, however, they do not resent an attempt to discriminate against other classes in favor of the laboring men; for here is part of that plank in which Mr. Bryan takes such pride:

> The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.

This, if it means anything, means that labor organizations shall be exempt from the operation of the anti-Trust law. That law is general in its terms and relates to labor organizations only in so far as it relates to all other organizations in restraint of trade. If this plank is not intended to make an exception of labor, it is not intended for anything but buncombe.

That the Democratic National Committee is experiencing difficulty in raising money is evident from the fact that such unusual methods are mooted as inducing labor unions to impose an assessment for Mr. Bryan, or sending out solicitors to make direct appeals and to take up collections. It is impossible not to sympathize, not with Mr. Bryan's managers merely, but with any honest campaign committee which endeavors to raise money as it should be raised—by the voluntary gift of the many voters interested in the election. The truth is that our electorate has been pauperized. It has been led, with good ground, to believe that individuals seeking private gain or public office would "put up" the money. Thus only a day or so ago it was announced that the Republican officeholders in Philadelphia would be assessed. And for what? Not to carry Pennsylvania, but to amass a fund for other States. The voter needs to be enlightened as to his duty to contribute to a cause in which he is vitally interested. His present attitude reminds one of the anecdote told of a stingy church member who always declined to contribute to church expenses, because, as he said, he believed salvation was free. A wise old deacon who had labored with him retorted: "My friend, we must discriminate: salvation is free, but religion is expensive." Politics, like religion, is expensive. The trouble is that the wrong people have been eager to foot the bills.

Mr. Taft is evidently tired of being held responsible for the Brownsville affair. On no other theory can we explain Gen. Henry C. Corbin's publication of President Roosevelt's telegram from Porto Rico, insisting that the order of discharge be executed without regard to "the yelling either of the politicians or the sentimentalists." President Roosevelt, too, must be convinced that the publication will help Taft, for he cheerfully declares: "Gen. Corbin's statement is absolutely correct, and it was entirely proper that he should make it." The clear inference is that the President and the other managers of the Republican campaign are a bit nervous about the negro vote, and are unwilling to take any greater risks in regard to it. The telegram from Porto Rico is of further interest as showing how our government is run. Mr. Roosevelt had inflicted the punishment, as usual, "after due deliberation." Mr. Taft, the responsible head of the War Department, had doubts about the matter, and wished to look into it more fully; but his desire was coolly disregarded by a President who rode over him roughshod. If this be due deliberation, what would be indecent haste?

The cordial welcome extended to Admiral Sperry's fleet of battleships at Auckland, New Zealand, is best interpreted as a spontaneous outpouring of good wishes to our sailors upon their first long practice voyage of circumnavigation. Of course, there are those who see in this natural ebullition evidence of a relaxed tension of the Australasian mind. We are to suppose, according to this view, that New Zealand has feared a descent by the Japanese navy. It may be well, however, to remember that Great Britain keeps a far larger squadron of cruisers in Eastern waters than any other Power, so that, even without our ships, the British colonies in the Pacific are not quite defenceless. Without falling into the somewhat magniloquent tone of the London *Daily Telegraph*, which in consequence of the arrival of our fleet at Auckland acclaims us "no longer a Western, but a cosmic Power," we may heartily echo the wish that our navy's cruise may sensibly promote the principles of the Hague Peace Conference.

The shocking thing about the cold-blooded massacre of the non-union men by the strikers in Alabama is that it does not come as a surprise. It has become second nature for some Southerners to express their minds with gun and noose. On Sunday morning "several determined men" did so—by taking from the jail in Tifton, Ga., an eighteen-year-old negro boy and hanging him, because he made an "impertinent remark" to a white girl. This does not surprise us, either; it is an old story. Our record in the North is far from spotless; we have had our outbreaks of savage violence, too. Now the South is more than ever paying the penalty for its long indulgence in lawlessness, for its long tolerance of private revenge. The wild justice of lynch law is breaking down into mad injustice. Public opinion exercises little restraining force. Murder, as the horror-stricken Tolstoy cries, is the prolific breeder of murder. Hence peculiar interest attaches to the present lawlessness on a large scale. The Governor of Alabama is showing commendable vigor in sending troops to the mining country; the question is whether they will enforce the laws and whether public opinion will support them. "Guarding" a train without cartridges is a poor beginning.

The movement of railway employees to coöperate with the companies in the

campaign for higher freight rates has made rapid progress, and has extended from the East to the Central West. The reason is not hard to divine. The roads want to make money, hut they are unpopular. In the contest with the shippers, who are more numerous, the railways want an ally and seek it in their own employees. The employee is practically told by the companies: "Unless we can get higher rates, we must cut your pay; unite with us, and make the shipper and the consumer pay the bill." Naturally, the employee adopts the view that for the time being his interests run parallel to his employer's, but opposed to the general public's. He argues that it is better to parcel out the increased freight rates among the 80,000,000 consumers than cut the wages of a million and a half of railway men. But some facts he forgets. One big reason for the falling railway profit is the continuance of high wage scales origiually extorted by employees during boom times. Another fact is that many wage reductions have been made in other industries; another, that many dividends of carriers have been cut or suspended; and still another, that higher freights will in some instances lessen the traffic and decrease the demand for railway labor.

The answer which the Reading Railway Company makes in the suit brought by the government against the anthracite roads under the Hepburn act illustrates two things, from hoth of which the plain citizeu hegs an early deliverance. The first is the practice of large corporations of disclaiming responsibility for their acts by interposing an *alter ego* which is hy legal fiction distinct from the corporation accused. Thus the Reading Railway Company maintains that it has no interest direct or indirect in anthracite coal carried over its lines, because there is an underlying "Reading Company" which owns a controlling interest in both the railway and the mining company. If wickedness is suspected, the prosecution must unearth this monster, not the innocent transportation company under the presidency of George F. Baer. In law this may be a valid plea, but the individuals interested in the three concerns are not unacquainted with each other. The legal subterfuge moreover embitters the public, which may one day show its teeth. The other matter which the suit illustrates is the loose drafting of anti-Trust statutes. For it is possibly true, not only in law but in fact and reason, that what the Reading Railway Company avers as to the unconstitutionality of the commodity clause of the Hepburn act is true. Not that we are impressed by the contention that regulation of interstate commerce can never rise to the point of prohibiting certain forms of commerce. But the express exemption of lumber from the operation of the law, and the inclusion of coal, may taint the statute. The plea may be made that equal protection of the law is denied to similar corporations, and that thus the constitutional validity of the act is impaired.

Since the time that the prophets of Baal took a bullock and placed it on the altar and called upon the name of their god from morning until night, and "cried aloud and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them," there has heen no exhibition of a belief in incantation comparahle to the approaching Interstate Prosperity Congress. This organized commercial faith cure is to he let loose upon us at the close of this week. The grotesqueness of the plan strikes foreign observers even more forcihly than it strikes our own unreflecting people. The Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* derides this flourish of trumpets to exorcise the evil spirits of commercial depression, and warns its readers against relying on an artificially induced prosperity, lest a still further recession in export trade follow. No one who knows the true psychological character of the gradual growth of mutual confidence, its liability to sudden chills, and its long periods of suspended animation, will ever take stock in its galvauic revival—even by the comhined attempts of two organized hodies of commercial travellers. Prosperity is a maiden hoth shy and coy, not to he caught hy the tom-tom and the sackbut and the hass drum. He does more to cajole her into reappearance who quietly saws wood and waits.

Gov. Magoon's jubilations upon the successful working of the new election law in Cuba seem to have been somewhat premature. That the contest passed off peacefully is solid ground for satisfaction, but the delay in the count because of the complications and technicalities of the law must be regarded as unfortunate. It was necessarily something of an experiment—this trying upon a politically inexperienced people like the Cubans an elaborate election scheme which was the outcome of years of trial and error by a sophisticated electorate like our own. The workings of the uew statute will not be smooth and rapid until and unless the Cuban voter swings into the familiar grooves which eliminate friction. But the tardiness to proclaim officially the successful Governors and Mayors, while it may have been unavoidable, is likely to create a suspicion of official tampering with the ballot. The elections of the Governor of Santiago and the Mayor of Havana have already been protested by some of the parties.

On August 5, 1858, fifty years ago, the end of the first Atlantic cable was brought ashore at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. But not until August 16, with the arrival of the first message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, did the real celehration begin. The church hells rang, factories hlew their whistles, the river front was illuminated hy fireworks and bonfires, there was a great processiou. Mr. Field was well entitled to all the praise showered upon him. He had been dubbed a crazy man, had sacrificed his husiness, and had previously made two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cahle. Unfortunately for all the rejoicings, for some unknown reason the cahle stopped working just at the time of the great official celebration. For Mr. Field this meant doing the work over again. The old company had exhausted its means, a new one had to be formed, and fresh capital raised. The task was finally accomplished, by the aid of the Great Eastern, on Septemher 8, 1866, after another failure in 1865. It is hard for the newspaper reader of to-day or the merchant, to realize what he owes to the cable, or to gauge the thrill that went through the whole world a half-century ago. In our time great inventious have followed so closely on one another's heels that the discovery of wireless telegraphy is but a week's wonder, and evokes no muuicipal dinner or civic parade. Even the record-breaking flight of the Zeppelin airship, which may figure in history as the real beginning of man's conquest of the air, is accepted,

with the telephone and a hundred other conveniences, as merely another and well-discounted triumph of science.

The disaster to Count Zeppelin's airship makes it evident that one of the most serious problems is to care for such a craft when it is suddenly compelled to face a heavy storm and descend. Giant balloon houses cannot be erected at every crossroads, and hills to hide behind are not always convenient. Moreover, if the airship has successfully landed, the lifting and pounding when it is on the ground in a breeze may knock it to pieces. The collapsible type has this advantage over the rigid-frame Zeppelin airship, that a length of 450 feet is not exposed to every wind that blows. This view, however, is in part opposed by Dr. Hugo Eckner, an expert who has been at Friedrichshafen during the Zeppelin experiments. Writing in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, he argues that the rigid airship should have less trouble in reaching the ground than any other, because it responds more readily to its rudders, and when on the ground is more easily controlled. He thinks Zeppelin's greatest discovery, if one may so term it, is in finding that we need pay less attention to stability than had been believed hitherto; that a certain amount of instability makes for greater mobility and easier steering. Dr. Eckner points out, too, that aerial pilots have not yet had time or opportunity to develop a science of landing by experimenting. He suggests that there is a marked parallel here between the airship and the steamship. A new hand could not, of course, dock the Lusitania without disaster; and the captain of any steamer has to learn all of her little eccentricities of steering and of manœuvring before he can feel absolutely in control of her actions. This problem of acquiring knowledge in handling the airship in restricted spaces and in rising and in falling Dr. Eckner thinks serious; the anchoring and fastening of the ship, once it has landed, he regards as "altogether secondary." Whether his opinion will change, after last week's disaster, remains to be seen. Then, too, warm advocate of Zeppelin's type of airship that Dr. Eckner is, he is compelled to admit that there is a definite limit to the possibility of landing in a strong wind—just how strong is yet to be determined.

What has become of that dreadful weapon of mediæval times, Sir Walter Scott, and childhood days—excommunication by the Church? The outsider, one, that is, who stands outside of France and the Roman Catholic Church, finds it hard to follow the line of subtle distinctions which made it possible for M. Fallières, with the brand of excommunication on his brow, to witness his daughter's marriage sacrament in church as though he were one of his pious Breton fellow-citizens. With M. Fallières every French official concerned in the enactment of the Separation Law of 1905 was condemned, yet among the wedding guests on Monday were members of the present cabinet of persecution. Was the circumstance that they came as individuals, and not as a delegation, sufficient to raise the ban? If so, the Church was evidently making use of an instrument of offence to which nothing formidable but the name attaches. The reason for the attitude of tolerance assumed by the Church is that neither its leaders nor those of the State are prepared to go to extremes when it comes to uprooting century-old social habits in the nation. Some time ago M. Jaurès, for whom, if for any one in France after M. Combes, the stake and the fagots could consistently be revived, came in for bitter censure at the hands of the violent anti-clericals, because he had allowed his daughter to come up for confirmation. His reply in part was one that most Frenchmen would accept as final—it was the mother's desire, and the claims of affection outweighed those of consistency. On the other hand, as far as the Church is concerned, actually to deprive the entire ruling class in France of ritual marriage and interment might bring on undesirable consequences. But the outsider, as we have said, will regret the passing of the ancient awe of bell, book, and candle.

The predicted general strike has not come upon Paris. With the abortive strike of the electrical workers last week, it is made apparent that the General Confederation of Labor will be reduced to a state of comparative quiescence. That the government will carry out its threat of suppressing the Confederation altogether seems scarcely probable. That would be an attack on the principle of wage-earners' organization which a powerful party in Parliament would find it necessary to oppose. The General Confederation of Labor, representing the extreme wing of organized labor in France, has attempted to make up in violence what it lacks in numerical strength. The French labor unions have nothing like the huge membership of the English or German, but have been as revolutionary as the others have been pacific. Even in France, however, in general the revolutionary feeling shows signs of decline. When Parisians can regard a strike of electricians with equanimity, a strike which turns their *Ville Lumière* into an abode of darkness in which candles sputter on café tables and the theatres use lamps, the tyranny of labor is being shattered. A few weeks ago the president of the electricians' union, Pataud, *le roi Pataud*, as Paris calls him, announced his determination to lay down office and step back into the ranks. It may be that he foresaw hard times.

A people which bases its prosperity on a feather would seem to be even more unwise than the man who built his house upon the sands; but Cape Colony's ostrich industry has recently experienced a revival which shows that even so light and inconstant a thing as that which women wear in their hats may be subject to the same economic laws that control iron output and grain production. Ostrich-farming in the seventies of the last century yielded such enormous profits as to give rise to a world-wide ostrich boom. California, Australia, South Africa, and Algeria, all went into the business, with the result that prices fell. And just when it was growing possible for the humblest lady in the land to sit under her own ostrich feather, the boom burst—ostrich feathers passed out of style. In 1886 the Cape Colony growers petitioned Queen Victoria to exert herself in their behalf. But in the matter of feathers Hercules is no stronger than a child and a queen than an ordinary woman. Only generals and other gorgeous persons wore ostrich feathers, until, a few years ago, the cycle closed and the plumes came in again. Since then Cape Colony has prospered. In 1907 it exported seven million dollars' worth. But to guard against future competition the government has laid an export tax of $500 on every ostrich and $25 on every egg.

WHY INDEPENDENTS FAVOR TAFT.

The Republican Congressional Campaign Committee has offered a prize for the best essay proving that Mr. Taft and the party whose candidate he is should be returned to power next November. In all the seven thousand manuscripts said to have been submitted not one, we fear, will set forth the predicament which confronts voters on whom party ties sit but lightly, or will explain the motives that will probably actuate them in casting their ballots.

To the matter-of-fact man of a practical turn, the matter resolves itself into a choice between Mr. Taft and his Democratic opponent. Such a person would tell us good-naturedly that of the two evils the lesser is to be chosen, unmindful of the fact that sometimes the best rule is: "Of two evils, choose neither." The alternative is not simply between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, but between either of them and "firing into the air" as a protest against further toleration of either of the two old parties. To hardened politicians or even such "practical men" as Mr. Roosevelt, such refining savors of weakness. But it is to just such weakness that the Republican party owed its origin when the Whigs could not be brought to take a definite stand on the Free Soil issue. It hardly behooves them, therefore, to make light of the ancestry of their own party.

It is quite true that at the present juncture a *via media* seems hard to find. The minor parties command as little confidence as the two large organizations; and to disfranchise one's self in order to make a political protest is indeed a desperate remedy. Had the Democratic party showed any signs of quickening integrity, the situation would be different. But apparently it has a name to live but is dead, benumbed by the volatile persuasiveness of Mr. Bryan's tongue. He himself is as unstable as water. If under such conditions, the independent voter inclines to vote for Mr. Taft, he comforts himself with the following considerations:

First, Taft represents the less venal wing of the Republican party. No one who understands the complexion of that party fails to realize wherein the venality of many of its leaders consists. Such men as Aldrich, Cannon, Depew, and Platt are simply brokers in Legislation, the agents of corporate and partisan interests. To them politics is simply one kind of yellow finance. Places, jobs, and favors bound their political horizon. They "stand pat" because they have about reached the point where no change can give them and their friends a better chance at the public trough. Fortunately the earlier traditions of the party have lodged within its membership a few men of finer clay. Mr. Taft himself belongs to the unsmirched element. This fact qualifies the reluctance which independent voters feel in contemplating his election.

In the second place, the frankness of Mr. Taft's recent utterances in the matter of class legislation is decidedly in his favor. He does not preach obedience to law to the manual toiler with his tongue and suggest sedition by the shrug of his shoulder. He has not minced matters in reference to the boycott. He has come out boldly in defence of the equal rights of unorganized labor. He has scored the violence of strikers. He has stood up calmly and manfully for the integrity of the equity powers of the courts. He has refused to be stampeded by passionate assaults upon the judicial system. He has mercilessly exposed the double-faced insincerity of his opponent's platform in the matter of injunctions. He has declined to be caught by the seductive proposal of a State guarantee of bank deposits. All of these declarations are so distinctly in his favor, that as between Taft and Bryan the balance is well in favor of the Republican candidate.

It is unfortunately true that he accepts some of the impostures that are traditional in his party's camp. He knows that the Republican doctrine of protection—that duties should equal the difference in the money cost of production here and abroad—is fallacious; that a two-cent duty on raw sugar grown abroad to make up for the disability of the pampered beet-sugar producer in this country is a double tax on every consumer; that it takes more out of his pocket than ever finds its way into the public treasury. Mr. Taft knows well enough that the tariff is a hedge behind which the monopolist hides to rob the buyer. He knows also the public perfidy that secured control over the Panama region—and yet he palliates, if he does not condone, that act of Punic faith. These considerations which cannot be avoided make the independent voter at least fearful of what inroads adherence to his party and his late official chief may have wrought in Mr. Taft's native integrity of purpose.

One final consideration which weighs in his favor is his temperamental contrast to the present Chief Executive. He has a judicial training which Mr. Roosevelt has not. He has patient administrative capacity which Mr. Roosevelt has not. He measures his words as Mr. Roosevelt does not. Doubtless, Mr. Taft would disclaim these points of superiority. But on that score we may all rest easy. In the continuance of the Roosevelt policies where they are sane, serviceable, and just, no backward step will be expected of Mr. Taft, if elected. But we are ready for peace. We are ready for a resumption of the dignity of Washington and the urbanity of McKinley. If Mr. Taft will take the Presidency and not the world for his parish, our best wishes will go with him.

THE CAUSE OF FREE TRADE.

The meeting of the International Free-Trade Congress at London last week sets the mind travelling a long way back and a long way forward. The doctrine of free trade has been fairly before the world for discussion since Adam Smith published "The Wealth of Nations," in 1776. There for the first time the theory was stated in fairly complete and popular form. The thesis which he supported so skilfully is this:

> In every country it always is and must be the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest. The proposition is so very manifest that it seems ridiculous to take any pains to prove it; nor could it ever have been called in question, had not the interested sophistry of merchants and manufacturers confounded the common sense of mankind.

In discussing further "Restraints upon Importation," he tells us that "the sneaking acts of underling tradesmen" have been "erected into political maxims for the conduct of a great empire." As to the effect of protection on the relations between nations, what Smith said more than one hundred and thirty years ago is as true as ever:

> Commerce, which ought naturally to be, among nations as among individuals, a bond of union and friendship, has become the most fertile source of discord and animosity. The rapacious ambition of kings and ministers has not, during the present and the preceding century, been more fatal to

the repose of Europe than the impertinent jealousy of merchants and manufacturers.

But in spite of the clearness with which Smith expounded the idea and the vigor with which his successors maintained it, antiquated notions of international commerce held their own in England until a combination of economic force and moral indignation overthrew them. It was the suffering in the "hungry forties" that lent power to the words of Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Ebenezer Elliott, the "corn-law rhymer." The economic argument against an impost on foodstuffs had been fully comprehended by statesmen for more than fifty years; but the entrenched protected interests, in England then as in America to-day, held the country by the throat. It was only when men were starving that the mass of voters could be brought to see that the bread tax had "its maw like the grave." Thus the free trade agitation developed into something far higher and more passionate than a discussion of abstract principles of commerce and finance; it became a part of that larger humanitarian movement which began in the eighteenth century and is still far from spent. It was the humanitarian aspect of the matter, the appeal to spiritual motives, that fired Cobden's zeal. He was disgusted by what Adam Smith had called "the mean rapacity, the monopolizing spirit, of merchants and manufacturers"; he was sickened by the animosities engendered between mighty nations that should dwell in amity; he was horrified by the living death of England's poor. "So convinced am I," he wrote, "that there is no other mode of raising the condition of the working classes in the scale of morality or religion, whilst they are denied by act of Parliament a sufficiency of food, that I have set apart as much of my income as I can spare from other claims for the purpose of effecting the abolition of the Corn Law and Provision Law." Thus England's impulse toward free trade may be fairly described as the setting up of an ideal of liberty and justice in place of monopoly and greed.

The reaction toward protection in England has been possible only because the generation that bred the champions of free trade has passed from the stage. Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone are gone, and with them much of the ardent temper of tbe old Liberalism. The victory seemed to be completely won, the soldiers were resting on their arms, and young England had forgotten or perhaps never knew the issues that once raised such hopes and fears. Taking advantage of this apathy or ignorance, the merchants and manufacturers who are afraid to compete on even terms with the world, and would tax a whole people for the sake of private profit, have made their compact with the Conservative leaders and captured the organization of the party. But in spite of the money that may be poured out to secure special privileges for the few, it is hardly credible that Great Britain will again revert to the half-civilized policy that she long since abandoned.

In this country we yet have a hard road to travel before we reach free trade, or even the nearer stage of a tariff for revenue only. We are and shall remain large producers of grain and meat; and it is therefore unlikely that we shall be driven to free trade, as England was, by the pangs of the millions. The economic argument is still irrefutable; but, while men are earning a fair wage, are fed, and comfortably clad and housed, they are indifferent to general principles. Too many of us hear only the cry of the belly. The evils most apparent here and most likely to touch the popular imagination are the growth of vast monopolies under the shelter of the tariff and the wholesale corruption of our political life. Here the Democrats have had a notable opportunity to press for reform; but in the last three campaigns they have thrown it away, partly because they were stupid, partly because their own hands have not been clean. No justification can be urged for a tariff which permits the Steel Trust to sell its product more cheaply abroad than at home—to mulct every user of steel in this country for the sake of paying dividends on its watered stock. Still more perilous to our institutions is the open traffic in legislation. The protected interests have bought and sold Representatives and Senators like cattle. They have dealt with both sides. When Cleveland was contending for tariff reform, Democrats like Gorman of Maryland deliberately betrayed the cause; and when Republicans have favored a reduction of the tariff they have been thwarted by an Aldrich or a Cannon. The poison of class legislation has run through all the veins of the commonwealth. Protection taints our State Legislatures and even our municipal governments, and debauches whole electorates. In every branch of politics it has tended to make sheer brute commercialism the motive of action and the test of success. And yet neither of our great parties dares to fight it in earnest.

THE PRIMARY NO CURE-ALL.

There is a mixture of ingenuousness and deceit in the complaints of the defects in the direct primary brought out in the recent elections in Kansas, Oregon, Missouri, and Illinois. There are those who really believed that the new institution would be a panacea for all our political ills; that it would, like a magnet, draw every recalcitrant voter to the polls, where he would promptly put the rascals to flight and inaugurate an era of political purity. These innocents are now voicing their disappointment that the primary does not prevent fraud, and that in many cases, the voter being as indifferent to his new opportunity as he was to his old, the noxious machines, party and personal, are not yet completely smashed. On the other hand, the politicians are only too happy to have their doubts about the new law; they can see a hundred objections to it, and are suddenly displaying an altogether amusing solicitude for the sanctity of the ballot and the free expression of the party's will.

From all accounts the primary was seen at its best in Kansas. There, as elsewhere, the candidates were compelled to go before the people. They met, as did Lincoln and Douglas fifty years ago, in joint debates of great length, answering questions freely and giving full accounts of themselves and their political principles. The result was a vindication of our democratic theory of government; the people chose as their servants the men whom they believed to be freest from the domination of corporations and politicians. Moreover, the interest taken was so keen that from Kansas come no such complaints of small attendance as are heard in Missouri and Illinois. Either Kansans are more patriotic, of a better type of citizenship, or their political grievances are more deeply felt. Be that as it may, they showed their intelligence precisely as did the Oregon voters who selected from a handbook of 125 pages the several dozen propositions that pleased

them most and gave the best exhibition of a discriminating electorate this triumphant democracy has seen in many a year. These Oregonians chose a Democrat to represent them in Washington because they knew him as Governor and preferred him as Senator to any of the candidates of the ruling Republican party. This is in itself an amazing achievement which the primary alone made possible.

If the vote was small in Illinois, it was not because of any lack of zeal on the part of the candidates. In that State, as in Tennessee and Kansas, there was not a passage of their records that was not published to the world. There was even an attempt to hold Gov. Deneen responsible for the accidental burning of a boy in a public institution. He was able to defend himself, however, by proving that it was against a radiator put in by his antagonist, ex-Gov. Yates, that the unfortunate child fell. Had it been a Deneen radiator it would have been properly safeguarded! Naturally, when the issues are so trivial, there were many stay-at-homes. In Missouri, the complaint of non-attendance and of other defects seems general. It is thus voiced by the St. Louis *Times*, an excellent independent newspaper:

> The people, as usual, were in the hands of the machine as to the cities. Later returns will be needed to show the relation of the country vote to the popular idea. Altogether, the new primary law is a disappointment and small credit to its framers. Its complications are the least of the objections that may be charged to it. There are no safeguards for the purpose of eliminating the bosses and no element to attract the activity of the people. It is not what it was meant to be—a party vote for nominees—but a scramble in which Republicans may become Democrats for a day if they have no business of their own on hand. In some places Democrats voted Republican tickets for local reasons, and in others. . . . Republicans stepped in and helped the Democrats. . . . In St. Louis thousands were disfranchised yesterday because of their inactivity. They failed to register; others who were registered failed to reach the polls.

The *Post-Dispatch* and *Republic* take a similar view. But the *Times* sees truly that, aside from certain obvious defects, capable of remedy, the responsibility for the outcome rests with the people:

> Under the new order the people cannot resort to the old trick of blaming the bosses. They will find the fault within their own household.

The primary is thus at its worst a means of fixing more clearly than ever upon the voter his responsibility for the welfare of his government. In St. Louis, not less than 63,000 voters, more than 50 per cent. of the city electorate, refused to go to the polls. In Illinois the vote is reported to be so small as to give no true indication of the real strength of the two great parties; only one-third of the Chicago voters turned out. The "advisory vote" for United States Senator aroused little interest, and, as in Oregon, the defeated candidates are now insisting that the Legislature is in no way bound by the outcome of the Senatorial referendum. When we look south, however, to Georgia and Tennessee, it is undeniable that there at least, in the defeat of Gov. Hoke Smith, and of ex-Senator Carmack, the popular will was expressed beyond any doubt.

Serious defects the primary law has, chief among them the ability of Democrats to vote in Republican primaries and *vice versa*. A Republican may assert that he has experienced a change of political faith and participate in a Democratic primary, and yet there is nothing whatever, except his conscience, to prevent his voting for Republicans when he takes his secret ballot on election day. The State cannot make a voter in a primary stick to that party in the election without restricting him in his right to bolt the ticket if his own primary chooses a man he thinks unfit. But granting all this and more besides, the primary remains, we believe, the best weapon against the boss yet invented, and the desire for it shows no signs of abatement. It must come in New York before long; the bosses' opposition to it is its best recommendation. They are well aware that if New York had this institution to-day, they could not for a moment stand in the way of the nomination of Gov. Hughes; that if they did so, they would be snowed under at the polls. Because Gov. Hughes favors direct nominations is one reason why he is hated by the bosses. The Governor knows, of course, that the primary is no cure-all; it is but another means of maintaining government by the people. The voter may neglect it, if he is as indifferent to his trust as heretofore; but if he is roused and in earnest, he can destroy the politicians who attempt to undo him.

SENATOR ALLISON.

When William B. Allison entered Congress, in March, 1863, at the age of thirty-four years, nobody would have predicted for the quiet, unpretentious young man from Iowa the astonishing record of forty-three years of Congressional service which lay before him. It was his fortune to make a Senatorial record surpassing in duration that of any of his contemporaries. He became the "father of the Senate" several years ago, and if his life had been spared to complete the term for which he had already been provisionally chosen, his period of continuous service would have exceeded that of any other Senator from the beginning of the Government till now.

It was not in a halcyon time that Senator Allison played his part. When he first entered the House the civil war was raging; the battle of Gettysburg had not yet been fought. When he entered the Senate the struggle over reconstruction was at its height. Then the currency question became paramount, and the proposal to "pay the bonds with greenbacks" was contested for several years. In this controversy even Senator Sherman turned up on the wrong side. Next in order was the silver problem, and here again Mr. Sherman (now Secretary of the Treasury) proved rather feeble. Then came the resumption of specie payments, as to which there was some hesitation on Sherman's part, although his Congressional record is unblemished. From that time to the present, financial questions have held a great place in legislation and in forensic discussion; and here Senator Allison found ample room for the exercise of his abilities, natural and acquired. It is not too much to say that on that range of debate he was the equal of Sherman while the latter lived, and was his superior on the two critical occasions named. After Sherman's death, he was the leader of the Senate in questions of this kind, although the chairmanship of the Committee on Finance was held by another; for Senator Allison preferred that of Appropriations, which is really the more important of the two.

The most conspicuous act of Mr. Allison's Senatorial career was that by which he caused the abortion of Bland's free silver bill. That measure passed the House by a majority of more than two-thirds. Its effect, if it had become

a law, would have been to make silver the sole standard of value, although its supporters disclaimed any such intention, and affirmed that it would merely restore the former double standard of gold and silver. In the prevailing ignorance and passion of the day, it was evident that Bland's bill would pass the Senate by as large a vote relatively as it received in the House, unless some way could be devised to substitute a less dangerous but more plausible measure. Senator Allison was the man who accomplished this feat, and thus saved the country from the tremendous catastrophe and turmoil that must have ensued from the sudden change of prices, the scaling of debts, and the partial repudiation of contracts, public and private. His substitute for the Bland bill provided that instead of the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1—which would have given an enormous profit to the holders and producers of silver bullion, in all parts of the world—the Government itself should purchase bullion at its market price and coin it into dollars and use these dollars for paying its own debts or purchasing more bullion. This argument for checkmating speculators and saving money for the Government was irresistible. Allison's amendment passed the Senate by a safe majority. Bland perceived at once that his measure was disembowelled, and he made a stout fight against the Senate amendment, but the House concurred, and he was compelled to eat his opponent's leek by voting for the bill with the Allison amendment. Coupled with the latter was a clause authorizing the President to invite the co-operation of other nations in an international monetary conference, the Paris conference of 1878. This also was Allison's conception, his aim being to gain time for the passing away of the silver craze, which, however, lasted acutely fifteen years longer, when President Cleveland caused the repeal of the silver purchasing act. For saving the country from its worst consequences at that time the honors may be fairly divided between Allison and Cleveland.

Senator Allison was a most useful party leader and public servant. His services were not of the kind that are writ large in the newspapers. They did not serve as material for stump speeches, but they made their due impression on his colleagues. It fell to his lot to hold the purse-strings of the national Government. Nobody reaches this distinction unless he has first earned the confidence of his fellow Senators. This confidence was slowly acquired, was fully deserved, and was never forfeited. It was the belief of both houses and of all departments of the Government that the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was honest and economical, but not stingy; that he knew how to refuse as well as how to give, and that he knew when to postpone and when to hasten any desired expenditure. Such qualities of mind and character involve the accumulation of a vast amount of detail and of figures extending over the whole scope of Governmental affairs; and these were possessed by Senator Allison in a wonderful way, although few persons ever took him for a prodigy of statistics unless they had an amendment to a money bill pending in Congress. Then, if there was a vulnerable point in their claim, they would find that the chairman of the committee had discovered it.

Mr. Allison was a fairly good debater, though not a great orator. He was not a leader in the sense of taking position in advance of his party or of the average public opinion of his State. He was not a believer in protective tariffs, but since the public sentiment of his State was strongly in favor of that policy, he did not see why he should go out of public life by antagonizing it. A hundred instances could be found in his career where he veered with the winds that blew across Iowa, although not upon questions which in his opinion involved fundamental principles of morality. His sagacity in knowing the present and divining the future state of the public mind was unsurpassed. Not otherwise could he have held so long the confidence of the great State whose Senator he was. His personal qualities were attractive, his kindness of heart genuine and unaffected, and he was as free from ostentation as he was impervious to flattery.

THE HIGHER FOOLISHNESS.

"Can we have good government?" is the question raised by Attorney-General Bonaparte in *The World To-day* for August. In discussing this burning question, Mr. Bonaparte reminds us—by contrast—of Matthew Arnold. When that Oxford poet and social critic, whom certain of his own countrymen designated as a "high priest of the kid-glove persuasion," visited our shores some years ago and talked to us about the dangers of a democracy, and the necessity of listening to our higher selves, we listened to him with mild derision. We condescended to him as an emissary from the "home of lost causes" to the home of triumphant causes. We believed that all his fine talk about sweetness and light was the amiable moonshine of an unpractical dreamer. We chimed in with his English critics who kept exclaiming, "Why don't you *do* something?" If there is one thing, that, as a people, we abominate more than another, it is the man who refuses to put his shoulder to our wheel, but insists on standing by and talking about a better wheel of his own. Mr. Bonaparte is perfectly free from that unpopular and unpractical taint which characterized Matthew Arnold, and which is now known in university circles as the "higher foolishness."

To the question whether we can have good government Mr. Bonaparte answers only indirectly. But of one thing he is sure—we can never have it from the dreams of political Utopians. It is all very well to talk about your "favorite panacea," but the one thing needful is to act. "The beauties visible to the eye of faith in the more or less distant day of its practical acceptance in nowise help us to deal with the scoundrel, etc." Though Mr. Bonaparte seems to make an honest effort to do justice to the possible future usefulness of those who are in pursuit of perfection, it is obviously a difficult task for him:

> In no small measure the "d—n literary fellers" *have* "gone into politics," though not precisely as the politicians would understand the term, and the results of their doing so are good for them and good for the American people.

But—and this is the burden of his message—our salvation is not in their hands. We can have good government only from the hands of those who, "letting Utopia take care of itself," vigorously and unceasingly *act*. Though this message is rather strongly reminiscent of another practical reformer with whom Mr. Bonaparte has been associated, it does express pretty well the common feeling that there is not much place in our society for the Miltonic servant who only stands and waits.

There is one weak spot in Mr. Bonaparte's armor. The great obstacle to reform, he admits, is that the "nation, State, or city does not wish hard enough for good government to make bad government impossible." Why not? Simply because a democracy is made up of middling good people muddling along a middling good path which they have made for themselves, and from which they are extremely hard to divert. Simply because to the whole-souled democrat the pursuit of perfection is the higher foolishness. The practical reformer reckons with the self-satisfaction of the multitude. He attempts few radical changes, because he knows that the multitude is naturally averse to innovation. He is satisfied if he gains a little here and a little there. He justifies his means by his end. He does not hesitate to use bad men. He dares to do because he does *not* dare to dream. He compromises with every one till in the end he compromises with himself. The hand of the dyer is subdued to that wherein he works. Finally he passes, even among his former friends, for a half-Machiavelli. It is men like this that cast discredit on the whole cause of reform, and weaken in city, State, and nation the propelling wish for good government.

It is at this point in the career of the "practical reformer" that we begin to value the apostle of the higher foolishness who only waits and dreams. We begin to see that the vital wish proceeds out of his capacity for falling violently in love with what he never expects to possess. We cease to despise his Utopianism when we recognize that in it thrives the overmastering desire for perfection which is the mainspring of all practical reform. We may hate him because he wishes us to abandon the easy ways that we like for the difficult ways that we do not like; but at the same time we are flattered by his faith in our better selves. In these reforming days how many reforms have flagged and failed because the leaders have thought the people worse than they really are? Misled by a belief in the badness and tolerance of their fellowmen, the short-sighted leader thinks it unnecessary to keep his garments "unspotted from the world." Even the people have enough of the higher foolishness to refuse to be reformed by men who are as bad or worse than they are themselves. It is not that they think bad men incapable of good work; it is that their sheer pigheadedness or idealism kills the desire for good work if it must come from bad hands. It is not conceit of their own virtue, nor hypocrisy; it is the Falstaffian humor—if ever I am drunk again, it shall be with gentlemen and God-fearing men, and not with drunken knaves. It is more than that; it is a lurking conviction that a democracy can improve itself only by entrusting its destinies to those who represent its faith and not its practice, and will dare to hold it up to the level of its highest discontent.

To preserve this is the special function of the higher foolishness. It is a thankless task, but indispensable to the man who acts and to the people. We need the apostles of the higher foolishness to preserve us against the wisdom of parties and the lower foolishness of the average man. It is their business to commit political suicide to encourage the others—to go down with the ship rather than give it up. When they cannot have what they want, it is their business to take nothing at all. By repeatedly demonstrating how single-mindedly they desire what they cannot have, they gradually enhance its value in the eyes of others, and so through them the rest grow slowly wise.

TURKEY AND HER NATIONALITIES.

The Turkish revolutionary party, like most men and parties in the moment of high and unexpected triumph, shows signs of being carried off its feet. Already the people of Constantinople have forced the resignation of the first constitutional cabinet, because the ministers have in the past stood too close to the old order. An attack on the life of the Sultan is reported. Whether this account be true or not, it indicates that the more violent elements among the progressives are coming to the front. This is a misfortune from which the Turkish nation might invoke the Prophet to be spared. For nothing is more sure than that revolutionary excess, at a time when the foundations of liberty are as yet insecure, will lead to reaction. Discussion as to the Sultan's sincerity is at the present moment only wasted effort. Sincere or not, he has been driven into making certain popular concessions. To offer him no valid reason for repentance is for the moment the best policy. He has given something. He may give more. But if he be asked to give up all, he will be moved, like his brother the Czar, to take back all. The forces of reaction do not die at once. The Sultan could undoubtedly rally a powerful party to his support if the break should come. He would have the old officials, part of the army, his ancient spiritual authority, and his personal craft. And finally the diverse character of the opposition would count in his favor. At dividing and ruling he is an old hand.

The problem which must now be worked out in Abdul Hamid's Empire involves more than a mere transition from Oriental autocracy to modern parliamentary government. The factors of race and religion enter into the question to a degree unprecedented in the history of constitutional government. Austria-Hungary, it is true, can show a racial complexity of population equal to Turkey's. But in Austria-Hungary there is no additional severing line of religion; and as it is, the troubles of parliamentarism under the Hapsburgs have become notorious. During Russia's brief career under a constitutional form of government, the racial factor has been brought prominently to the front. In Poland the Czar may be said to have a larger Macedonia of his own. The Jewish question has been important; and there are Mohammedan deputies in the Duma. But in Russia, too, the religious element has remained one of minor importance, in spite of the government's attempt to represent Christianity as endangered by the liberal movement. If faiths other than the Christian are to be formed or tolerated in Russia, it can be only at the will of the vast Christian majority. In Turkey, on the other hand, Christian deputies will constitute the parliamentary minority under a constitution based on the Koran. That minority in turn will comprise the various nationalities, Greek, Bulgarian, and Serb, which have been carrying on civil war in Macedonia, as well as Armenian and Syrian Christians. Start with such original elements of strife, add the inevitable antagonism between Christian and Mussulman, add the struggle between Parliament and the inevitable reaction, and Turkey's course apparently lies in no smooth waters.

In Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Meso-

potamia, Armenia, and Kurdistan, the only parts of the empire in which the authority of Constantinople is still effectively exerted, the Sultan's subjects number some twenty-two millions, of whom between six and seven millions are Christians. There may be a million Jews in the empire. The rest of the population is Mohammedan. In European Turkey the Christians and Mohammedans are about equal in number. In Asia over two-thirds of the population is Mohammedan. Besides being divided on racial lines, the Christian population shows within its ranks no less than eight recognized creeds—the Latins, or Roman Catholics; the Greeks; the Bulgarians, under the exarch at Constantinople; the Armenians; the Syrians; the Maronites of Mount Lebanon; the Nestorians; and the Protestant converts in Armenia. The Jews may come to exercise influence far beyond their numerical strength, because of the new aspect lent by the constitutional revolution to the problem of Zionism and Palestine, a question in which the world at large is bound to take deep interest. Already we have had a dispatch stating that the Young Turkish leaders are willing to turn over Palestine to the Jews. This, of course, is a manifest absurdity, since to avert the threatened dismemberment of the empire has been the aim and professed object of the Turkish patriotic party; and they would be the last to consent to the erection of an autonomous state in Asia Minor or Mesopotamia. Yet the report may have described correctly enough a heightened condition of hope among the Zionist leaders. That increased effort on their part will do their own cause, or the cause of Turkish constitutionalism, any good, is, however, exceedingly doubtful.

For here the example of Russia becomes highly instructive. It is primarily by representing the supporters of constitutional reform as enemies of the country that reaction in Russia has succeeded in winning the upper hand over the forces of progress. It was "foreigners"—Jews, Poles, Armenians, Letts, subsidized, of course, by English money—that were bent on overthrowing the Czar and dismembering the empire. Hence came the need of that famous organization of True Russian People to defend Czar and country against the pernicious plottings of the "foreigner." Hence followed the entire system of governing by massacre and civil war. The Czar's government has not hesitated to stir up Tartars against Armenians, Russian peasants against Jews, Lettish peasants against Germans. Racial hatred has been erected into an instrument of government which the Czar and his ministers are justified in regarding as superbly effective. Would the Sultan hesitate to use similar means? Driven to the wall, it is obvious that he would not. Is he not past master in the very art; may he not, in fact, claim the credit for first applying, in the case of the Armenians, the method which Russia has employed and developed to such a fine point of efficiency? The material, as we have pointed out, lies plenty and ready to hand. Mohammedan against Christian, Armenian against Kurd, Bulgarian, Greek, and Serb all against one another—let any one of these elements offer him an opening for invoking the old party hatreds, and reaction in Turkey may triumph as it has done in Russia. It is a situation which the not uninterested attitudes of the European Powers will help still more to complicate.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION AND SOCIOLOGY IN FRANCE.

PARIS, July 23.

The new book of Georges Sorel "Réflexions sur la violence" throws a strong light on the actual tendencies of younger French thought. Within a very few years this author has taken a unique place as philosopher of the proletariat; but his clear, ardent phrase finds eager listeners even among those who dream of an equally excessive counter-revolution. This writer, in middle age, left the *bourgeois* post for which his scientific education fitted him, to think out and proclaim his solution of the social problem. He begins with the recognition of a fact: Two classes are at war in civilized society, the *bourgeoisie*, or property-holders, and the proletariat, or those who live on the wages which they earn by working for the *bourgeois*. Georges Sorel stands with the second and philosophizes for their triumph. To use the labels of present doctrines, he belongs heart and soul to revolutionary "Syndicalism," which would restore all things by reorganizing society into professional groups (trade unions) of free producers. This is nearer to anarchy than to political Socialism. In fact, M. Sorel's first principle in practice is to repudiate all thought of the future collectivist society, of which Jaurès perorates so boyishly—"for there is no scientific process to foresee the future or even to discuss which hypothesis is better than the others." The only question here and now is to find weapons to make sure of the proletariat's victory in the present war.

Only the general strike can do this—or rather "the idea of the general strike, which is a motor point dragging after it in the revolutionary furrow whatever it touches." That there is no possibility of realizing a general strike is of not the slightest importance. The first Christians had strength from their idea of an impending catastrophe to come about before this generation shall pass away—the ruin of the pagan world by Christ's return and the establishment of the kingdom of the saints. The catastrophe never came, nor were the hopes of Luther and Calvin realized among the peoples swept by their central idea into the Reformation. Even "the true developments of the French Revolution in no wise resemble the enchanting pictures which stirred the enthusiasm of its first adepts—but without such pictures could the Revolution have conquered?" Such social myths are a means "for acting on the present, and any discussion as to how they are to be applied materially to the course of history is meaningless." The general strike is a social myth of the greatest power; it gathers into itself all the aspirations of Socialism. In all great movements of men strength dwells in the sublime, the superhuman; and the sublime is evolved completely only in times of violent struggle. So the Syndicalist movement, on the myth of the general strike, sweeps forward to violence—"the sublime and beneficent violence" which shall draw the masses in its train. For the people to be and to remain revolutionary, it is necessary that they should be thoroughly impregnated with the idea of the struggle of classes; and this idea can be maintained only among those who are touched by the idea of the general strike. Those who have given kindly attention to the career of Georges Sorel will see in all this the outcome of the successive stages of his thought as manifested in his earlier works on the ruin of the ancient world, Renan's system of history, and his own essay on Church and State; while his central thought flows straight from the "Evolution créatrice" of Prof. Henri-Louis Bergson. So does recondite philosophy, unknown and disdained of the crowd, suddenly make irruption into the arena of our world.

Two small volumes, which Sorel would flout as utopian, appear under the name of Anatole France. "Vers les temps meilleurs" has some of the old charm which had too long disappeared in the acrid Dreyfusism that drove the master into social utopias; the edition,

illustrated by artists of revolutionary power like Steinlen, appears consistently in the cheap popular Bibliothèque sociale et philosophique. With a preface by Anatole France, Edouard Héberlin-Darcy publishes a sociological study, "Esquisse d'une société collectiviste"—a brief picture of the good time coming. The book has had already a sale of more than ten thousand.

Among recent French works in the field of sociology may be mentioned "Œuvres sociales des femmes," in which Paul Acker, an experienced bookmaker treats popularly of organizations in aid of working women in Paris—for wives, children, young working girls, and families. Silvain Rondès, in "L'Homme qui réussit," explains the concretest thing in sociology—the man who succeeds. His previous book—"How a Man Makes His Way in the World"—had the immense sale for France of 60,000 copies, and was widely translated. "Sociologie de l'action," by Eugène de Roberty, is a quite opposite sort of book. It is supposedly scientific, and certainly abounds in broad and easy generalizations, which, however, have all the air of nicely balanced abstractions such as are never realized in this nature of things. The book treats of "the social genesis of reason, and the rational origins of action." "Syndicalisme et socialisme," a compact pamphlet by the authorities in the case, sums up the situation on the Continent of that revolutionary trade unionism which is already dictating terms to political Socialism. Italy is described by Arturo Labriola, Russia by Boris Kritchewsky, Germany by Robert Michels, and France by Hubert Lagardelle. The characters of French Syndicalism are discussed by Victor Grieffuelhes, leader of the General Labor Confederation, which is able to exercise compulsion over the French Republic. An appendix handles the burning question of the relations existing between anarchy and Syndicalism. A. Weber in "A Travers la mutualité," makes a critical study of those private mutual aid or "friendly" societies which have taken such deep root in France, but are now threatened by Socialist plans for a monopolizing state assistance and by old age pensions. This aggressive change in the fundamental idea of the uses of the "state"—the community as organized—is studied in its principles in "Le Droit social, le droit individuel, et la transformation de l'état" by Léon Duguit, professor of law in the University of Bordeaux.

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE TEST OF RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I quote from a paragraph in the *Nation* of July 30, anent the proposition of certain railway administrations to advance the rates for the carriage of freight:

> But, says the railway manager, there are only three ways in which a road can aid itself when times are bad: hy lopping off all expenses that are not absolutely necessary, by lowering wages, or hy raising rates.

I must say that all this seems to me heside the real question, which is in my judgment, "Why should the railroads need to aid themselves?"

We have seen for a number of years on practically all the roads of the country large surplus earnings annually, which, but for lavish and in too many cases extravagant expenditures and too often increased dividends for stock-jobbing purposes, might have been still larger, which are now needed and should be available for regular dividends without "lowering wages." The prudent business man always anticipates seasons of depression and provides for them by accumulating during the seasons of prosperity. The trouble with the railways is that "lopping off all expenses that are not absolutely necessary" does not begin soon enough and ends too soon. The true test of any husiness is the result of operation over a period of years, not over one or two at any particular time; and the business that cannot show on this basis an adequate return on capital invested must stand condemned for poor management. Said a prominent hanker to me a few weeks ago, "When a man asking accommodation tells me how much money he made last year, I ask him to give me a statement for the past ten years."

While it may be that trade unions have forced up the rate of wages in many instances beyond the reasonable norm, I question if railway employees are, considering the character and the responsibility attending many of their duties, much if at all at the present time overpaid, and it is of course paramount that some rate be established upon the stability of which such employees can depend if we would avoid at all the annoyances and losses incident to strikes. I affirm that no railway administration can justify itself which cannot show for a given period of say twenty years, earnings sufficient to pay to its employees a stable rate of wages and to its stockholders a fair return upon their investment.

Charles C. Curtiss.

Chicago, August 1.

THE DIFFUSION OF LITERARY KNOWLEDGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to exclaim "Eureka!" in your columns. Ever since, years ago, a friend told me, with solemn disclaimers of all intention to hoax, that a young lady of Providence, R. I., had entered a bookshop in quest of Scott's "Emulsion" and had spent some time endeavoring with the clerk's aid to find a copy, I have been in hopes that I might secure a parallel story with its scene laid in the mother country. My opportunity came this afternoon. As I was walking up Southampton Row, I was overtaken by a respectable young British woman of about one and twenty and a boy, apparently her hrother, of about thirteen. The boy had evidently seen an advertisement bearing the name "Waverley" and had mentioned—I trust gratefully—the name of Sir Walter. The young woman, just as she passed me, corrected him with a fair amount of magisterial dignity: "No, Scott didn't write 'Waverley'—that was Shakespeare." After this, who can say that the Baconians have it all their own way, or that Swift—it was surely Swift—who gave the Wife of Bath to Shakespeare, perhaps married her to Falstaff—did not leave descendants? Your relieved reader, Con. Tridente.

London, July 27.

Notes.

Scribner's list of fiction for the autumn includes "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, jr.; "Kincaid's Battery," hy George W. Cable; "Peter," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Salthaven," W. W. Jacohs; "The Wind in the Reeds," Kenneth Grahame; and "The Coming Harvest" (Le Blé qui lève), René Bazin. The same firm will publish "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," by Henry van Dyke; "Chateau and Country Life in France," by Mary King Waddington; "A Motor Flight Through France," by Edith Wharton; "The Other Americans," especially the people of South America, Arthur Ruhl; "English Voyages of Adventure and Discovery," retold from Hakluyt, by Edwin M. Bacon; "Poem Outlines of Sidney Lanier," fragments and outlines of poems left by Lanier and never before published; "Privileged Classes," a volume of essays by Prof. Barrett Wendell; "In a New Century," essays by E. S. Martin; "Robert E. Lee: The Southerner," Thomas Nelson Page; "History of Contemporary Civization," by Charles Seignobos, translated by Prof. A. H. Wilde; "German Education: Past and Present," by Prof. Friedrich Paulsen, translated by T. Lorenz; "Footsteps in a Parish," an appreciation of Maltbie Davenport Babcock, by the Rev. John Timothy Stone; "Commentary on Esther," Prof. L. B. Paton; and "Telling Bible Stories," Louise Seymour Houghton.

Duffield & Co. will publish this autumn "Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine," edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale; "The Letters of Edward Lear," author of "The Book of Nonsense," edited by Lady Strachey; "Scottish Women of the Past," by Harry Graham; "Dream Blocks," by Aileen Cleveland, illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith; "Childhood" and "Bumbletoes," by Millicent and Githa Sowerby; "Lisbon and Cintra, with Some Account of Other Cities and Historic Sites in Portugal," by A. C. Inchbold; and "From Foreland to Penzance," by Olive Holland. The firm will also issue a selection from the Tales of Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by Ernest L. Blumenschein; an edition of Jane Austen in ten volumes, illustrated by reproductions of water colors by A. Wallis Mills, with summary bibliographical and biographical notes by R. Brimley Johnson; and "Alice in Wonderland," illustrated by Millicent Sowerby. The new volumes in the Rubric Series will be "Poor Richard's Almanac," and "The Sermon on the Mount." To the Art and Letters Library will be added "The Little Flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi, a revision of T. W. Arnold's translation, with an historical introduction by Dr. Guido

Biagi. The new Mediæval Library will contain "The Book of the Duke of True Lovers," translated from the unique manuscript in the British Museum, in middle French, by Christine de Pisan, with notes and introduction by Alice Kemp Welch; "Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles," translated from the Middle French manuscript at Soissons, with notes and introduction by Alice Kemp Welch; and "The Lady of Vergi," the original text and a translation by Alice Kemp Welch, with an introduction by L. Grandin. These three books will be illustrated with reproductions from illuminations in old manuscripts.

Paul Elder & Co. announce "The Call of the City," a volume of essays by Charles Mulford Robinson; "Quatrains of Christ," by George Creel; and "Animal Analogues," by Prof. Robert William Wood.

The American Journal of International Law for July (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) presents, as its first paper, what we may accept as the summing up of the discussion, referred to in our notice of the April number, between James Brown Scott, Solicitor of the State Department, and Prof. W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins, on the Sanctions of International Law. This paper, by Secretary Root, presents cogently the view that public opinion is a more potent arbiter than theorists usually admit; that the difference between municipal law and international in respect of the forces compelling obedience thereto, is more apparent than real; that there are sanctions for the enforcement of international not less substantial than those which secure obedience to municipal law. Mr. Root's view serves to emphasize that which the late James C. Carter elaborately set forth in his posthumously issued law lectures. The judicial decisions printed are of unusual importance, internationally; so also are the editorial comments, especially those detailing the arbitration agreements recently entered into, including the one negotiated by Messrs. Root and Bryce in settling the Canadian question. The text of the treaties is given in the supplement.

To all who have visited or hope to visit Granada, as well as to those who are interested in Spanish art, we can confidently recommend "Granada: Present and Bygone" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Albert F. Calvert, as an illuminating and suggestive guide. Mr. Calvert, who has made Spanish cities his specialty, aptly characterizes Granada as "the noblest monument of a vanished civilization, the high-water mark of Moslem culture." The volume begins with an outline of the history of the city, the chief attention, of course, being paid to the period of the Mohammedan dominion which lasted for seven hundred and eighty years. Then comes a detailed description of the Alhambra, its three palaces, mosque, chapel, and halls. In the account of the modern city and its Moorish remains Mr. Calvert warns his readers that Granada retains little of its old Moslem character, differing in this respect from Seville. The Spaniard who conquered Granada "wished not only to subdue the Moor but to efface him. It is a matter for surprise that the peerless Alhambra escaped demolition." The crusade of Cardinal Ximenes began "by a wholesale destruction of books in the Arabic language. Thousands of rare and beautiful manuscripts perished in the flames." Chapters are devoted to descriptions of the cathedral and noted churches, old houses, and historic sites, and to the one famous artist to whom Granada gave birth, Alonso Cano. The book, it will be seen, is not intended for the casual reader, though the historic and artistic details are interspersed with interesting anecdotes of famous persons, as Ferdinand and Isabella, and Boabdil, and pleasant glimpses of scenery and life, particularly that of the gypsies. A strong desire to see the city will be inspired by the numerous illustrations, which adorn nearly every page. They give not only a vivid impression of the beauty of its situation and surroundings, but also of the wonderful variety and exquisite detail of the architectural ornamentation of the buildings.

William Amory Gardner's "In Greece with the Classics" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is the kind of guide book for which the sentimental traveller, bored to extinction by archæology, has been yearning. On a slight thread of pleasant narrative of the author's own hasty spring tour in Greece are strung original translations of the chief passages from the Greek poets, which one would wish to recall, upon the Acropolis, at Colonos, Marathon, Ægina, Eleusis, Mycenæ, Delphi, Olympia, or Corfu. The original texts are given in a convenient appendix. There is no attempt at completeness, and the relevancy of some of the selections is questionable: *e. g.*, the long extract from the "Agamemnon" that nearly fills the chapter on Mycenæ, or the version of the story of Nausicaa that makes up the final chapter on Corfu. The translations, while lacking distinction, are readable. The blank verse does not halt, the English hexameters are no more footless or foot-loose than it is the nature of English hexameters to be, and lyrics are plausibly rendered in irregular English measures. Mr. Gardner is not quite sure of his quantities. Cronīdes (p. 41) and Œnomāus (p. 202) will never do.

"A Teacher of Dante and Other Studies in Italian Literature," by Nathan Haskell Dole (Moffatt, Yard & Co.), is a volume that, considered either as a contribution to knowledge, or as a summary of familiar facts, might be justly dismissed as of little value. For special reasons, however, this book invites attention: it typifies and epitomizes a negligence of study, a shallowness of thought, and a slovenliness of expression seldom to be found so inextricably united in the critical literature of other countries; it exemplifies, also, a dilettantism which should be smitten wherever it shows its head; for if the dull pedantry which misunderstands research is bad, impressionistic garrulity is worse. The topics dealt with demand not only *lungo studio*, and *grand amore*, but a good knowledge of Italian. Yet the eye, roving almost at random, falls upon so many uncouth forms that the author may almost be said to have started a new Italian dialect. *Mangione* (*magione*), p. 28; *brigen* (*brigan*), p. 39; *fangosi genti*, p 78; *Cuillo* (*Ciullo*), pp. 101 and 103, occurring thrice, and likewise *guisti* (*giusti*), p. 182—these are but a handful. The English of this book is like unto its Italian. On page 45, for example, souls are described as "grilling in vile boiling pitch." Again, "The fuse of one's liveliest epigram is nipped in the bud [like the parliamentary rat] before it has an opportunity to explode." More we must not say, except that this book clearly begins another epoch of reaction against a scholarship fast becoming too exacting, if not too exact.

Mrs. Ida Husted Harper's "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony," the first two volumes of which appeared in 1898 (see the *Nation* of July 6, 1899, p. 14), is completed with the third volume (Indianapolis: The Hollenbeck Press), covering the years from 1898 to the death of Miss Anthony in 1906. As a collection of material for the life of an altogether remarkable woman, as well as for the history of the movement with which she was identified, the work has permanent value, but as an ordered biography it can claim little merit. Mrs. Harper's method is purely annalistic, a medley of details small and great being swept together without regard to proportion or value, and the mass further swollen by liberal quotations from newspapers and magazines. Fortunately there is a good index.

The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., is giving many evidences of awakening activity. It proposes to have a new building in which its notable collections will be much safer than at present, and it is seeking to make more available its manuscript materials. In its latest published Proceedings the manuscripts of Col. John Bradstreet are calendared, comprising six volumes of diaries and orderly books, and one volume of letters, covering a period of more than twenty years. The collection can be little more than a fragment of the original Bradstreet papers, but such as it is, it is invaluable on the military matters of New York in 1755-1768. The campaigns against the French, the relations with the Indians, and the ever-present land question are the principal subjects of the correspondence. The calendar, which was prepared by Charles H. Lincoln, leaves little to be desired in thoroughness and accuracy. The Bradstreet argument on his land claim is printed in full, a lengthy document giving much information on the methods of making grants and manufacturing claims. The study of "Uncle Sam" by Albert Matthews should be noticed, as well as Col. Livermore's essay on "America's Place in History." The Society proposes to unite with the Massachusetts Historical Society in printing the Mather diaries, the manuscripts being divided between the two societies.

Prof. John Bassett Moore is editing "The Works of James Buchanan" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), and the first volume shows that the collection will be complete and dignified. The matter, it must be admitted, makes dry reading. Buchanan's earlier years were spent in Congress; and the set speeches, interjected remarks, and committee reports are monotonous in their formality, and, when thus torn from their context, are often scarcely intelligible. As illustrating the character of Buchanan, they are valuable, but the public utterances of a politician of his day were too studied and calculated to show him as he really was. Expediency governed what he said; and, as a Pennsylvanian he had only one idea, the industrial interests of his State and the

influence of a high tariff in advancing them. There are only fifteen letters of Buchanan in this volume, and seven of these are concerned with his agency in the alleged bargain between Adams and Clay, an agency of which Buchanan had little reason to be proud. Starting a Federalist, Buchanan could favor Jackson in 1824; believing at first in internal improvements by the Federal government, he ultimately became an ardent Democrat and a defender of Jeffersonian principles. When the tariff was before Congress, he was always pleading for more protection to the farms and iron works of Pennsylvania; and a critical examination of these speeches would show how far the grounds of protection have shifted since 1824. Buchanan would be satisfied in protecting such domestic manufactures as are necessary for the defence of the nation, or which use the raw materials produced in abundance in the country. But general as was this scheme, his rates of duty were absurdly low, if judged by present-day standards. He admitted that the duty increased the price to the consumer, but predicted such an advance in domestic manufacture as eventually to supply the home market at an even lower price than could the foreigner. He denied that any tariff law involved a pledge to the manufacturer against reduction of duty in the future, and asserted that if there should ever be a combination between the wool growers and the wool manufacturers, the community would suffer by their greed. There is a curious and rather favorable account of John Randolph and his oratory, but it is not possible from the few letters in this volume to judge of Buchanan's ability to observe and weigh his contemporaries, except where his immediate political interest was involved. Mr. Moore makes an admirable editor, and his few notes are restrained and pertinent. A remarkable bit of thorough compilation is the 113-page synopsis of Buchanan's Congressional career.

It is a matter of satisfaction that two of the most popular works of Father Francis Aidan Gasquet, "The Black Death" and "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury," which have been for some time out of print, have now been republished (London: George Bell & Sons). The first book has a new title, having formerly borne the name "The Great Pestilence"; but the work is not otherwise changed, except for the addition of a preface calling attention to the light thrown on the fourteenth century epidemic by the recent outbreak of the same disease in India and elsewhere. The information given by Father Gasquet on the facts of the great pestilence and the extracts from contemporary records are as interesting and valuable as ever. His account of its more remote effects and many of his accompanying statements are, however, still more unsatisfactory than when the book was originally published in 1893, since they are still further from current knowledge of the subject. His estimate of the economic results of the pestilence has not been revised, although it was mistaken in many particulars in the first place and in the interval much has been done to enable corrections to be made. The guesses as to the effect of the plague on language and on the universities, and the slight foundation for his inferences as to its influence on architecture, are equally unsatisfactory; and although the author demonstrates with a wealth of valuable detail the deleterious effects of the pestilence on the numbers and discipline of the monasteries and the ordained clergy, his "social and religious reëdification" is, at best, very vague and ill supported. Historians frequently find the interpretation of the causes and the results of the few cataclysms of history a pitfall. Father Gasquet is in the greater danger of slipping because of his preoccupation with the rehabilitation of the mediæval church. He is on firmer ground in the second work, although it is less a piece of original investigation. In it he gives an account of the shameful attack by the government of Henry VIII. and Cromwell on the three great Benedictine monasteries, Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester. There are also some lesser articles on ecclesiastical antiquities and occurrences in the life of English churchmen. Much of this matter is interesting and suggestive but hardly sufficiently thorough or well-balanced to satisfy scholars. Gasquet just misses being a serious historian. He has undoubtedly done much to open up and call attention to historical material previously entirely neglected. He has corrected many of the minor Protestant misconceptions of the religious, intellectual, and social life of the Middle Ages, and of the conditions surrounding the English Reformation. But the value of all this is diminished by his constant attitude of an apologist for his church, and by his introduction of much that from the historian's point of view is mere religiosity, couched in terms peculiar to one ecclesiastical denomination. Many of the great Roman Catholic historical writers of the Continent, and some in England, have avoided this entirely, and their work is correspondingly more valuable.

Prof. Friedrich Hirth, in his brief summary, "The Ancient History of China to the end of the Chou Dynasty" (Columbia University Press), has attempted "to steer a middle course," giving for students references to authorities, but for other readers contenting himself with an outline of the long story. The book, composed of a series of lectures, is intended more for the general public than for scholars. It does not add largely to our information, but it is a convenient manual for those who desire to gain a knowledge of the uneventful story of China's existence as a nation.

Northcote W. Thomas has compiled for the Cambridge University press of England (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) a useful summary of our present knowledge of "Kinship Organizations and Group Marriage in Australia." The amount of knowledge we possess of the intricate kinship schemes of the Australian savages is remarkable. As they are, taken as a whole, the lowest organized groups of men now existing, their kinship relations promise to throw much light upon the original social organization of primitive man. Hence the importance of such a compilation as Mr. Thomas's. But Mr. Thomas has done something more than compile. He has very valuable criticism to make of the suggestions of authorities like Dr. J. H. Frazer, Andrew Lang, and others, who have concerned themselves with the obscure beginnings of human society. He has likewise invented a useful series of technical names, which enables him to put his information in condensed form, though this terminology naturally makes his exposition somewhat dry and difficult reading.

In "Die Semiten als Träger der ältesten Kultur Europas" (Gleiwitz: Neumann) Konrad Schmidt endeavors to show that the oldest European culture was Semitic in its origin and character. In order to maintain this proposition, the author must prove that the Etruscans, Pelasgians, and Phœnicians belonged to this family of nations. That the Phœnicians were Semitic may be admitted, but this view cannot be maintained in regard to the Pelasgians, as is evident from the lack of Semitic elements in the Greek language; nor of the Etruscans, who still remain a puzzling ethnological problem, to the solution of which the present work does not make any important contribution. Some interesting questions are discussed, but no satisfactory evidence is adduced in support of the thesis embodied in the title of the volume.

Enno Littmann, the successor of Theodor Nöldeke, in Strasburg, has already contributed to our knowledge of life in Syria and Palestine. He now issues a new collection of material, entitled "Arabische Beduinenerzählungen," a book of 131 pages, with Arabian text and translation (Strassburg: Trübner). The present stories, collected by a South Palestinian peasant, who lived for years among the Beduins, are thoroughly Beduin in character. Practically all treat of one theme, though it is developed in various forms, namely the restoration to his own tribe of a worthy Arab, who through misfortune had been separated from his own people.

The volume of Dr. W. Staerk of the theological faculty of Jena, "Das Assyrische Weltreich im Urteil der Propheten" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht), undertakes, with the help of the data secured from recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions, to study Assyria in the light of the Biblical prophecies.

Dr. Friedrich Wiegand, professor of church history in the University of Greifswald, assisted by Dr. Alfred Uckley, also of Greifswald, has begun the publication of an annual, containing all the important church documents issued during the year, under the title, Kirchliche Bewegungen der Gegenwart (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher). The volume for 1907 has just appeared, a book of 188 pages, costing 3.50 marks. It promises to be an excellent collection for the study of contemporary church affairs, supplementing the weekly reports of F. M. Schiele in the *Chronik der christlichen Welt*, Marburg. A fairly complete but not altogether objective report of current theological and religious developments in Germany, with a bias toward conservatism, has been published by Prof. F. Kropatscheck of the University of Breslau, in Nos. 4 and 5 of the *Neue kirchliche Zeitschrift*, under the title "Zum Kampf der kirchlichen Richtungen."

The Catholic Herder'sche Verlagshandlung in Freiburg-im-B. has just issued the first volume of a new annual, entitled Jahrbuch der Zeit- und Kulturgeschichte, 1907, edited by Prof. F. Schnürer. It contains a critical survey of modern thought and life, and in connection with the Jahrbuch der Naturwissenschaften, published by the same house, and now appearing in its

twenty-third annual volume by Dr. M. Wildermann, is intended to cover from the point of view of the editors and publishers the world of research and thought in all departments.

One of the most ambitious contributions to ballad criticism in recent years is "Niels Ebbesens Vise Med Kritisk Kommentar," by Sophus Larsen (Copenhagen: H. Hagerup). The work is a philological investigation of the analogues and variants of the Ballad of Niels Ebbesen for the purpose of restoring it to its original form. The difficulties of such a task are, however, very great and the author can hardly be said to have given us a thirteenth-century ballad.

Part I. of Miss Olive Bray's metrical translation of the Elder Edda, which was announced two years ago by The Viking Club of London is now nearly printed and will soon be issued. It will contain the mythological poems and will have the Old Norse and the English rendering in parallel columns. It will also be supplied with an extensive introduction and notes by Miss Bray and several illustrations by W. G. Collingwood.

In the publications of the Royal Norwegian Scientific Society, No. 8, Th. Peterson discusses "A Celtic Reliquary Found in a Norwegian Burial Mound." The work relates to a discovery made at Melhus, in Namdalen, about eighty miles north of Throndhjem. With the Celtic character of this find established and its date fixed at about the beginning of the ninth century, this reliquary offers evidence that the inhabitants of the region north of Throndhjem also took part in the Viking expeditions to England, Scotland, and Ireland.

To our knowledge of the Faroes many contributions have been made in recent years. The eminent Faroese scholar Jakob Jakobsen, resident in Copenhagen, has made an important addition to these in his "Diplomatarium Faeroense: Foeroyskt Fodnbraevasavn," recently issued at Thorshavn (in the Faroes) and Copenhagen. The work forms the first instalment of the author's collection of records and documents relating to the pre-Reformation period of the islands. The work is written in Faroese, a language which stands about halfway between Modern Icelandic and the west coast dialects of Norway.

The Cleveland Public Library has prepared an interesting and suggestive handbook, "The Work of the Cleveland Public Library with the Children and the Means Used to Reach Them." The librarian, William H. Brett, writes to the *Nation:*

> While we compiled this publication for members of the National Education Association and for our own citizens who are interested in social betterment, I should be glad to comply with requests from your subscribers for copies, free of charge.

The Bibliothèque Nationale has received from the estate of the late M. de Naurois a collection of manuscripts of authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some of them edited by Jean and Louis Racine and André Chénier. There are also autograph letters of Jean Racine, Rousseau, and Voltaire.

Mrs. William U. Moulton, better known as Louise Chandler Moulton (born Louise Chandler), died in Boston August 11, at the age of seventy-three. From the age of eighteen she had been a voluminous contributor to newspapers and magazines, and had covered a wide range of subjects in her verse, stories, sketches, and literary criticism. Among her books are "This, That, and the Other" (1854), "Juno Clifford" (1855), "My Third Book" (1859), "Bed-Time Stories" (1873). "Some Women's Hearts" (1874), "Swallow Flights," poems (1877), "New Bed-Time Stories" (1880), "Random Rambles" (1881), "Firelight Stories" (1883) "Ourselves and Our Neighbors" (1887), "Miss Eyre from Boston, and Other Stories" (1889), "In the Garden of Dreams" (1889), "Stories Told at Twilight" (1890), "Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere" (1896), "In Childhood's Country" (1896), and "At the Wind's Will" (1899).

Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley died August 4 at Jackson, N. H. Born in England in 1830, she came to this country in her girlhood, and at the time of the civil war she actively engaged in the work of the United States Sanitary Commission. She was author of "The United States Sanitary Commission" (1863), "Life of Balzac" (1890), and "The Cruel Side of War" (1899). Her chief literary work, however, was translations from the French. She translated Balzac in forty volumes, Molière in six, "Versailles Historical Memoirs" in twenty, and Daudet's "Tartarin" and "Kings in Exile."

We regret to record the death of Alfred Webb of Dublin, for many years a valued contributor to the *Nation*. He was a member of the Society of Friends, took a great interest in philanthropic work, and was active in promoting the aims of the Peace Society. In 1870 he was at the meeting in Dublin at which it was decided to form the Home Government Association, and in 1873 he took part in organizing the Home Rule League. He served as treasurer of various movements in connection with the National League, and at the time of his death was treasurer of the Irish Nationalist party fund. Under Parnell's leadership, he entered Parliament, and for some years represented West Waterford in the Nationalist interest. While in Parliament he addressed the house but rarely. He was, however, a frequent contributor to the newspapers, and he was author of a "Compendium of Irish Biography."

Thomas Frost, a well-known English journalist and author, born in 1821, has died at Littleover. He had been editor of the *Magazine of Art*, *Gentleman's Journal*, and Sheffield *Evening Post*. Among his books are: "Half-Hours with Early Explorers" (1873), "The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs" (1874), "Circus Life and Circus Celebrities" (1875), "Lives of the Conjurors," "Life of Thomas, Lord Lyttelton," "Secret Societies of European Revolution" (1876), "Forty Years' Recollections," "In Kent with Charles Dickens" (1880), "Modern Explorers" (1882), and "Reminiscences of a Country Journalist" (1886).

The death is announced of Camille Chabaneau, the well-known philologist. Born in 1831, he held various university positions. Among his publications are: "Histoire et théorie de la conjugaison française," "Poésies intimes," "Fragments d'un mystère provençal, découverts à Périgueux," "Grammaire limousine," "La Langue et la littérature provençales," "Comput en vers provençaux," "Traduction des Psaumes de la pénitence en vers provençaux," "Les Troubadours Rénaud et Geoffroy de Pons," "Fragments d'une traduction provençale du roman de Merlin," "Poésies inédites des troubadours du Périgord," "Notes sur quelques manuscripts provençaux perdus et égarés," "Paraphrases des Psaumes de la pénitence en vers gascons," and "Saint Marie-Madeleine dans la littérature provençale." He was also a contributor to the periodical press.

Peter Weinberg, professor of German literature at the University of St. Petersburg, has died in his seventy-seventh year. He had translated into Russian a number of German authors, including Heine; also Victor Hugo from the French, and Shelley and Byron from English.

STUDIES IN FRENCH HISTORY.

The Life of Louis XI., the Rebel Dauphin and the Statesman King: From his Original Letters and Other Documents. By Christopher Hare. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Charles the Bold, Last Duke of Burgundy. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

Marie de Médicis and the French Court in the XVIIth Century. Translated from the French of Louis Batiffol by Mary King; edited by H. W. Carless Davis Ball. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Mirabeau the Demigod. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

The Last Days of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenôtre; by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Ever since the novelist and playwright have taken hold of Louis XI. and lent him some of the glamour of romance, this most unlovely and prosaic of kings has been a subject of interest to English readers. His rival, Charles the Bold, to whom, in 1864, John Foster Kirk devoted 1,713 pages, seems, on the other hand, to have attracted more attention from the American scholar. We have this very year a new book on the King of France by an Englishman who writes under the name of Christopher Hare, and an American woman, Miss Ruth Putnam, presents us the last results of historical scholarship on Charles the Bold, who thus enters the series of the Heroes of the Nations. Both authors have brought to their task a complete knowledge of most of the documents available up to date, and a personal interest in the subject that is likely to put on his guard a less enthusiastic and somewhat critical reader. Granted that history ought indeed to be, in Michelet's words, a "resurrection," there is yet something misleading in a method that makes everything too dramatic and too lifelike.

The main feature of Mr. Hare's book is his abundant use of the mass of Louis XI.'s correspondence (1935 *lettres missives*) that in late years were edited for the Société de l'Histoire de France. Thus Mr. Hare has been able to devote more than the usual space to Louis as dauphin, namely three chapters out of sixteen, while the thirteen others are given up to the endless and confusing struggles of this first standard-bearer of absolute monarchy against the riotous and hungry hordes of feudalism. The classic stage villain of the drama, the monster of Plessis-les-Tours, familiar to the reader of "Quentin Durward," comes out of this book as a despot, to be sure, who ruthlessly curbed the pretensions of the lords and Parliament, was rough and cruel with his enemies, and bled his subjects to the last drop; but this despot also secured for the kingdom some of the benefits of peace, facilitated communication between the provinces, created the first royal mail service (1464), strengthened the military, developed the silk industry, regulated the exploitation of mines, approved of the introduction of printing presses, was interested in letters, art, and painting, encouraged the embellishment of the churches of Bayeux, Troyes, and Rouen, and had a hand in the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles." Even this portrait, however, is still too conventional and the author who does not mention in his bibliography the latest synthetic effort of historical scholarship, namely, the "History of France," edited by M. Lavisse, might have found there some new traits to give the finishing touches to the sketch of his hero. In the first place, there was his shabbiness of dress, which so astonished the people when they saw him enter Abbeville at the side of the gorgeously attired Philip of Burgundy, and caused some one to remark that his whole outfit, including the horse, could not have cost more than twenty francs. Then we learn also about his wanderings through his kingdom in a pilgrim's garb, mounted on a mule, stopping at odd places, and giving audience to foreign envoys in a peasant's hut. His childish and mercenary devotion which wanted immediate results, like that of a Neapolitan woman of to-day, and his freedom from formality and charm of manners are well known; but the nervous restlessness and garrulous habits of this traditionally sullen and taciturn character are not so familiar to us and are worth emphasizing in a new study that aims at supplementing the work of preceding historians.

Miss Putnam's work is an excellent sketch of 484 pages with an index and an elaborate bibliography; it is written with perhaps more dash and fervor than both the hero and the subject warrant. The book opens with the description of the assembly of the Knights of the Golden Fleece at Dijon, 1433, when the newly born son of Philip the Good was initiated into the order; and the last pages take us to the plains of Nancy, where Charles's body was found, on one of the first days of January, 1477, embedded in the ice and half mutilated. The picturesque and dramatic elements that the short career of the last Duke of Burgundy offer to the biographer, the brilliancy of his court in so sharp contrast to that of the King of France, his plans of aggrandizement, his dream of reviving the old kingdom of Lotharingia, his long fight with Louis XI.—all this confused story is vividly told by an historian behind whom one feels a woman of alert mind and keen sympathy. In her last chapter Miss Putnam accurately points out the weakness of the plan of Charles the Bold to unite such heterogeneous provinces as happened then to be under his control, a country corresponding to the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxemburg of to-day, to which must be added a section of France representing nine departments. These countries, foreign in race and language, and separated from each other by strips of foreign territory, lacked the vital and germinating principle that forms a nation.

Those who are tired of political and diplomatic history will read with relief a book like M. Batiffol's on "Marie de Médicis and the French Court." It offers concrete and tangible facts, and gives us the kind of information we are all hungering for. How a young Florentine princess married a foreign king who needed her money to pay his debts; what a marriage by proxy was like at the beginning of the seventeenth century; how the Italian princess was disappointed when she entered the Louvre and believed herself the victim of a practical joke, so dingy this palace seemed to one who was born in the Pitti; how the queen spent her days in her new residence, what she ate, what she wore, how much she spent on her household, for her stable, her jewels; what her relations were with her husband and his mistresses, who her friends were, what influences ruled her, what sort of interests she had; what she did to encourage art and artists; how much money she received, how she used it—all that and much more is told by a trained historian who has consulted first-hand documents and gives us a most instructive chapter in the history of civilization. Such books, even if, like this one, they cover only the short period between 1600 and 1617, help us to understand better a whole century, both in its social and political life. The volume is most elaborately printed, and the translation by Miss King is faithful as well as readable.

To take a life like that of Mirabeau and deliberately narrate it after the method and style of the popular novelist, with sensational chapter titles, fancy and improbable incidents, manufactured dialogues, to draw from imagination elements that reality surabundantly furnished—all this seems to us a sign of poor judgment. But since the historical novel, which is dying out elsewhere, has still many adepts in this country, there will probably be readers who may want to get in this way some information on the romantic career of the great orator of the Constituante, on his stormy youth, his half-lunatic father, his impossible mother, his wild sisters, and the quarrels, suits, disorders, and disturbances of this unique family. Partly fictitious, partly biographical, this story of "Mirabeau the Demigod" (404 pages, with illustrations, bibliography, and index) will satisfy the class of readers whose higher education is being taken care of by the writers of Sunday supplements. There is a prologue with a picture of Gyp, the Parisian novelist (who is a descendant of Mirabeau), and strange conversations that the author credits to a woman innkeeper at Bignon (Loiret), Mirabeau's birthplace, and still stranger remarks addressed to him by a "barefoot gamin." Then comes the story, the "true and romantic story," as the title reads, of the life and adventures of the hero. It follows pretty closely the lines of the true biography; but to gratify the tastes of the novel reader it is divided into three parts: "The Boy," "The Man," and "The Demon of the Impossible." To a lover of true biography the most irritating feature of the book is the dialogues, which, the author tells us, are "seldom imaginary," but which he too frequently ornaments with his own wit, eloquence, and taste.

"The Last Days of Marie Antoinette," now presented in English for the first time, appeared in French in 1897. G. Lenôtre, who has made his specialty of all the byways and untrodden paths of the Revolution, has gathered here some original documents on the life of the queen during her captivity, from August, 1792, to October 16, 1793. These documents, some of which are now first published, are generally narratives or statements of eye-witnesses whom their official functions or their humble occupation brought in touch with Marie Antoinette, while she was awaiting her trial. Some of these authorities are of a kind that historians seldom find—a menial of the pantry like the faithful Turgy, an upholsterer, a servant girl, and a sweeper. From this mass of material of uneven value (some of it was written as late as 1824, and some contains statements too improbable to believe) we get a more vivid and tragic picture of the life at the Conciergerie and the Temple than any continuous narrative from second-hand sources could have given us. The translation of Mrs. Stawell is good and well printed. In every respect this English book is far superior to the French edition.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Greater Love. By Anna McClure Sholl. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The story is of a high-spirited girl who ran away from a dull, uncomprehending American home and became an eminent portrait painter in Paris. The English lover who would fain have married her has an insane wife. And when years later Eleanor returns with a charming daughter to her childhood's home, only her immediate family know that the young Constance is an illegitimate child. To keep the secret from the daughter, and comfortably to establish her, are the two objects of the passionately loving mother's life. The former she is unable to compass. The latter, after one broken engagement, is on the way to accomplishment when the book ends.

The tale has a certain carrying force, for the end is not evident and the way not a thoroughfare. There are firmly modelled characters among the many, and there is forcible writing. The heroine Eleanor's vividness and her daughter Constance's aerial charm are made palpable. Mrs. Grundy speaks out loud and clear and always under the author's evident censure. Even more loud and more clear speak the apologizers for the heroine. As a statement of the omnipresent problem, the book has some novel adjuncts and complications. As a contribution to solution it is worthless, since morally it is a long, indeterminate muddle. The Anglican priest who wishes to marry Constance breaks his engagement, then offers to renew it on certain conditions. The daughter refuses to bring a stain to the escutcheon of her later lover, but is not allowed to stand on that decision; the lover, represented as peculiarly fastidious on points of family honor, quails not an instant. His mother, a sternly austere patrician, comforts herself with the knowledge that Constance's father had been an aristocrat. Most unstable of all is Eleanor herself. Persisting in her reflection that it was "society which found her guilty, not God nor nature," "she longed in her despairing moods for a sense of sin on which to build up some new fabric of existence." Eleanor's whole attitude toward the affair may be summed up as jaunty. Neither her sensibility nor her suffering can disguise the fact. When her most oppressive brother says to her: "You've made a lot out of your life, even though you've never acknowledged that you were in the wrong," her answer is, "I can't regret a liberal education." Made to pose as a source of spiritual counsel, she can cajole the bridegroom retreating from her daughter, with, "All that I have can be used for your work. . . . My wealth would be at your disposal"—a bribe which the priest is man enough to refuse. To him, discoursing of judgment, she says, "I have never accepted man's estimate of God, which makes of him a gigantic bookkeeper. The God I know blesses joy." And even when she has set her feet in the way of self-denial, "how she had sinned against God was still a mystery to her—for she had yet to identify the human and the divine morality."

The Little Brown Brother. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Considered merely as a novel, this book is of unusual interest. Written by an English war correspondent, the only journalist at the front during the Pulajan campaign of 1904-1905, the work has the freshness of first-hand observation, the vivid picturesqueness of the trained reporter, and the vigor of a man accustomed to write cable dispatches. The heroine is a high-spirited English girl who likes men that "do things," and who shares with her father, a wealthy hemp-buyer of Calbayog, a belief that it is the white man's business to keep the little brown brother in his place with a strong hand. The hero is an Englishman who has resigned his captaincy in the Indian Army in undeserved disgrace, and has become temporarily a soldier of fortune, casting in his lot with the Americans. Both of these popular types of the "new romance" are admirably drawn and pretty thoroughly likable characters—the way in which the hero quells the inferior race with a glance of his Anglo-Saxon eye is simply irresistible. There is, besides, a crowd of subsidiary characters—the handicapped American members of the civil government, the treacherous native governors, the American soldiers, brave and long-suffering, the unscrupulous gun-runners, the Filipino constabulary, the bloodthirsty hill men, and the much-butchered taos, or peasantry.

But the book is more than a novel; it is also a sensational political pamphlet. The interest of the narrative is overshadowed by the sweeping indictment of the American administration of the Philippines. The author writes, to be sure, as a fervid advocate of the British colonial policies. He is of the opinion that the brotherhood of man includes only the Caucasian race. He warmly applauds the officer who agreed with his fellows to "recognize no man in public who had a native with him." In spite of the evidence of three hundred years of misrule, he praises the Spanish colonial empire because it was free from the "brown-brother nonsense" and recognized that "color is color":

> It was white man's rule, almost to the end, the rule of those who knew the difference between black and white, East and West; who understood that the Oriental is not an individual at all, but merely part of a vast, unwieldy mass, which is incapable of guiding itself, incapable of thinking for itself, needing all the time a firm, strong hand to steer it into the right course, to force it along that course; a mass which, if it leave the track, must be driven back with lead and bayonets and high explosives.

It is not to be expected that a man with such inveterate contempt for the Oriental should sympathize with any movement looking toward Philippine independence. But Mr. Hyatt goes on to impeach the sincerity of our efforts to benefit the islands. He represents that the entire conduct of the campaign was regulated by political wire-pullers in the United States. He makes it appear that from fear of losing votes in the Presidential election, general insurrections were represented as insignificant local outbreaks, and little handfuls of police were sent out to lose their lives in putting down revolts that every one knew demanded the sending of an army. This is bleeding ground, indeed, and if these charges are not true it was, to say the least, questionable taste to incorporate them in a work of fiction.

The Enchanted Castle. By E. Nesbit. New York: Harper & Bros.

E. Nesbit and W. W. Jacobs are the two contributors who have given a certain cheap magazine some circulation among a constituency at whom, to judge by the rest of its matter, it was not aimed. E. Nesbit is, one may almost say, the only person now telling fairy stories in public for love of the game. "The Enchanted Castle" is a very good example of her craft. Its humor consists in the continual jumbling of the realities of English child life, and the unrealities (or deeper realities) of the land of fancy. The wits of these young Britons are, when they choose, mazed with fairy-lore, and they have the dialect of romance at their tongue's end. Probably no such deep philosophy could be read into their adventures as ingenuity has connected with the exploits of their great progenitor Alice; but the absurdity of the things they do is made delightful by the whimsical air of the writer. In short, the book illustrates once more the English faculty of amusing children without boring one's self.

Bertrand of Brittany. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Harper & Bros.

If this is a yarn of the swashbuckling type, and therefore to be regarded without enthusiasm by the austere critic, it has a certain youthful gusto which should commend it to the honest citizen. After all, the gentle knight is still pricking o'er the plain of all healthy young imaginations, and even the fiction of the motor car is powerless to put him to rout. Bertrand of Brittany is one of your ugly ducklings, neglected by his own family and fated to win his way by dint of the hardest of knocks. He is

suitably unencumbered with brains, as the Orlandos and Romeos should be; he deserves the fair, and gets her. Of the detail of his adventures we need say nothing. It is only for his boy-virtue that we say anything of him at all.

The Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. Vol. I. Edited by Frederick S. Boas. Cambridge English Classics. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

For ordinary use the edition of the two brothers published by A. B. Grosart in 1868 and 1869 may be thought quite sufficient; but Grosart's carelessness in minute points is well known, and if we are to have the works of these lesser poets in ancient orthography at all—they would really be far more serviceable in modern dress—we might as well have their text reproduced with minute exactness. Not having the original editions and MSS. before us, we can only assume that the present text follows the example of the series in being scrupulously correct. It is to be noted also that Mr. Boas has straightened out the confusion into which Grosart had fallen in regard to the MSS. of the "Locustæ," and has taken pains, by collating the Quarto edition and the MSS. of Phineas Fletcher's "Sicelides," to arrive at an authoritative text of that academic drama.

The present volume contains all the works of Giles and those of Phineas which were published before 1633. "The Purple Island," of Phineas, which, probably in part on account of its romantic title, is the best known poem of the brothers, is reserved for the second volume, but the two long English poems already printed, "Christ's Victory and Triumph," by Giles, and "The Apollyonists," by Phineas, are sufficient to afford an interesting comparison of their work. We confess to have felt always—contrary, we believe, to the common opinion—that "The Apollyonists" is a more readable and considerable poem than anything of Giles's, or than the later work of Phineas himself. There is more of romantic charm in single lines or passages of Giles's poem, with occasionally a note of haunting melody:

One of ten thousand soules I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweete wounds complain,
Sweete are the wounds of love, never so sore,
Ah might he often slaie mee so againe;—

but as a whole the poem is amorphous and its ideas ill digested. "The Apollyonists," or plot of the Jesuits to blow up the Parliament House, on the contrary, moves on with vigor to its end; there is a certain massiveness in its effect which can without great impropriety be compared with Milton. And if the general plan of "Paradise Regained" may have been suggested to Milton by "Christ's Victory," it is practically demonstrable that much of the spirit and some of the imagery of "Paradise Lost" were borrowed from Phineas's work. It is impossible to think that the later poet, while writing his debate in hell, did not have the similar scene of Fletcher's in mind. Almost we might think it Milton's, and not Fletcher's, Satan, addressing his fallen comrades:

Now by your selves, and thunder-danted armes,
But never danted hate, I you implore;

and again it seems, in character if not in style, almost the Belial of Milton who rises to temper courage with cunning:

His matter fram'd of slight equivocations,
His very forme was form'd of mentall reservations.

The most striking parallel, an example at once of Milton's readiness to take suggestions and his genius in sovereign alchemy, is afforded by the scenes of "Hels yron gates" in the two poems. Fletcher begins valiantly:

The Porter to th' infernall gate is Sin,
A shapeless shape, a foule deformed thing,
Nor nothing, nor a substance; as those thin
And empty formes, which through the ayer fling
Their wandering shapes, at length they'r fastned in
The Chrystall sight. It serves, yet reignes as King:
It lives, yet's death: it pleases, full of paine:
Monster! ah who, who can thy beeing faigne?
Thou shapeless shape, live death, paine pleasing, servile reigne.

It is a thin Milton, indeed, but the likeness comes out more strongly when the whole scene is read. One sees in reading the Fletchers the sources of Milton, and one sees, too, how his classical training and the trend of taste exemplified by Waller saved him from the empty conceits and quibbling tongue of the later Elizabethans.

Bibliography of the Philippine Islands, Printed and Manuscript. By James Alexander Robertson. Pp. 437. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $10 net.

This book, which recently appeared as Volume LIII. of the monumental series, The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. is now issued separately in a limited edition of 150 copies. Mr. Robertson's work is quite indispensable for one who wishes to make "a thorough bibliographical survey of the Philippines"—the test of usefulness which the compiler had in view. It is not, however, a comprehensive bibliography, to be independently used as such. Indeed, when it is stated that attention is devoted primarily to listing manuscripts, it will be apparent that one volume could not cover such a scope. The "Aparato bibliográfico" of Retana catalogues more Philippine titles than any other, yet not all the printed titles, even of importance, are there listed. But the Library of Congress bibliography of 1903, combined with the "Biblioteca" of Dr. Pardo de Tavera, produced under the same auspices, furnishes a fairly complete catalogue of printed Philippina (and one also of greater practical utility than Retana's, especially for Americans). Mr. Robertson did not set out to perfect these bibliographies, but undertook to help the student using them, and to list Philippine manuscripts. With the Manila archives being catalogued, with a fresh discovery of much valuable material in the Mexican national archives, and with some portions of Spain's archives still but half explored for Philippina, it is clear that no thoroughly selective list can yet be made. Yet, in the nearly three hundred pages here devoted to manuscripts we have entries for almost every year from 1518 to 1898. Only one of Mr. Robertson's lists of printed titles describes Philippine works in general; that gives the printed books, pamphlets, etc., directly drawn upon in the preparation of this historical series. It is of great practical value, because of the data brought together concerning rare Philippina. The fifty-page introduction is highly serviceable. Its data regarding the principal collections of Philippina, printed and manuscript, are available nowhere else, except in fragmentary form. The further data on linguistics, maps and cartography, photographs, and views, museum collections, etc., are also useful. The pains taken in the compilation of this volume are evident throughout, and the reviewer has so far found only a very occasional error in transcription of foreign names.

Conscientiousness has, in fact, been the characteristic of the editorial work upon the whole series above named, which is closed by this volume, except for the analytical index that will occupy Volumes LIV. and LV. The undertaking, which is a large one, executed in the main very well, in the face of difficulties and discouragements, has received but scant notice, especially in the United States. Not long after the earlier volumes were issued in 1903, it became evident that the support counted upon would not be forthcoming. Facing their loss, the publishers undertook to carry the series to completion in an edition limited strictly to the subscribers already obtained. Economies were enforced, and the editors had to toil on for five years without hope of other reward than the recognition of their work as scholars. Under the circumstances, much praise is due Miss Emma Helen Blair and her co-editor, Mr. Robertson.

Books produced under such disadvantages inevitably have defects. But the

main criticism is that the series was planned too early and too ambitiously. Even with adequate support, the time had not come in 1902—has not yet come—when the selective process can be satisfactorily applied to the undigested mass of Philippine historical data. Fault may be found also with the distribution of material. One regrets much of the space given to translations from some of the old friars' chronicles, when one finds only two volumes of reprinted selections or hitherto unused documents bearing on the nineteenth century; the regret is all the greater because these two volumes are crammed with matter having direct relation to events since 1898. Moreover, various important incidents of the last third of the eighteenth century had to be summarily treated, owing to the previous encroachments of seventeenth century chronicles. This shortcoming is, of course, partly explained by the fact that the work was originally planned to extend only to 1800.

This fault in proportion has in part been remedied by the editors' own labors in preparing compilations, *e. g.*, on the contests with the Moros, on ethnology, on education, etc. These compilations, published as appendices in the later volumes, commonly cover the entire period of Spanish rule under the given head. The comparatively small space assigned to the nineteenth century is also in part remedied by the publication of a special contribution covering the years 1860-1898, and furnishing a working bibliography and commentary for the closing period of Spanish rule.

The Land in the Mountains: Being an Account of the Past and Present of Tyrol, Its People, and Its Castles. By W. A. Bailie-Grohman; with an introduction by Charles Landis; illustrated with 82 plates and maps of modern Tyrol and ancient Raetia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

In this latest work, the prolific author of "Camps in the Rockies" returns to the subject which awakened his boyish interest; for his first book, "Tyrol and Tyrolese," was published when he was but twenty-four. Here he has given us what is mainly a collection of historical and biographical facts connected with the country about his summer home, a mediæval castle on the Brenner Pass, about twenty-four miles east of Innsbruck. As a whole, it must be confessed, the book is not easy reading; for much of it is interesting only to those well versed in the early history of Europe. Some readers may be tempted to echo the sentiment of an American visitor at the castle. On being shown a collection of Tyrolensia, he exclaimed: "What! all those books written about this mouldy old country! Why, the man at the hotel in Innsbruck told me that there isn't a single count or baron or country gentleman in the whole of Tyrol who owns a motor, or who ever travelled in a special car!"

Nevertheless the work supplies a felt want. In English there is no history of this land which for twenty centuries has played a prominent part in European affairs; and we are grateful to our author for opening our eyes to its importance by his brief outline of its history and the sketches of the leading men who took part in it. Much of what is related might have been seen from the windows of his castle on the great thoroughfare connecting the Po and the Danube—from the passing of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V., each bearing his coffin with him, to the draped railway train with the body of the wife of Francis Joseph, "the last homecoming of the unhappy Empress Elizabeth." Especially valuable are the glimpses of life in the feudal days. Then nearly every man above the rank of peasant lived in a fortified castle, if possible on some well-nigh inaccessible cliff, as the existence of some six hundred castles, half of which are now in absolute ruins, in a region about as large as Maryland, testifies.

After a short description of the country, the author sketches the history of the Brenner Pass, the oldest over the Alps, in which are some interesting details as to travelling expenses in the thirteenth century. An account of the peasantry, while it emphasizes their isolation and the persistence with which they cling to their old customs and principles, yet calls attention to a change being brought about by the utilization of the water-power, with which Tyrol is so richly provided:

> For the ugly poles of electric works are going up apace all over the country, and even remote valleys in the heart of the Alps have started little electric works for the lighting of their villages and to furnish power for domestic purposes. Many a Tyrolese peasant house that, up to yesterday, knew only the flare of the pitch-wood torch, or the dim flame of a tiny lamp consisting of a pan of tallow, with a wick of twisted thread, is to-day furnished with a number of eight-candlepower lights, at a rental of six shillings or so a year per lamp.

The latter half of the book contains the noteworthy facts connected with the author's castle and others on the Pass, and the two great families who lived in Matzen. The first of these was the Frundsberg, who possessed it for three hundred years and played a prominent part in the wars of those ages. In 1589 it became the property of the Fuggers, who from being simple weavers of fustian, became the first millionaires of Europe, "in whose hands for upwards of a century lay the purse-strings of Europe's monarchs, on whose financial help depended the election of emperors and whose nod decided the duration of wars." Among other interesting people who flit across these instructive pages are the minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide, immortalized by Longfellow, and the last of these bards, Oswald of Wolkenstein, of whose adventurous career a brief account is given.

A pleasant introduction of Mr. Bailie-Grohman to his readers is offered by his friend of many years' standing, Mr. Landis, who pictures him to us in his two widely separated homes in British Columbia and the Tyrol. Of the charming illustrations with which the volume is adorned, of the beautiful scenery, the castles, their courtyards and interiors, and the specimens of the wonderful native art of the dawn of the modern age, it is difficult to write in fitting terms. Sufficient is it to say that they alone would fill one with a longing to visit this "land in the mountains" in which still lingers the impress of a romantic age.

Italica: Studies in Italian Life and Letters. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

These fourteen essays, "bye-products of the past ten or twelve years," are here gathered, we infer, because they "contain information about contemporary Italians and the recent conditions in Italy that may not be easily accessible elsewhere to readers in English." Other essays, writes Mr. Thayer, "record friendships, personal or literary. Others, again, spring out of enthusiasms still unquenched, or were inspired by some feature of that Enchanted Land, whose beauty is inexhaustible, and whose boundless interests touch, and will always touch, men and women who perceive the deepest concerns of the human soul." Mr. Thayer's enthusiasms are as genuine as these words promise. He writes with a zest often verging on passion, and at times, perhaps, allows his feelings to permeate his facts, tingeing them with strong colors of his own. Being interested himself, he interests the reader, but his method will not gratify those historians who demand documentary evidence at every step, and reject as unscientific all *ipse dico* systems of writing history.

In describing the Italy of to-day, Mr. Thayer's method gains in validity; for no reasonable critic will blame a sincere observer who records, without quotation of authorities, what he has noted upon the spot. The chapter on Luigi Chiali, for example, is a personal reminiscence (p. 241); so, too, the account of "Leopardi's Home" (p. 171); the essay on "Cardinal Hohenlohe—Liberal" (pp. 287-303) is mainly a review of Levi's book; another essay is a study of Giordano Bruno, or, rather, of that martyr's "Expulsion of the Beast Triumphant" (pp. 101-140), in which we

find Bruno modern, contemporaneous, "'a God-intoxicated man,'" whose attitude as to the miraculous and as to religions is, however, comparatively familiar to readers of history. The pages on "Thirty Years of Italian Progress," dealing with modern Italy, might have been more valuable if Mr. Thayer had compared his statistics with analogous statistics for other countries. For most questions of industry and education "Italy To-day," by B. King and T. Okey, is a more enlightened book. Again, though his description of "Italy in 1907" is on the whole a vivid and accurate summary, why not have devoted a sentence to Renato Fucini?—a story-writer of almost epic quality, whose portrayals of every-day realities reveal what the Church is coming to more plainly than does Fogazzarro's haze-wrapped "Santo," a book here described as its author's masterpiece (pp. 3-27). On the other hand, "The Election of a Pope" (pp. 177-195), besides being vivid, undoubtedly epitomizes what most intelligent anticlerics, at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, believe to occur within the Vatican's walls between the death of a Pope and the announcement of his successor. Their opinion, as well as Mr. Thayer's, is revealed in the ironical observation that "cardinals, whatever they may profess, do not rely wholly on divine guidance in their selection of a Pope" (p. 192), and this, we believe, has been true ever since Boniface hastened Celestine to make the *gran rifiuto*. What they do rely upon is so plainly stated that no student of the mediæval Church can fail to see how faithfully she is perpetuating her traditions.

In conclusion, we may note that Mr. Thayer ranges widely; consequently the liability to commit various demonstrable errors (as, for example, with regard to Italian versification, p. 258), or to deal with inadequate data (as in "Dante in America"), is increased; but not a few readers will be stimulated by this book.

Theodor Fontane: Aus dem Nachlass. Herausgegeben von Josef Ettlinger. Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.

Theodor Fontane occupies a unique position in German literature. Though his reminiscences of intellectual Berlin reach back to the romanticism and revolutionism of the first half of the century, his own work is more closely related with that of the latter half. He was a link between two generations of German writers and the first of the old to judge impartially of the new. Any appreciation of Fontane the poet and novelist would be incomplete without reference to his work as dramatic and literary critic of the *Vossische Zeitung*, a position which he held for many years and in which he gave proof of the depth and the breadth of his judgment. The selections presented in this posthumous volume include fiction, poetry, and criticism. The editor justly says that the fame of Fontane did not need a posthumous reinforcement, but the steadily growing number of Fontane's admirers had a right to be acquainted with writings which harmoniously complete the impression made by the man and his work during his lifetime. The volume appropriately contains the latest portrait of the author and the reproduction of an original drawing which Adolf von Menzel had sent him for his seventieth birthday.

"Mathilde Möhring," the novel which introduces the selections, is a story which one would not like to miss from his collected works. It is thoroughly characteristic of his firm grasp upon reality and his sympathetic understanding of human nature. The modern school with all its bare and naked naturalism has produced no more real and convincing "segment" of the life of the Berlin middle class of limited means than Fontane pictures in the little flat in the Georgen Strasse occupied by the widow Möhring and her daughter. Nor has the same school, so vociferously emphasizing its scientific methods and its psychological insight, produced two equally searching portraits of the soul of a hero and a heroine. They are not types, but individualities. The girl, Mathilde Möhring, is a true child of the poet's brain: she is of his own mettle. For throughout the poetry of Theodor Fontane and in some of his prose works one can recognize his sane philosophy of life reduced to the simple formula: Accept the inevitable. It is this brave and cheerful acceptance of things as they are which made his works so refreshing in the period of morbid pessimism which characterized German literature towards the end of the century. The story of Mathilde Möhring's rise in the social scale when Hugo is appointed mayor of Wildenstein and her calm return to her mother when his death puts a check upon her ambitions, is told with a delightful blend of humor and pathos.

The second part of the book contains verse. Some of it belongs to Fontane's earlier periods. The remainder is of his last years, and with its pithy commentary upon current life adds essentially to his portrait. "Old Fontane" was a merciless critic of his time, and newspapers and science receive their share of his satire. But even the most serious lines among these last gleanings radiate the sunshine of his temperament. The resignation of

> Leben: wohl dem, dem es sendet
> Freude, Kinder, täglich Brot,
> Doch das Beste, was es sendet,
> Ist das Wissen, das es sendet,
> Ist der Ausgang, ist der Tod—

this has in it an element of strength and health.

In the critical part of the volume the study of Willibald Alexis is the most comprehensive, and, when Fontane compares Alexis with Walter Scott, is very interesting; for the German novelist had begun his career by attempting to parody the English master and ended by emulating his example. The impressions of Goethe are admirably frank and direct. Fontane's views on "Hermann und Dorothea," "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," and the "Italienische Reise" are likely to provoke protest from those who are wont to accept every line penned by the *Altmeister*. The study entitled "Die Märker und das Berlinertum" is a remarkable achievement. No other man was equally qualified to inquire into the racial and social antecedents of the type which has gradually given the Mark Brandenburg its character and is modifying that of its neighbors, the *Berliner*. Among the statements which are particularly interesting is the fact that the year 1685 added five thousand French Huguenots to the eight or ten thousand inhabitants of old Berlin.

Science.

A Text-book of the Principles of Animal Histology. By Ulric Dahlgren and William A. Kepner. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

The name of the senior author alone leads us to expect much from this volume, and the most careful scrutiny reveals almost no defects. It easily takes first place among histologies, chiefly because of the invaluable comparative element. With few exceptions, histologies, intended as they have been primarily for the medical student, have heretofore been based for the most part on the genus *Homo*. Morphologists and anatomists will welcome a general histology which in the widest sense holds to its title, treating its subject as a pure science. Where circumstances warrant, fundamental facts, such as mitosis (the splitting of the chromatin of a nucleus or the subdivision of any minute granular bodies embedded in living protoplasm), are elucidated even by botanical material. Owing to the great difficulty of consistent treatment by the embryological, or ontogenetic, method in such widely different groups as vertebrates and invertebrates, this system has not been adopted, but the subject has been treated from the point of view of *function*. The value of this plan is evident from the fact that "all structures exist only for the purpose of performing certain functions in some particular way."

The various tissues of organisms are discussed in twenty-three chapters, a final chapter treating of general technic. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the volume is the great number (no

fewer than 470) of excellent pen-and-ink drawings of generous size, carefully correlated with the context. Of especial interest to the student of comparatize zoölogy are such chapters as those on the electric tissues, light, pigment, and gas production. Selecting the discussion of light as typical, we find a well-balanced general discussion of the occurrence, the chemistry, the physiology, and the morphology of the production of light. This is followed by specific examples of photogenetic tissues, presented in taxonomic order, with careful descriptions and illustrated by fourteen drawings. Each general group is introduced by a sentence or a few words in heavy-faced type, facilitating quick reference, such as: "The protozoön, *Noctiluca*, is probably the best-known example of a luminous, one-celled animal"; "The Mollusks have many light-producing tissues." . . . "Several worms possess a fairly strong and steady luminosity"; and "Light organs have been described in the young of some birds." A paragraph on technic follows, and the chapter is concluded with a list of the six most comprehensive and authoritative articles in the literature of the subject.

One can scarcely imagine a clearer or better arranged text-book either for the general student or for the specialist in any of the many related sciences. Since scientists in many fields often have occasion to refer to or to verify some point in histology, the volume will appeal to readers outside of the domain of histology proper.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this autumn "Life Histories of Northern Animals," by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava," William T. Hornaday; "A Theory of Mind," Prof. John Lewis March; and "The Bible of Nature," Prof. J. Arthur Thompson.

The second volume of Dr. George M. Gould's "Borderland Studies" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.), following the first at an interval of a dozen years, contains fourteen short articles reprinted for the most part from various medical journals. While the author commonly has the professional reader in mind, the layman will find much of interest besides getting a good idea of the cleverness of the writer, of his fondness for mannerisms, which are almost sophomoric, and of his use of the sledge-hammer even when a tack-hammer seems quite sufficient. The opening chapter, abundantly illustrated, treats of "the history of the house and the struggle for light and air" in an entertaining way, but apart from the question of beds makes few very definite suggestions. Students of history in its various aspects will hardly be ready to adopt the inference (p. 40) as to the relation of Oriental nomadism to bedbugs and filth, or of the relation of the bedbug to civilization in general. Of the other articles, that on "Disease and Sin" is perhaps the most suggestive, and that on "Child Fetiches" the most entertaining, while the one on "Some Ethical Questions" will add least to the author's reputation. The other chapters touch many topics, ranging from the importance of official records of personal statistics to problems of "style." The final chapter, on "Vocation or Avocation," is likely to confuse and mislead the lay reader, and its excessive hitterness is pretty sure to defeat the purpose of the writer.

Readers of Dr. H. S. Upson's "Insomnia and Nerve Strain" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will hardly find as much satisfaction in it as the title suggests. The author's views concerning the action of the nervous system are not altogether clear and rest upon an interpretation of nervous phenomena which few students of these subjects are ready to accept. This may be said in general of the application of the doctrine of epicritic and protopathic fibres, of the assumption of a mobility of the neuroglia cells, and particularly of the effort to find resemblances or analogies in a comparison of nerve force with electricity. To speak of a "vascular potential" or to regard the "vitality" of cells, and of the ganglion cells in special, as the ability "to maintain a difference of potential sufficient to carry on nutrition by electric osmosis" (p. 105), is to choke a fair garden with rank weeds of speculation. More promising is the discussion of cases in which the impaction of teeth or the existence of dental defects, often apparently insignificant and readily overlooked, has proved to be the cause of serious mental disturbance. Dr. Upson gives numerous skiagrams to illustrate this point, and adds a brief chapter by Dr. E. B. Lodge on the technique of dental skiagraphy. The influence of very limited inflammatory processes in causing remote and often quite obscure results has been much discussed of late, and these questions are evidently worthy of most careful attention.

The Société Hollandaise des Sciences publishes the eleventh volume of the "Œuvres complètes de Christiaan Huygens." It comprises the mathematical works from 1645 to 1651.

In 1901 the French Parliament voted a permanent Fund for Scientific Research. Last year the amount paid out was a little over $40,000 for its chief object—"the progress of biological sciences, especially to the end of discovering new methods of treating the diseases of man, of domestic animals, and cultivated plants." Tuberculosis, with its myriad experimental problems, had rightfully the lion's share. To Professor S. Arloing $1,600 yearly has been assigned for the past five years, applied to his special research as to the modifications of the virulent agent in tuberculosis; various modes of anti-tuberculous vaccination; reaction to tuberculine; and the latest processes for diagnosing tuberculosis. Prof. L. C. A. Calmette of the Institut Pasteur had $3,000 in 1907 for his investigation of the conditions of tuberculous infection by the digestive tube; and clinical and experimental diagnosis of tuberculosis by the new method of "opthalmo-reaction." Among the thirteen other students of tuberculosis who have received aid, problems of equal interest are being investigated. This Fund for Scientific Research also publishes the volume of studies made in 1907 by Professor Calmette and his assistants on the biological and chemical purification of sewer waters. It gives a summary of all that is known on this subject, so important to municipalities, with an outline of what has been done in England, Germany, and the United States, and the year's experiments in Paris and Lille.

The Fourth International Fishery Congress will be held at Washington September 22-26. The presiding officer will be Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, director of the American Museum of Natural History.

Dr. George Michael Edebohls, since 1893 professor of the diseases of women in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, died in this city August 8. He was born here in 1853, was graduated from St. John's College, Fordham, and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and he was on the staff of several hospitals. He had contributed to the medical journals many articles on diseases of the kidneys, and he was author of "The Surgical Treatment of Bright's Disease" (1904).

Word has been received from Danish Greenland that Mylius Erichsen and two others of the party that sailed from Copenhagen on the Denmark June 24, 1906, to explore and chart hitherto unknown parts of Greenland, perished in a snow-storm. They were overtaken by the storm while on an ice floe. The purpose of the expedition, which was backed by the government of Denmark, and approved by the American Geological Society and other scientific organizations, was achieved. Large tracts of land new to the geographers were mapped out, and the entire northeastern coast of Greenland was charted. Erichsen had attained fame as an explorer by leading a party across Melville Bay to the Cape York Eskimo settlement on the west coast of Greenland.

Drama and Music.

BRONSON HOWARD.

For many years Bronson Howard bore the courtesy title of the leading American dramatist, when he should have been described more properly as the leading playwright of America. This position he won by virtue of half a dozen conspicuous successes in different departments of drama and the comparative rarity of his failures, to which no further reference need be made. But, although he dealt largely with American subjects and types, his work was in no way distinctively national. For all his sharpness of observation, and his later capacity for satire, he was a story-teller, rather than a dramatist. His plays, resting upon a foundation of pre-ordained incidents, were essentially conventional in structure. They never grew out of the everlasting conflict between circumstance and character, and seldom touched upon any of the graver racial or social problems demanding a comprehensive outlook and philosophic insight. Not infrequently they represented certain phases of modern life with nota-

ble felicity; but, as a rule, they were mimetic, not inventive, and had no deeper purpose than the provocation of a transient interest.

Mr. Howard had the good fortune to come to the front in a period—between the late sixties and the early seventies—when the supply of American dramatists was at its lowest ebb, and he shone brilliantly by the side of far duller rivals. It is doubtful whether his "Saratoga," which was his stepping-stone to fortune, would win much favor to-day, even if it could be as well acted as it was then. From the critical point of view, it was the flimsiest and most insignificant of farces. But it was packed with situations which were funny, if manifestly preposterous—moved with great rapidity, and was sufficiently well knit to hold together in spite of its bewildering intricacies. In respect of technical workmanship, and effective handling of familiar characters, it was a decidedly creditable performance for a beginner. The fact that it probably had its inspiration in some of the touch-and-go French farces of the time does not lessen the skill of the adapter. And Mr. Howard was always an intelligent, adroit, and conscientious artificer, who, if he lacked the imagination to create original designs, put the best that was in him into the imitation of selected models.

When his second pronounced success, "The Banker's Daughter," was produced, the local stage had been abandoned to adaptations from the French of Sardou, D'Ennery, Augier, Feuillet, and others, and the influence of these writers might easily be traced in it. But it was, nevertheless, an original work, so far as the general outlines of the story and the various personages were concerned, and proved that the new dramatist had studied closely the devices of emotional melodrama and learned how to apply them to his own purposes. It is possible that "The Banker's Daughter" might be able to stand the test of revival, with a little modification. All the characters are variations of puppets long in use in the theatre, but the story is interesting, the crises ingeniously devised, the mechanism smooth, and the suspense well maintained. Undoubtedly, the popularity of this piece was due to its own intrinsic merit as fiction, as well as to its admirable performance. When war plays were the fashion, Mr. Howard presented his "Shenandoah," and again achieved a brilliant popular success. In this he also displayed an intimate knowledge of theatrical resources and of the requirements of public entertainment. Again, his story was conventional in its panorama of the woes of civil war, in its appeal to the patriotic enthusiasm of both sides, and its careful avoidance of offence to either; but it was well told and carefully elaborated. In short, it was the product of a shrewd, skilful, and laborious workman.

He never appeared to more artistic advantage than in his "Old Love Letters," a charming little piece in which a pretty but by no means original bit of fancy is put to excellent theatrical effect with no small measure of literary grace. But his best dramatic achievement, undoubtedly, was his comedy, "Aristocracy," which, in spite of its occasional exaggeration and melodramatic sensationalism, was a piece of purposeful and potent satire, aimed with vigor and directness at two of the worst forms of modern snobbishness. Neither in motive nor in development did this play exhibit much power of fresh imagination, but it was written with considerable literary force and much fearless independence of spirit. His latest composition, an unacted comedy called "Kate," was an attempt in the later style of emotional comedy, and is not likely, should it ever be performed, to add greatly to his reputation.

If Mr. Howard's abilities were not of the highest order, they were above the level of mere respectability, and they were not devoted to base ends. He never descended to the expedients of the lower sensationalism for the sake of money, and his memory will be more fragrant in this respect than those of some of his contemporaries. Possibly, if he had not been so fortunate at the outset of his career, he might have attained to higher literary and artistic distinction. But if he did not do much to elevate the stage, he never did anything to abase it, and he bore his triumphs with a modesty and dignity which were very becoming. He was ever ready to champion the best interests of the stage, and the whole theatrical world is the poorer for his loss.

Scribner's autumn list includes "Richard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor," by Paul Wilstach; and "The House of Rimmon," a drama in four acts, by Prof. Henry van Dyke.

In "Sudermanns Dramen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) Karl Knortz, a veteran writer on German themes has published his lecture on the dramas of Sudermann, once delivered in New York under the auspices of Die germanistische Gesellschaft von Amerika. Knortz is no representative of the dry-as-dust German investigator, and he enlivens his always interesting, if not always cheerful, pages by facetious thrusts at the weak spots of the social organism. Knortz has too a good word for idealists, if only their dreams have a practical foundation; he believes they prepare the way for succeeding generations, and he recalls the idealistic endeavors of Plato, Kant, Goethe, Nietzsche, and others. Of this class Sudermann is, in the opinion of Herr Knortz, the most talented and most successful German representative. Part of this lecture consists of brief digests of Sudermann's plays, with here and there a word of specific criticism. The defect of the review is that space allotted to the separate works is not always well proportioned. In general Knortz holds that Sudermann has cast the ancients aside, and followed French influences, with this exception, that instead of depicting noble pleasure and furnishing a stimulus to better thinking and living, he has created characters who go after their own sinful inclinations. Adultery and seduction are the stereotyped themes of the majority of Sudermann's plays. Of course, the artist has the right to treat the hateful and improper in life, but only in the service of the beautiful; and while it is impossible to lay down exactly the bounds within which a dramatist should work, there is no doubt that Sudermann has frequently overstepped the limits of propriety. Sudermann is, however, as Herr Knortz views him a great moral preacher, whose object, while showing the evil, is to point out that sin is punished on earth.

J. M. Barrie's new play will be produced in the Duke of York's Theatre, London, in September. It is in four acts, and is said to contain several studies of Scottish characters. Gerald Du Maurier, Lillah McCarthy, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Sydney Valentine, and others have important parts. It will be staged by Dion Boucicault.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication this autumn "Johann Sebastian Bach, Composer," by Sir Hubert Parry.

A good life of Brahms (in German) may now be had for a nickel abroad, or a dime in this country. It forms a new volume in Reclam's Universalbibliothek, and is by Richard von Perger, who knew the composer well.

At four of the musical festivals in England this autumn, Worcester, Sheffield, Bristol, and Norwich, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given. At Worcester, Sir Edward Elgar's "Wand of Youth," Suite 2, will be produced; at Sheffield, October 5-9, Henry J. Wood, conductor, and Dr. Henry Coward, chorusmaster, Fritz Delius's "Sea-Drift," a suite from the opera, "Eve of Christmas," by the late Rimsky-Korsakoff, Bach's "Matthew" Passion, Verdi's "Requiem," Berlioz's "Te Deum," Cæsar Franck's "The Beatitudes," Dr. Walford Davies's "Everyman," and Debussy's cantata 'L'Enfant prodigue"; at Bristol, October 14-17, George Riseley, conductor, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," Felix Woyrsch's "Passion Music," and Cyril B. Rootham's cantata "Andromeda"; at Norwich, October 28-31, Henry J. Wood, director, the prize cantata "Cleopatra," by Julius Harrison, Hugo Wolf's "Christmas Night," Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Brahms's "Requiem," Debussy's "The Blessed Damozel," and Sir E. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and "King Olaf."

Paul Joseph Maria Homeyer, one of the most famous of German organists, has died in his fifty-fifth year. His grandfather, his father, and his uncle were musicians. Born at Osterode, he studied at Kildesheim and Leipzig. At the time of his death he was organist at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, and teacher at the conservatory there.

Art.

Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Surrey, illustrated on one hundred collotype plates from photographs by W. Galsworthy Davie, with an introduction and numerous sketches by W. Curtis Green. Pp. xiv+69. New York: William Helburn.

Books devoted to the minor domestic architecture of England have great interest for those who care for the artistic aspect of the dwelling; for there is no other country in which there is so large a proportion of attractive design, picturesque treatment, unassuming novelty, in country houses of small cost and of no pretension. Three such books are published in a well-known series by B. T. Batsford (imported by William Helburn), with illustrations from photographs; and these books are modelled on Ralph Nevill's volume of 1891, with his own drawings of the cottages of southwestern Surrey. The four volumes, in crown quarto, with page 7x10 inches, all deal with the heart of southern England, from the Channel to Northamptonshire. The new volume whose title is given above is made up of 100 plates, from photographs by Mr. Davie, and 69 pages of text by Mr. Green, with slight drawings in the text and a few half-tone prints of details of architecture.

The special interest is in the charm to be found in simple disposition of a few necessary parts—roof and walls, chimney stacks and dormers, and broad, low, lattice windows; and in such variety of surface decoration as may lie in tiling, weather-boarding, walls of varied masonry and timber framing. The drawings of Mr. Nevill's book in many cases represent the same houses which are given in the photographs of this work; and, as the points of view are different in most cases, the comparison is valuable. Thus, at Witley, in Surrey, the White Hart Inn has the ground story built of stone, a low second-story covered with tile hung from laths, and a large hipped roof, an unusual feature in England, covered with square tiles. The possession of two quite different views of this building, with two separate comments by men as competent as Mr. Nevill and Mr. Green, is a distinct advantage for the student.

The new book, taken by itself, is devoted chiefly to the houses of the ancient yeomanry. The lingering on of the picturesque element of mediæval art throughout the neo-classic revival is one of the paradoxes of architecture. The designer of the court, chosen by the noble and the bishop, had to pose as the advocate of Roman dignity and neo-classic grace, but the unknown builder, who, in the seventeenth century or in the days of Queen Anne, laid the brick walls of Bonnet's Farm, near Ockley (Plate lxi.), and the stone masonry of the house at Shamley Green (Plates lxxiii. and lxxiv.), was able to plan as he and his workmen had learned from their teachers—simply, unaffectedly, and with a natural turn for picturesque and therefore graceful results. The same influence is seen in the older Colonial houses of New England and Virginia. Evident, too, is the retention of the way of work of the mediæval builder, who staked out his house and proceeded to lay up his walls, without having carefully finished and figured drawings to follow. It must be said, too, that the text of these books, and especially of the latest, written by Mr. Green, is wholly in harmony with the spirit of the ancient impulse.

The defect of the book is the general absence of ground plans. If we could have a plan, or even two plans of each house which is given in photography, and a measured drawing of unusual bits of framing, the value of the work to the serious student would be doubled.

Duffield & Co. will issue in their Art and Letters Library this autumn "Artists of the Italian Renaissance," stories of the Italian artists as set forth by Vasari, Ridolfi, Lanzi, and others, collected by E. L. Seeley; "Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari," also edited by Mr. Seeley; "Stories of the English Artists, 1700-1850"; and "Stories of the Flemish Artists from Van Eyck to the Seventeenth Century," by Prof. Paul de Mont, director of the Royal Museum, Antwerp.

Those who are interested in the question as to the encouragement of art by the state will find grist for their mill in "Les Beaux-Arts et la nation" by Charles M. Couyba, now a member of the French Senate, but better known as a public school songwriter under his anagrammatic name, Maurice Boukay. He deals with the duty of the state to foster art, with æsthetic pedagogy, decorative art in France and other countries, art in schools, and national museums and manufactures.

Jacques Baschet, secretary of the École nationale des Beaux-Arts, publishes two volumes on "La Peinture française au dix-huitième siècle et au dix-neuvième." They complete the series covering the entire history of French painting, a volume published last year being devoted to the period from the first beginnings down to the eighteenth century. The present volumes practically reach from Watteau to Édouard Manet, inaugurator of the new art of the nineteenth century's end. The writer is in sympathy with these new ideas, which claim for themselves the sole genuine representation of life and nature.

The Louvre Museum has acquired, at the price of 200,000 francs, Hans Memling's portrait of an old woman, which was exhibited in 1902 at Bruges, with other Flemish Primitives. It was originally the left-hand panel of a diptych. The right—portrait of a man—is a well-known possession of the Berlin Museum. The present panel comes from the Meazza collection of Milan.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts has announce the awards in the Sculpture Section of the Prix de Rome. The Grand Prix is won by Marcel Armand Gaumont, who obtained prizes in 1903 and 1906; the Deuxième Grand Prix, by Camille Crenier; the Premier Second Grand Prix, by Paul Ponsard, who won in 1905, 1906, and 1907; and the Deuxième Second Grand Prix by Louis Lejeune.

Eugène Feyen, a former student of Paul Delaroche, has died at the age of ninety-three. He was particularly successful with pictures of the French coast. His best-known work is Les Glaneuses de la mer.

Walter Leistikow, one of the leading Berlin "secessionists," has died in his forty-third year. His most popular subjects are the landscapes about Berlin.

Finance.

LOW RATES FOR CALL MONEY.

Call money was lent on the Stock Exchange last week at ¾ of 1 per cent. Such a low rate had not been seen in four years; in only three years—1904, 1895, and 1884—has such a low level been touched in August. Last year the lowest rate in this month was 1¾ per cent., on August 21. The opening of August usually witnesses low rates for call loans, but less than 1 per cent. is abnormal. After dropping to ¾ cent. the rate rose again to 1¼ per cent., but 1 per cent. prevailed throughout the week. Are such low figures likely to continue?

They are, provided that the Stock Exchange demand does not impose unusual burdens upon the banks. At Paris discount rates fell last week to 1 per cent., the lowest point since 1895; they have also been lowered at London and at Amsterdam. Money has also been so easy here that not since March has call money commanded more than 2 per cent., and at no time since the end of January more than 2¼. The record of 1904 furnishes a somewhat similar instance, for in that year 2 per cent. was the highest rate between the close of January and the end of September, except for a single day in May. In July and August, 1904, conditions in the money market were like those of to-day. Call money

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stood at ½ and ¾ per cent. throughout August and at ⅞ per cent. for three weeks of September. Then the rate gradually worked higher, until by October loans were commanding 2½ per cent., by November 3 and 4, and by December 4 and 5. This precedent may not be followed this year, although the New York bank surplus stands now about where it did then. After a financial crisis, however, interest rates always fall. Following the panics of 1903, 1893, and 1883, Wall Street had periods of ½ per cent. for call money; after 1873, the rate went to 1 per cent. Thus the present course of money rates is not at all unusual.

Such low rates are naturally disliked by the banks, since they commonly mean a great reduction in earnings. At ¾ per cent. $100,000 brings the lender only $2.08 per day. Under ordinary conditions, such a small return would not pay a bank for the trouble of making the loan, if it was to hold only for a single day; a call loan, however, usually runs for several days and sometimes for months, and the rate is often changed many times. Last year the banks received an average of 6.38 per cent. for call money during the entire twelve months; if present conditions continue, this year's average may be nearer 3 per cent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, David P. The History of a Strange Case. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

Bogert, Henry L. Year Book of the Holland Society of New York.

Crosby, Ernest. Labor and Neighbor. Chicago: Louis F. Post. 25 cents.

Dinsmore, John Wirt. Teaching a District School. American Book Company. $1.

Eaton, Amasa M. Roger Williams, the Founder of Providence—the Pioneer of Religious Liberty. Department of Education, Rhode Island.

Eberhardt, Goby. My System for Practising the Violin and Piano. English text by Gustav Saenger. Carl Fischer. $2 net.

Gowen, Rev. Herbert H. Hawaiian Idylls of Love and Death. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.00.

Hodson, S. C. The Meitheis. Introduction by Sir Charles J. Lyall. London: David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.

Hoffmann, Mrs. Adolphe. The Social Duty of Our Daughters. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co.

Illinois School Report, 1904-1906. Springfield, Ill.: Phillips Bros.. The School Law of Illinois with annotations. Compiled by J. C. Thompson. Springfield: Illinois State Journal Co.

Lampton, William J. The Trolley Car and the Lady. Boston: Richard G. Badger, 25 cents.

Langley, S. P. Researches and Experiments in Aerial Navigation. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Lyall, Sir Charles, Editor. The Mikirs, from the papers of the late Edward Stack. Loudon: David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.

Maitland, F. W. The Constitutioual History of England. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Malone Society, W. W. Greg, editor. Collections, Part 1.; The History of King Leir. Oxford: University Press.

Morgan, Mary H.. How to Dress a Doll. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.

Owen, Charles H. The Justice of the Mexican War. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Podmore, Frank. The Naturalization of the Supernatural. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.

Sauter, Edwin. The Death of Gracchus. St. Louis: Published by the author.

Seeberg, Dr. Reinhold. The Fundamental Truths of the Christian Religion. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Ungnad, Arthur. Selected Business Documents of the Neo-Babylonian Period. Leyden: E. J. Brill.

Upham, Alfred Horatio. The French Influence in English Literature. The Columbia University Press. $2 net.

Year-book of the New York Department of Agriculture. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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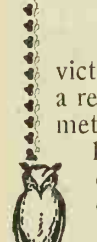

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

The Week.

What is the greatest evil confronting this republic? Is it special privilege, the growth of Socialism, or the prevalence of race hatred? Any intelligent foreigner, reading the newspapers of last Sunday and Monday mornings, would, we think, find in the general outbreak of lawlessness one of the most serious menaces to the stability of our institutions. Race riots in the home of Abraham Lincoln, a nearly successful attempt at lynching in the vicinity of this city, mobs in Cincinnati and Chicago, a whole State, Kentucky, terrorized by bands organized to nullify the laws and defy the authorities, cold-blooded murders in every direction—this is an appalling record of crime such as could be paralleled in no other country, unless it be one in the throes of social revolution. If Liberty stands triumphant and honored at our gates, Justice appears but a discredited drab. Waves of national lawlessness, we are aware, have not been uncommon before this. The Reconstruction period, with its Ku Klux horrors in the South, the ravages of Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania, and the uprisings of the mob in parts of the West are not to be forgotten. But the country has progressed in the last twenty-five years, with the settling of the West and the introduction everywhere of the court-house and the orderly procedure of justice. In the South, too, there has been much improvement, though in some regions the conditions are still bad enough.

But look at the facts. In editorial after editorial the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has been contending that the night-riders and the lynchers "have been making civilization a myth, law a joke, and the 'inalienable rights of man' a delusion." The Governor has had to call out the larger portion of the State troops and devote all his energies to this problem of maintaining order. And in Illinois, too, Gov. Deneen has had to send the militia to Springfield. The firmness with which the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois have acted is ground for genuine encouragement; but behind them the sober, steady elements must rally, unless we are willing to have the world regard this country as half-civilized, and to see the democratic movement everywhere receive a serious setback. For democracy, like autocracy, must insist upon the reign of law; without it both go under. Our legislators need concern themselves little with the theoretical anarchists, the Berkmans and Goldmans and Mosts. The real anarchists of to-day are those who declare themselves above the statutes, and stalk abroad, revolver in hand, to deal destruction as they see fit—to the mockery of government.

Not quite good enough for Representative J. Sloat Fassett and Herbert Parsons, not good enough for William Barnes, jr., of Albany and Mr. Ward of Westchester, Gov. Hughes has yet been found good enough to open the Republican national campaign in Ohio next month and to make many speeches in the West. Accused of being recreant to his party, the Governor has now supplied, after his own effective manner, an answer that confounds his enemies. The local bosses are, of course, still at liberty to maintain that the Governor's partisanship is but a poor thing. Has he appointed and decapitated, has he pulled and pushed, has he whispered in corners, has he bargained and pledged, has he, above all things, taken orders? No. Then it is absurd to call him a party man. That he saved his party from utter defeat in 1906, that the Republicans of the West are turning to him with increased attention and respect—all that does not make good partisanship in the eyes of the machine politicians. And when Gov. Hughes speaks in the West, he will be all the more popular there if, as Congressman Fassett asserts, the railways as well as the bosses are against him.

Under present conditions there is some plausibility in the prediction by Secretary J. E. Pritchard of the pavers and rammers' union that if the American Federation of Labor goes into politics it will also go to pieces. He pregnantly cites the case of the Knights of Labor. When the Knights entered politics, animosities and factions were immediately engendered in the local unions. It was not exactly with *éclat* that the Federation itself emerged from its fight to prevent Congressman Littlefield's reëlection. In the internal struggle for mastery of the union in the interest of a political organization the *prima-facie* interests of the worker are likely to suffer neglect. Moreover, when the feeling becomes widespread that the union is principally an organization to advance some person's political fortunes, all virtue goes out of it—and many of its members follow in virtue's footsteps. After Powderly's accession to a Commissionership of Immigration, we imagine that his influence with his former brethren declined. Mr. Gompers may be a disinterested advocate of the rights of the unionist, but malice will suggest that his espousal of Mr. Bryan's cause may be prompted by a selfish motive.

The government report on foreign commerce in July shows that in this direction, at all events, the business conditions have not changed. Last month's merchandise exports were reduced $25,000,000 from 1907, chiefly because of decline in shipment of other articles than products of the farm; but the reduction in imports was $38,000,000, or no less than 30 per cent. During the seven completed months of the present calendar year this falling off in imports has been no less than $267,000,000—a contraction so enormous that, notwithstanding a heavy reduction of exports also, the excess of exports over imports for the period has been $179,000,000 greater than in the same months of 1907. It might be imagined that, with such curtailment of our purchase of foreign merchandise, the country's import trade would have fallen to an abnormally low figure. Yet so far is this from true that our imports for the year to date, far as they have fallen below those of the same period in the three past years, are larger than the seven-months' total in any year prior to 1905. In other words, what has appareutly happened is the return to what was regarded as a normal trade before the sensational expansion in American business and speculation which began with 1905. This change in foreign trade conditions was inevitable, when the suddeu contraction of the

country's consuming power, as a result of the shock to credit, left even home manufacturing industries with barely one-half the orders which they had been receiving a year ago. In the twelve months after the panic of 1893, merchandise imports decreased $211,000,000 from the preceding year. They recovered in the fiscal year 1895 for a peculiar reason—namely, a sudden outburst of speculation and rise of prices in the home industrial markets, which had the double effect of cutting down our exports and increasing our imports, and soon afterwards weakened the economic position of the country, then in reality only slowly recovering from the panic. The genuine start was made in trade revival, and the way was opened for the era of great prosperity which followed, when the American manufacturer set to work making goods at prices which would fairly compete with outside producers.

Napoleon used to boast shortsightedly that the natural vices were the best patriots in his empire, and he illustrated his contention by pointing to the revenue from the taxation of intoxicants. The recent fall in our internal revenue receipts from distilled spirits suggests the same paradox. Is it better to have a full treasury and an average per capita consumption of 1.63 gallons of whiskey, as we had a year ago, or a fall of $15,767,038 in the drink duties, as indicated by the returns for the last fiscal year, and a reduction of about 10 per cent. in the amount of spirits consumed? The hard times beginning in 1893 steadily reduced the average consumption until it fell to one gallon per capita in 1896. British Chancellors of the Exchequer have impressed on Parliament more than once the financial problem—of finding additional sources of revenue—which the spread of the temperance movement would eventually create. Fortunately, they have taken the ground that the greater sobriety of the nation is an asset of more importance than the fiscal advantages derived from the heavy consumption of liquors—and our own Treasury officials may well urge the same argument.

The higher rate-schedules are apparently being kept as an instrument in the railway armory. If, under the suit filed by the Texas Commission, a significant synchronous rise in rates of many railways is not held a transgression of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, if the election news is reassuring, if crop prospects indicate that the traffic can bear another stiffening of charges, the project for higher rates will be quite ready. Meantime a stray item of railway news shows a more excellent way of augmenting earnings. Southern New Jersey distributed more than $1,000,000 of produce over New England, the Middle West, and Canada last month, an increase of $750,000 over last year's July shipments. The significant explanation given is:

> Special schedules were established, and trains known as "preference freights" were run, making time equalled only by passenger trains. The market was greatly widened as a result of the development campaign undertaken by the Pennsylvania Railroad in behalf of the commercial and agricultural interests of southern New Jersey.

The defects in our system of appellate jurisdiction enumerated by the special committee of the American Bar Association relate specifically to the Federal courts, but the principles laid down may well be extended to the processes of many State tribunals. These defects have been summed up as "the law's delays." But more than the law's delay is involved when higher courts persist in ruling on technicalities and disregarding the merits of the question. The law's miscarriage is often the result, and that, not alone because a delay of justice is also a miscarriage of justice. The higher court may hold that it rules only on form when it sends a case to the lower courts for retrial. But actually the ruling of the higher tribunal influences the outcome in the lower court. Here, for instance, your trial judge gives oral hearing on an indictment of so many dozens of counts, listens to testimony, argument, and pleading, asks for supplementary briefs, and then decides, as judges from the beginning have always decided, on the basis of intuition and psychological data, as well as on the spoken word. His decision is brought up for revision in a higher court, and there, because one witness out of a score may have failed to receive his full rights, the case may go back for trial on "error." It does not matter that the error had only the remotest influence in shaping the original decision. Back the case goes, on form ostensibly. But a lower court will not always remain unswayed by action above, even though it was on form only.

A more remarkable memory than that of the late Ainsworth R. Spofford is not often recorded. Of untiring industry and the widest knowledge, he could yet retain details in a way to stagger every one who witnessed an exhibition of his powers. In the days of the old Congressional Library, when, for lack of space, books were piled up in every direction, on chairs, desks, tables, and the floor, Mr. Spofford could go to a pile and select the book he wished with unerring accuracy. Nor was this knowledge confined to his own library. It is related that on one occasion, after failing to satisfy Gen. Lew Wallace by giving him the books on a certain subject in the Congressional Library, he said that the desired volume was in the Harvard library; and Mr. Spofford went on to state the title, library number, shelf number, and the position the volume occupied on the shelf—"sixth from the south end." This story, if not true in every detail, is at any rate characteristic. In addition to a memory for such things Mr. Spofford had a fairly encyclopædic knowledge of all topics of human interest. He himself was for years the Congressional Library, at least to all intents and purposes, and the number of Congressional and Senatorial speeches he influenced would run into the thousands. When the new library was completed, Mr. Spofford's services were retained, despite his lack of business capacity. And no servant of the government ever deserved more consideration at its hands.

The withdrawal of Alfredo Zayas, leader of the Zayistas, and a chief conspirator in the late revolution, from his candidacy for the Presidency of the Cuban Republic, is an event of great significance. Not lacking in brains or in legal ability, Zayas has been the best of the candidates in the field, but beyond that nothing can be said for his fitness. Now that the Conservatives have suddenly shown such great strength, Zayas finds it necessary to withdraw in favor of the Miguelistas, the followers of Miguel Gomez, in order that both factions may make common front against the new—or old—enemy. Ever since Gov. Magoon has been in Cuba, Gomez and Zayas, companions in the insurrec-

tion, have been engaged in fighting one another for the spoils of office, or any possible personal advantage. The net result should now be the division of the people into two parties: the horse-thieves and insurrectionists of 1906 on one side; and on the other those who supported Palma, backed, let us hope, by the solid property-owners. These men have hitherto held aloof from politics, because of disgust and a well-founded fear that a new insurrection might witness the destruction of all their property for their temerity in entering politics. The curse of Cuban politics is that there are no issues whatever on which to divide; that no party dreams of a platform; and that Zayas and Gomez are interested merely for the offices they can hold and the money they can make. Hence the desirability of the entrance into the Presidential contest of a man of fine character like Gen. Mario Menocal, who is likely to lead the Conservatives.

That Great Britain has consented for another fishing season to extend the *modus vivendi* arranged some two years ago with this country concerning the fishing off Newfoundland, is a cause for congratulation. The dispute centres about the claim of our fishermen, based on the treaty of 1818, to take fish in Newfoundland waters on the same terms as British subjects. This protracted difficulty over our several rights in this matter promises to be settled eventually, without serious friction, before the Hague Tribunal. The arrangement is but another instance of the spirit of reasonableness in which our relations to Great Britain are now fortunately regarded by both governments. It is a matter of regret that any discordant note should be evoked by this joint agreement to abide by a provisional adjustment until the whole matter can be fully arbitrated. The London *Morning Post* seems to attribute the happy outcome of the affair to Sir Edward Grey's weak "yielding to American pressure," but weakness is not commonly supposed to be a characteristic of the present Foreign Secretary. He is probably broad-minded enough to see that public opinion in Great Britain would hardly condone an attempt to enforce disputed rights when the matter is in process of amicable adjustment.

That women of the harem have played an important part in the Turkish constitutional overturn, should not come with a shock of surprise to the Western world. Pierre Loti, in his "Désenchantées" of two years ago, only gave a wider publicity to the known fact that European ideas and manners had followed Parisian clothes and novels into the *penetralia* of Constantinople's leading families. Separation and seclusion have supplied the wives and daughters of the ruling class with unlimited leisure for study and self-improvement; and we take it that Loti is true to life when he makes his heroine speak English, French, German, and Italian with equal excellence, and includes in her list of reading, Schopenhauer and Nietszche and Spencer, and the very latest of the symbolists and decadents. It is another question how far such enlightenment has spread among the women of Turkey, and whether sufficient basis has been laid for an active suffragist movement. But within two weeks of freedom the workingmen of Constantinople have already learned to strike, and it may be that women's rights will be swift in coming. Reforms nowadays travel in large companies, and a radical movement in a backward country may actually have this advantage over its counterpart in a more enlightened state, that when one inevitable change comes, others ride in with it. In England the suffragists have still the country to convert, but in Russia the great bulk of liberal opinion is for female enfranchisement.

There is nothing that binds like red tape. The story is told of a private in the French army who desired to buy and wear a special kind of shoe rather than the regulation article. He discovered that it was possible only after months of delay, and after securing written permits from some seven bureaus or more. The latest illustration of the lethargy of bureaucratic administration in that country comes in a renewal of protest against the Parisian telephone system conducted by the French Post Office. The Chamber of Deputies has been petitioned to turn over the service to private enterprise, because the petitioners despair of obtaining better service from the public administration. M. Noulens, Deputy for Gers, recently made a startling arraignment of the telephone management in his report from the Parliamentary Committee of Posts and Telegraphs. The plant is said to be antiquated, the staff untrained and inefficient. The department has fought measures for improving and extending the system, and still maintains the flat rate of 400 francs per year. A new exchange authorized by law in 1906 is just rising and will probably be completed in 1910. It is estimated that a measured-rate tariff would immediately increase the subscribers by almost 100 per cent. Unfortunately, the plant now in operation is not adequate to cope with such an extension, and several years must probably elapse before a modern telephone system can be expected in the French capital.

THE ADROIT MR. BRYAN.

How much Mr. Bryan has profited by his years of campaigning appears clearly in his speech of acceptance. It has all the earmarks of the man accustomed to addressing the nation on public affairs, and is not lacking in ability and shrewdness. He has had the wisdom to confine himself to readable limits, and his vigor and clearness of diction, it must be confessed, contrast most favorably with the ponderous style and the tiresome length of Mr. Taft's address at Cincinnati. That the Nebraska fencer is quick on his feet and at ease in the tourney has been apparent from the beginning. He is not lacking in self-confidence, and is not afraid to take the lead. He scored visibly in the bout over campaign expenses, and, in this more formal one, he has slipped past his adversary's guard and pinked him not once but several times. The umpires, to be fair, must cry "Touch" at Mr. Taft's expense.

On the vulnerable parts of Mr. Taft's address Mr. Bryan readily puts his finger. There was Mr. Taft's grave summary of "known abuses" that have been ended, and others that still remain uncorrected. Mr. Taft, it will be remembered, is one of those who believe that, if Mr. Roosevelt had not come to the rescue, this country was in danger of "a plutocratic government toward which we were fast tending." Under what Presidents did these evils grow apace, under what system of laws? asks Mr. Bryan. Why were the evils which Mr. Roosevelt is said to have throttled as the infant Hercules the snakes, allowed to become

so formidable under successive Republican administrations? Since the party of Roosevelt and Taft has been in power from 1861 on, with the exception of two separated periods of four years, it is a fair deduction that Republican policies and Republican laws are responsible for the loss of political power by the people, for the rule of the many by the few, and for the growth of those astounding fortunes which our tariff barons have so readily shared with the Republican campaign managers. And why, asks Mr. Bryan with great effect, have not *all* the evils been corrected? If there are adequate laws, why have they not been enforced; and if there are no laws why have they not been enacted? The Republicans have had undisputed control of both houses; on many issues they have had the support of Democratic votes. Yet they have passed neither the anti-Trust bill nor the railway laws which their own President has declared necessary. Mr. Bryan is correct in saying that Mr. Taft as President could not have larger majorities or a more despotic Speaker behind him; and he does not forget to dwell upon that schism in the Republican party, a contest between reactionaries and radicals, so evident in Kansas, where Senator Long has just now been defeated for renomination, largely because he did not favor the radical railway legislation that both Mr. Bryan and Senator La Follette have urged.

But it is in dealing with the tariff that Mr. Bryan strikes the heaviest blows. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have pronounced for revision; both have postponed it with politicians' cowardice until after the election. Had Mr. Bryan wished he could have cited from Mr. Roosevelt's New England speeches of 1902 some brave anti-tariff utterances the like of which the President has not ventured upon since. Mr. Bryan could have asked why those lips are padlocked, precisely as he has laid stress upon the direct connection between the campaign contributions of tariff beneficiaries and the inability of the Republicans to reform the tariff save by raising the duties.

But, if we must in justice to Mr. Bryan welcome this note of aggressive opposition, we must say also that the adroitness of the politician and his skill with the rapier are after all what stand out most clearly. He is attacking his adversaries; he has comparatively little to say in defence of his own hosts. The legends on their banners he sums up in the question, "Shall the people rule?" The details he leaves for other occasions. Moreover, he takes a position that is new and absurd in American politics when he declares himself bound wholly by the platform of his party and unable to discuss matters beyond it or behind it. He will not go into the various causes which he has been advocating in the last twelve years. He will say nothing about free silver, about the election of judges, his plans for the Supreme Court, or his foolish scheme of government ownership of railways. They were trial balloons. The wind of popular favor did not blow in his direction, and they are to be forgotten. If anything could render this attitude more ridiculous, it is that Mr. Bryan himself dictated if he did not write the platform.

That this silence as to the unhappy past is an appeal to the conservatives of the East, like his assertion that the Democratic party is the "defender of honest wealth" and seeks "not revolution but reformation," is obvious. "You do not like some things I have said? Well, don't worry; I shall talk about them no more. I'll only talk about what is in the platform. I am at my worst there. And don't forget that I want only one term." This is the wisdom of the ostrich. It will deceive no person; close no one's mouth; keep nobody from referring to Mr. Bryan's former hobbies, which throw so much light on both his character and his theories of statesmanship. For it is not the fencer, however adroit, or the circus tumbler, that this country wants in Washington; not the man who urges one set of ideas one day and declines to have them even spoken of the next. We are not yet ready to entrust the United States to men whose policies are as changeable as the wind.

THE MINOR PARTIES.

In the Presidential election of 1904 the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, the People's party, and the Socialist Labor party polled a total of 809,251 votes. All four organizations are in the field this year, and to them is added W. R. Hearst's new-born National Independence party. The Socialists and the Prohibitionists look forward to large gains; and with good reason. Socialism since 1904 has been widely agitated; it has made converts among what stern Marxians a few years ago would have called the non-producing classes; and in the present campaign it has industrial depression to feed upon. The Prohibitionists, in tangible results, have done even better than the Socialists. The movement has swept over the South, and is gathering impetus in the Central States. The Prohibition candidate for the Presidency estimates that one-half of all our population is now living in prohibition territory. Even if signs of reaction are apparent here and there, it is too early yet to look for a cessation of the last two years' growth. Mr. Hearst's strength can only be guessed at from the showing made by his local organizations in New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, and California. But Hearst, Debs (whose followers see visions of a million votes), Watson, and the Prohibitionists will probably poll between a million and a million and a half of votes. What effect will that number of neutralized ballots have on the fortunes of Mr. Bryan?

We say Mr. Bryan, because we assume that the minor parties, embodying as they do various degrees and shades of radicalism, have been mainly recruited from Mr. Bryan's radical Democracy; and that any large gains of Debs or Watson will be made at the expense of the Democratic party. Mr. Hearst, indeed, is in the campaign with the unconcealed purpose of hurting Mr. Bryan. Just what can he and Debs do? It is easier to answer with regard to Hearst. Were the campaign at the outset not restricted to a comparatively narrow fighting-ground, the Hearst influence might count for more. But in spite of iridescent visions of Democratic victory on the Pacific Coast, it is obvious that Bryan's hopes abide chiefly in the Mississippi Valley. California is practically conceded to the Republicans; New York is likely to go Republican unless the local leaders are silly enough not to renominate Gov. Hughes; in Illinois Democrats have a slight chance, because of Republican strife; Massachusetts is, of course, Massachusetts. Yet these four States contain almost all of Mr. Hearst's strength. Say that he vindicates his boast of carrying Massachusetts. He will only earn Mr. Bryan's gratitude for reducing the Republican electoral vote. Even if Mr.

Hearst flourishes a very heavy knife, he cannot get at Mr. Bryan's vitals. But Hearst journalism and Hearst money are mobile and resourceful. Will they not invade those Central States in which Bryan contemplates a serious campaign? Cannot the National Independence party make just enough headway in Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, and Nebraska to blast whatever hopes the Democracy may cherish? The outlook for a Hearst boom there at Bryan's expense, or, for that matter, at any one's expense, is not bright. With at least three different brands of radicalism to choose from—the Taft-Roosevelt, the Bryan, and the Debs kind—the voter should scarcely be in a mood for a fourth variety, and especially one that has just been placed on the market. We can imagine, on the other hand, an old-fashioned conservative finding it impossible to vote either for Taft or for Bryan; for Bryan because he is Bryan; and for Taft because he is Roosevelt. That the conservative who cannot stand Bryan will accept Hearst is manifestly absurd. Such a vote will go to the Prohibitionists, or to no one at all. To imagine Hearst winning new ground with his radical platform more or less eclipsed by other radical platfoms is very hard. We doubt, indeed, whether he can keep his strength even in his own citadels. In this State signs of dissolution in his following are abundant. A drift back to Bryan is perceptible, notably in New York city.

From Debs, Mr. Bryan on the face of things has more reason to fear harm. The Socialists are present in appreciable strength in the States Mr. Bryan has selected for the battleground. In Colorado, which gave a Republican plurality of 34,582 in 1904, and 18,134 in 1906, the Socialist vote of 4,304 in 1904 rose to 16,938 for Haywood for Governor in 1906. These are undoubtedly votes of protest against a Republican régime, a protest by which the Democratic party might have profited if the Socialists were not there. Idaho gave the Republicans a majority of 8,890 in 1906; two years earlier Debs had polled 4,954 votes, a very respectable number, where the margin between the two leading parties was so small. In Indiana the Republican plurality in 1906 was 30,825; at that time the Socialists cast 7,824 votes (a decline from 12,013 in 1904). In Iowa, the Republican plurality in 1906 was 20,285; Debs in 1904 had polled 14,847 votes. In Kansas, the Republican plurality in 1906 was 2,123; Debs had received there 15,494 votes. In Missouri, the Democratic plurality in 1906 was 9,077, and the Socialist vote was 11,528. In Montana the Republican plurality in 1906 was 8,410, and Debs's vote, two years before, 5,676. Oregon, which has shown a leaning toward Democracy, gave 7,651 votes to Debs. All these Socialist votes Mr. Bryan would be glad to get.

But this year there are conditions which minimize the danger to the Democratic party from Socialist aggression. If the Socialists are to pofit by hard times, it is not against the Democrats that they must direct their attack. How can we be held responsible for anything, Mr. Bryan may plead, if we have been excluded from responsibility for so long? The Democracy itself is now a party of protest, and expects to profit by discontent. Far from losing many votes to the Socialist party, Mr. Bryan may even hope to intercept a number on the way from Mr. Taft's camp to Debs's. And it must always be remembered in contemplating the prospects of the small parties that some of their gains will be offset by the natural increase in the electorate.

THE REACTION IN GERMANY.

With the light of constitutional liberty ablaze in the Near East as never before, the reactionary tendency of the various German governments seems to be distinctly strengthening. Having taken the Liberals and Radicals into camp by making them a part of the Parliamentary *bloc* that sustains the government, Von Bülow and his imitators seem to feel freer than ever to suppress anything that looks like liberty of speech or criticism of the government on the part of its subordinates. Even if one be but a simple teacher in a small State of the Empire, the muzzle is applied. As for the Social-Democratic movement, it would be political suicide for any official even to sympathize with it. When a commanding general in Berlin can order his soldiers to refrain from traversing portions of a popular park because it is sometimes frequented by Socialists, it is obviously impossible for any one in government employ to betray the slightest interest in the theories of Bebel and his school.

It is in Bavaria that the school teachers have been catching it. Two of them have dared to have opinions of their own, only to be threatened with the loss of their positions on the repetition of their offence. Their cases are soon to be discussed in the Bavarian Diet. But the incident which has aroused the greatest feeling is the attempt to discipline the burgomaster of Husum, Dr. Schücking, for his temerity in writing newspaper articles for the Liberal Berlin *Tageblatt* and in becoming a candidate of the Radical People's Party at the last Prussian elections. Dr. Schücking declares that, just before the election, he was visited by a fellow-official, who told him that he was to be summoned before his superiors to explain his candidacy, which the government could only regard as hostile and improper. Dr. Schücking was advised further that if he should plead that he took the nomination in order to save the city from a Danish candidacy—Husum is near the border—all might yet be well. Dr. Schücking, however, declined to avail himself of this excuse, was recently cited to show cause why he should not be punished for misconduct, and has been duly disciplined. Just what the other facts in the case are the ablest German newspapers have been unable to determine exactly. There have been charges and counter-charges, and official denials innumerable.

But, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out, the net result is fresh proof of the ultra-conservatism of the government and its insistence that every one shall think and speak as it wishes. This is the late policy of the Sultan of Turkey, modified to conform to German conditions, since poisoning and banishment are not popular under the Prussian eagle. Naturally, the desire of the Prussian government is to reserve the offices for those who can be relied upon. The proletariat is often excluded; the aristocracy favored in civil life as in the army; and the sons of officials are particularly welcome. As always happens, there is much public resentment, while the very attitude of the government makes hypocrites of its subordinates and inclines them to accept radical doctrines even when they cannot avow them.

That there lies back of the Schücking case a deliberate intention to force the Liberals into becoming more complai-

sant servants of the government, is openly charged. Von Bülow might, however, have rested content with his shrewd move in taking into camp the Liberal parties. They have, in consequence, lost much of their influence, and split up into smaller factions. Dr. Theodor Barth and some of his associates have formed a new organization, the Demokratische Vereinigungspartei, and are greatly encouraged by the recruits they have received. Their platform may best be described as a Liberalism that does not believe in compromising in order to pull Von Bülow's chestnuts out of the fire. Many Liberals and Radicals have heretofore been satisfied with the adherence of their parties to the Chancellor; but it is now plain that these men are on the point of revolt because of just such evidences as Dr. Schücking's case offers of the reactionary tendency of the day.

On this movement which has rendered German Liberalism so pitifully ineffective Prof. Otto Harnack of Stuttgart throws considerable light in a recent issue of *März*. Admitting that the government of Prussia is narrower and more conservative than that of the rest of Europe (except Russia), he finds that the responsibility rests, after all, with the people themselves. They are more and more, he says, bowing down to the will of powerfully centralized authority. It is becoming rarer and rarer to find people of position who have opinions contrary to those of the ruling classes, or who, having them, dare to voice them. For this condition of affairs the military system is partly accountable. Each German has to serve in the army, and while there he learns that opposition to the will of his superiors is the one unpardonable crime. This, Dr. Harnack points out, influences him throughout his life. In the fields of religion and education there is unusual freedom of opinion and expression, which, however, ceases abruptly when the discussion borders on the political. It is as if the German had forgotten Aristotle's definition of man as primarily a political entity, and concerned himself preferably with anything but politics. Again, Dr. Harnack thinks that a false ideal of patriotism—not unknown in this country—as something to make one swear by heaven and earth that nothing in Germany could be improved, also gives reaction its opportunity. And reaction in the Empire is making hay while the sun shines.

SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING.

The cable reports of the address made in London last week to the shareholders of the Anchor Line by the chairman of the directorate, Richard Henderson, but reflect the depressed condition of the shipping trade. The speaker described the recent stagnation as "probably the worst since the formation of the company." Like other persons in misfortune the ship-owners have found that their troubles come not singly but in battalions. Some of the causes of recent difficulties are accidental and probably temporary, while others threaten to be permanent. The coincidence of the financial panic in this country with relatively short crops for export has been very trying. Next has followed (and partly as a consequence) tight money, and an ebb of the tide of westward migration—the latter offset for a time by a returning throng of third-class passengers who have been thrown out of employment in this country. More persistent among adverse influences is the rise in the price of coal; and even more menacing still is the enormous increase in the number of ships the world over in the last two decades.

Naturally, the depression in the shipping trade has been speedily communicated to the shipbuilding industry. In this ancillary branch of transportation, the reaction has been more severe, because freighters afloat have found it cheaper to lose a little for a time by according low rates, than to lose everything by rusting at anchor. The laying down of new bottoms is governed, on the contrary, by future prospects, and as these have been black enough, the shipbuilding industry in many places has practically collapsed. The significance of the increase in tonnage of the world's freighters may be readily grasped from tables recently published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. In 1889 the tonnage of steam vessels was about 7,748,000, and of sailing vessels over 11,000,000. Last year the steam tonnage had risen to 20,000,000, while the sail-borne tonnage had fallen to 7,250,000. The net increase on the basis of tonnage alone has been about 50 per cent. in eighteen years. But the real carrying capacity of the world's fleet has increased in a much higher ratio, inasmuch as a steam-driven ship on the average will carry three times as much freight in a year's time as a sailing vessel of equal hold capacity. The actual increase in carrying efficiency, therefore, between 1889 and the present is reckoned at over 300 per cent. Even without any slackening of commercial activity, the expansion in the world's merchant marine must have caused the sharpest competition for business—a competition intensified by the profuse subsidies such as those granted for a time by the French Government.

The quick response of the shipbuilding industry to the recession in the carrying trade is registered in the sharp decline in new tonnage laid down. In Great Britain, where the most careful records of this movement are kept, the fourth quarter of 1905 proved the banner one, with keels actually laid for a tonnage of 514,000. That this pace, though rapid, was not greatly in excess of normal appears from the fact that the figures for the fourth quarter of last year were 477,000. From this point there has been a drop to 161,000, and 160,000 tons for the first and second quarters respectively of the current year. A word of explanation is fairly in order to make clear why any new tonnage at all should be laid down, when the relative excess of freighters is so marked. The explanation is partly that lighters, machine-ships, crane-boats, and similar craft are included, and that their construction is incidental to carrying on repair work and the like. Passenger steamers, it should be noted, require a longer period for construction than the ordinary freighter—a period often extending over two years—and their completion has involved some work that could not be postponed.

The international distribution of the shipbuilding industry, as evidenced by the survey given by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, carries little encouragement to those who think that subsidies are the only way, or even the main way, in which to create a merchant marine. Great Britain still retains its primacy, laying down in 1907 not far from 60 per cent. of the world's tonnage. On the other hand fifteen years ago, over 80 per cent. was the share that went to the English builders, so that while absolutely the trade has expanded in England, it has lost relatively to other rapidly growing nations. In this interval the

United States, Germany, and Japan have all made marked progress. Our own growth is due, of course, in great part to our monopoly of the coasting trade; but our abundant stores of cheap iron constitute a natural advantage of great magnitude, which must tell increasingly in the future. Germany, though it now lays down a tenth of the world's tonnage, is hampered by costliness of coal transportation, and complains that Holland, because of its free-trade policy, can buy German iron for ships at lower prices than are accorded at home to German builders. Japan's growth has been forced, purchased at great cost in taxing a hard-working people not supplied with large natural deposits of mineral. France, now that the subsidy orgy has been checked, has fallen astern of little Holland in the race. In this industry the controlling causes are the deep-seated ones, and if those who pant so noisily for a subsidy policy, will only wait, they may find their wish—the creation of a great merchant marine—but not their method, granted in the not too distant future.

THE RESERVES OF THE MODERNIST ARMY.

The strike of the university students of Austria gives us a glimpse of one of the powerful forces with which the reactionaries in the Catholic Church must contend. Prof. Ludwig Wahrmund of Innsbruck, through pressure exerted by the clericals, was forbidden to lecture because he had written a Modernist pamphlet. By way of protest against this attack upon academic liberty, the students struck; and since the suspension of Professor Wahrmund was sanctioned by the government, the movement spread to the other Austrian universities. The outcome of this particular strike and the fate of Professor Wahrmund are matters of little consequence. The principle involved transcends the fortunes of any individual or any institution—be it even so mighty an organization as the Roman Church. The point we would make is that the opponents of Modernism must reckon not merely with the priests of to-day who may be disciplined and silenced, but with the rising generation, and the generation behind that, and the next and the next, to the end of time. The conservators of the old tradition are fighting with an army which is eternally renewed and refreshed; beating it back is like beating back the flooding tide. Unless the hosts of orthodoxy can meet their enemy with as steady and strong a stream of reinforcement their battle is lost.

Modernism is, we take it, not a set of doctrines, but a point of view. The Modernist asks that conceptions of religion and of spiritual life be stated in terms that are intelligible to the man of to-day, that is, in terms which recognize the results of scientific and historical investigation. A creed which embodies the notion that the world was created in six days is incomprehensible to educated persons, because they know that as a matter of fact the world was not so created. The Church appeals to certain historical documents in support of her position and her dogmas. The Modernist replies, "Very well, we will examine those documents by the best critical methods. We will scrutinize the manuscripts in which they are transmitted; we will study the language and the ideas; we will compare the variants; we will analyze the interpolations and other alterations. We will weigh the evidence ascribing these documents to particular persons or periods; we will try to determine whether the sentiments are really those of traditional interpretation." If the authority of the Church rests on these documents, the Church cannot logically refuse to submit them to the analysis which scholars apply to all other such testimony. The Church has refused; and its decision is accepted by older men, trained in the schools of a by-gone day. But the Church cannot maintain this stolid *non possumus* against the demands of university graduates of the twentieth century.

The inevitable course of events has been demonstrated within fifty years. The doctrine of evolution was received with hoots and jeers by orthodox religionists of every sect. The clergymen who went over to the new theory were denounced by bishops and tried for heresy. Throughout the length and breadth of Protestantism there was as bitter an outcry as in the Catholic Church now over Modernism. The adherents of the faith once delivered seemed as strongly intrenched in their ecclesiastical fortresses as the Pope and his counsellors are in theirs. The old men clung as doggedly to the old views. But the old men are dead and dying, and the new are silently and swiftly taking their places. Since 1870 every biological laboratory in every college in Christendom has been a laboratory for the study of evolution. The Church could not bar out evolutionists without barring out all men trained in modern scientific methods, and thus relinquishing completely its intellectual and moral leadership and its hold upon nations that are educated and progressive.

This will be the difficulty that in a decade or two will confront the Papacy. In spite of its compact and centralized power, it is in the long run subject to the same influences that have disintegrated the traditions of Protestantism. In this connection one of the features of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress is deeply significant. In commenting on the various sessions, the London *Nation* says:

> A general attack on the critical method was everywhere severely discountenanced. A few years ago any oration could draw approving cheers from such multitudes by cheap sneers and denunciations of those "higher critics" who had disproved the Flood, or dissected the Pentateuch, or divided Daniel into fragments. To-day, such attempts, when essayed, evoked no corresponding approval. The audiences were revealed as representing a community, cautious, reserved, anxious as to the ultimate results of criticism of the Bible, clinging desperately and often defiantly to faiths and affirmations which have long been regarded as sacred. But it is a community also which has moved, and moved remarkably, both in the acceptance of results held to be heretical a generation ago, and also in toleration for the method by which such results have been obtained.

Acceptance of the results and toleration for the method—this looks like the beginning of the end of an acrimonious conflict. Toleration for the method means, of course, acceptance of results; for one cannot grant the premises and deny the conclusion.

Not even the Papacy can do that for any long period. Its laymen, if they are to compete with the rest of the world in the arts, the sciences, and commerce, must attend the best universities; and there they will surely become tainted by Modernism. The priesthood must continue to be men of culture and of disciplined mind; and that, again, implies at least a tincture of Modernism. The Church, in fine, cannot subsist merely by an appeal to the unlettered masses. Indeed, with the spread of free public schools in Europe and both Americas, we are fairly in sight of the hour when large unlettered masses will

no longer exist in Christendom. Every schoolhouse will propagate the method of the Modernist; and those findings of exact scholarship which to-day excite something like a shock in the diminishing circles of rigid orthodoxy will be received to-morrow calmly and even listlessly as the current commonplaces.

"GOSPEL HYMNS" FOR 80,000,000.

The death of Ira D. Sankey has filled the newspapers with anecdotes about his life. We are told of the impression which his singing first made on Mr. Moody, of his improvising the tune for "The Ninety and Nine," of the huge crowds, sometimes 20,000 people, who came to the Moody and Sankey revival meetings, and of the enormous sales of the "Gospel Hymns." The number of copies printed is reported to be 50,000,000; and even if this figure be somewhat exaggerated, the great popularity of these hymns is one of the facts with which historians of American culture must reckon. Publishers complain that there is little or no demand for good poetry; but year in and year out the Moody and Sankey hymns keep the presses busy.

Such revival services as first gave them vogue we are not likely to see again, at least in the East. The efficacy of this method of appeal is now gravely distrusted even in denominations—like the Methodist and Baptist—which once relied on it. Mr. Moody himself, in his later years, is said to have doubted whether the effect of revivals was permanent. He found that, after the excitement had died out, the tears and groans from "conviction of sin" and the ecstacies of conversion left many men about where they were before, only a little more indifferent and callous. A community "burnt over" by a wild revival often proved a difficult field to cultivate by sober and steady means. Mr. Moody's interest thus became more and more engaged in forming the character of the young by the slow, calm, and laborious process of education. The results of that work were, he thought, lasting.

With the passing of the old-fashioned revival, which from Whitefield to Moody has thrown whole cities into agitation, the few hymns that are peculiarly fitted to provoke a religious frenzy may perhaps fall into disuse. But the bulk of the "Gospel Hymns" seem likely to hold their own indefinitely. In the first place, it must be said that the book contains many old favorites by hymn-writers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century—such as Watts's "There Is a Land of Pure Delight," Toplady's "Rock of Ages," John Mason Neale's "Ah, My Heart," and Keble's "Sun of My Soul." These, however, which are found in many other collections, are not the characteristic "Gospel Hymns." The distinctive feature of Mr. Sankey's book is those lively, rattling pieces like "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" and the crudely sentimental hymns of Fanny J. Crosby, P. P. Bliss, and their imitators. The music, from the point of view of a severe critic, is as contemptible as that of a music-hall ditty; but it has some of the same popular qualities. The air is simple, strongly marked, easy to sing, easy to remember, "catching"—just the thing for children and for adults who in their musical taste are still children. And the words fit the music. Many of the hymns are a mere wooden versification of the commonplaces one hears in the "testimonies" and exhortations at a Methodist prayer-meeting. This, for example, by Miss Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne):

> Now just a word for Jesus,
> Your dearest friend so true,
> Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
> What He has done for you.
>
> Refrain:
>
> Now just a word for Jesus—
> 'Twill help us on our way;
> One little word for Jesus,
> O speak, or sing, or pray.

Less baldly hortatory, but worse in point of style, are these lines by Mr. Bliss:

> Oh, how happy are we
> Who in Jesus agree,
> And expect His return from above;
> We sit 'neath His vine and delightfully join
> In the praise of His excellent love.
>
> When united to Him
> We partake of the stream
> Ever flowing in peace from the throne,
> We in Jesus believe, and the Spirit receive
> That proceeds from the Father and Son.

But the book is notable chiefly for its sentimentality—with "The Ninety and Nine," "Where Is My Boy To-night?" "I Am So Glad that Jesus Loves Me," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and hundreds more in the same vein.

The taste for this sort of psalmody seems to flourish as vigorously as ever, especially in the country. Millions of people derive enjoyment and edification from the kind of talk that is heard at a rural prayer-meeting. They are not disturbed by the unspirituality and crass materialism of the ideas there presented. They are not fastidious about either the form or substance of religious truth, and without a qualm they throw themselves into songs such as we have quoted. Human nature being what it is, and the liking for bathos being so widespread and ineradicable, the "Gospel Hymns" as a whole will probably remain popular and even increase in popularity for a long time to come. The people who sing them with such zest would not appreciate the delicacy and refinement, in thought and expression, of the few great hymns. For these honest folk the triviality of the music, the cheapness of style, the shallowness of conception, and the cloying sentimentality are exactly what lend charm to the "Gospel Hymns." While the *Ladies' Home Journal* continues the model of a successful periodical in America, the "Gospel Hymns" will go on selling by the million.

And yet we would not undervalue these hymns—the solace they have brought in sorrow, the inspiration in moments of despondency, the strength in the hour of weakness. They are, after all, not to be judged by the strict canons of musical and literary art. In their own field they are a law unto themselves. Many a man who can coolly dissect poetry and music of far higher technical excellence and can lay his finger unerringly upon the flaws, would hesitate to subject these hymns to critical analysis; for behind the empty and jingling words may lie a world of tender memory and profound emotion. The familiar cadence may recall the quiet Sundays of childhood and the menacing or pleading voice of the preacher; the aspirations of youth and its lofty resolves; and the solemn farewells of death. These images may come thronging back, more vivid than any evoked by the organ-notes of Milton. And even those for whom personally the "Gospel Hymns" may mean little or nothing, will do well to remember that it was Pater, a very high priest of culture, who said that "nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by ac-

tual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate or expended time and zeal."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The most recent issue of the Bibliophile Society is a volume entitled, "Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell: Private Correspondence." It consists of letters written by Dickens to his first love, Maria Beadnell, said to be the original of Dora of "David Copperfield" and Flora of "Little Dorrit." The book is edited by Prof. George Pierce Baker of Harvard, and the original letters belong to W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, whose generosity in allowing the society use of his unpublished manuscripts has done much to give its publications a permanent interest.

"David Copperfield" was, as is well known, largely autobiographical; and Forster in his "Life of Dickens" prints a long extract from a letter written to him by Dickens in 1855, telling of the intensity of his early passion. But Forster does not give the name of the young woman, and it is not certain that he knew it. Maria Beadnell was the daughter of John Beadnell, manager for a firm of bankers, Smith, Payne & Smith. Dickens was introduced to the family by his friend Henry Kolle, who married Anne Beadnell in May, 1833, shortly after the first five of the letters here printed were written. These five letters are apparently the ending of a happy intercourse of some months. In the first of them, dated only "March 18," Dickens declares that their recent meetings have been "little more than so many displays of heartless indifference" on her part, and he returns to her some present which he says "I have always prized, as I still do, far beyond anything I ever possessed." The original of this letter was returned to Dickens, and it is printed from a copy retained by Miss Beadnell. Of the other letters of this first series one is undated, the others are dated simply "Thursday," "Friday," and "Sunday," but all were written within a few days. There was apparently never any engagement, but that Dickens was on familiar terms with the Beadnell family for three years or more is shown by a poem, "The Bill of Fare," written in the autumn of 1831. The manuscript of this, preserved by Miss Beadnell, is also printed in the volume. In it Dickens characterizes his friends, including the Beadnells, and of himself says :

> And Charles Dickens, who in our Feast plays a part,
> Is a young Summer Cabbage, without any heart;—
> Not that he's heartless, but because, as folks say,
> He lost his, twelve months ago from last May.

But on April 2, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, and Miss Beadnell (perhaps earlier) married Henry Winter.

More than twenty years later a new correspondence was taken up, and twelve letters written to Mrs. Winter in 1855, 1857, 1858, and 1862, are included in the volume. The first of these letters are full of thoughts of the past. In one dated February 22, 1855, he says:

> A few days ago (just before Copperfield) I began to write my Life, intending the manuscript to be found among my papers when its subject should be concluded. But as I began to approach within sight of that part of it [referring to his early love] I lost courage, and burned the rest.

But after he had seen Mrs. Winter, Dickens seemed to feel that the youthful romance was gone, and a different tone pervades the later letters. He gave her a copy of David Copperfield inscribed "Charles Dickens to Maria Winter. In remembrance of old times." It is possible, perhaps probable, that Dickens preserved Miss Beadnell's letters until that September day in 1860 of which he wrote:

> Yesterday I burnt in the field at Gad's Hill the accumulated letters and papers of twenty years. They sent up a smoke like the genie when he got out of the casket on the seashore, and as it was an exquisite day when I began, and rained very heavily when I finished, I suspect my correspondence of having overcast the face of the heavens.

Professor Baker says in a foot-note:

> It is reported that some ten years ago a series of letters from Dickens to the friend of his youth, Henry Kolle, changed hands in Birmingham, England. The present editor hopes that the publication of the letters in this book may bring this set to light, for they should supplement and explain the letters here given.

The letters to Kolle were acquired by the late Augustin Daly, and at the dispersal of his collection after his death, they passed into the library of a private collector in this city, but it is not likely that the present owner will consent to their being printed.

The Bibliophile Society volume is sumptuously got up. It contains several new portraits, including an etching by W. H. Bicknell from a painting, signed "E. P., 1870," found in the collection of the actor J. L. Toole, and now owned by Mr. Bixby; a reproduction of an unpublished drawing by Charles Martin; Dickens at the age of eighteen from a miniature by his aunt, Mrs. Janet Barrows; and three portraits from unpublished sketches taken by Pierre Morand while Dickens was in America. Of these one is a full-length printed in colors, one a bust profile, and the third, heads of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Four hundred and ninety-three copies have been printed for members, but some extra copies have also been printed on special paper for Mr. Bixby. The engraved title-page is the work of F. S. King.

In the Seventh Year Book of the Society, sent out by members with the Dickens volume, the treasurer says:

> Two persons have been dropped from our rolls in the past year because it was found that as soon as they got their books they promptly placed them in the auction room for the purpose of selling them at a profit.

Among the original material printed from manuscripts in this Year Book is an article by Sir Walter Scott, entitled "Literary Information," supposed to be the earlier chapters of "The History of John Bull," which appeared in the *Weekly Journal*, though these chapters are not there printed. Another is an important letter from Robert Fulton to President Monroe, January 20, 1811, relating to Fulton's steamboat patents and his disputes with Fitch. The volume has an etched frontispiece on copper by J. W. Spenceley.

The second Dickens exhibition, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, has opened in the new Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly, London; it will close September 29. The features of the exhibition are portraits and illustrations, letters and manuscripts, and a complete set of first editions. The catalogue has been prepared by J. W. T. Ley and Percy Fitzgerald.

To the Westminster Series of technical books (D. Van Nostrand Company) has just been added "The Book: Its History and Development," by Cyril Davenport. The chapters on printing, paper, methods of illustration, leathers used in binding, and ornamentation of bindings have brought together much interesting information for the collector. Since Mr. Davenport's special field is bookbinding (he is author of the monographs on Thomas Berthelet and Samuel Mearne, published by the Caxton Club of Chicago), he naturally gives binding and decoration greater prominence than printing. Although both vellum and parchment are now generally characterized as vellum, Mr. Davenport points out that this term should only be applied to the prepared skins of calves, that from sheep or goats being parchment. Russia leather, a calfskin prepared with willow bark and scented with birch oil, soon dries out, the binding breaks at the hinges, and the surface rubs off in a dry powder in our modern heated houses. The leather will last longer, he says, if the book is frequently handled, for it absorbs a small amount of animal oil from the hands. Human skin, used occasionally in the binding of books, "looks like thick calf, and it is most difficult to get entirely rid of the hair." Mr. Davenport cautions collectors against spurious old bindings, especially those purporting to be books from the libraries of Grolier, Henry II. of France, and those known as "Canevari" bindings. He says:

> A fraudulent finisher looks out for an old Italian book of the right date, bound in plain leather. Then he copies parts from one or other of the many Groliers which can be seen and studied by any Londoner or Parisian for the asking, and if he is fairly clever at his trade it will take a very skilled expert to detect the fraud. Many such imitations are about, and every day they become more like genuine examples.

We notice a few misprints as "broad" for "bound," in the last line of page 154, and "De Santy" for De Sauty" on page 231.

The latest addition to the London Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is "The Book-Hunter," by John Hill Burton. Since the first publication of this delightful work in 1860 it has been reprinted in various forms. The present edition, like all the other volumes in the series, is remarkably well made for the price. Some foot-notes have been added by J. Herbert Slater, author of "Book Prices Current," "How to Collect Books," and "Early Editions."

The Graphische Gesellschaft of Germany has undertaken the reproduction of the "Edelsteine," a collection of fables by Ulrich Boner, originally published by Albert Phister. Only two copies are extant, one dated 1461, in the library at Wolfenbüttel, the other without a date in the Royal Library of Berlin. These volumes are generally regarded as the oldest German publications with movable type and illustrations. The new edition is to be a photographic reproduction of the Berlin copy. The agent of the Gesellschaft, Bruno Cassirer, Berlin, receives subscriptions at 30 marks per copy.

Correspondence.

A PLEA FOR THE LOCK-STEP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As to the "lock-step" in the public grammar schools (which you condemn in your article "Straining the Theory of Democracy," August 6), the question may be asked whether or no the uniform pace has not its advantages in most cases? The course of study is laid out for the work of the normal child under normal conditions, and it represents about all that the ordinary child can do under ordinary conditions. It is the result of countless experiments during many years of trial. It represents about all the mental work that most children can safely and profitably do during four years of school between the ages of ten and fourteen. Yet there is no question that by eliminating part of the programme and by hard driving, one could hustle classes through the course of study in considerably less time. But would it pay?

The child requires a certain length of time to assimilate its mental food; it must ruminate, chew, and digest; ideas have to percolate, sink in, and adapt themselves to multitudes of other new and strange impressions and inferences. The things a child has to learn look very simple to us older persons, but to the nascent mind these same things loom large and formidable. A commercial transaction that seems to us as plain as the nose on your face seems to the child a most complicated and wondrous phenomenon. A simple historical event or geographical fact, if duly comprehended and assimilated to other knowledge already in the child's mind, is, when first met, a most marvellous affair. Each fresh phenomenon must be studied, measured, tested, and classified for reference and subsequent use. It hardly needs to be pointed out that this elaborate and complicated process of assimilation, rearrangement, and adaptation requires time. It is true that you can drive a child through the regular course of study and you may think he has accomplished the work, but he probably hasn't. The child has in one sense to chew its cud like a cow, not bolt its food like a dog.

So much for the normal cases. Now in the case of the exceptionally bright child the course of study offers plenty to do. Every well equipped grammar school has in its library a number of supplementary volumes. If a child has an interest in history, he can slake his thirst with generous pulls at Parkman, Fiske, or Rhodes. If a child naturally and spontaneously takes to geography, mathematics, or literature, he will find plenty of material to appease his hunger. Mischievousness in school is generally the direct result of misused superfluous energy, and a teacher of plain common sense, though no psychologist, will ordinarily know enough to set a mischievous boy to work on some of the many subsidiary and ancillary subjects intended for just such cases. And it surely can't be said that the child is wasting time spent in a school library under competent and sympathetic direction. The grammar school curriculum may be said to regulate the speed of the progress of the child along the highway of knowledge; there is a minimum width for the swath he *must* cut, but there is hardly any limit to the width he *may* cut. It is frankly not adapted to the case of a future Mill or a Macaulay—the one child out of ten million. The fact that it is not so adapted entitles it to generous appreciation.

On the other hand it is easy to underestimate the value of play in school, if by play is meant spontaneous activity in directions *prima facie* pleasurable and attractive to the child. The time spent in the gymnasium in rhythmic movements to music or in miniature athletic contests between sides or teams enables the child to accomplish more serious work during the day than would be possible without them. The psychological value of a good hearty romp has only lately been appreciated in scholastic circles. The child's mind is incapable of sustained effort for a long period; about the total of progress in modern pedagogy consists in learning how to alternate work and play; the old school used the rod to stimulate flagging interest; the modern school watches the child till the fatigue point is reached, when an entirely new set of activities is started. The boy that saws wood with intervals of turning a handspring and rolling on the grass will saw more wood than the boy who tries to keep at that task without recreation. The doctrine of interest is, of course, often overworked and much namby-pamby coddling occasionally occurs, but that fact need not prevent a recognition of its substantial value.

The elementary school, the period of childhood, is the most important epoch of the human being's life. The strength, poise, endurance, and resistance, mental and physical, of after life depend directly on the heartiness and fulness of the individual's childhood. He can be hurried or he can be retarded—to his own harm. But the accepted principles of modern child study agree that the child should be given ample time to grow, both mentally and physically, and that all hurrying and crowding should be discouraged. E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, August 10.

A TRIBUTE TO FRANÇOIS LAURENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for publishing in your issue of August 6 the eloquent and well-deserved tribute to François Laurent by ex-President White of Cornell. More than fifty years ago, when I was a student of the University of Pennsylvania, my attention was directed to Laurent's "History of Humanity," by the late Provost Stillé, and at his suggestion I wrote a notice of Laurent's work for the *Penn Monthly*, which seemed to please Laurent. Later through the kindness of the late Senator Lippens, one of the Liberal leaders of Ghent and Belgium, I had the honor of making the personal acquaintance of Laurent. I have never forgotten the pathos of his statement that as a native of Luxembourg, he was a man without a nationality, and therefore well fitted to write his "History of International Law." To Lippens and the Liberals of Belgium, Laurent was always an admirable example of sound liberal culture. President White's summary of Laurent's contributions to history will, I hope, introduce him to your younger readers, and lead many Americans to contribute to his statue. J. G. R.

Philadelphia, August 8.

THE WISDOM OF INDIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for a very sympathetic review of my translation of the "Bhagavad Gita," in your issue of August 6. But as to the "wisdom of India" being the property of the Rajput race, will you allow me to supply a few references? First, as to the four races, which made up the ancient Indian polity. This fact was well recognized in ancient India, as, for instance, in the following passage from the "Mahabharata" (Shantiparvan," l. 6,934):

> Of the Brahmans white is the color, and of the Kshattriyas red;
> Of the Vaishyas yellow is the color, and of the Shudras black.

The Kshattriyas are further described, a few lines later, as "red-limbed"; two different Sanskrit words, *lohita* and *rakta*, being used to describe their skin-color. In an essay, "The Red Rajputs," published in the *Asiatic Quarterly*, the testimony of such men as Fitzedward Hall, Sir William Moore, Sir George Birdwood, Gen. Sir Richard Meade, and Sir Richard Temple, all familiar with Rajputana and its peoples, is cited to prove that the Rajputs of to-day are "red," and "red-limbed," as they were in the days of the "Mahabharata."

Having distinguished between the two races, the white Brahmans and the red Rajputs, it remains to see which has the better claim to the "Indian wisdom." The spiritual eminence of the Rajputs, or Rajanyas—they have both names in ancient Sanskrit—is recognized by such scholars as Weber, Deussen, Elphinstone, Muir, and others; but the decisive proof is in the ancient scriptures themselves. Thus, in the "Panchagnividya" (in the "Brhadaranyaka Upanishad"), which contains the essence of the "Indian wisdom," and notably the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation, we have these notable words, addressed by a red Rajput to a Brahman:

> Therefore reproach us not, O descendant of the Gotamas, thou and thy forefathers, since this Wisdom has not dwelt in any Brahman before thee; but I will declare it to thee, for who is worthy to refuse thee, speaking thus?

On this Shankaracharya comments:

> This teaching, asked for by thee, before being given to thee, never dwelt in any Brahman, and thou also knowest that this teaching was always handed down from Master to disciple among the Kshattriyas.

The parallel passage in the "Chhandogya Upanishad" is even more striking:

> As this teaching, O descendant of the Gotamas, never before thee goes to the Brahmans, but among all peoples was the instruction of the Kshattra. . . .

Again Shankaracharya comments:

> Before thee, this teaching went not to the Brahmans, nor were the Brahmans initiated into this wisdom; formerly among all peoples this was the teaching at the initiation of pupils of the Kshattriya race. For so long a time this teaching was handed down in succession of Master and disciple among the Kshattriyas.

Both "Upanishads" explicitly describe the speaker of these words as a Rajanya; that is, a Rajput.

This ought to be decisive. It is supported by the fact that the Vedic hymns make no mention of the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation, but are under

the sway of primitive ancestor worship, exactly like that which prevails in Korea to-day. Further, Krishna was a Rajput, and, in the "Bhagavad Gita," expressly declares that "this doctrine was handed down by the Rajanya sages." Buddha was also a Rajput, of the race of Ikshvaku, whom Krishna mentions, in the passage cited (Bh. G. IV.). Therefore I think we are justified in saying that "the wisdom of India" is the hereditary teaching of the Rajput race.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
Bengal Civil Service, retired.

New York, August 8.

Notes.

Among the books soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons are: "The Great Fight: Poems and Sketches," by the late William Henry Drummond, with a biographical sketch by May Harvey Drummond (Mrs. W. H. Drummond); "Narrative Lyrics," by Edward L. White; "Racial Contrasts: Distinguishing Traits of the Græco-Latins and Teutons," by Albert Gehring; "A Commentary," described as "a series of typical character sketches or social studies," by John Galsworthy; "The Niagara River." by Archer B. Hulbert; and "The Writings of Washington," a volume of selections edited by Prof. Lawrence B. Evans. This last book is the first of a series, entitled Writings of American Statesmen, which will eventually contain selections from the pens of Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and perhaps others.

Among the publications promised for the coming season by the McClure Co. is Volume III., of "The Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz, completing the set; "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy, and the History of Christian Science," by Georgine Milmine; "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Eleanor Atkinson; "The Death of Lincoln," by Clara E. Laughlin; "Justice and Liberty," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Hungary and the Hungarians," by W. B. Forster Bovill; "A Book About Yorkshire," one of the volumes in the English Countryside Series, by J. S. Fletcher; "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, jr.; "Paris," in McClure's Vest Pocket Guides; "The Guest of Quesnay," by Booth Tarkington; "The Point of Honor," a military tale, by Joseph Conrad; "The Great Miss Driver," by Anthony Hope; "The Wild Geese," by Stanley Weyman; "Lynch's Daughter," by Leonard Merrick; "The Gentle Grafter," by O. Henry; and "Round the Fireside," a collection of stories by A. Conan Doyle.

Henry Frowde announces as in preparation for the Oxford University Press, "Pacific Blockade," by Albert E. Hogan, and the "Poetics" of Aristotle, edited with a translation and commentary by I. Bywater. To the Oxford Library of Translations will be added Virgil, by John Jackson, Statius's "Silvae," by D. A. Slater, and Jowett's Translation of Plato's "Republic."

B. W. Huebsch, New York, announces for publication this autumn: "With the Battle Fleet," by Franklin Matthews, a record of the voyage of the Atlantic fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco.

Warner's "American Charities," for several years a standard work of reference, is to be presented in entirely revised and enlarged form by its publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The same firm announces a new poetic version of "The Pearl," by Prof. Sophie Jewett of Wellesley.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce as soon to be published "Historic Ghosts and Ghost-Hunters," by H. Addington Bruce.

Among recent reprints is a handsome edition of Lady Charlotte Bury's "Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting," in two volumes, with eighteen full-page portraits (John Lane Co.' When the work first came out in 1838, under the title, "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth," it had a *succès de scandale;* indeed 5,000 copies were sold of the *Literary Gazette*, which supplied some of the names that had been left blank. The book has since passed through a number of editions. Part of the interest lies in the fact that it was written by one of the most beautiful and popular women of the time, and part in the fact that it gives a vivacious and almost scandalously intimate picture of Princess Caroline, whose indiscretions and whose troubles with her husband had made her name notorious in England and on the Continent. Though the "Diary" was published anonymously, the authorship was easy to guess, for Lady Charlotte, as a lady-in-waiting to the unhappy princess, was familiar with her life and her circle of friends; Lady Charlotte was also a fashionable novelist. Into the matters which the "Diary" treats we cannot go here; the story is an old one. Both the Prince Regent—afterward George the Fourth—and the Princess Caroline had their bitter partisans; but perhaps the rights and wrongs of the case were summed up in a sentence attributed to the daughter of the ill-mated pair: "My mother was wicked, but she would not have turned out so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still." This book has often been quoted; Thackeray drew on it for some of the touches in his "Four Georges." We have room here for only a short bit about Shelley, from a letter written at Oxford in 1811 by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe:

> Talking of books, we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr. Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aqua-fortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published, what he terms, the Posthumous Poems, printed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Finnerty; which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason, are extremely dull; but the Author is a great genius, and, if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell.

For the present edition A. Francis Steuart writes a short but competent introduction and a number of footnotes. He also fills out, so far as possible, the blank names of the original edition.

With the fourth volume, Harry A. Cushing completes his "Writings of Samuel Adams" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). More than half the volume is composed of letters written during the Revolution, and the subsequent years offer little in quantity or in subject matter. Adams's jealousies are personal, as well as political, for he fears Washington, internal enemies, Deane, the refugees, the Cincinnati, and the rulers of the people. "I was led to believe in early Life that Jealousy is a political Virtue" and "one of the greatest Securities of Publick Liberty"; but he showed this political virtue in so many directions as to reduce his public usefulness, and strongly affect his relations with his colleagues. He was not a good judge of men, and took up doubtful causes with an obstinacy that made him impracticable. He criticised Washington, for many reasons, and he much disliked Hancock. He was a firm believer in Arthur Lee, whose unbalanced mind caused so much trouble in France and in the United States; and he was a partisan of Gates and Landais. The letters on Manley, Temple, and Deane are good examples of his bias. He was in a condition of perpetual alarm, fearing that America was "too unsuspecting long to continue free," and that the arts of the British would succeed where arms had failed. Social pleasures became to him forms of dissipation, and he was severe upon the tendencies to extravagance in dress or living. With so strict ideas, he naturally took a high view of public office, and his devotion and incorruptibility long made him the trusted representative of Massachusetts in Congress. "No man," he wrote, "has a claim on his country upon the score of his having rendered public service." Mr. Cushing has shown industry in gathering his material, but his notes could have been more illuminative in explaining many of the references in the letters. To one who should read the whole work, these references will generally be clear. A compilation of this sort is not, however, read, but consulted, and a short note or the use of a name instead of a letter would be of assistance. For examples: the member of Congress on page 45 was Dana, the Pennsylvanian approached by the British commissioners (p. 47) was Reed, the deceased friend (p. 167) was Warren. The usefulness of the four volumes is much diminished by the very imperfect index, which is, in fact, all an index should not be. It tells nothing (see under Massachusetts), and it omits many references (as to Kirkland, p. 313). Why should there be Romane and Romanet in text and index for the same person, and an imperfect proclamation on p. 92, when the full text was readily accessible? In spite of its defects, the work is valuable, and will do much to establish the position of Adams in the history of the Revolution.

"International Law Applied to the Russo-Japanese War," by Sakuyé Takahashi (New York: The Banks Law Publishing Co.), is the most recent addition to the extensive literature on the international questions and legal relations raised by the Russo-Japanese war. The work falls far short of the excellence that was to have been expected from an author who had been one of three legal advisers to the Department of Foreign Affairs of Japan during the war. There is evidence of great familiarity with the facts, and numerous documents of value have been incorporated, but the result produced is that of a collection of facts, selected without due proportion, rather than a systematic discussion of the principles of international law as they were applied in the war. Some of the most important cases, such as the Allanton, Arabia, Smo-

lensk, and the North Sea incident, are not included, on the ground of their familiarity to the Western world. Careless statements, English far from idiomatic and bearing unmistakable marks of its foreign authorship, misprints in quotations from foreign languages, and a general tone of extolling Japanese observances in contrast to Russian breaches of international law mar the value of the book.

In recent years a number of works have been written on the local nomenclature of Celtic Scotland. "The Place-Names of Decies" (London: David Nutt), by the Rev. P. Power, is a valuable study of the same sort for a piece of Irish territory. The ground covered is the present diocese of Waterford and Lismore, which appears to correspond to the former domain of the Deisi. The population in the region is still to a considerable extent Irish-speaking, and ancient names and traditions are well preserved. In bringing them together the author has done a service to linguistic and historical students alike. The facts with which he deals are not in most cases such as can be tested without making observations on the spot, but his method of handling them is sound and cautious, and he seems to have spared no pains in procuring information both from old records and from oral tradition. The introduction, in so far as it treats matters of history and ethnology, is meagre and unsatisfactory—a hasty summary of opinions, parts of which are extremely doubtful. The author's general account of his own results, however, is full of interest and instruction. One of his judgments may be cited as correcting a widespread impression. There has been much exaggeration, he holds, regarding the poetry latent in Irish place-names. "The dreamy country schoolmaster and the disciple of Vallancey" have read into them unwarranted complexity of idea, whereas they are really for the most part the simplest of descriptive appellations. Mr. Power's lists confirm this statement, so far as the land of the Deisi is concerned. Yet we are struck even here with the number of mythological or legendary names.

T. R. Sullivan's "Lands of Summer" is an unassuming little book, containing, as its sub-title announces, "Sketches in Italy, Sicily, and Greece." With none of the ecstasies and personalities that usually form the preface to similar volumes, Mr. Sullivan, with refreshing directness, plunges us at once in his first chapter—unfortunately entitled, "Spring Time with Theocritus"—into the "ghastly parody of real spring" that chill April air may produce even in Taormina, and then proceeds to describe at length a strike in Catania. The second chapter deals in a cursory fashion with the route usually followed by the non-archæological traveller in Greece, and the rest of the book treats of places in Italy more rarely visited by tourists—the Casentino, the Pistoian Apennines, and the Bergamesque Alps. Mr. Sullivan does not offend our taste by attempting to discuss technically subjects in which he is merely a layman; but he writes of Italy with an unpretentious assurance that comes only from old acquaintance with country and people, and his accounts of Poppi and Gavinana, for example, form interesting supplements to the all-important Baedeker. But the work lacks distinction, a quality as difficult to define in the case of a book as of an individual. The narratives leave us wondering just why they were narrated; the descriptions recall pleasantly what our eyes have beheld, but they fail to make the unfamiliar live before us. The book's "failings lean to virtue's side," but its virtues are not on a conspicuously high level, and as a whole it is scarcely less monochrome (but more attractive) than its sickly blue cover. It is to be regretted that the illustrations, otherwise good, are half-tones far below the standard of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Over-Sea Britain" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by E. F. Knight, is the first of two volumes intended to offer in a work of moderate size a comprehensive account of the British Empire, its origin, history, and the physical, political, and commercial geography of its various parts. The "nearer empire," including the Mediterranean, British Africa, and British America, is the subject of this volume. The plan of treatment is to give a general description of a country, as South Africa or Canada, its physical features, some ethnological data, the principal historical events, the products, and the government, and then a particular description of the same kind for each separate colony. It should be noted that there is no information in regard to religion, education, and finance. In a work largely devoted to facts and figures absolute accuracy would, of course, be impossible. The statistics agree substantially with those of the Statesman's Year Book, but in some instances they differ so materially as to awaken serious doubt as to their correctness. In reference to dates we have noted only three errors: both 1493 and 1494 are printed as the year of the promulgation of the Papal Bull giving Africa to Portugal and the Americas to Spain; 1484 and 1486 for the first doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz; and 1871 and 1872 for the transfer of the Dutch of their trading posts on the Gold Coast. But these are minor blemishes, easily corrected in another edition. Though the book is not intended for the casual reader, the author has a pleasant style, and there are occasional touches showing a familiarity with most of the countries treated, as, for instance, his attractive picture of an English farm in Cape Colony, with its beautiful flower garden, orchard, and grain fields all encircled by the boundless veldt, where thousands of cattle and sheep are grazing. Nine maps and an excellent index add much to the usefulness of the book as a work of reference.

The latest volume in the series of text-books issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions is "The Nearer and Farther East," by Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer and Dr. Arthur Judson Brown (The Macmillan Co.). The contrast in treatment between the first and the last halves of the volume is as suggestive as it is striking. Dr. Zwemer, who writes on the general characteristics of Islam and the problem of Christian missions in Mohammedan countries, dwells vividly and fervently on the points in which Mohammedan theory and practice in religion, morality, and government, especially as regards the status of women and freedom of thought and discussion, are inferior to those of Christianity; at the same time, he frankly admits the slow gains of Christianity in Moslem countries, and notes the comparatively slight efforts which as yet have been put forth in that direction. That the specific allegations of fact, however partial the presentation, are true, and that the chapters as a whole are distinctly informing, does not take this part of the book out of the class of appeals in which the absolute sufficiency of Christianity, and the absolute hopelessness of a people professing any other form of faith, is the main thesis. Dr. Brown, on the other hand, who writes of Siam, Burma, and Korea, describes in a broad and straightforward fashion the physical, social, and political conditions of those countries, with simple recitals, excellently put, of what enlightened missionary effort has accomplished. The one writer has a repellent but powerful mass of error to combat, the other a record of achievement to narrate. One cannot but hope that those who will use this volume as a basis for missionary studies in churches and societies may rise from the complacent spirituality of the first part to the wider social plane of the second. We cannot discuss details, but the movement for denominational union in missionary work in Korea, which Dr. Brown sketches, deserves mention as one of the most hopeful of recent developments.

Three university centres of Germany have recently sent out excellent collections of characteristic academic sermons. The volume by Dr. C. Stange of Greifswald, entitled "Akademische Predigten" (Leipzig: Dieterich), is an expression of progressive orthodoxy. More conservative in matter and manner is the volume by the four Rostock theologians, Profs. Wilhelm Walther, J. F. Hashagen, Justus Köberle, and Richard Grützmacher, entitled, "Ein Herr—ein Glaube: Rostocker akademische Predigten" (Wismar: Hans Bartholdi). From Halle comes an excellent collection entitled "Akademische Predigten," belonging to the series of modern religious discourses known as Prediger der Gegenwart, published by C. Ludwig Ungelenk, Dresden and Leipzig. The author is the church historian Prof. Frederich Loofs.

Hans Hinrich Wendt, professor in Jena, has just published a substantial volume of 676 pages, "System der christlichen Lehre" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht). The work runs largely along the Ritschlian lines, but from a modern point of view; and is semi-popular in manner of presentation. A characteristic of Wendt is that he substitutes for the traditional formal basis of Protestantism, the authority of the Scriptures, the original gospel of Jesus, which finds its official expression in the Synoptics and partly also in John.

Dr. Johannes Müller, whose religious writings, such as his interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, his "Hemmungen des Lebens," and his "Von den Quellen des Lebens," have been very popular, has just issued a new work, "Bausteine für persönliche Kultur" (Munich: C. H. Beck). It consists of three parts: "Das Problem des Lebens," "Persönliches Leben," "Das Ziel."

Considerable independent scholarship is evinced by the Catholic professor of theology, Dr. W. Homanner, who has just published in the Biblische Studien (Freiburg-im-B.; Herder) "Die Dauer der öffentlichen Wirksamkeit Jesu: Eine patristisch-exegetische Studie." The work is a de-

fence of the three-year ministry of Christ as against the more or less current hypothesis of one year.

The same house has just issued as one number in the Strassburger theologische Studien, a work by Dr. J. M. Pfättisch, "Die Rede Konstantins des Grossen an die Versammlung der Heiligen," in which the author vigorously defends the authenticity of this famous document, which has quite generally been regarded as spurious.

Eduard Schwartz is issuing in two editions, on the basis of careful textual studies, what is doubtless the best form in which the original Greek of the Church History of Eusebius has thus far appeared. Herr Schwartz began in 1903 with the first volume of the large edition, containing also the Latin translation of Rufinus of Aquileja, as edited by Mommsen. Early this year the second volume, containing the second half of the History, from books 6 to 10, appeared. Before publishing the third and last volume of this edition, to contain extensive prolegomena and other literary apparatus, Schwartz has just got out a text edition, entitled, "Eusebius Kirchengeschichte; Kleine Ausgabe" (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

The Verlagsanstalt Concordia in Berlin has begun to issue under the general title Das Erbe a collection of what can be regarded as the permanent contributions of leading writers to literature. Each volume is supplied with biographical and literary notes. The editor, Ernst Lissauer, inaugurates the venture with a selection from the poems of Eduard Mörike.

One of the fruits of the recent sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Austrian Emperor is a collection of poems "Felix Austria: Österreichische Dichter im Jubiläumsjahre 1908," edited by J. F. Willigens (Vienna: Verlag Lumen). There are some fifty-two contributors.

Humor as viewed by a German scientific critic is expounded in "Heine und sein Witz," a desiccated *Abhandlung* of 200 pages by Erich Eckertz (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The introduction seeks to define the joke as Heine felt it, and one of the chapters points out that a thousand and more jokes of the ancient Jews, Teutons, and Gauls flowed in the blood of Heine's ancestors until they united in a common joke that thrilled the author of the "Reisebilder." Another chapter treats of Heine's own jokes and those he stole from others, and points out the close or distant relationship of Heine's humor to that of such distinguished predecessors and contemporaries as Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Lessing, and Jean Paul. There is also a catalogue of Heine's rhyming jokes, another of his jokes in prose, still another of his thrusts at himself, and finally a formidable list of Heine's puns.

"Roma e lo Stato del Papa dal ritorno di Pio IX. al XX. Settembre," by R. de Cesare (Rome, Forzani & Co. 2 vol., pp. xii. +395; 489), has proved one of the most popular books of the year in Italy. It is a narrative history of the loss of the temporal power of the Papacy, written by a Catholic and based upon unpublished documents, some of first-rate importance, and upon oral traditions, which were fast being forgotten. Its serious side has received the praise of competent critics, while the abundance of anecdotes pleases those who seek mere entertainment.

An association, called Gesellschaft zur Erhaltung der Lessinghauses in Berlin als Museum, has been organized for the purpose of converting into a museum the house, Königsstrasse 10, where the poet lived, 1765-67, and wrote "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Laokoon." Several rooms are already filled with Lessing mementos. The membership fee is five marks.

In response to an appeal issued a year ago, a sufficient sum has been received for the erection of a memorial to Berthold Auerbach, and the Duke of Baden has authorized Prof. H. Volz of Karlsruhe to prepare a bust larger than life, to be ready for unveiling next May in Cannstadt.

Ainsworth Rand Spofford, for many years librarian of Congress, died August 11 at Holderness, N. H., in his eighty-third year. He was born in Gilmanton, N. H., and after trying both book-selling and journalism in Cincinnati, he was appointed in 1861 assistant librarian of Congress. From 1864 to 1897 he was the chief librarian, and since 1897 he had been the chief assistant. He contributed numerous articles to the magazines; he edited the Catalogues of the Congressional Library and the American Annual Almanac (1878-1889); in collaboration with others he edited the "Library of Choice Literature," "Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events," and "Library of Wit and Humor"; and he was author of "Practical Manual of Parliamentary Rules" and "A Book for All Readers."

Friedrich Paulsen, professor of philosophy and pedagogy in the University of Berlin, died in Berlin August 14. He was born in 1846 in Langenhorn, studied in Erlangen and Berlin, and in 1871 received his doctor's degree. He began his teaching as a docent at Berlin in 1875. He has been a voluminous writer. Among his books are "Versuch einer Entwickelungsgeschichte der kantischen Erkenntnistheorie" (1875), "Gründung, Organisation, und Lebensordnungen der deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter" (1881), "Geschichte des gelehrten Unterrichts auf den deutschen Schulen und Universitäten (1885), "System der Ethik mit einem Umriss der Staats- und Gesellschaftslehre" (1889), "Das Realgymnasium und die humanistische Bildung" (1889), "Einleitung in die Philosophie" (1891), "Immanuel Kant: Sein Leben und seine Lehre" (1898), "Schopenhauer, Hamlet, Mephistopheles: Drei Aufsätze zur Naturgeschichte des Pessimismus" (1900), "Philosophia militans: Gegen Clericalismus und Naturalismus" (1901); "Die deutschen Universitäten und das Universitätsstudium" (1902), "Zur Ethik und Politik," a collection of papers (1905), and "Das deutsche Bildungswesen in seiner geschichtlichen Entwickelung" (1906). Professor Paulsen's best known work in this country is probably his "Einleitung in die Philosophie," which, in an excellent translation by Prof. Frank Thilly, has attained popularity as a textbook. For a manual it has the rare quality of an exceptionally picturesque and animated style, which rises at times to a high plane of eloquence. Paulsen is in method an adherent of the Neo-Kantian school, with a pronounced predilection for the panpsychic theories of Fechner. His exposition of the cosmological problems of philosophy is particularly attractive. He states the monistic and dualistic positions with absolute fairness, but subjects them to a keen criticism which precedes his own argument in favor of a universal parallelism. The same method is applied to every other problem that comes within his scope, and he thus succeeded in producing a book that is at the same time a just summary of the nature and historical development of philosophical theory in general, and a vigorous exposition of his personal views. Paulsen's "Die deutschen Universitäten" has also been translated by Professor Thilly (see the *Nation*, September 6, 1906, p. 208).

The death is announced from Paris of Arthur Ranc, chief editor of *L'Aurore*, and representative of Corsica in the French Senate. He was born at Poitiers in 1831. Among his books are "Le Roman d'une conspiration" (1868), and "Sous l'Empire" (1873.)

HOME LIFE IN VARIOUS LANDS.

Norway at Home. By Thomas B. Willson. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

New Zealand at Home. By R. A. Loughnan. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

South Africa at Home. By Robert H. Fuller. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

America at Home. By A. Maurice Low. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Home Life in Germany. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The first four of these volumes evidently belong to a series, although no mention of the fact is made on title-page or in preface. The design is to afford the general reader information, in easily assimilable form, in regard to the more superficial aspects of each country treated; and although no one of the books has qualities of style or thought to keep it alive, the volumes are both useful and agreeable. All four of these books are provided with indexes—albeit of the scantiest—with fairly good illustrations, often placed in entire disregard of the context, but with no maps. In the case of countries like New Zealand and South Africa, which have almost come into existence, practically speaking, since the average reader studied geography, this lack is serious.

The author of "Norway at Home" appears to be thoroughly familiar with the country and inspired by genuine affection and respect for its people. His sincerity and sympathy quite win the reader's heart and shine through the trite figures of the tame and old-fashioned style. The chief impression one receives from these painstaking pages is of an enviable, almost Arcadian simplicity of life—a country in which are no rich and no poor, no nobility, no large

cities (there are but four towns with a population of over 30,000)—a country, moreover, where expert intelligence is applied to the problems of education, municipal government, and the regulation of the drink traffic. What strikes an American most oddly is the mixture of genuine democracy, both political and social, with a depth and tenacity of conservatism rare in much more aristocratic states. The State Church, for example, holds unquestioned sway, and confirmation according to its rites is absolutely necessary as a testimonial of character. Oddest of all in a country which knows no titles, no feudalism even in decay—of 120,000 holdings of land 109,000 are freehold—in which members of all classes mingle freely in the elementary schools, and in which $5,000 a year spells wealth, and university professors count as members of the aristocracy, is the spectacle of an overwhelming, almost unanimous vote for a monarchy over a republican form of government.

Unlike in almost every other respect, Norway and New Zealand resemble each other in the advanced stand each has taken in regard to woman suffrage. In Norway what Mr. Willson calls "the fair sex" share not only as voters but as office-holders in municipal government, and have just won, but not yet exercised, the parliamentary franchise, while their sisters in New Zealand have enjoyed full voting rights for seventeen years, with no obvious result, we are told, except—a very important exception—in the marked gain of prohibition.

Mr. Loughnan's book is one in which, in spite of the interest of the subject, it is difficult to take much pleasure. His cheap, smart, illogical style abounds in jewels like the following: "When their wives are with them, they do exactly as they do, and the influence is doubled"; "Before this the wife and mother came to the front, and taking command, the towns were not so often painted red, and the color was less lurid." His geographical chapters are so ill-planned as to be almost unintelligible in the absence of a map, his opening chapter on the population tells the reader absolutely nothing about it, and his moral tone in treating of gambling and intemperance suggests the jauntiness of the man with a large cigar tipped up between his teeth and his hat on one side of his head. Those institutions of New Zealand—her old-age pensions, labor legislation, and various other adventures in state Socialism—which are just now of greatest general interest receive no particular light from Mr. Loughnan, who views them all with a complacent optimism on which the best comment is afforded by Henry Broadhead's "State Regulation of Labor and Labor Disputes in New Zealand," commented on in the *Nation* of July 23, p. 67, and the statement in the London *Spectator* of July 18 that the arbitration law is regarded with despair by the leaders of both political parties.

A more competent, skilful, and entertaining writer than Mr. Willson or Mr. Loughnan is Mr. Fuller, late headmaster of Dale College, one of the leading educational institutions of South Africa. His experience is wide and firsthand, his style very fair, his temper admirable. Nothing could be more sympathetic and generous, without sentimentality or lack of shrewdness, than his treatment of the Boers. He not only bears witness to the charm and polish, the intelligence and progressiveness, of the cultivated Dutchmen of Cape Colony, he not only shares with many Englishmen the national respect for "human bravery and tenacity" as shown by the Great Trek Boers, he has the rarer gift of understanding as well as noting the faults and limitations of the Boer farmer and tracing them to their sources:

> Vast solitudes have always a paralyzing effect. In thinly populated areas it is the new-comers who keep fresh the spirit of industry and enterprise. It is not only that wisdom is found in a multitude of counsellors, but the incentive to industry and to clean methods of life flourishes by companionship. "It is not good for man to live alone," is writ large in the history of man.

The same sympathy and common sense are apparent in Mr. Fuller's account of the natives. "As a general rule," he says, "in my experience both in England and in the Colony, I have found all household servants remarkably honest, black and white alike, but there have been as many aberrations from it among the whites as blacks." Amusing anecdotes are told on the other hand showing the limitations to which Kaffir honesty is liable, when a question of trust is not involved. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Fuller does not "join in the prejudice against the school Kaffirs," and he mentions the Kaffir editor of a paper in King William's Town as a very clever man whom he knows personally. Mr. Fuller's book also abounds in delightful descriptions, particularly of old-fashioned Boer customs.

The reader who has contemplated reading Mr. Low's "America at Home" is counselled to save the time for South Africa instead. Mr. Low's book is of very unequal merit, and the best chapters, those which deal in a clear and accurate way with our political institutions, are of no especial value to the American reader. Once off the political ground, Mr. Low flounders hopelessly. His task of giving a bird's-eye view of the United States in one short volume was of course much more difficult than those of his fellow-workers dealing with small or thinly settled countries, but he lacks the sense of selection. Thus he gives no description of any of our cities and even in the most general remarks ignores the existence of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope, but devotes an entire chapter—including three and a half pages of newspaper quotation—to Atlantic City, and almost as much to Newport. While greatly puzzled how to define "society," he seems finally satisfied that it means the multi-millionaires, and deals with it henceforth on that basis. Some of his more surprising statements are that "it costs as much to keep a girl at one of these colleges [Smith, Wellesley, or Vassar] as it does a man at Oxford or Cambridge," that at the high school "the young man or woman can obtain an education equal almost to that offered by the universities," that Saratoga is a fashionable resort, and that horse-racing is as popular in America as it is in England. Finally, it is confusing to read on p. 208 that "the day of sensational journalism in America now only survives in the smaller places of the Far West," and on p. 213 that "the so-called Yellow Press is as vile, infamous, and untruthful as the worst gutter-rag of the boulevards," while on p. 214 Mr. Roosevelt's authority is given for the "reckless indifference to truth or decency displayed by papers such as the two that have *the largest circulation in New York city*," and a few lines below Mr. Low dismisses "the 'Yellow' press, which *only the dissolute and the ignorant read*" (the italics are ours). In short, this book is not at all valuable, but it contains some effective summaries and a few good anecdotes, of which we quote one:

> Not long ago I was at the White House waiting to see the President. Three other men were in the ante-room. . . . They were probably men of some substance, men of more than ordinary shrewdness. . . . Suddenly, one of the men, apropos of nothing, remarked to his companion, in a detached and almost impersonal tone:
>
> "By gad, we're a great people."
>
> "The greatest on earth," was the answer, made dispassionately, and as if the remark were so obvious that it scarcely called for comment.

Worth rescuing, also, is the following astounding quotation from the New York *Sun:*

> PITTSBURGH, March 11. 1904.—Sheriff Dickson has received an order from Gov. Pennypacker to hang William L. Hartley and John Edwards, on the same day, and is much disturbed over it. "Under the circumstances," he said, "it strikes me as entirely improper that the two men should be hanged at the same time. One is a white man and the other a negro, and there is a natural prejudice against associating the races. They were never together in their life, and that is another reason why they should not meet death together. Of all places in the world the scaffold is one where nothing which could offend the condemned man should be done. There is more than sentiment in this, there is humanity."

Although somewhat similar in title,

size, and general appearance to the four books just noticed, Mrs. Sidgwick's "Home Life in Germany" is emphatically a horse of another color. Even in make-up the volume is in quite a different class, and is delightful in its lightness, its clear, sharp printing on dull-finished paper, and its charming illustrations, many of them taken from *genre* paintings. Mrs. Sidgwick undertakes a much more limited task than that imposed upon the writers of the series, but what she does could hardly be better done. A well-bred, cultivated woman, of German parentage but born and bred in England, and evidently absolutely at home in both countries, she is rarely competent to chat amusingly and agreeably of "the insignificant trifles that make the common round of life" in Germany as in every country. These are what interest her and these, sympathetically and intelligently noted and vividly and humorously described, make up an intimate picture worth a shelf full of statistics and philosophical reflections. One of the pleasantest impressions the reader carries with him from these pages is that the old Germany, "the Germany we know, the dear country of quaint fancies, of music, and of poetry," . . . of "the dreamy unworldly German" has not, after all, been wholly driven out by the "praiseworthy but most unamiable *Wunderkind* amongst nations," the Germany "armed to the teeth, set wholly on material advancement, . . . a model of municipal government and enterprise, a land where vice, poverty, idleness, and dirt are all unknown." It is the old Germany, even the dear unforgotten Germany of "Quits" and "The Initials," that Mrs. Sidgwick is still privileged to see and to set before us with tender smiles, though she is, of course, not blind to the changes which are coming with violent and startling impact upon the long-established customs and ideas. There are many things worthy of quotation if space permitted. On marriage-customs, education, cost of living—as to which she gives some most interesting "budgets"—Mrs. Sidgwick has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of entertaining information, seasoned by lively anecdotes.

CURRENT FICTION.

Marotz. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the opening chapter of "Marotz" the reader plunges headlong into a court ball, presumably in Vienna, described in brief, gasping paragraphs of hectic enthusiasm. The chronicler is so bedazzled, indeed, by the spectacle of royalty that it would be unfair to hold him to a rigid standard of style or geography; still, one is a little puzzled to read:

> Though her father was, indeed, the subject of the two sovereigns yonder, she could hardly feel that she herself was. All her life they had lived in Sicily, with now and then a rather brief visit to Palermo or Naples. She counted herself of the South: it was not that. It was the *idea* of loyalty to which she suddenly found herself bowing down, with a gasp of emotion, and the illustration of it here to-night. . . .
>
> The Imperial and Royal Court Bandmaster gave his signal, and the Marseillaise of Imperialism obeyed it.
>
> There never was so astounding a conductor as that fierce, small, dark figure. Had he pointed his bâton at a tree, music must have scattered out of it, like rusted leaves in autumn. Had he called to the great Pan to come up out of Oblivion and play for him, the dead God would have drawn a reed from the oozy edges of the Styx, and lifted it to his long silent lips to breed harmony again.

And after this *fanfare*—no more Emperor and Empress, no more bandmaster, nothing more about the "idea of loyalty" to sovereigns or the magic of music in the whole volume!

A book so begun would seem predestined to the scrap-heap, yet "Marotz" has real and unusual merits. It is not a good novel—it is a chronicle, rather, of three generations, slowly and clumsily related, and delayed in its course by many elaborate studies of eccentric character quite unnecessary to the plot. Read these studies, however, for their own sake, and you discover close observation, sympathy, an eye for the picturesque, and a power, in spite of constant temptation to be over-ornate, of vivid presentation. Very charming is the sketch of San Vito, the old feudal magnate of the Sicilian mountains. Rarer and finer still is the portrait of Poor Sister, the great lady who to expiate her husband's crime has founded the little Community of the Reparation, and rules it from the lowest seat—a wholly dedicated soul, yet full of human tenderness perspicacity, and fun, simple with the costly simplicity of those who have come out of great tribulation.

The Gates of Life. By Bram Stoker. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

Stephen Norman, in her fourteenth year, had a firm-set jaw, square chin, flame-colored hair, full crimson lips, and purple-black eyes. These traits were "Saxon through Norman," with a dash of mediæval Saracen. From that time to the end of her story she always wore a scarlet riding-habit, and the intensity of her feelings matched her color-scheme. Harold An Wolf (Gothic through Dutch) had nothing very remarkable about him, except his six feet four inches and the propensity, common to all the characters in this book, to behave as nobody in his senses would do. In short, Mr. Stoker has written a blatant melodrama, all the trashier for the grandiloquent moralizings—in which the word "sex" is unpleasantly frequent—which punctuate the surprising actions of his characters.

Young Lord Stranleigh. By Robert Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The charm of this book lies in its bland childlike preposterousness. To sit in judgment on it would be to add to the sum of that criticism which pronounces shipboard life in "Pinafore" improbable, and the self-floating devices of Mesdames Lecks and Aleshine absurd. We confess to having found charm in the financial, mining, privateering proceedings of Lord Stranleigh, from the opening scene when he is approached by a distressed stockbroker, down to the sublime moment when he saves the credit of the Bank of England. He is so amiable and complete a dandy, so beneficent in his plots, so philanthropic in his adjustments, so genial an abstainer from vengeance, binding up all the wounds that justice compels him to inflict, that it is impossible not to extend to him the weakness one has for Van Bibber and Lord Dundreary, adding a touch of the natural human admiration for Sherlock Holmes. His inanity, his shrewdness, and the touching loyalty with which he confesses his allegiance to Clark Russell in the matter of marine law, contribute to the joke, and a glamour is over all from the unplumbed wealth that makes of him a fairy godfather.

Delilah of the Snows. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The story is of some young English Socialists who fled to Canada from the danger of arrest innocently incurred by one of the party. In Canada they drift to Vancouver and thence to the Green River country, where the real story begins—proving to be a tale of placer mining, of claims that are forfeited by a few hours' absence, of hardship, fellowship, hostilities, and of oppressive mining laws enforced by a necessarily soulless police. The tussle of man with a nature as ready to crush as to enrich him is always a thrilling theme. It is here set forth simply, understandingly, and at as leisurely a pace as nature's own processes. The absence of crisp epigram is rather solacing than otherwise in a day when epigrams are to be had on every highway.

A few of the characters stand out as vividly as their adventures do, leaving a perfunctory remnant to swell the pages of a story to which after all one does not grudge length. The hero is a man who has the habit of being and doing the obvious thing and is finely conceived and drawn. Hetty, the plucky girl who bakes for the miners, is as wholesome as her own bread, and withal is no lay figure of wildwood fiction, neither seraph nor cat, a thoroughly

human compound. Delilah is only a girl who betrayed a police secret, and, incidentally, her lover, for no apparent reason.

In spite of a heavy-footed gait and a superfluity of scene, the book is worth reading for the sincerity and picturesqueness of its adventure.

The History of Twenty-five Years. By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. III. and IV.; 1870-1880. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $8.

Readers who have discovered the excellence of the first half of Walpole's work (see the *Nation* of August 18, 1904, p. 139) will be glad to know that he had brought his history so near to completion, at the time of his death last summer, that it has been possible to edit his manuscript and issue these final volumes. He could have asked for no more loyal or competent literary executor than Sir Alfred Lyall, to whom the task of editing was assigned. Doubtless the author might have added here or trimmed there, and he intended to write chapters on the South African and Afghan wars, and on the rise of the working classes; but the sequel as we have it evidently represents his views, and it is hardly less valuable than the earlier half.

Walpole, as usual, treats history topically, taking up a movement or cause at its beginning and following it through to its conclusion. Having covered the Franco-Prussian war in his second volume, he selects for his main subjects in his third the Treaty of London and the Geneva Award, the close of Gladstone's ministry, and the opening of Disraeli's spectacular administration. An American cannot fail to be gratified at the evidence on every page that Sir Spencer is not only familiar with the American sources, but also appreciates our point of view. The grave contention that was amicably settled at Geneva he here calmly describes. On the whole, we feel that the historian does full justice to the American position, and that he considerately refrains from emphasizing, as he might very properly have done, some of the astonishing performances of our public men. Charles Sumner's course, for instance, which finds few apologists now even in America, might be scathingly criticised by an English writer; but Sir Spencer withholds his hand. Possibly in his analysis he has somewhat underestimated the personal influence of the late J. C. Bancroft Davis in bringing about the final result; but his account in general is both candid and conclusive.

His chapters on home politics are naturally well-informed; for to the temperament of the historian he adds the qualification of being either officially an actor in or an observer of the parliamentary struggles of the decade. A convinced Liberal, he yet writes with posterity and not party in view. So that, although his verdicts may not always please his political opponents, they are not to be hastily dismissed. Even Tories have begun to draw a veil over Disraeli's jingo administration, just as it was the late Lord Salisbury himself who confessed that in the Crimean war—the pet exploit of jingoes twenty years earlier—England had put her money on the wrong horse. Walpole dissects Disraeli's dealings with Russia and Turkey, after 1874, his purchase of the control of the Suez Canal, and his theatrical behavior at the Congress of Berlin. The "Peace with Honor" finale, when scrutinized in the cold light of history twenty-five years later, looks very much like buncombe; but since we have not space to criticise in detail, we must content ourselves by saying that the first two chapters of Volume IV., dealing with the Eastern question from 1856 to 1878, contain the best summary account of that intricate subject with which we are acquainted in English.

Very remarkable is the monograph on "Ritual and Religion," which fills nearly a third of this same volume. Walpole defines the position of the Anglican Church in the middle of the nineteenth century, and then takes up one by one the chief manifestations of change, the branching out of High, Low, and Broad sects, the basic ideas of the leaders—Maurice, Colenso, Pusey, Stanley, Seeley, and the rest—and especially the questions which, after being agitated in the Church, came at last before Parliament for a settlement. A foreign Christian who reads for the first time this amazing catalogue of sacerdotal finicalities—such as whether to burn candles on the communion table; whether to call this table an altar, and make it of stone instead of wood; whether to turn to the east, etc., etc.—might conclude that since Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, no similar example of irrelevancy has been witnessed. Walpole himself, however, indulges in but little comment, and in no sarcasm. He prefers to state that while these matters were absorbing the mediæval minds in the Anglican Church, modern science was inexorably changing the attitude of every reasoning man or woman towards Bible, revealed religion, and supernaturalism. Sir Spencer concludes with a brief outline of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which he regards as the typical expression of the age.

His final chapter has chiefly to do on the political side with the rise of the Irish Home Rule party, which, with the discontent aroused by the bad financiering of the Conservatives and with Gladstone's stupendous Midlothian campaigns, caused Beaconsfield's fall. The year 1880 may well stand as a dividing line in the development of the British Empire, and, accordingly, Walpole's history, in ending with the elections that closed Disraeli's career, has an artistic rounding out.

The history itself deserves much praise. It is the best in its field. Herbert Paul and Justin McCarthy may be more popular, but Walpole outranks them both as an historian. He has, indeed, a remarkable gift for analysis. As a writer he is clear, straightforward, and dignified. He possesses neither Mr. Paul's smartness nor Mr. McCarthy's love of purple patches. His mind is judicial. He has wide knowledge not only of his English material, but also of Continental and American politics and persons. This equipment is much rarer; and it enables him to place British history from 1856 to 1880 in its proper relation to the world-history of that quarter of a century. He lived long enough after the events he describes to get access to most of the most important correspondence and biographies of the leading men; and he could supplement from his private sources of information the material open to every one. So far as his history is partisan, it may serve as the explanation or apologia of the ideals and actions of British Liberalism in its prime. But partisanship is not its characteristic. These various qualities assure for the book permanence, until another generation shall demand the rewriting of this period from a different point of view. Even then Walpole's work will not lose its value as an authentic register by a well-qualified contemporary.

Thought and Things: A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought, or Genetic Logic. Vol. II. Experimental Logic, or Genetic Theory of Thought. By James Mark Baldwin. Pp. 436. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

The author here continues the working out of his purpose with the same industry, and with the same quality of ability, if not perhaps in so full measure, as in the first volume (see the *Nation* of February 28, 1907, p. 203). But it now becomes quite clear that, however desirable the main inquiry of the work may be in itself, the project of connecting it with the science of logic was very unfortunate for the one subject and for the other.

The main motive of logic has always been to get possession of a method for determining the values of arguments. Now, it is obvious that whatever bearing the truth of one thought may have upon the truth of another will depend exclusively upon what the states of things are which the two thoughts represent to be real, and not at all upon the psychical or linguistic forms in which they are dressed, nor upon the psychical processes by which that dress is

given to them. Whether we say that among sea-animals will be found some that give milk to their young or whether we say that among animals that give milk to their young will be found some that inhabit the sea, is for all purposes of argumentation quite indifferent; and the equivalence is here so evident that the school of "exact," or mathematical, logicians are almost unanimous in adopting, as their standard, or canonical, form of expressing the same fact, substantially this: "There is an aquatic mammal." Newton's great discovery is usually stated in elementary books, and is thought of by ordinary people in the form that each separate body in the solar system has an instantaneous component acceleration toward every other proportional to the mass of that other and inversely proportioned to the square of the distance between them, but is otherwise constant for all and at all times. But in writings on celestial mechanics (as in Equation 15 on p. 175 of Dr. Moulton's admirable little "Introduction" to the science), the form in which the same fact is often stated and intended to be thought is that the sum of the *vires vivæ* (or their halves, according to the old definition) of all the bodies of the system subtracted from the sum of the reciprocals of the distances between the several bodies, each reciprocal being multiplied by the product of the masses of the pair of bodies concerned and these masses being expressed in terms of a gravitational unit, remains unchanged. Since these two statements represent, and would in all conceivable cases represent precisely the same state of things, they are for all purposes of reasoning interchangeable. It follows that for logic they are equivalent, although, since this equivalence is not self-evident, they cannot strictly be called identical. From such considerations it follows that, in general, logic has nothing to do with different dresses of thought which cannot possibly represent different states of things; or at most has no more to do with them than to demonstrate that whatever state of things is represented by the one is equally represented by the other. That this principle, suitably modified for modals, ought to determine what is and what is not relevant to logic has been practically or virtually acknowledged in every system of logic excepting some of those which have arisen since the bankruptcy of Hegelianism, with the consequent *de facto* supremacy of psychology in current philosophy. But none of those which deny that application of the principle have improved reasoning in the smallest particular.

What Professor Baldwin means by calling his logical system "genetic" is that in it the main stress is to be placed upon the psychical processes by which each form of thinking is brought about. As soon as the first volume came before us, we thought it almost if not quite inevitable either that there was to be no logic, properly speaking, in the work, or else that the logical matter was to be confused by the introduction of entirely irrelevant conclusions. Since the whole of that first volume, with the exception of seventy pages, was regarded by the author himself as relating to "pre-logical" topics, and since it seemed unfair to condemn the whole on account of that fragment of seventy pages, or simply because it did not relate to logic as we conceive that science, we contented ourselves with acknowledging that it was a sound piece of scientific work as far as it went. But we find the second volume to be distracted from the pure consideration of the genesis of thought by discussions of truly logical questions—discussions which are far from strong in themselves, and which do not evince the knowledge of logic that would have been necessary for carrying them through intelligently. In these discussions, positions are taken which neither necessarily result from the genetic theory nor are supported in any solid way, but which, rather, seem to have been selected on grounds of personal predilection, or at random. For example, the author regards judgments of probability as intermediate between the "universal" and the "particular" propositions of formal logic. He comes to that opinion in consequence of his understanding the "particular" form as being, for example, "Some men are mortal," and the "universal" as being, "All men are mortal." He thus shows us that he has not read logic with sufficient attention to remark that the subject in both the logical forms is in the singular number, "Some man is white," *aliquis homo est albus*, and "Any man is white," *omnis homo est albus*. Had he told us that he proposed to wipe out the existing terminology of logic and to use the old terms in new senses, the question would have been a different one; but as the architect of a "Dictionary of Philosophy," he must, and does, know that to do so (especially without notice) would have been to trifle with the ethics of science; and therefore he certainly intends to use the terms "universal" and "particular" according to their authoritative definitions. He even goes so far as to say that when in a judgment of probability, the probability becomes 1, the proposition becomes the logical "universal." A student of the doctrine of chances who did not distinguish between the two would soon find himself in a snarl. A very large number of players sit down to play an even game against a banker. That is, each bets at each play one franc that an event will turn out one way or another, the probability being one-half that it will turn out in the one way and one-half that it will turn out in the other way. If the player loses, he pays a franc to the banker; and if he wins, he receives a franc from the banker. But as soon as a player has made a net gain of one franc, he retires from the table, and his place is taken by a fresh player. On the other hand, as soon as the banker has netted a gain, he yields the bank to a fresh banker. Now, every player and every banker is supposed to have unlimited funds or credit. Consequently, by one of the easiest of those problems in the doctrine of chances that are called "problems on the duration of play," the probability is 1 that any given player will, sooner or later, make a net gain, and the probability is equally 1 that every banker will ultimately net a gain. So, then, if probability 1 were equivalent to a logical universal affirmative, every player and every banker must come out of the game richer than he went in, which would obviously be making money out of nothing. But the truth is that probability relates to what would happen in "the long run"; that is, in an endless run; and probability 1 means that in such endless run the expectation to which it refers will be verified infinitely oftener than it is falsified; but, for all that, it may be falsified infinitely often. A teacher of logic ought to make this clear.

Some of Professor Baldwin's work in this volume is of a far more ambitious kind than that which we have illustrated. The reader will naturally suppose, however, that if he has not been able to control his mind to sound reasoning in the small problems, he is unlikely to have done so in the greater ones. At any rate, we can testify that, having gone through the whole with the utmost care and with predilections not unfavorable to the author, we do not think it worth our reader's while to enter into the necessarily more lengthy criticisms of the more difficult problems as treated in this volume. We greatly regret our disappointment with it.

Science.

African Nature Notes and Reminiscences. By Frederick Courtney Selous. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

This contribution to hunting lore and natural history is by the last of the big-game hunters of South Africa. It is an attractively written narrative of the adventures of over thirty years, spent mostly in the regions south of the Zambesi. President Roosevelt suggested publication and furnished a "foreword" in which he heartily supports, from his own observations in the Rocky Mountains, the views of the author as to the fallacy of much of the theory as to protective coloration of animals. Mr. Se-

lous's opinions are stated in the first two chapters; his chief argument is that the carnivora seek their prey almost entirely by night, when color is no protection. In all his experiences he never saw but one lion hunting by day. Environment, together with sexual selection, is, he holds, the strong influence in the evolution of color. The notes on the lion will probably excite the greatest interest, for they give much information as to habits, and recount many adventures and some tragedies, as for instance the killing of an Englishman while asleep in a railway carriage on the Uganda Railway by a man-eater. This "terrible and terrifying" beast's lust for killing is illustrated by the fact that a lioness once got into a piggery, and, after eating parts of two pigs, killed more than a hundred others. There are chapters on the hyena, the wild dog, the cheetah, the rhinoceros, and the giraffe. In reference to the general belief that giraffes are capable of going for months without drinking, the author states that, according to the natives, giraffes and antelopes which live in the desert paw from the sand great tubers—often as big as a man's head—white in color, looking something like turnips, and containing as much water as a juicy orange. He adds:

> At certain times of year a kind of small watermelon grows in the Kalahari in great profusion, which, as long as it lasts, renders all wild animals entirely independent of drinking water.

An entertaining journey in search of the inyala is described at length, and many valuable facts are given concerning the haunts and habits of this rare antelope, "perhaps at once the most beautiful and the least known to naturalists and sportsmen." The notes on the tse-tse fly contain strong reasons for doubting the opinion that "the existence of the fly is not dependent on wild game of any description," as stated by Sir Alfred Sharpe in the *Field* for November 2, 1907. Mr. Selous holds that in South Africa the flies become so highly specialized that they could maintain their vitality only on the blood of buffaloes, for in the districts in which buffaloes were completely killed off, these insects entirely disappeared. In the closing chapter on the Bushmen of South Africa Mr. Selous makes the interesting statement:

> I do not think there is any instance on record of a tribe or family of the aboriginal yellow Bushmen having given up their wild free life in the desert and taken to agricultural or pastoral pursuits.

He also says that he has never met with or heard of the dwarf race spoken of by Professor Keane in his book, "The Boer States." The work is well illustrated by E. Caldwell.

The "Collected Works" of Lord Lister, and "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena," by Cargill Gilston Knott, are in preparation for the Oxford University Press.

Prof. Andrew Gray's recent article on Lord Kelvin in the Glasgow *Herald* now appears in extended form as the latest volume of the English Men of Science Series (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is not strictly a biography. but aims to give a survey of Lord Kelvin's scientific work with a mere sketch of his personality. The sections describing his methods in the classroom and laboratory will be found the more interesting as Professor Gray is one of the band of students who worked under Kelvin, then William Thomson, in the old "tounis colledge" of Glasgow. We get a graphic picture of this first of physical laboratories, which gradually spread from an unused basement room. One sees both the inspiration and the occasional bewilderment among his scholars produced by Kelvin's impatience at the ordinary routine of teaching. Certainly the arrangements of the laboratory were not orderly, nor was the class instruction systematic, but the abler men enjoyed inestimable stimulus of personal contact with a genius. The author gives clearly the impression of the originality and of the enormous vitality and energy of this intellectual giant who ranks with Galileo and Newton. The remainder of the book is also well treated, but such a survey of Kelvin's scientific work is hardly so valuable since physicians should be already acquainted with it and the subjects treated are almost too technical to be understood clearly by others.

There is no immediate fear that the supply of garden literature will fail. There are so many amateurs desirous of obtaining every possible hint as to the selection and care of plants and soils, that each new book stands a good chance of finding a place on hundreds of shelves. By far the larger number of new garden books come from European hands, and are not strictly adapted to our surroundings. One of the best of the newer practical works is "The Perfect Garden," by Walter P. Wright of England (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.). Mr. Wright's aim is to show an amateur how to pick a suitable spot for a garden, and then "how to keep it beautiful and fruitful." He deals with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and gives some space also to glass-houses. Naturally he offers very little that is original; but he makes all his points with skill and excellent judgment. His chapter on the cost of gardening and the pleasure to be obtained from caring personally for a garden, is full of sagacious advice which is likely to be of service in this country, where too many amateurs surrender their gardens wholly to their gardeners, and remain idle lookers on. Mr. Wright has an interesting chapter on color in the garden, one of the most important subjects in the whole field.

This special topic has been taken as the theme of a volume of 150 pages by Gertrude Jekyll, entitled "Color in the Flower Garden" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume is worthy of the highest praise from all points of view. It is to be regretted that the publishers have not availed themselves of the color processes in the engravings. The photographs themselves are excellent, but their value would have been much increased by direct representation instead of description. Miss Jekyll is an artist and a patient student of difficult problems in color. She meets with success the serious difficulty in arranging plants so that in successive months, or groups of months, the scheme of colors will be equally effective. Even in our own country, the hints here given will be of great use in preventing the unpleasant effects produced by gaps between seasons. The most charming part of the volume is that which is devoted to gardens of *one* color, such as the green gardens or the gold gardens. These are extremely effective and are hard to plan. But the author gives suggestions which, with a few changes, would insure success, even in our colder and more capricious climate.

Closely following the new edition of Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg's "American Insects" (see the *Nation* of August 6), comes "insect Stories," by the same author. The book places Professor Kellogg in the short list of scientific writers of distinction who can interest the popular mind in their specialties. The "Stories" are simply vivid narratives of entomological jaunts in the neighborhood of Stanford University, California. His companion is a bright child, "Mary," and the only bit of imaginative color in the text appears in her way of looking at things. The reader who follows on these excursions and listens to the learned professor's account of the habits of his insect friends shares the enthusiasm of the various discoveries. The manners of wasps, bees, dragon flies, May flies, spiders, ant-lions, galls, and ants have never been more graphically described. And yet all is accurately told by one who has full knowledge of the facts, as well as the literary temper and touch. "Insect Stories" is not a child's book, in the strict sense; it is written *with* the child rather than for him. But no intelligent youth can fail to read it with delight and profit. (Henry Holt & Company. American Nature Series).

"Principles of Breeding; A Treatise on Thremmatology," by E. Davenport (Ginn & Co.), is the second volume in the Country Life Education Series, edited by Prof. C. W. Burkett of the Kansas State Agricultural College. This is one of the first attempts to collate the results of recent scientific theory and experiment with the practical side of breeding. The author intends the work for both the student of agriculture in college and the practical breeder on the farm. With this aim in view, Mr. Davenport devotes the first 575 pages to a consideration of the theoretical, evolutionary side, with the causes of variation as the dominant theme. As an outline of the processes of evolution, the treatment is thus very one-sided, but this phase of evolution is of vital importance to the breeder. The first five chapters treat the kinds of variation, morphological, meristic, functional, and mutational. The author's position is summed up in a paragraph:

> The writer is strongly of the opinion that while selection is a powerful agent for "shaping up" and "finishing off" a fairly acceptable type, and while it is the only means of deciding what shall live and what shall disappear, yet much of the real advance in both animal and plant breeding is likely to come through distinct offsets which are now called mutations, and which in Darwin's time were erroneously, if not reproachfully, denominated "sports."

Then follows a careful review of the causes of variation, both internal and external, and those affecting the individual as well as the race as a whole. This discussion, while admittedly incomplete, owing to the present state of our knowledge, is yet perhaps the most valuable part of the book; for it furnishes an excellent résumé of widely scattered theories and results. In dealing with the practical problems, the author addresses himself particularly to the inexperienced but educated breeder; and his advice is rational and practical. In many cases he quotes the opinions of expert breeders, and where data in the field of animal and plant breeding are notavailable, he presents analogous results of scientific experiments with unrelated groups of organisms. The index is very full. Prof. Davenport is to be congratulated on so happily combining scientific accuracy with practical advice.

In "Essays on Evolution" (Henry Frowde), Prof. Edward B. Poulton has collected and reprinted ten of his essays and addresses in a volume which will be most welcome to scientists in America. The first seven essays are general in character and though they bear the stamp of the author's thoroughness, yet most of them but review well-known ground. The first is a reply to the argument of the late Lord Salisbury that the age of the globe is not sufficient for the processes of organic evolution, as promulgated by Darwin. The second attempts to answer the question "What is a species?" This matter is presented in a rather confusing manner, without regular sequence or clear summary, and adds nothing new or satisfactory to this perennial discussion. The third and fourth addresses deal respectively with the various theories of evolution and heredity; next Professor Poulton takes up the inheritance of acquired characters in insects. The sixth essay shows how J. C. Prichard the anthropologist, anticipated modern theories of evolution and heredity; and the seventh discusses Huxley's attitude toward natural selection. This article is really an introduction to the next two chapters which, with the introduction to the book, and the final chapter, form the most valuable part of the work. Here we have Professor Poulton in his special field, color and morphological mimicry in insects. From careful consideration of the innumerable facts bearing on the latter interesting phenomenon, the author concludes that natural selection is the most satisfactory explanation of its appearance and evolution. Finally, as a summary of the argument, a chapter is devoted to a comprehensive classification of the various uses, which external coloring and appearance subserve. In the front of the book in an interesting introduction of some fifty pages, entitled "Mutation, Mendelism, and Natural Selection," the author acknowledges the value of Mendel's discovery, but properly protests that the recent supporters of the theory of mutation have made it too universal in its application. This introduction, together with the last three or four chapters, should have formed an independent volume on natural selection and mimicry. There is a remarkably full analytical index of over eighty pages. Unhappily, the large, black faced type used throughout the book is rather trying to the eyes.

In "Retrieval at Panama" (New York. Technical Literature Co.), by Lindon W. Bates," the most important points are that the canal is costing a great deal more than the estimates, and that in excavation and sanitation we are not, as we have been induced to believe, doing so much better than the French. Mr. Bates has had to get his data, however, from last year's reports, and later figures would mitigate his strictures. The cost, to be sure, is still piling up, but the amount of excavation has greatly increased and the death rate is slowly falling. The complete abolition of yellow fever is in itself a remarkable achievement. But the volume is chiefly devoted to criticism of the plan for an 85-foot lock-fight canal which was adopted in spite of the fact that it was condemned as a dangerous experiment by a majority of the board of consulting engineers. Mr. Bates makes much of the inconsistencies, reversals of opinions, and erroneous estimates in the reports and testimony of the various experts and commissioners, and prophesies calamlty for the great Gatun dam and locks; and a large part of his criticism is undeniably justified. The board of consulting engineers in 1905 considered three projects presented by Mr. Bates and rejected them, although the lock project favored by the majority was more like his than that finally chosen by the commission.

The fifth volume of the Practitioner's Handbooks (John Lane Co.) is a "Short Practice of Aural Surgery," prepared by J. Arnold Jones, a surgeon of Manchester England. For so small a book—250 pages of text—the subject is presented with such clearness and conservatism that it ought to be useful to the student for review or the general practitioner for rapid reference. Little that is essential is omitted, although the method of puffing the cheeks, to raise the soft palate during inflation, appears to be unknown to the author. There is a short appendix of German medical terms, "with conversational examples," but it has too many misprints and other errors to be very helpful.

Drama and Music.

The McClure Company will publish this autumn "Recollections and Reflections," by Ellen Terry; and Volume X., containing "Dépit amoureux," in the Temple Molière.

Several of the New York theatres will open late in August or early in September. In the Hudson Theatre on August 24 Robert Edeson will be seen in the new play by George Broadhurst, "The Call of the North," founded on Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House." On August 27 Miss Billie Burke will appear at the Lyceum with her own company in "Love Watches," an adaptation of the comedy, "L'Amour veille," made by Miss Gladys Unger. Miss Burke's leading man will be Cyril Keightley, recently a member of Arthur Bourchier's company in England. At the Lyric on September 7, Miss Mary Mannering will give "Glorious Betsy," by Miss Rida Johnson Young. The play has for its central figure Betsy Paterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte.

Cleveland Moffett's "A Square Deal," in which Wilton Lackaye will be the star, will be seen for the first time on September 23 in Chicago.

Joseph J. Schurman's company of Sicilian actors, which has been playing in Paris and London, will sail for America about the middle of November and will be here some three months. The company consists of forty-four players.

"Piano Playing," a little book of simple suggestions, by Josef Hofmann, is promised by the McClure Company.

Art.

*DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO.

The use of the artist reduced to simplest terms is to see for people. He brings records of a vision peculiarly sensitive, selective, and intense. He rescues all manner of beautiful appearances from the void of the unperceived. By using his eyes we may fine and extend our own vision. In most of us this faculty, the basis of practically all knowledge, is blunted and restricted by constant utilitarian association. The eye becomes merely a convenient instrument of identification, and sifts out from the varied spectacle of the world that small dull portion which seems actually serviceable to the consciousness. But for the artist the eye opens upon a universe constantly weaving new forms of beauty. Some of these he grasps, combines, and records, thus sharing his vision with his fellows. They, too, if

*"Ghirlandaio," by Henri Hauvette (Paris: Plon), is the latest addition to the illustrated series of Masters of Art published under the auspices of the Ministry of Public Instruction. The book is virtually a rehabilitation of the prolific Florentine. If such a work were to be done, France was the place, a Minister the proper patron, and a scholar primarily an investigator of the literature and civilization of Italy the ideal author. M. Hauvette knows his Italy new and old as few living men. Constant association with the art of that favored land can hardly replace criticism and connoisseurship, but it may provide a very agreeable substitute. We agree with M. Hauvette that a narrow discrimination of the school production of Ghirlandaio is otiose. Nor does the purely æsthetic criticism of this master afford alluring possibilities. As a sort of official limner of wealthy bourgeois Florence in its full-blown prime, Ghirlandaio is worthy of all attention, and it is this aspect of his art that M. Hauvette puts forward. Nobody could do this work with greater competence. The opening chapter on Ghirlandaio's world is admirable. Such suggestive side lights as the secularization of the religious drama at Florence, *sacre rappresentazioni*, we should hardly get from a professed student of art. Of the large critical reservations to be made M. Hauvette is conscious, but his enthusiasm survives all qualifications, and where the book lags, it is from inevitable drawbacks of the subject. In general, it is sober, fully informed, and well constructed, a contribution to the history of art in conformity with the sound traditions of academic scholarship in France. It may be read with pleasure by those already familiar with the subject, and novices need hardly be condoled with if they catch from this volume an enthusiasm they are likely to outgrow. We note certain omissions, but no serious one except the failure to take into account in connection with the Innocenti altarpiece, the researches of Uimann in the Prussian Jahrbücher and of Berenson. This is one of the very few instances in which in an important work the relative parts of master and assistant have been clearly made out. The example is instructive for all of renaissance art, and might well be included in a new edition.

any capacity for attention remains in them, may repeat his ocular adventures. By humbly learning of the real seers they may gradually regain the joy of the eye, may attain to the sense of a visible world infinitely lavish of pleasureable appearances. They may become, in all but the power to create, the peers of the artist himself.

A wise man then values the artist most who sees most unlike himself. A foolish man, on the contrary, admires the artist whose vision repeats and confirms his own in all its limitations and imperfections. And since as regards the æsthetic use of the eye the incompetent are always in a vast majority, the real artist will usually find in the singularity and superiority of his seeing a barrier to wide popularity, while the artist who sees precisely like the rest of the world may expect its favor in fullest measure. Stalwart, average, money-earning humanity stands before his canvas, marble, or bronze, and avers complacently: "There is a great artist, why he works precisely as I should, had I but the time to acquire his manual skill." Such artists are the pets of the dealers, the heroes of the auctioneers, the darlings of paying society. They pass quickly as the fashion of seeing passes, and the historian is rarely occupied with their names. Yet not invariably. Domenico Ghirlandaio was preeminently the type of everyman's artist in the Florentine renaissance, and today he has his admirers and finds his able critical apologists. The interest of his career, which has just been reviewed sympathetically by a distinguished French scholar, M. Hauvette, lies in its exemplary character. If we understand the painting of Ghirlandaio, we shall know just how much and how little these everyman's artists may be reckoned among those of pure and unquestioned race.

And here we should avoid prepossessions. There is a tendency to rule these plebeian talents promptly out of court. They invariably lack, for instance, the *finesse* which we are used to believe is of the very essence of art. Did not Jules Lemaître in a precious essay on the novels of Georges Ohnet—works surely which any one of some millions of Frenchmen might have conceived and with favoring circumstances written—declare the whole production to be outside of literature, *hors de la littérature?* One is tempted to take this short way with the whole class, but the case is not so simple. We may not apply to the artist who actually is of the people in all his ideals the condemnation that befits him who deliberately condescends to what he knows to be a worse taste than his own. Ghirlandaio never painted with his tongue in his cheek. His emotional life and æsthetic ideals were precisely those of the complacent merchants and bankers he served. The mark of the meretricious painter is a technical decline; thus, if the case were worth arguing, it might readily be shown that a late Carolus or Millais is inferior to an early one. In Ghirlandaio, on the contrary, we find a singular uniformity. He progressed very little after his early years, and where his own hand is at work he never is below himself. He is said to have wished that the new walls of Florence might be offered to his brush. And in fact his dozens of frescoes seem as if cut off from one long roll. Yet this portentously even production has qualities that have made it popular for more than four centuries (a phenomenon worthy of investigation) and is everywhere evidently sincere (a fact rarely presented to criticism). It will not do with Ruskin to rule Ghirlandaio out of court for the lack of a religious poignancy he never attempted to express. We must try to see him candidly for the laborious, successful craftsman he was.

He was born in 1449, the son of Tommaso Bigordi, a goldsmith, nicknamed the Garland-maker, *il Ghirlandaio.* Domenico was three years older than Leonardo da Vinci. Sandro Botticelli was his senior by about five years, Luca Signorelli by eight, Pietro Perugino by three. Growing up in a Florence teeming with innovations in pigment, color, drawing, and composition, the young Domenico prudently avoided them all. He studied with that fine draughtsman and pioneer of landscape, Alessio Baldovinetti. But Domenico never meddled with his master's unfortunate experiments in oil mediums, emulated his sinuous line, or studied landscape seriously at first hand. At an early age Ghirlandaio gained the kind of facility which is ever admired of the throng and suspected by true artists. His line went pertly about any conceivable form, never searching it, but defining it sufficiently for a languid eye. His figures had the appearance of solidity without the reality. His method was dull, but had the merit of seeming accurate and sprightly. Above all, his work was neat. Every composition was full of orderly items, sleeked over by his impartial brush. His colors were bright without being harmonious. His works had the comfortable quality of being neither more nor less than they seemed at first sight. The eye identified the subject at a glance, and complimented itself on its cleverness. Here were no lines surging passionately about the picture as in the works of that odd Botticelli, no gaunt, straining limbs as in Pollaiuolo, no mystifying nonsense of half-shadowed forms as with young Leonardo. They were comfortable pictures to look at. You never were in doubt what was intended; and, best of all, you never could, if you were a patron, mistake your well-fed self and the likenesses of your interesting family, modestly yet conspicuously drawn up alongside the sacred subject for which you had paid your good florins.

A mere enumeration of the important commissions that came to Ghirlandaio is instructive. Before 1475, his twenty-sixth year, he did important work at Ognissanti for the Vespucci. That year he was called to Rome to paint in the Vatican Library, but of these frescoes nothing survives. A little earlier he had begun the stories of the life of Santa Fina, for her chapel in the Collegiate Church of San Gemignano. The unusual subjects, the naïveté of the legend of the girl saint, were favorable to him. In spite of technical deficiencies, particularly the inflexible arrangement of the figures and the mean proportions of the architecture, these pictures have a charm to which he rarely afterwards attained. At Ognissanti once more, in 1480, he painted a very famous St. Jerome in his Cell, and a Last Supper, a composition several times repeated by his pupils. The Last Supper, considering the awkwardness of the space to be filled, is of considerable decorative effect. Ghirlandaio carries the heads of the figures as near the spring of the vault as possible, defining the line by a painted wall. The two unmanageable lunettes above he treats as if they opened to the sky, filling them with tree-tops and flying birds. It must be said that this obvious decorative device attenuates the effect of the subject, making it seem merely an *al fresco* feast. The figures, too, are inadequate to the emotions they are supposed to represent. Judas, according to the pictorial usage of the time, sits alone on the near side of the table. A stubborn nose and bearded chin are held high, and a shoulder and elbow are defiantly obtruded that we may not fail to perceive he is a traitor. The Saviour makes a mild gesture as if not to awake the beloved disciple who sleeps on his bosom. The other apostles turn to each other in pairs in mild expostulation. Two, even, have some air of challenging the traitor peremptorily, but in the main the feasters are as it were gently ruffled. One could imagine a similar emotion if Judas, who has a little the air of a *raconteur* had perpetrated a bad pun. Now, a certain emotional inadequacy is almost inherent in this subject. In this regard Ghirlandaio has come short with many other painters. Our real issue against him is less his failure to grasp the significance of the scene than, given his idyllic and decorative point of view, the comparative cheapness of all the ingredients of the composition. These mild persons, who sit without weight, and gesticulate without energy, who are bounded by a line of uniform quality in the soft forms of adolescence or the rugged contours of age—these are not cre-

ations worthy of a competent craftsman. Their superficial attractiveness is specious, resting merely upon a certain smartness in design and an unstudied gayety of color. Recall how Andrea del Castagno, in an equally uninspired version of this theme, at least made the figures portentous, tragic, and individually vital. Think how the nameless Umbrian who painted the Cenacolo of Foligno, on the whole a feeble performance, spent himself in contriving gracious postures for his beautiful heads. These comparisons will suggest the very limited range of Ghirlandaio's artistic curiosity in what remains, after all, perhaps the most inventive of his works.

His St. Jerome, in Ognissanti, is so evidently fine that one hesitates to subject the impression to the test of reflection. The gaunt cardinal fills his neat, well-appointed, curtained cell so comfortably, looks at you, as he steals a moment from writing, so austerely, the Eastern rug on his desk and the jars on his shelves are so well painted that you are tempted to admit that this is the ideal portrait of a great saint who is also a great scholar and gentleman. But study the picture a little, and you begin to feel uncomfortably the uniform rigidity of the treatment. Flesh, hair, furniture, textiles, know only one touch. The saint is still life, in spite of the deceiving alertness of his eyes. The hands are inert and wooden; compare them with those speaking hands of Botticelli's St. Augustine, just across the church. Finally, the recluse looks not like an inspired scholar but rather like an indefatigable scrivener. He is not translating or commenting the "Divine Oracles," but copying them at so much a page. In real life I have seen this St. Jerome in a vice-consul admirably faithful to his routine duties. The picture with all its apparent authority, and its four centuries of admiration, shows that hopeless absence of distinction which is ever characteristic of Ghirlandaio. From the execution of these two works in 1480 till his early death fourteen years later his *bottega* was kept busily occupied. His two brothers, David and Benedetto, led a number of minor assistants. The master himself bid those who kept the shop refuse no commission however humble. In 1482 he went to Rome and painted in the Sistine Chapel two frescoes, of which the surviving one, The Calling of Peter and Andrew, is one of his most dignified compositions, though overcrowded with individual figures that have no part in the main movement of the group. The same year he had the signal honor of a commission to paint the triumph of San Zanobi in the Hall of the Great Council in the Palazzo Vecchio. His perfunctory treatment of this vast space shows how fortunate it was that his desire of picturing the city wall was denied him.

It was curiously enough the caprice of a parvenu client that gave Ghirlandaio the chance to show himself the painter he might have been. Francesco Sassetti, the man of business of old Cosimo, had quickly drawn a fortune for himself out of his association with the Medici Bank. Wishing to found a chapel for his patron saint, he first tried to get the finest position in Florence, the choir of Santa Maria Novella, where still might be seen Andrea Orcagna's damaged and neglected scenes from the lives of St. John and the Virgin. The monks refused to grant the chapel except on condition of repeating the old subjects, so the frescoes concerning St. Francis were painted in a narrow and dark chapel of Santa Trinità. In these six subjects Ghirlandaio incurs a rather unhappy comparison with Giotto at Assisi and Santa Croce. Yet it would be unfair not to admit the maturity of these works, their skilful adaptation of the principles of space composition invented by the great Masaccio. Moreover, the usually smart and merely approximate line becomes here more severe and expressive, in the portrait really masterly. One should note the happy invention of the resuscitated boy sitting stiffly on his bier in the Piazza of the Trinità, while the Franciscans pray fervidly and grave citizens survey the scene tranquilly, as those that rightly expect such interventions. A still finer invention, if intrinsically rather preposterous, is The Granting of the Franciscan Rule by Honorius III. The consistory is held in a *loggia* opening upon the Piazza della Signoria, all the architecture of which is indicated with truly monumental, and (in Ghirlandaio) most exceptional effect. Cardinals and poor friars vie with each other in sweetness of aspect. It is a stately scene, and the flavor of holiness is in it. In the other subjects Ghirlandaio is merely adequate. Perhaps one might be tempted to admit much more of The Death of St. Francis —the nearest approach to a tragic effect ever made by our stolid artist— were it not too evident on comparison how much and how poorly he had borrowed from Giotto for the figures, and from Filippo Lippi for the architectural setting which has been cheapened in transcription.

Where these frescoes are really memorable is in the portrait groups that depict the Sassetti family, their friends, and their patrons, the Medici. Throughout these are admirable, and at times the arrangement of such inorganic groups is masterly. Note the bottom of the scene of The Granting of the Rule: A staircase opens at the extreme foreground. A swarthy, sardonic face emerges near the top, waist-high. Between us and him is a beautiful lad; the heads of two other boys, of princely simplicity in their bearing, appear from lower down the stair, and farther back still the placid profiles of two humanists. The whole group has an extraordinary reality and amenity. In spite of the strangely cut figures, the passage could be excerpted as an oblong composition of a most novel and modern sort. It hardly adds to our interest to learn that the ironist is the great humanist poet Angelo Poliziano, and two of the boys Giovanni and Giuliano de Medici, a future pope and a grand duke. Here we have Ghirlandaio quite at his best as a keenly observant portraitist. Except for certain groups in Santa Maria Novella, the lovely panel, formerly in the Kann Collection, depicting Giovanna degli Albizzi, and that amazing portrait in the Louvre of a bulbous-nosed grandfather with his little grandson—an effigy quite as portentous as an Antonello da Messina, and more humanely conceived—we have really nothing to set beside this vision of a great scholar with his princely wards. In fact, the study of the human face always worked a strange concentration in this too façile artist. Before this problem Ghirlandaio forgot his repertory of flourishes and graphic formulas. His line becomes incisive, searching, and fairly nervous. His heads are comparable to Dürer's, and may be set beside those of Masaccio and Botticelli. If his achievement in portraiture seems to fall short of theirs, it is only because he was less successful in giving the characteristic poise and expression of the whole body. So great a limner of the face and head was he at his best that we must count it a misfortune that his patrons, instead of imposing their full-length effigies upon the religious scenes they paid for, were not contented with those admirable half-length portraits, of which only two have come down to us.

To trace the hand of Ghirlandaio through the half-dozen fine altar-pieces he made in the later years would be to repeat much that has been already said. It would be particularly ungracious to analyze down to its miniaturelike prettiness and pettiness the great Adoration of the Kings in the chapel of the Innocenti hospital. At a single glance, with its smiling river background, angelic choir, stately elders, and girlish Madonna, it is the most radiant thing in Florence. Why not leave it at this first glance, and apply the critical probe where it will cause less pain? Perhaps it is better yet to climb the ladder and, nose to the enamel, enjoy the exquisite irrelevance of the workmanship. The great panel might shrink into a few inches of space, and still remain a lovely miniature. This is the highest praise we can accord it, and also the severest blame.

It was painted in 1488, by which year Ghirlandaio had been already working for two years on the lives of the Virgin and John the Baptist in the choir of Santa Maria Novella. This time the

commission came from the greatest patrician of Florence, barring the Medici. Giovanni Tornabuoni, desiring to honor God, our Lady, and his patron saint, and not forgetful of "the exaltation of his own family and house," contracted for the work at the generous sum of twelve hundred broad pieces of gold, retaining, however, complete control of the design and execution of the paintings. The bargain was struck, the frescoes by Orcagna representing the same subjects were either destroyed or covered with plaster, and Ghirlandaio set to work with his full force of assistants. Vasari, who wrote when some of these assistants were still alive—the youthful Michelangelo may have been of the company—and their pupils, famous, spared these frescoes no praise. They seemed to him rather the creation of a philosopher than of a mere painter. The lyrical Sir Joseph Crowe regarded them as the perfect consummation towards which since Giotto the art of Florence had been aspiring. The spacious choir of the Dominican temple is still the most popular place of tourist resort in Florence. Into this harmony of admiration burst one John Ruskin about thirty years ago, with results that are not yet forgotten. To repeat his criticism of these frescoes would be a little like slaying the slain. I may say that, in objecting to the superfluous and insignificant ornament with which these compositions are filled, he seems to me to strike their real weakness, while in emphasizing their lack of true religious emotion he, perhaps, makes an unfair requirement. The objection would lie with equal force against most of the religious painting of the renaissance. No, we may not fairly demand that the artist feel poignantly the emotion of any assigned subject. It will be a kind of luck if he does so naturally, a superior exercise of imagination if by the will he projects himself into the desired state of mind. As an honest workman, however, he is bound at least to intelligent and interested reflection upon the theme he has undertaken. His enthusiasms are his own, but we rightly expect of him a certain seriousness and ingenuity. It is the lack of these qualities in these last works of Ghirlandaio that is their real condemnation. Everywhere the accumulation of sumptuous detail is offered in place of organic and well-knit composition. An abundance of pretty faces and graceful forms describing conventionally attractive gestures is presented where we properly ask dignity, expression, and purposeful movement.

But, we are told, it is a remarkably vivid picture of the life of the patrician merchants of Florence in her prime. Is this quite true? We have admittedly a number of fine portraits of the Tornabuoni and their kin on parade. We have certain interiors tricked and tortured with decorative detail as we must believe no rooms of the time actually were. The trouble with these frescoes as documents of Florentine life is the trouble with the people who ordered them. Ghirlandaio was hardly allowed to paint the Tornabuoni as they really were at home, but as they wished to seem to the town. There is nothing intimate or convincing about the delineation; it never transcends a sort of official character, in its way as insincere as the religious scenes into which it is thrust. Throughout, these frescoes show the lack of constructive genius in Ghirlandaio. He was incapable of creating a complex and harmonious whole, incapable of those ingenious and spirited evasions, the product of an incorrigible artistry, which make the religious painting of Venice at once the most secular, sincere, and charming the world has seen. At bottom he too was sincere, but with the odd, limited sincerity of those merchant patrons who gave a little space in a painting to some story of Our Lady, reserving most of the wall for the exaltation of the family and firm. He had the good luck to die in 1494 before the grim preacher from Ferrara overthrew the pageantry of that plutocratic Florence whose favorite Ghirlandaio had been for a quarter-century and more. Let us be candid. If we really wish the materials for a vision of the Florence that prayed and paid with equal enthusiasm, a score of those painted fronts of bride chests, many of them by obscure or nameless artists, would be far more suggestive than the entire work of Domenico Ghirlandaio. M. Hauvette bids us value him because he embodied in graphic form the average ideals of the piping times of Florence. This seems to us the advice of an historian. No critic would, I fancy, tell us to reverence Bouguereau because he embodied precisely the mythological ideals of the Third Empire. It takes a Ghirlandaio to make us realize the true greatness of a Signorelli or a Botticelli; or, coming to fairer parallels, the resourcefulness and freshness of such routine talents as Gozzoli and Pintoricchio. We need Ghirlandaio to show us how far even the lesser lights among the true artists transcended the average taste of their patrons.

If all this is so, some unconvinced reader will ask, why does nearly every visitor to Florence love to linger in the choir of Santa Maria Novella? For the very good reason that except for Gambrinus and one vaudeville garden, it is about the only place in Florence that lays no tax upon the visitor's mind. Everywhere else strange beauty stares one in the face, requiring swift and exhausting intellectual readjustment. Here is nothing of the sort. You may bring to Ghirlandaio the satisfactory habits of vision you acquired in Oshkosh or Surbiton, and they will not fail you. After the baffling adventure of the Uffizi and the still more perilous pass of the Academmia, what a rest to come home to these stately comfortable folk of quaint old Florence, patronizing such pretty saints. It is something to have had so little idiosyncrasy as to charm for four centuries and more the indolent eyes of all nations and of many critics. I do not underestimate such an accomplishment, but, believing it to lie apart from the criticism of art, I gladly commit it to more competent judges. To Ghirlandaio, portraitist, I return with increasing pleasure, and with continued regret that in this field his course was hampered. The rest of him, for the most part, I leave to whatever sociologist, humanitarian, or mere historian desires the greater share of a prolific and much admired painter. Happily he needs no praise of mine. As I write doubtless the choir of Santa Maria Novella is full of passionate pilgrims, while Florence itself still loves him. I almost regret what has been said, for to speak ill of Ghirlandaio in the City of the Baptist is still to give grave offence, and some day I shall want to go back there. M.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication this autumn "A Chronicle of Friendships," by Will H. Low, a volume or reminiscences; and "The Story of English Art," Sir Walter Armstrong.

"The House Dignified; Its Design, Arrangement, and Decoration," by Lillie Hamilton French, will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The McClurc Company will publish this autumn "The Higher Life in Art: A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France," by John LaFarge.

The nineteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club will be held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, October 31 to November 22. The jury of selection consists of: Reynolds Beal, W. Verplanck Birney, Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, Colin Campbell Cooper, E. Irving Couse, Albert Herter, Miss Clara T. MacChesney, F. Luis Mora, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, M. Petersen, Edward H. Potthast, and Cullen Yates.

James Wilson Alexander MacDonald, the sculptor, died at Yonkers August 14 in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Steubenville, Ohio, and while a young man in business in St. Louis, he studied art diligently at night. He is said to have made the first portrait bust cut in marble west of the Mississippi—that of James T. Benton. The first order he executed in New York was that of Charles O'Conor, now in the central hall of the Appellate Court. MacDonald also designed the bronze statue of Edwards Bates, attorney-general in Lincoln's Cabinet, which stands in Forrest Park, St. Louis; the bronze statue of Fitz-Greene Halleck, in Central Park; a colossal bust of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, in Hancock Square at One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, in this city; another of Gen. Hancock in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a colossal bust of Washington Irving, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; a bust of Thomas Paine, in a park in New Rochelle;

and the portrait of George Washington, more than 300 copies of which have been placed in the public schools of New York city. Shortly before his death Mr. MacDonald completed a companion bust of Lincoln.

J. R. Spencer Stanhope, an English painter born in 1829, died August 2 at Bellosguardo, Italy. He was at first a pupil of G. F. Watts, and later his associations were with the Pre-Raphaelites under the leadership of Rossetti. His mature work shows the influence of the Italian masters of the fifteenth century.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF FINANCIAL RECOVERY.

The sharp fall in prices on the Stock Exchange, last week, has as usual led people to ask whether unfavorable indications have not appeared. To such a question, the reply is that the decline signifies, not that business has taken a turn for the worse, but that investors are beginning to see that actual conditions have never warranted the prolonged advance in stocks, during July. A London financial journal, commenting lately on events in America, remarked that every incident in industry, politics, or finance seemed to result in a "bull market." The Republicans nominate Mr. Taft on a moderate platform, and prices go up; the Democrats nominate Mr. Bryan on a radical platform, and prices rise again. The steel manufacturers refuse to reduce prices for their commodity, and stocks go up; an independent mill cuts prices, the Steel Corporation follows suit, and stocks go still higher. In June, the government "crop estimates" promise an unprecedented yield of wheat; the Stock Exchange responds by an advance. In July, unfavorable weather compels radical revision of the figures, and suggests the possibility of a crop not much greater than last year's, and a violent rise in stocks ensues.

The description will be recognized by most people as correct. The London paper explains the movement on the theory that speculating capitalists, with access, on easy terms, to the abundant hoards of money in the banks, are putting up prices of securities on borrowed money, in the conviction that if they keep the ball rolling, regardless of outside conditions, they will virtually force the investing public to relieve them of their load at such prices as may be fixed. This theory is attractive, and would doubtless go far to explain the anomalies referred to. But the people who may be acting on it assume two essential facts—first, that the outside investing public, which is to be lured into the speculation, can get the necessary purchase money; second, that the securities offered are sufficiently attractive, on a pure investment basis, to bring the higher prices. The first consideration has to do with the effects of last autumn's panic on private fortunes; the second concerns the real condition of business.

Up to a certain point, a recovery in Stock Exchange prices, after a great panic, will naturally be attributed to the fact that powerful capitalists, who, in the hour of shaken credit and impaired bank reserves, were forced to sell the securities which they were carrying on borrowed money, are repurchasing, now that credit is restored and money easy. But to this process there is a limit. Even the greatest of capitalists will not buy securities unless he foresees a good return on his investment, or unless he is confident of selling later to somebody else, at a higher price. Money was quite as easy, eight months after the panic of 1893, as it is to-day, but the powerful capitalists did not buy. On the contrary, the ensuing twelvemonth was chiefly marked by continuous efforts, on the part of large and small investors, to dispose of what they held at the best price obtainable, and the stock markets merely reflected the prevalent discouragement.

What is the condition of the real investing public to-day? Certainly there can be no such increment of profits from private business, to reinvest in securities, as there was, say, in 1906. Trade returns show that the volume of sales has been running, on the average, 30 to 50 per cent. below that of a year ago, and prices have universally been lower. Since the beginning of the year, commercial failures in the United States have been nearly 60 per cent. more numerous than in 1907, and liabilities have been unprecedented. It is true, on the other hand, that holders of investment securities, who are the largest reinvestors on the Stock Exchange, have not suffered such loss in income from suspended dividend and interest payments as they did in the general bankruptcy of railway undertakings after 1893; and this consideration is important. But to suppose the accruing fund, available for investment, to be anything like that of 1907 or 1906, would be to suppose an absurdity.

The question, whether the rise in stocks has or has not been legitimately founded on a promise of early return of business to the profitable basis of a few years ago, is somewhat different and far more perplexing. Wall Street tells the country what will happen later on. It deals in expectations. If it relied on actual figures, it would have to admit a more severe setback in trade than was witnessed even after 1893. Railway earnings are still running 20 per cent. or thereabouts below 1907, and the shrinkage in the volume of trade has been mentioned above. It is a favorite argument, not without plausibility, that this very abstention of consumers during the past eight months means accumulating requirements which must be met later by proportionately larger purchases. But the same argument was available in 1894, and it turned out to have no validity whatever. Consumers had reduced their purchases because they had not the money with which to buy. Their customary purchases had not been postponed, but were either permanently cut down, or else abandoned altogether.

The legitimate part of the present feeling of hopefulness probably arises from one important fact—the entire absence of pecuniary distress in our agricultural community. The people engaged in agricultural pursuits make up more than one-third of our entire population. In the financial troubles of the nineties, it was they more than any other class who felt the pressure and embarrassement. To-day, on the contrary, the farmers are enjoying an unusually profitable market for crops of satisfactory size, with the assurance that the outside world will have to buy their surplus—the stored-up supply having been much reduced by the world-wide harvest shortage of 1907. The farmers as a whole are as prosperous as in 1905 and 1906. Even this fact, however, is not proof positive that the country as a whole is forthwith to enjoy the full flood of prosperity of two or three years ago. The people who are not farmers remain to be reckoned with. The chances are that for American industry in general the process of recuperation will be more gradual than the enthusiasts of Wall Street have imagined.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker, Karl. London and Its Environs. $1.80. And Berlin and Its Environs. 90 cents net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Beau Brummel. Written for Richard Mansfield by Clyde Fitch. John Lane Co.

Burton, John Hill. The Book-Hunter. J. Herbert Slater, Ed. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Bury, Lady Charlotte. The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting. A. Francis Steuart, editor. John Lane Co. 2 vols. $3 net.

Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Classified Catalogue. Vols. 1 and 2.

Chambers, Robert W. The Firing Line. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Clark, Robert Carlton. The Beginnings of Texas, 1684-1718. Austin: By the University of Texas.

Coolidge, W. A. B. The Alps in Nature and History. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Dutchess County, N. Y., Book of the Supervisors. 1718-1722. Poughkeepsie: Vassar Brothers' Institute.

France, Anatole. The Garden of Epicurus. Translated by Alfred Allinson. John Lane Co.

Fraser, Edward. The Londons of the British Fleet. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Gladstone, W. E., at Oxford, 1890, by C. R. L. F. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Hatfield, Frank. The Realm of Light. Boston. Reid Publishing Co.

Hilgers, Joseph. The Roman Index and Its Latest Historian. Techny, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word.

Hoyer, Maria A. By the Roman Wall. London: David Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.

Jeremias, Alfred. Das Alter der babylonischen Astronomie. Die Panbabylonisten. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhcndlung.

Kempson, F. Claudc. The Future Life and Modern Difficulties. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

King Solomon and the Fair Shulamite: An Idyl from the Song of Songs, arranged by Julia Ellsworth Ford, with illustrations by Simeon Solomon. Frederick F. Sherman. $1.50 net.

Larisun, C. W. The Soul: Whence? Whither? Ringos, N. J.: Fonic Publishing House. $1.50.

McCroben, M. A Dictionary of English Literature. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents

Magoffin, Ralph Van Deman. A Study of the Topography and Municipal History of Praeneste. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

Flyfe, W. H. P. 12,000 Words Often Mispronounced. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 25 net.

Pickhardt, E. W. Sutton. Ariadne Diainomene, and Other Poems, London: Elkin Mathews.

Seligman, Edwin R. A. The Separation of State and Local Revenues. Columbus: National Tax Association.

Sparkman, Philip Steadman. The Culture of the Luiseño Indians. University of California Publications. Berkeley: The University Press.

Snavely, Guy Everett. The Æsopic Fables in the Mireoir Historial of Jehan de Vignay. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.

Terry, Hubert L. India-Rubber and its Manufacture, with chapters on Gutta-Percha and Balata. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.00 net.

Tokio Imperial University Calendar. Tokio: By the University.

Tonge, James. Coal. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.00 net.

Treves, Sir Frederick. The Cradle of the Deep. An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Watson, A. D. The Wing of the Wild-Bird, and Other Poems. Toronto: William Briggs. $1.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Bryan made a good speech on the tariff at Des Moines last Friday. We do not mean that he has gone profoundly into underlying principles. The occasion may not have called for such treatment, and in any case Mr. Bryan is not in the habit of going to the bottom of questions. But he presented in interesting form some of the salient abuses of our tariff system and urged that we return to the basis of a tariff for revenue. He was happy in his quotations; with telling effect, for example, he introduced the statement of H. E. Miles, chairman of the tariff committee of the National Association of Manufacturers:

> I have made money every year out of the tariff graft. Not much, but, still, a little.
>
> The tariff barons raised their price $50,000 to me. I made a charge against the jobber of $60,000, and I know that he charges more than $70,000 for the $60,000 he paid me. Before reaching the consumer the $50,000 charge became about $100,000 to be paid by the agricultural consumer.

Mr. Bryan also dwelt on the new version of the tariff creed:

> In all tariff legislation, the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries.

This presposterous demand for a "reasonable profit" is, as Mr. Bryan points cut, "an addition to the rule, and is likely to be used as an excuse for raising the tariff." "To what other business," he asks, "does the government guarantee a 'reasouable profit'? To the farmer or the merchant or the laborer?" His strongest arguments, however, deal with the Republican record of shuffling and inconsistency. The Republicans have talked tariff reform, have admitted the inequalities of the Dingley schedules, and yet have done nothing. A Republican President has urged the abolition of a duty on wood pulp, but the stolid "standpatters" have blocked the way to all changes. The Republicans, in fear of offending the protected interests, have not dared to make those alterations which they have acknowledged are necessary. Mr. Bryan, then, is justified in asking whether the Republicans can now, after their eleventh-hour repentance, be trusted to revise the tariff in the interest of the consumer.

It is also fair to ask whether Mr. Bryan and his following can be trusted to undertake this, perhaps the most important task which confronts Congress. The Democratic party is, we grant, the party that has traditionally stood for tariff reform; Mr. Cleveland made his second successful campaign with the tariff as practically the sole issue. But pressing as tariff reform has been, according to Mr. Bryan's own confession, he and his party have been indifferent to it in the last three elections. The tariff should have been revised in 1896, in 1900, or in 1904. Eight years ago, as well as four years ago, the iniquities were quite as monstrous as Mr. Bryan now sees them to be. But the Democrats, first under the leadership of Mr. Bryan and then under the leadership of Mr. Parker, were extremely slack in this matter. They were interested in other things, and as tariff reformers they were almost as lukewarm as the Republicans. Indeed, tariff reformers were bitterly disappointed with the conduct of Mr. Bryan and Judge Parker, and felt that tariff reform has been betrayed in the house of its friends. It is for this reason that Mr. Bryan's fiue professions, and his charges of insincerity and inconsistency urged against the Republicans, fail to move us. We go as far as anybody in denouncing Republican indifference, cowardice, and corruption on the tariff. But we are not yet ready to accept as our saviour Mr. Bryan, who is the very image of inconsistency, who has never cared about tariff reform, and who has never used his enormous influence with the Democratic party to make that a dominant issue.

"I am a protectionist," said Mr. Sherman to the notification committee last week. At this statement no one will cavil; for it is not to be expected that a party owned so many years, body and soul, by the protected interests would nominate a free trader for Vice-President. As soon expect the devil to sprinkle himself with holy water. The significance of Mr. Sherman's utterance lies in the fact that he has generally been regarded as standing with Speaker Cannon and Representative Sereno E. Payne among the most immovable of the "standpatters." He now commits himself to the revised version of the protectionist creed:

> Such duties must and will be imposed as will equalize the cost of production at home and abroad and insure a reasonable profit to all American interests.

For years all the protectionists ventured to ask for was what they called "an equalization of cost of production at home and abroad." The difference, they ingenuously explained, was due to the difference in wages. All they wanted was a chance to pay the darling American workman at a high rate and save him from the horrible fate of the pauper laborer of Europe. Protection was, on the face of it, a scheme of pure philanthropy. But now the protectionists impudently demand duties that shall "insure" a reasonable profit. For the rest, Mr. Sherman's speech is commonplace, but happily brief.

It appears that there is a prospect that Mr. Taft may, after all, take the stump in the West. The reason given is that there are "so many calls for him"—just as if there were not always many calls for Presidential candidates. Such a swinging round the circle might be of marked value to Mr. Taft in improving his oratory and checking his tendency to verbosity. In a speech at Boisé, Idaho, he once told his audience that he must be uncomfortably long, because he had "abstruse legal matters" to expound. Nothing, however, is more abstruse or obscure to an audience than prolixity itself. When Mr. Balfour, as Prime Minister of England, had made several vast speeches in 1903 on the very complicated problem of colonial preferences, an insistent popular clamor arose that he should put his ideas on "a half-sheet of note-paper." Perhaps Mr. Taft shares the opinion that copiousness of language is popular and democratic; terseness, cold and unsociable. But it is necessary to distinguish times, places, and degrees. How can we call conciseness undemocratic, seeing that the concisest of all expressions of experience are also the most genuinely popular—the proverbs? Disraeli, who longed to return to "those sober times when the aptitude of

a simple proverb was preferred to the verbosity of politicians," mentions an Englishman of Elizabeth's reign who made a successful speech on a financial question in the House of Commons by simply stringing a dozen proverbs together; and also "one of our old statesmen, who in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, proposed the use of proverbs in diplomatic negotiations, convinced of the great benefits that would result to all." Archbishop Whately surmised that "more than half the cases in which men are led into misapprehension are due to want of sufficient conciseness of expression." Surely, a collection of proverbs may safely be recommended as a pillow book to every honest campaigner.

The opposition to the renomination of Gov. Hughes has collapsed. Roosevelt, Taft, Sherman, and Hitchcock are for him, and the little local bosses may as well quiet down and swing into line. The subject was thoroughly discussed at a conference at Oyster Bay last week, and the persons who came away from that meeting are sure that Hughes is the man. Mr. Sherman says that "the consensus of opinion is favorable to the renomination of Gov. Hughes," and that this candidacy is "broader than the questions involved in New York State politics." In other words, the New York Republicans must take Hughes partly for the sake of the national ticket. There is just one reason why this conclusion in regard to Hughes has been reached: he is stronger with the people than any one else; he is, in fact, the only Republican who has a chance to be elected Governor. The bosses hate him as much as ever; but they find him, as they have found him during his two years at Albany, irresistible. He can do as he likes with them, because he has the mass of the voters on his side. It is reported that no formal announcement of the President's attitude will be made, but the word will be passed along that Woodruff, Barnes, Ward, Hendricks, and the rest of the small-fry had better discover at once that the party wants Hughes, and that he is the man whom they, too, have always preferred.

It is a singular decision which President Roosevelt has reached in the case of the West Point cadets. The law, which explicitly orders the dismissal of every cadet found guilty of hazing, is circumvented in the cases of all but two; the lucky six are sentenced to a minor punishment never contemplated by Congress. The authority of the Superintendent, Col. Scott, is upheld, and the law to a certain extent vindicated by the reaffirmation of the dismissal of the two worst offenders. Col. Scott alone comes out of this affair with credit.

WASHINGTON, August 18.—That the Panama Canal can be completed within five years and at much less cost to the government than has been generally supposed is the information which Col. George W. Goethals, engineer in charge of the canal construction, is expected to bring to Secretary of War Wright from the Isthmus early next month.

The time for the completion of the canal is decreasing so rapidly in these days before election as to arouse wonder, if not suspicion. Last March, the time set for the opening was 1915. Mr. Taft, in his speech of acceptance, changed this to 1914, and now Col. Goethals makes it 1913. If our official optimists be but allowed to keep on we shall surely find ourselves by next December in possession of a completed canal. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the smiles of the minor officials on the canal when these figures are mentioned. Those two great flights of locks—can these enormous masonry works be erected in five years? If so, Col. Goethals has solved for the first time the problem of making government work more efficient than that of private contractors.

The clergymen of Springfield, Illinois, after holding a meeting, have announced that the riots there were the natural result of the lax government of the city. Lawlessness had prevailed; the evil elements, being in politics, did about as they saw fit; brothels and saloons flourished. The ignorant foreigners and the ill-disposed negroes together took advantage of the complaisance of the authorities—and the race riots followed, as a matter of course. Two and one-half years ago, in February, 1906, there were precisely similar scenes in another city of the same name—Springfield, Ohio. There were killings, incendiarism, and the ordering out of troops. After all was over the contributory cause appeared to be precisely the same—the rottenness of the government of the town. The lawless elements came to believe that they owned the place and might kill and burn and rob as they saw fit. That the negroes who suffered were merely a convenient excuse appeared from the burning of some of the homes of the best-behaved and most prosperous of the race. The American who prides himself so on his efficiency, administrative ability, and shrewdness has yet to grasp the fact that bad government is the most wasteful and costly of extravagances—to say nothing of its immorality.

The Dutch nation seems not particularly bent on going to war with Venezuela. Like so many heavy draymen watching a fight between street urchins, the larger Powers have been benevolently encouraging little Holland to attack Castro. We have played the part of the good-natured policeman who looks the other way, and have assured the government of the Netherlands that the Monroe Doctrine will not be invoked against any legitimate efforts made by Holland to obtain a satisfactory answer to its demands on Venezuela. Go ahead and bombard, we have said; but the Dutch government hesitates because, in spite of fine talk about national honor and trade interests, it is not quite sure that it has cause sufficient for beginning war. The press dispatches tell us:

> Nothing less than the speedy withdrawal of President Castro's decrees, which have been the means of crippling trade in the island of Curaçao, and something in the nature of an apology for the humiliation of the Dutch Minister, will be satisfactory to Holland.

But, after all, if a nation within the civilized pale refuses to trade with you, you cannot go and force it to, at the cannon's mouth. And as to the humiliation of the Dutch Minister, France and the United States, in minor degree, have had the same experience. The nations that took part in the blockade and bombardment of 1902 had, after all, a definite cause to plead. Contracts had been violated and public debts were being repudiated. Holland has as yet no such strong case.

The annexation of the Congo by Belgium is nearly an accomplished fact. The problems involved in the change are many. Not the least is connected with the quality of material the Belgian government has at hand for building up a reorganized civil service for the Congo. In this respect the country is fortunate. Testimony is practically unanimous

that, even under the present mismanagement, the officials in the colony exhibit a degree of ability, training, and devotion to duty which can scarcely be equalled. The Congo civil service is largely made up of foreigners, representing almost every country in Europe. North Europeans, and especially Scandinavians, are exceptionally numerous. Yet neither the sense of being strangers nor the iniquity of the ruling powers in Belgium and Congo has prevented the organization of a body of men whom Englishmen have favorably compared with their own civil servants in India. When a system shall have been established which has for its object, not the collection of as many tons of rubber as forced labor, spurred by whip and gun, can produce, but the building up of European interests on the basis of freedom of occupation and trade for the natives, the Congo civil service should attain still greater efficiency. Belgium, in beginning her colonial career, has the advantage of the two decades of experience in the Congo. Governments that first venture on such an undertaking are bound to make errors costly to the peoples they would rule and to their own reputation. But for Belgium it is no longer a question of apprenticeship.

It comes hard for Frenchmen to admit that in Morocco they have been betting on the wrong horse, but from the tone of their newspapers it is evident that they are getting ready to make a confession of error. The latest defeat inflicted upon Abd-el-Aziz by his brother, Mulai Hafid, is decisive, not because any single defeat in the loose Moroccan game of fighting and running away can be called decisive, but because it has been preceded by a series of setbacks for the former Sultan which shows that the tide has set steadily against him. The French government may now be sorrowing for two errors of policy—that it should have helped Abd-el-Aziz at all, and that it should not have helped him more. By giving him refuge at Rabat, by driving Mulai Hafid's bands out of the coast region, and in other ways it went far enough in friendship for Abd-el-Aziz to add strength to the belief among the natives that he had sold himself to the foreigners. On the other hand, France might have given Abd-el-Aziz active military support against his brother. This, it is true, would have aroused European clamor. As it is, France has lived up honorably to her pledges, only to see her prospects in Morocco rapidly waning.

Macedonia, for years the home of misery and misrule, feels itself now Macedonia the blest. It would be wrong to speak of the dawn of liberty in the Sultan's unhappy provinces. "Dawn" suggests a deliberate process, whereas upon Macedonia the light has broken as if at a single word of command. The effect upon the people has been commensurate. At Constantinople, we read in the dispatches, "Mohammedans, Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, military and civil officers, peasants and members of revolutionary bands joined hands, and swore to sustain their rights and liberties." In one place in Macedonia, "after an address by a Turkish officer, prayers were offered in turn by a Turkish woman, a Protestant Bulgarian preacher, and a Jewish priest, while tears flowed from the eyes of many persons in the great crowd." The European traveller who crosses the frontier into Macedonia finds himself in the midst of a nation in festival, and his ear catches strange outcries: *Yashassin kuriett*, "Long live freedom!" *Yashassin asker*, "The army"; *Yashassin millet*, "The nation." It is pleasant to look back from times of rejoicing to times of adversity; but with the view comes regret for the suffering and the wrong that should never have been permitted. How often did Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia protest that positively they could do nothing to hold their bands in check! The world knew that these civilized governments were lying, but the tragic farce continued.

The intense enthusiasm over Count Zeppelin's achievement and the desire to help him to further successes continue unabated in Germany. Such an outpouring of money is almost unprecedented, even in cases of national distress. The Zeppelin relief funds are now well into the million of marks; and every possible device is used to increase them. "Tag-day" is still an American institution, but passengers on the steamers on Lake Constance are being "held up" by women passengers for the benefit of the fund. Since the suggestion that this large sum be turned over to a trust committee has been denounced by Count Zeppelin and the press, the whole amount, together with the half-million of marks given by the state, will be disbursed by the inventor himself. Of course, this practical sympathy is not wholly for Count Zeppelin's personal plight. All Germany thought that he was on the point of capturing for the German nation the "command of the aerial seas"—as the Crown Prince phrased it in his address to the public; and the matter has become one of national pride. A fit of hysteria like this is, we confess, somewhat startling, where the victims are a people hitherto regarded as stolid and phlegmatic. But the truth is that Germans have always been an imaginative people, and it is precisely the imagination that Zeppelin so strongly appeals to.

Sir Oliver Lodge, president of Birmingham University, has been asking the British colonies to succour that institution. He suggests that they may wish to "express their gratitude" to the Chancellor, Joseph Chamberlain, "for his services to them, which it is believed they recognize," by "endowing the university substantially." This is probably the first instance of a British university looking to the colonies for support, and it may be a sign of the times. When Oxford and Cambridge appealed recently to the public at home, and the response was not satisfactory, the explanation was that those ancient foundations were supposed to be well-to-do already, and only, or chiefly, embarrassed through mismanagement; also, that their curriculum was not utilitarian enough to attract the Mæcenases of to-day. Birmingham University is open to none of these charges. A modern institution, it is undoubtedly poor, and as utilitarian in its aims and practice as any university has yet shown itself. But Sir Oliver addressed those outside of the island. The response of the colonies will be interesting for more than one reason. Is Sir Oliver right in supposing that they have any strong desire to express "gratitude" to Mr. Chamberlain? The campaign started by the late Secretary for the Colonies in 1903 against British free trade on behalf of an imperial preferential union aroused some enthusiasm in Canada and Australia at the time; but how much of it survives to-day? The colonial demand for preferences is avowedly disappointing British protectionists.

THE REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

Mr. Taft's promise of an extra session of Congress to consider revision of the tariff immediately after his inauguration has been heralded in the newspapers as if it were a new and important decision. As a matter of fact, the Chicago platform says:

> The Republican party declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President.

Moreover, in his speech of acceptance Mr. Taft took the same ground. His reiteration of his pledge is, therefore, to be regarded as having been called forth by Mr. Bryan's speech of Friday. We hope, too, that it has been forced by signs of impatience within Mr. Taft's own party and by a recognition that the radical Republican element, which is winning victories at the primaries in the West, is in earnest in its desire for relief from the burdens of our extortionate tariff.

But to call an extra session and to get the tariff revised, are two wholly different things. The Chicago platform commended the step taken by Congress for "investigating the operation and effect of existing schedules" by appointing committees of the Senate and House, to sit during the summer recess and employ expert assistants to secure the facts "necessary for an intelligent revision of the tariff." This action of Congress was taken on May 16, more than three months ago, just as if the summer of a Presidential year were not the worst possible time for such an inquiry. Well, the Senate committee held its first session Monday; and Senator Burrows explained that the meeting would last three or four days. Moreover, Senator Burrows must make a number of campaign speeches, and can, therefore, give little time to this work for the present. Further comment upon the value of the undertaking is superfluous.

Even if expert assistants zealously employ the time between election and the extra session, and gather a mass of enlightening statistics, Congress will not be permitted to devote itself quietly to this great constructive undertaking. The instant it assembles it will be raided by the protected manufacturers who now have their feet in the trough, and want not less but more room. The hearings in the autumn of 1893 before the Ways and Means Committee were fitly described as displaying "fatuity, political and economic blindness, and undisguised selfishness" put on exhibition as a "rational basis for the fiscal policy of the nation." The tariff hearings this year and next will be no more edifying; if Mr. Taft is elected the Republicans who throng to them will come as victors insisting on the spoils. These are the "friends of the tariff," by whom alone, so Mr. Taft and the Republican leaders think, the tariff should be revised. Yet to let them write the tariff as heretofore would be, as Senator Beveridge put it, to let business make a tariff law for itself, "instead of Congress making a tariff law for the people."

That a newly elected President may appeal for tariff revision and appeal in vain, recent history teaches us. All of Mr. Cleveland's earnestness and ability and the skill of William L. Wilson could not prevent members of their own party from betraying them. The seductions, the bribes offered by the protected interests, were too much for Democratic virtue at a time when, if ever, it should have stood firm. And Mr. Taft has laid up special trouble for himself by asserting—what is beyond belief—that there are some schedules that need "revising up." Every manufacturer will assert that this was a direct reference to his own business. Then, too, the very language of the act which authorized the committees to meet this summer left the same loophole, for they were authorized "to obtain equal treatment for agricultural and other products." Hundreds of producers will display violent discontent with the inequality of their treatment if they think they can secure larger favors.

It must also be remembered that our tariff covers thousands of items. What duties and how large should be placed on them are difficult problems even for an impartial expert to solve. These delicate questions we refer—about once in ten years—to our Congressional committees. The Committee on Ways and Means framed the Dingley bill in less than four months; the Senate Finance Committee then carved the measure for six weeks more. The two committees that drafted the McKinley bill gave seven months to the task, and the same time was spent on the Wilson bill. The last German tariff revision committee comprised thirty experts who spent nearly six years at their task, after which a Reichstag committee put in ten months of continuous work upon the law.

Clearly, then, something more than merely calling a special session will be necessary if we are to have tariff revision. There must be a serious disposition and an earnest effort to put an end to these injustices. Real tariff revision will not come from the Republicans or Democrats until the mass of the people are as indignant over the present outrages as they are in the West over the misdeeds of the railways and the Trusts.

ANGLO-GERMAN WAR MONGERS.

David Lloyd-George may or may not discuss the reduction of naval armaments with the officials at Berlin; Sir Edward Grey may stand by his protest against any interference by other ministers with the affairs of his department; King Edward may or may not have taken up the subject in the course of his recent interview with Emperor William—but there is no denying the fact that in England especially the sentiment grows against the mad competition of shipbuilding with Germany, and the still wilder talk of imminent German invasion and imminent British collapse. The rumors of approach to an understanding between Great Britain and Germany are the harbingers of reawakening common sense. It is impossible that all the fire-eaters of the press in both countries, all the professional jingoes, all the politicians with axes to grind, should continue to lash public feeling into a fury over nothing at all. Germany cannot dredge a fishing harbor without intending it as the point of embarkation for an invading army. She cannot build a railway without making it part of a mobilization scheme directed against England. And England, that once feared nothing but God, now shivers in pallid fear before the German waiter and governess. For we have it on the authority of an entire school of war-novelists that the waiters are disguised German officers and the governess is a spy.

We have mentioned the small politicians with axes to grind. Unfortunately, the big politician with a hobby is also to be reckoned with. Even a Roberts or a Cromer may nod and say more than he intends; his words are sure to

stir the little dogs of war to louder yelping. Five years ago Lord Robert spoke of the need of universal military training for Englishmen in a way that made him appear a prophet of speedy war with Germany. Lord Cromer supplied the war mongers with a luscious morsel in his assertion that old-age pensions would lead indirectly to war with Germany. But even he must know that war could not come for ten years. A great statesman, it is true, should look far ahead, but he should also be cautious of the manner in which he utters his warning.

Sociologists who like to talk about race-degeneration and folk-decay and similar things, have been citing the recurrent outbreaks of anti-German hysteria in England as evidence of a general decline in the nation's physical and moral fibre. In the way Englishmen have been crying out in fear of their defencelessness against invasion, war, defeat, and Imperial doom, there seems to be almost justification for the charge. To read the jeremiads of the English jingo, one would imagine that Britain has been moving post-haste to destruction. Yet British prosperity has been undergoing no serious checks of late. England has not been threatened by mob law, or class war, or pestilence, or famine. The forms of civilization still subsist, and England's voice is still heard in the counsels of the nations. Why, then, should England's straining eyes discern armies of invasion—which is bad enough—and its flagging spirit cry that it cannot repel invasion—which is a much more serious state of mind for an Englishman?

All this would imply that in the race for prestige and authority Great Britain has been falling steadily behind; that her Imperial and foreign policies of late have been unsuccessful; that Germany has been scoring on her in the diplomatic game. We turn to the facts, and see that English prestige during the last five years has been growing steadily. The empire is holding well together, and in the field of international politics Britain has won triumph after triumph. On the debit side there is the unrest in India and Egypt—a serious problem; but England always has had problems of the kind. And on the credit side? Canada has just emerged from a love-feast of loyalty. In South Africa a new British confederation is in the building. In Australia there is occasional recusancy, perhaps, but growing need, too, of the mother country's protection. In foreign politics the record is brilliant: The alliance with Japan checkmated anti-British policy in China; this was defeat for Germany. The understanding with France, and the agreement with Russia, have been surely no German victories. In Persia, British influence has helped to establish a constitutional régime long before Germany's Bagdad railway has reached the Persian Gulf and German influence could be brought to bear on the Shah, as on his brother in Islam, Abdul Hamid. The latter's recent overturn is generally recognized as a blow to German ambition, and a corresponding gain for Great Britain. In the light of these events, it is hard to see why the British jingoes should go on wailing over the German peril.

THE OLD JENA AND THE NEW.

The recent celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Jena has naturally aroused interest far beyond the borders of Germany. Long the home of democratic ideals, this institution, with its romantic setting and splendid history, has drawn many American students to its well-trodden classrooms. It was the Elector Johann Friedrich who founded it in a day-dream during that dark period in 1547 when he looked out of his prison in the castle of Jena upon streets full of Spanish mercenaries, and planned a school which should be a stronghold of Lutheranism. When seven years later he was released from confinment, he set to work for his project, but soon died, and left the task to his sons. They proved faithful to their trust, and in 1558 an academy was established with two professors, one a theologian, one a humanist—a college reduced almost to the lowest terms. Thus in its origin Jena was a type of the old university ideal—a place where men escape the mental and physical oppression of the outer world, and work out for themselves in comparative seclusion intellectual freedom and strength. The professoriate, also, well represents the older university tradition. In those early days the proper study of mankind was man in his relation to his fellowmen, as revealed in humane letters, and in his relation to his creator, as revealed by the Scriptures.

The golden age of Jena was the last fifty years of the eighteenth century, and especially that happy period when German genius flowered around Goethe's patron, the Duke Karl August of Saxe-Weimar. Seldom has a seat of learning boasted such a brilliant and inspiring galaxy of lecturers—Reinhold and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel and Schiller, and Schlegel and Oken. The spirit of the Jena of those days was voiced by Fichte, who insisted that no man should have a place in the university who did not love truth for its own sake and seek intellectual power as an end in itself. Yet the love of truth, as these men understood it, was a somewhat different impulse from the scientific spirit of which we hear so much to-day. Mankind, envisaged under philosophical and poetical aspects, was still the centre of the universe. Because of their ability to conceive grandly of the human intellect and its destiny the followers of Kant teaching at Jena taught the civilized world. For a short time the little old university town was the home of a moral and spiritual renaissance which kindled all Germany and lifted the horizons in England and America.

Since her golden age the fortunes of Jena have on the whole pretty steadily declined till within recent years. The great scholars died or went to other universities, drawing their students with them—for in Germany the men and not the buildings constitute the attraction of a seat of learning. New universities were founded and entered into competition with the old. Berlin, especially, with its central position and large salaries and opportunities for scholarly leisure, has been a growing menace to the individual distinction of Jena as well as of the other smaller institutions. In proportion as Berlin grows in size and influence, the struggle for existence in the little universities waxes intense, and the danger increases that they will lose their character in an effort to imitate their great rival. The problem is similar to that which confronts the small colleges in America. The difficulties in Germany are aggravated, however, by the fact that all German universities are government institutions and derive the greater part of their income from the state. Under the present sovereign it can hardly make for Jena's

prosperity that she has long had the reputation of nourishing the spirit of democracy.

It is significant, therefore, that the accretion of financial strength with which Jena begins another fifty years comes from the private beneficence of a wealthy manufacturer. Commenting on this fact in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Professor Borkowsky says, half-regretfully, that these new means are bringing in new features, and the beloved old nook is becoming the most modern of the universities. It was doubtless necessary for Jena to fall in with the modern spirit or to perish. A generation ago the poet Hoffmann von Fallersleben had detected the set of the tide in the universities toward materialism and the bread-and-butter studies:

Brot ist das einzig Universelle
Unserer Universitäten—
Dies reimt sich nicht, ist aber doch wahr,
Und wer's nicht glaube, dem wird's mit der Zeit noch klar.

This prophecy is rapidly being fulfilled. The old unworldly idealism of university life has already become obsolete, and the love of knowledge and the pursuit of culture are becoming more and more subordinate to practical ends. As this process continues, the quantity of the influence exerted by the higher institutions of learning increases, but the quality of the influence is bound to decrease." "All German education," says an American student who has spent several years at various of the universities, "is being Prussianized"—or, as a French critic would say, Americanized.

That means, of course, that the German universities are becoming less and less attractive to American students and less and less instructive. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the American who returned from Germany with a higher degree wore a sort of educational nimbus, and his head was full of suggestive differences. He brought back also a store of fond memories of the quaint formalities and underlying simplicity of life in the charming little old-fashioned university towns. But all that elder and intimate fascination is vanishing; to become the "most modern of the universities" is the ambition of the new era in Germany as in America. Already the higher degrees—sought only for their commercial value—are more difficult to obtain in our leading institutions than abroad; accordingly the man who goes to Germany for his degree is looked upon with suspicion. The enchantment of the German university is in retrospect. It is known only to the Americans of the older generation who go abroad for the summer and under a rose arbor with a stein of cool Münchener at hand listen to the music of the municipal band and conjure up the glories of the past.

THEIR FAVORITE BOOK.

The style, with its candor and temperance, will draw admiration even from those who are most pained by the disruption of their favorite book.

Were we to start a guessing match, after the manner of modern journalism, none of our readers could, we are confident, pick the author of this "favorite book." The sentence occurs in the London *Times's* review of the second volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," and the critic is discussing the revolutionary theories which Prof. J. M. Manly of Chicago has advanced in regard to Langland's "Piers the Plowman." At first glance the assumption that "Piers Plowman" can be anybody's darling seems like the grossest affectation; yet when we examine a little more closely into the qualities which make an author a favorite, we perceive that quite possibly somebody may love even William Langland. For reading, like kissing, goes less by merit than by favor.

Were we to ask a class of high-school students what books they prefer, some of them might dutifully choose from the great works on the college admission list—the plays of Shakespeare, the minor poems of Milton, and Burke's "Speech on Conciliation." We may be quite sure, however, that in their hours of ease few persons, young or old, turn to Shakespeare, Milton, and Burke. These names are too august, the writing is too dazzling in its excellence to inspire anything resembling mere affection. We admire "Hamlet" and "Lycidas" and the "Conciliation"; we admit everything that may be said in praise of these masterpieces; and yet most of us remain a little cold. We reserve our sentimental attachments for books that partake somewhat of our own weakness—like the applewoman in "Lavengro" who found in "Moll Flanders" an unfailing source both of interest and edification. The poetry of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson is ranked below that of Milton, and yet we believe that each of these writers can summon more warm partisans than the author of "Paradise Lost." The novels of Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Trollope, and Meredith, of Fielding, Scott, and Jane Austen are not to be mentioned in the same breath with "King Lear." Yet most of us, if compelled to choose companions for solace and entertainment on the proverbial desert island, would prefer "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Tom Jones," "The Heart of Midlothian," and "Pride and Prejudice." Perhaps we should be even less severe in our tastes, and should pack our box with "The Master of Ballantrae," "Under Two Flags," and one of those volumes that recount the enlivening adventures of Sherlock Holmes. In these matters we are not heroic, but human.

For an author cannot be a genuine favorite unless something in him—like the quips of Charles Lamb, the asides of Thackeray, the felicities of Horace, and the wittiest touches in Jane Austen—seems intended for one's private ear. Burke, for example, is too magnificently impersonal; he is always addressing a public meeting; and on that account he often bores us, just as Gladstone used to bore Queen Victoria. And once we begin to seek the personal note, there may be almost as many favorite authors as there are individuals—nay, more; for the author who appeals to us in one mood may fail to move us in another. Sometimes it may be Thomas à Kempis; sometimes Rabelais. If Byron is the poet of youth, Matthew Arnold may be the poet of our maturity. These idiosyncrasies in reading are as various and whimsical as the human mind itself. We know a grave and learned college professor who is wont to turn on occasion to the inanities of Oliver Optic. The impossible careers of Optic's machine-made heroes seem to call across the years and evoke again the silly dreams of this scholar's boyhood. "Alice in Wonderland" has charm for grown-ups as well as children; hard-headed lawyers may be found, we venture to say, who read it through at least once a year. And "Little Women"? Are there no graduates of Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith,

and Wellesley who now and then throw aside their burden of erudition and in the pages of Miss Alcott renew the visions and hopes of sweet sixteen? In some hearts the child dies early, but where the freshness and zest of childhood happily survive, the favorite book, the real favorite, is likely to be some story, be it "Robinson Crusoe" or "Water Babies," that stirs the old emotions and re-creates the heaven that lay about us in our infancy.

But most of us have travelled so far into the light of common day that our eyes are dulled to the splendor of the irrevocable past. We are guided to books by our painfully acquired tastes and aptitudes. Familiarity with other tongues may make one more at home with Plato or Lucretius or Montaigne than with the writers of one's own race. And the specialist, moved perhaps by a secret vanity in his knowledge of authors that are inaccessible to the rest of the world, makes his favorite the Cuchulin Saga, the Song of Roland, the Romance of the Cid, or even "Piers the Plowman." "Piers the Plowman" rather than Chaucer; for Chaucer is so vivacious and modern, and so easy to read after a very little practice that no man can make the Canterbury Tales a sort of private preserve or strut through them with the pride of individual ownership. But in Langland one may be free from intrusion and from the annoyance of the mob who admire defects rather than beauties. Yet when all is said for "Piers Plowman" we doubt whether either Professor Manly or the critic of the London *Times* would seriously try to make out a case for it as a favorite book. For those who must go to older English, they would probably recommend "The Owl and the Nightingale," "The Debate between the Body and the Soul," "Pearl," or "Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyght."

But these are works for the few and fastidious. For the mass of mankind the favorite books must be those that express the common aspirations, the common consolations, and the common creeds in the common language. It is this, for example, that has made the Bible, for so many centuries and so many millions of men and women, ignorant and lettered, in health and sickness, joy and sorrow, the incomparable Book.

TOLSTOY THE REFORMER AT EIGHTY.

Fame may come to a man in such large measure as to make him more than celebrated; it may make him a commonplace of our daily thought. Thus, as I see it, Tolstoy has impressed himself on his age. Since Goethe died at Weimar there has been no secular shrine and oracle like the old manor-house at Yasnaya Polyana, in which Tolstoy, still occupied with his message of labor and peace, quietly waits for the close of the busy life which began in the same spot eighty years ago. The pilgrims come to Yasnaya as they come to St. Peter's at Rome, or to the Alps; some to learn, some to find rest, some with Baedeker in hand just to stare. Such variety of motive in his visitors is no discredit to the man. It only proves that he has become as great a fact as the Matterhorn, for instance, which you may climb over, or photograph, or write verses to, or even trim and rope off for Cook's tourists, without robbing of its essential dignity. There is no other man now who may so sit in his chair and have the world present itself for review. Surely there is no other man living to whom the world would offer such lavish tribute as it will bring to Tolstoy on his birthday to-morrow.

I.

About this great original figure has grown up a solemn platitude. "Do you know," says Smith at the dinner-table, "I firmly believe that 'Anna Karenina' will be read when all of Tolstoy's preachments are forgotten." The implication is that we have in Tolstoy's life and works a dual personality and a double product, and that it is quite easy to throw away the preacher in him and to keep the artist. But even if it were a fact that the future may slice Tolstoy in two, and keep of him what it likes best, that would only prove that the world likes stories better than it does serious thinking. It should not influence our complete view of the man now, when his sermons are not yet forgotten. For that matter, it may be true that Christ, the marvellous parable-teller, is better remembered nowadays than Christ the teacher. Smith, of course, is not to blame for his view, since Tolstoy himself has chiefly contributed to the upbuilding of the theory of his dual development. He has told us that as a man he lived a life of sin and worldliness till a new birth came to him at the threshold of old age; and he has told us that as an artist he made use of his powers without making use of his conscience, until he discovered that art and the law of God and the common weal of man were one. So that this curious thing has happened: Tolstoy splits his life's career into two. Smith accepts the division. "Part of my life was evil; part was good." Smith assents. "I did wrong when I wrote 'Anna Karenina' and 'War and Peace,'" says Tolstoy. "I have made confession and atonement in my 'Dogmatic Theology.'" "Oh, no," replies Smith, "I don't care in the least for the 'Dogmatic Theology,' and I prefer 'Anna Karenina' and 'War and Peace' to 'What Is Art?'"

But how if, after all, there has been no such sharp separation between earlier life and old age in Tolstoy, between the unmoral artist and the moralist? On the first point, I am aware, Tolstoy speaks emphatically enough, as in his "Confession":

> I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing. I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others, I lost at cards, wasted the substance I wrung from the sweat of the peasants, punished them cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, and murder, all were committed by me, not one crime omitted—such was my life for ten years.

A terrible indictment, indeed, if on its face it did not reveal the abnormal sensitiveness, the magnifying vision with which the ascetic always regards the faults of his past. Bunyan thought himself the worst of sinners. St. Francis will have it that his youth was an orgy. Tolstoy is at one with them when, in his seventy-fifth year, he traces the following lines in his diary:

> I am now suffering the torments of hell. I am calling to mind all the infamies of my former life—these remembrances do not pass away and they poison my existence. Generally people regret that the individuality does not retain memory after death. What a happiness that it does not! What an anguish it would be if I remembered in that life all the evil committed by me in a previous life!

Yet we may cite Tolstoy against himself. What he has told us in the series of autobiographical studies under the form of fiction, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth"; what we learn from his earlier correspondence; what we know of his earlier career, make such depravity as he has professed inconceivable. In "Youth," Nicholas Irteneff, who is Tolstoy himself, is depicted as a young man given to severe introspection, adhering passionately to a rigid code of self-perfection, constantly in struggle against temptation, failing sometimes, but strong-willed, and always conscious of the light—the type of youth, in short, which, if promise counts at all, would never fall into such degeneracy as Tolstoy describes. At an early age, Tolstoy tells us, he had already attained firm belief in the existence of God. From his twenty-third year, when he went into military service in the Caucasus, his life was one of busy activity in the field, in literary labor, in travel. He speaks of himself as shy, timid in the presence

of women, and extremely sensitive to his lack of physical attractiveness—no equipment, evidently, for the Don Juan. And so I might pile up the evidence. The point is that the habit of self-castigation was always with him. At twenty-two we find him already at the task: "I am living a completely brutal life, although not an utterly disordered one. I have abandoned almost all my occupations, and have greatly fallen in spirit." He regrets the "disgracefully spent three years" of his life. Did he at eighteen look back with compunction at the preceding three years? Did he at fifteen sorrow for the evil of his conduct since he was twelve? It is possible. The purified soul is hard upon its own past.

II.

If we cannot break Tolstoy sharply apart into the man of sin and the man born again, neither can we tear the artist from the teacher. He moralized in the earliest of his imaginative works, and he has retained the artist's vision and the creative touch in the latest of his didactic pamphlets. Smith, who would remember "Anna Karenina" and forget the Tolstoian ethics, will find it hard to do so, since in "Anna Karenina" the moral is formulated as plainly and as rigidly as in any of his later treatises. And if Smith insist on having his way with "Anna Karenina," what shall we say of "Resurrection"? Has the artist there been swallowed up by the preacher? In spite of the fact that the book is a great sermon, are not the pages alive with men and women, just as "War and Peace," written thirty-five years before, is laden with Tolstoy's social philosophy in spite of the fact that it is a great novel? Forty years must have elapsed between the appearance of "Youth" and a sermon on temperance called "The Feast of Enlightenment." Compare the descriptions of a student's carouse in the two sketches, and you see that you cannot escape either artist or moralist in Tolstoy, at whatever age you take him. Let us admit once for all that the venerable platitude about what will be remembered in an artist who has also preached, and what will be forgotten, is only a paraphrase of that seductive formula about "art for art's sake." Let us not overlook the fact that of this facile theory of "art for art's sake," Tolstoy, like other towering figures, like Hugo, like Dickens, like Ibsen, Meredith, and Hardy among his contemporaries, embodies, indeed, the complete refutation.

III.

Nothing gives such unity to Tolstoy's entire career as the principle of human brotherhood that underlies his gospel of labor and love. Again we are compelled to take issue with what Tolstoy himself tells us: how only at the beginning of old age he learned that service in the common welfare is man's sole duty, and that the life of the toiling masses is alone worth living. Did it really take Tolstoy years of spiritual travail to reach this new faith which makes of a group of peasants working in the field the only true church and religion? In its most elaborate form, it may be. But in Tolstoy's earliest writings we find the note of reverence for unselfish service, for humility, for silent and uncomplaining labor, sounded clearly enough. Natalya Savischna, in "Childhood," was a maid in the service of the boy Irteneff's grandmother; then she was his mother's nurse, and in her old age she became stewardess of the household. When a young girl she fell in love with a fellow-serf and asked her master's permission to marry. For her presumption she was banished to a distant village. Brought back within six months, "she entered grandfather's presence, threw herself at his feet, and besought him to restore her to favor and affection and to forget the folly which had come upon her and to which she swore not to return. From that time Nataschka became Natalya Savischna, and wore a cap. All the treasures of love which she possessed she transferred to her young mistress." This mistress, Irteneff's mother, died when the lad was nine, and neither upon husband nor children did the blow fall as heavily as upon Natalya Savischna:

> She folded her hands on her bosom and looked upwards; her sunken, tearful eyes expressed great but quiet suffering. She cherished a firm hope that God would not long part her from her upon whom she had for so many years concentrated all the power of her love.

There entered Foka the butler and asked for a pound and a half of raisins, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice:

> "Immediately, immediately, batiuschka," said Natalya Savischna, taking a hearty pinch of snuff; and she went to her cupboard with brisk steps. The last traces of the grief called forth by our conversation had vanished when she set about her duty, which she considered extremely important.
>
> "What are the four pounds for?" she grumbled, as she took out the sugar and weighed it in the scales. "Three and a half will be enough," and she took several bits from the scales. "Who ever heard the like? I gave out eight pounds of rice yesterday, and now more is demanded. You will have it so, Foka Demiditch, but I won't let you have the rice. That Vanka is glad because the house is upset and he thinks no one will notice. No, I will not shut my eyes to attempts on my master's goods. Now was such a thing heard as eight pounds?"

When Natalya Savischna died, her property, after sixty years of service, was found to consist of twenty-five paper rubles. To-day, Tolstoy admits no such relationship as master and servant; but his Natalya Savischna of fifty-five years ago completely typifies his latest view of religion and ethics. The sentiment had only to develop into principle and to receive formal statement.

IV.

Prince Kropotkin has said that Tolstoy's gospel of complete identification with the life of the masses is not novel in Russia. Even when Tolstoy would make art in its highest form submit to the tests of moral utility and universal appeal he reasserts a theory which Russian critics have upheld for "more than eighty years." While Tolstoy, according to his own account, was still stumbling through the dark, the generation of the sixties had set on foot a great movement "to the people." How their missionary work among the peasants met with ruthless suppression at the hands of the government is too well known to need restatement. Prohibited from working for the amelioration of the peasants' lot by the peaceful methods of education, young Russia threw itself into revolutionary terrorism. Only twenty years after his contemporaries, Prince Kropotkin asserts, did Tolstoy finally attain that faith in the "people" which he has made his religion. From the popular movement when it was still in its first flush of hope and altruism, Tolstoy had held aloof. As to the reason, our critic offers no explanation. But we may find one for ourselves in Tolstoy's self-centred personality. Natures given to constant introspection, to the weighing of issues in the fine balance of the conscience, are always reluctant to adopt the ready panacea offered by the world. If they arrive at the same result they must do so in their own way. It may seem regrettable waste that a Tolstoy should struggle for twenty years to reach the answer he might easily have had by trusting others; but it must be recalled that Tolstoy had already tried his hand at working with the "people," and had failed. As early as 1849 he had established a school for peasant children; it was unsuccessful. Between 1859 and 1862 he developed the celebrated Yasnaya Polyana system of education—an intensified Rousseauism—only to have his schools closed by the government. When Tolstoy, at fifty, finally found in the Russian peasant a sound foundation for his theory of life, it was not really a belated discovery, as Prince Kropotkin would have it, but a return.

Observe, moreover, this wide difference between Tolstoy and those who initiated the popular movement after 1860: The young men and women who on the abolition of serfdom went to the villages aimed to educate and uplift, as Tolstoy had done in his youth and early manhood. The Tolstoy of the present has gone to the "people," not to teach, but to learn. To the revolutionists who slew Alexander II. the government was a foe, because it stood between the peas-

ants and progress. To Tolstoy, governments and churches are enemies, because they keep the peasant from exerting, for his own happiness, capacities that already abide in him. In this sense Tolstoy has gone back to the "people" with a thoroughness which the revolutionists have not even approached. Their love for the peasant has been genuine enough. In order to raise him to a higher plane, they have laid down their lives in battle against despotism. Tolstoy's love for the peasant has been the kind that sees no faults to remedy. Progress, art, learning, high material comfort, individual distinction, are shams. Let civilization march on; will the need for labor, for fellowship, and for love ever disappear from earth? No. Then, why strive for progress, when you have these already? And it is this difference between Tolstoy's attitude towards the masses and that of the revolutionists which helps explain that subject of much misunderstanding, of ridicule, and of scorn—Tolstoy's creed of non-resistance, or, more correctly, and as it appears in later form, of pacific resistance.

V.

To Tolstoy's mind, although I do not know that he has ever put the idea into words, there is a tragedy which we may describe as the tragedy of leadership; for leadership is a business which consists in trafficking with other men's lives. Tolstoy, unlike that other great advocate of the silent and laborious life, Carlyle, finds in the scheme of the world no place for heroes and leaders. History is the record of unknown laws—the will of God, he would call it now—working upon large bodies of men. Your hero, your leader, is an individual whom accident throws up into momentary prominence. He is at bottom as much the creature of circumstance as the humblest of his so-called followers, but he assumes, and the world often is blind enough to assume with him, that he is a guide of the forces whose slave he is, a compeller of the storm of which he is only the uptossed spume. Such pretension would, in Tolstoy's view, be only comic if, within a limited range of action, heroes and leaders did not possess power for harm. They create petty issues; they foment unnecessary conflicts; they devise standards and temporary battle-cries—to their own greater glory and the heavy cost of the pacific masses. There seems something sacred about a "cause." The word connotes high moral purpose, supreme effort, duty, self-sacrifice. Yet, often "cause" is merely synonymous with personal aims, with ambition, pleasure, fleshly desires, medals, epaulets, and trumpets, or mere lust of battle. The leader plays the game high, but it is "They," the silent masses, history's food for cannon, that pay. Always they pay. If their leader loses, it is the leader on the other side that wins. The musket-bearers on both sides, who are only scythe-bearers and axe-bearers taken from their fields and forests, never win.

Say that your cause is really inspiring, that the leader has attempted to sanctify it by showing himself ready to give away his own life as well as that of others—as the case was only the other day in revolutionary Russia. Even then, on the weak basis of your personal reason and belief, Tolstoy feels, you have no right to stake the lives of others. You would overthrow Alexander or Nicholas, and make Russia a republic, and to that end you send forth boys just out of school to hurl bombs and build barricades; you send young girls, revolver in hand, to meet a fate worse than death; you incite mutinies and stir up peasants to burn and slay. You play with men as with pawns and counters. You take a gambler's chance in which the stakes are—other people's lives. You go even further: you calculate that, if a great number of Russian men and women are hanged, shot, or bludgeoned, there will come a state of general exasperation which may overthrow the Romanoffs; and you readily make the investment—with other people's lives. You will not stop to think that, even if you attain what you regard as success, you have no right to mint other people's lives into the coin of victory—not even if that victory stands for what you call freedom, progress, civilization. For every empty form or reform you may win, for every deputy in your new Duma, for every copy of your uncensored newspaper and every epigram of your manipulators of free speech, you have paid with other people's lives, and with increase of hatred, and with fostering that passion for violence which is the real enemy of society. Next year some new revolutionary will feel himself justified in staking a thousand lives against your Parliament; and against him, in turn, some other leader will throw human lives into the scale. Thus history, as you would make it, shows nothing but a succession of leaders guiding silent masses towards the shambles, and for no common good. If Nicholas wins, you, the leader, go to the gallows; but if Nicholas loses, you grasp his crown and sceptre—you the leader. The masses never win.

To Tolstoy, then, human life is the ultimate sanctity after that God of which all human life is a part. He clings to life with a passion that would be Epicurean if we did not know him better. If there is God and a future life, he has argued, how foolish to strive over petty causes. If there is no other existence, how dare we tamper with the only reality we know? No, not even when you cite the ancient instance of the child in the murderer's grasp will he admit that violence on your part is justified. Are you sure that the criminal really means to kill the child? And, if he does, have you weighed the relative values of the two lives? How do you know what the child will grow up into? How do you know what the assailant's future may be? Over your own life, you as a creature of reason, are master. Throw yourself between the murderer and the child, if you will, but do no murder yourself. Stake your life against tyranny, against violence, against evil, but attempt no violence in return, and lead not others into violence. And it shall be that violence, confronted with passive challenge, shall in the end grow weak and afraid. Weak, because violence must have violence for its food, and cannot live without it. Afraid, because in the end disorder blanches before order, and tumult before silence.

VI.

So vast a faith in democracy, so profound a distrust in leadership of all kinds—in statecraft, in church, in science, in art—is grounded on a conviction of the goodness of the natural man which, of course, derives from Rousseau. Man left to himself will labor, help his fellowmen, and submit to the will of God; and in that is summed up all the Law and the Prophets. It is a proof of that unity in Tolstoy's development for which I have argued that in "War and Peace," a novel finished when he was forty, we find the idea completely stated. There, further, the notion is brought out that only under the evil influence of government, leaders, military discipline, codes of honor, and other artifices, does the natural man become either a victim or a beast. Count Peter Bezoukhoff (in "War and Peace") has wealth, talents, position, friends, and high aims; but he is unhappy because he cannot discover the meaning of life, and of his own life in particular. His crisis comes with the battle of Borodino, in which Napoleon's army of invasion receives its first serious check. Peter comes down from Moscow as a spectator, is caught in the cross-fire of batteries, sees death all about him, but suffers no harm. Henceforth Peter can only think of "Them" as they stood there serving the guns until nine out of every ten of them fell:

> And again he felt an indefinable pain as he compared his own moral failure and life of falsehood with the mighty simplicity of the men whose image was stamped on his soul.

"They" were the peasants, the "good-natured, foolish workingfolk," as Tolstoy called them forty years later, "who, yawning, show their white, healthy teeth," and let themselves be led to slaughter. Well, the French enter Moscow, and Peter, a prisoner charged with incendiarism, is sentenced to be shot, and escapes only at the last moment:

> The next two victims were led out; their imploring looks seemed to claim some help,

some rescue, as if they could not believe that they were to be bereft of life. Again Peter looked away; a louder report than ever rang in his ear. With a heaving chest he looked round at the men who stood near him—on every face he saw the expression of the same amazement, horror, and disgust that were seething in his soul.

"Whose doing is it? They are all as much sickened as I am," he muttered to himself. . . .

The twenty-four soldiers whose guns had been fired, fell in as the files went by them—all but one, quite a lad, as pale as death, who remained without moving from the spot by the side of the grave where he had stood to fire. His shako had fallen back to the nape of his neck and his musket was reversed. He staggered like a drunken man, swaying backwards and forwards to save himself from falling. An old sergeant ran towards him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him back to his place. The crowd slowly dispersed, every one hanging his head in silence.

Government and leadership, as embodied in Napoleon, had taken this young French boy and turned him into a murderer. And Peter is plunged again into darkness till once more he thinks of "Them." He attains complete salvation when he makes the acquaintance of Platon Karataieff, a peasant soldier and a prisoner, who shares with him his food and rags, harbors enmity against no man, prays every day to the Lord and Saint Nicholas for himself, and to Saint Florus and Saint Laura for his horses. He tells Peter his story:

He had been caught one day by the gamekeeper of a neighboring wood, flogged, condemned, and sent to serve with the army. "And what then," he added with a smile, "it looked like a misfortune, and it was really a blessing. If I had not gone wrong, my brother would have had to go and leave five children behind him. I, you see, left only a wife; I had a little girl once, but God Almighty had taken her back again. I went home once on leave. What can I say about it? They live better than they used to, though there are several mouths to fill; the women were at home, two of my brothers were away; Michael, the youngest, was the only one left. My father said to me, 'All my children are just the same to me; it matters not which finger is nipped, it hurts just as much. If they had not caught Platon it would have been Michael.' So then, would you believe it, he led us in front of the Images; 'Michael,' says he, 'come here; bow down to the earth before Him, and you women too, and you little ones.' Do you understand, master? That is how fate takes us by chance and we find fault and complain. Happiness is like the water in a landing-net; you pull it along, and it is full; you lift it out, and it is empty."

The French, in their retreat from Moscow, shot those prisoners who could not keep up with the march of the army. They shot Platon Karataieff one morning; but though his death saddened Peter for a while, it could not shake him. From Platon, Peter had learned the secret of life, which is service and submission.

VII.

This lame old world, it is to be presumed, must stumble on towards its fate over the zigzag paths of compromise. Our need is all the greater for counsellors of perfection who shall at least mark the limits of the course on either side. It is good that every now and then we shall be wrenched from the soft bed of complacency, find the fragments of our little compromises and conventions scattered about our feet, and have our blinking eyes turned towards the full light. Why complain? We can be trusted to go to sleep again soon enough. It is easy to criticise the theories of Tolstoy; easy, or, as you take it, extremely hard; for when a man questions the solidity of the very ground you stand on, what common meeting-place can there be? Yet, therein, as I have said, lies Tolstoy's peculiar service. If a Nietzsche, with supreme audacity, announces his belief in dominion and servitude as the social ideal, he has played a useful part. We can only rejoice, however, that against him a Tolstoy (that service he expressly claims for himself) should choose to continue the ancient tradition of human brotherhood and love, as it has been formulated by the Chinese sages, by Buddha, by the Hebrew prophets, and by Christ. The little artists, the little philosophers, and the little statesmen have been increasingly busy with their easy generalizations about unmoral art, unmoral philosophy, and unmoral statecraft. But it only needs a man to light up again the beacon fires of the old Law, if only once in several centuries, to send all these little theorists gibbering into the shadows. When such a man appears, the world instinctively yields him its respect as it now does to Tolstoy.

SIMEON STRUNSKY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPILES.

Obadiah Rich, in his "Catalogue of Books Relating Principally to America," 1832, records, under date of 1663, "A Discourse and View of Virginia, by Sir William Berkeley, the Governor. London. Small 4to. pp. 12." Rich owned copies of most of the books he described, but no price is affixed to this title, and it is not probable that he owned the volume. Sabin merely copies Rich and Winsor in his turn refers to Sabin. The only copy heretofore traceable is that in the British Museum, described in the catalogue as lacking the title-page. A second copy has recently been discovered, bound in a volume of pamphlets, and has found its way to New York. It also is without title-page, and consists of six leaves, the first bearing the signature mark "A2" and the fourth and fifth having the signature marks "B" and "B2." The pages are numbered from 1 to 12. At the top of page 1, is a heading in large type "A | Discourse | And View of | Virginia." At the end is "Finis." If the work was originally printed as two signatures of four leaves each, then a leaf at the beginning (probably the title) and a leaf at the end (probably a blank) are lacking. But until a third copy turns up we cannot tell, and it is possible that the first leaf of signature A was a blank, as was often the case. The Governor's complaint is that the entire attention of all the planters is given to the raising of tobacco:

Amongst many other weighty Reasons why Virginia has not all this while made any progression into staple Commodities, this is the chief. That our Governours by reason of the corruption of those times they lived in, laid the Foundation of our wealth and industry on the vices of men; for about the time of our first seating of the Country, did this vicious habit of taking Tobacco possesse the English Nation, and from them has diffused it self into most parts of the World; this I say being brought to us from Spain at great prices, made our Governour suppose great wealth might be raised to particulars by this universal vice.

Since Berkeley left Virginia on April 30, 1661, returning in the fall of 1662, the pamphlet must have been printed between these two dates, probably some time in 1662.

Only two, or at the most, three copies of the first book printed in Dublin, The Book of Common Prayer, printed by Humphrey Powell in 1550 and 1551, have been hitherto known. But thirty-four leaves, or about one-fourth of another copy, have just been discovered, pasted together to form the boards of an old book-cover, probably of the first part of the seventeenth century.

Ambassador Jusserand writes in the London *Athenæum* that he has discovered in the Paris National Library a First Folio Shakespeare, which was overlooked by Sidney Lee when he was making his census. The book is perfect, although the leaf of Ben Jonson's verses, and the title-leaf are both mounted and a few other leaves are mended. This copy was bought for the Paris Library, at the sale of the books of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Butler, bishop of Lichfield, headmaster of Shrewsbury School, who died in 1839, and whose library was dispersed at Christie's in 1840. The price was £75. At the same sale the National Library acquired copies of the Second, Third, and Fourth folios at a uniform price of £20 each.

A. Claudin, the Paris book-seller, and the greatest authority on early Paris printing, is very anxious to trace a copy of the following book:

Vie et Miracles de saint Menoux, evesque breton, patron de l'abbaye de Saint-Menoux-en-Bourbonnois, par Sêb. Marcaille.. Molins, P. Vernoy, 1606.

This book, he says, has been frequently cited by French bibliographers during the last two centuries, but they have copied, he thinks, one from another. The most recent positive reference to the book which he can identify was in the catalogue of the Seccousse sale in 1775. There may be a copy in America. Brunet gives the title, exactly as above, but doubts if it was actually printed at Moulins.

Part 3 of the current volume of "Book-Auction Records," covering English sales from April 1 to June 30, is just ready. It contains 5,243 records taken from twenty-five sales. The preface to this part is a five-page account of the "Early Printers, Publishers, and Booksellers of Glasgow."

The Ex-Libris Society held an exhibition

of book-plates at the Alpine Club, in London, from July 7-16. The catalogue contains reproductions of the book-plates of Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, Queen Maud of Norway, and others.

Correspondence.

ALFRED WEBB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By the death of Alfred Webb, in his seventy-fourth year, Ireland has lost the services of one who in the highest sense was not only a true patriot, but whose sympathy, and help, where possible, were given to every benevolent movement throughout the world. He was the son of R. D. Webb, a Quaker and a printer. Alfred Webb served his apprenticeship to his father's business, and was associated with him in publishing an anti-slavery newspaper during the time that emancipation was a stirring movement. This laid the foundation for an extensive acquaintance with many of the leading emancipationists in England and in the United States. Always poor, he saw more of the world than many with ample means. As a young man he went to Australia, and toiled in the bush and at the gold diggings. Though he paid his passage on board the sailing ships in which he went to and from Australia, he worked as a seaman, kept watch, and took his part in making and taking in sail, going aloft in all weathers, and learning all that was possible of seamanship. This was typical of the man. He could not see others work and abstain from helping all he could.

On his return from Australia he resumed work in the printing business. As a boy he had seen the distressful scenes of the great Irish famine, and travelled through the country with the late W. E. Forster distributing and organizing the relief funds raised by the Society of Friends. In this way he learned to know Ireland and the Irish as few Dublin citizens do, and even in his later years he was in the habit of making tours on foot and visiting farmers in their fields and homes. He was a frequent contributor to the press, and wrote many magazine articles and pamphlets, mainly on Irish subjects. His most solid work was a "Compendium of Irish Biography," 1878. It was characteristic of Webb's modest and inadequate self-appreciation that, underestimating the worth of his work, he printed quite an insufficient number of copies of a book which is now very scarce and valuable.

Webb, with his knowledge of Ireland, was able to estimate justly the political and social degradation due to the subordination of Irish needs to English interests, to the rule of the minority through Dublin Castle, and to the neglect of admittedly needed remedial legislation. He attended some of the many political trials between 1860 and 1870. As a member of the Society of Friends, he was not an advocate of physical force, but he was stirred to bitter indignation by the unfairness with which these trials were conducted, by the open partisanship of the judges, and bare-faced packing of juries. Ready to take part in any Constitutional movement for reform, he joined the Protestant Home Rule movement formed by the late Isaac Butt, became a strong Nationalist, and, with one or two intervals, continued to the end to be the trusted treasurer of the Irish Parliamentary Fund. When, in the most troubled times, duty seemed to call, he became member of Parliament for Waterford. He seldom spoke at Westminster, and had no claims to eloquence, but his earnestness and common-sense always secured him a hearing.

Always a champion of the oppressed, he did what was possible in Parliament to call attention to the neglect of Indian affairs, and to Indian grievances. As a result, he was invited to preside over the Indian National Congress at Bombay. His sense of humor enabled him to see a comic and incongruous element in the royal reception given to him. The quiet Dublin printer, when he landed at Bombay, was garlanded with flowers, enthusiastically greeted by enormous crowds, and attended wherever he went by guardians anxious to minister to every want. He knew well what an empty and ugly thing is popularity, but years afterwards when he came to the writer's house to see a Mahratta native of the State of Baroda, he hardly concealed the pleasure he felt when the Indian expressed his gratification at meeting one whose name was known from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin.

After the defeat of Gladstone's second Home Rule bill, Webb retired from Parliament, and went on a tour to Australasia, revisiting with his wife the scenes of his youth, and some of the abandoned penal settlements in which the Irish political prisoners had been detained, or from which others, as John Mitchell and John Boyle O'Reilly, had escaped. Ireland was never out of his thoughts, and, though no longer in Parliament, he took up on his return his work as treasurer of the Parliamentary Fund, and continued to write occasional pamphlets and letters for publication. He built himself a house, Shelmaliere, near Dublin, and, after the stormy political times in which he had lived, he seemed to enjoy garden, books, and friends. Though years brought many disappointments, his hope never failed, his faith in what be considered right principles never grew weak. He was steadfast to the end. The universal respect and estimation in which he was held have been shown by the resolutions of regret and sympathy passed by nearly every public body in Ireland. For many years he contributed letters, articles, and book-reviews to the *Nation*, most of which were signed "D. B." the last letters of his Christian and surname.

M. O'B.

Mount Eagle, Killiney, Ireland, August 13.

A STATEMENT FROM FATHER TABB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Please let me make to my friends through your paper the following statement:

My sight nearly gone, I remain where I am—not as the faculty would generously have me—a pensioner of the college; but paying as long as I am able full board. It is only to keep me from seeking some asylum that the faculty consents to my having my own way—the greatest kindness it can do me. John B. Tabb.

St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., August 19.

A CLASSIC DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW CUNARDERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On a recent Wednesday I went to the Cunard pier to see the Mauretania set out on her race to Liverpool. It was an impressive sight, as any one knows who has witnessed it. The next day, while reading Cicero "De Natura Deorum," I ran across the following passage (II., ch. 35), which gives a strikingly accurate description of the great ship; in fact I think your readers will agree that it fits the modern monster much better than it fits the Argo, the sight of which struck such awe into Accius's shepherd as he gazed at the apparition from his mountain peak. "Fremibunda" is a capital word for the muffled thumping of the machinery; and to one who had just the day before heard the Mauretania's hoarse blast, and the weird whistle of the siren as its "spiritus" writhed and swayed in the air, the words "ingenti sonitu et spiritu" seemed as if made expressly for that. And what "whirling eddies" could the Argo stir up compared with those created by the revolutions of the Cunarder's gigantic propellers? The words are these:

Tanta moles labitur
Fremibunda ex alto ingenti sonitu et spiritu.
Prae se undas volvit, vertices vi suscitat,
Ruit prolapsa, pelagus respergit, reflat.

I subjoin the rendering given in Freund's translation:

Eine solche Riesenmasse gleitet dahin
Aus der Tiefe dumpf tönend, mit gewaltigem Getös' und Schnauben,
Sie wälzt die Wogen vor sich her, mit Macht wühlt sie Strudel auf,
Sie rennt vorwärts, spritzt die See zurück, schnaubt sie aus.

Addison Hogue,

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., August 17.

RACE ANTIPATHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit just a few words relative to your comment of August 13 on the lawlessness in the Alabama strike. While the paragraph in question is not a direct discussion of the Southern treatment of the negro, it is, I think, fairly representative of the *Nation's* attitude on that subject.

Whatever may have been the attitude of the thinking body of Southern men toward lynching in the years of storm and disturbance which followed the reconstruction period, I think I may say that the dominant majority of the South is now unalterably opposed to lynch law, or to unjust treatment of any kind toward the negro offender. I have only to instance the actions of Gov. Montague or of Gov. Swanson of Virginia repeatedly in times of stress to illustrate this. The South, I believe, however, pleads guilty quite readily to a charge of race antipathy so long as race antipathy be not interpreted to mean race injustice. This is, of course, seen in the separation of the races in the schools, railroads, and hotels, and in the strict line of cleavage in all social concerns.

Southerners, I say, admit this race antipathy, naked and unashamed, and they find justification for it in instinct for self-preservation. Sometimes the sleeping dogs

of a primitive savagery awaken and work horrors in the name of this principle, but sad and evil as are such exhibitions, it is better to have a race antipathy with occasional outbursts of cruelty than it would be to have absolute social equality and intermingling, with a resultant miscegenation, however peaceful and quiet it might be. The South thinks, right or wrong, that the present problem is to restrain this sentiment and to turn it to useful ends, *i. e.*, the maintenance of the race in its European if not in its Anglo-Saxon purity. Further, Southerners feel that an occasional wrong done to an individual is in the long run wiser than a continuous evil done to a whole race. In some measure this frame of mind seems to be a problem of arithmetic rather than of ethics, for wherever the races are placed together in sufficient number, there is found the same state of mind which is sometimes held so culpable in Southerners. The pitiful scenes at Springfield, Ill., that Mecca of all who hold absolute social democracy a stronger and wiser standard than the individual preservation of the races, bear a testimony only too bitter to this truth. And if more were needed the stalwart sons of Washington and California, and of British Columbia, for that matter, are adding their witness to the inherited longing for racial purity and racial supremacy.

The glass windows of the South are far too fragile to allow any reckless hurling of projectiles, but the opinion is all the while becoming more evident that this ethnological principle, sound or unsound, is the future attitude of the whole people wherever the problem is not merely doctrinaire. Feeling this, it would be wise for Americans, whether from Georgia or from Illinois, from New York or Virginia, to keep a strong hold on those primitive instincts of brutality which sleep but lightly in the best of men.

W. L. Chenery.

University of Chicago, August 15.

THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of August 13, in a brief notice of my volume of Italian Studies, "Italica," your critic refers to my account of the Election of a Pope as containing what "most intelligent *anti-clerics*, at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, believe to occur," etc. If your critic were familiar with the histories of the electoral conclaves, of which there are many, he would not use the word "anti-clerics." These histories have been almost invariably written by the stanchest Clericals, usually by "conclavists" who served as secretaries to cardinals. Consalvi himself, the most eminent cardinal of the early nineteenth century, compiled one of these histories. Artaud, the special biographer of several of the nineteenth century Popes, was not only a thorough-going Papalist, but he had unimpeachable inside information. R. De Cesare, who wrote the monumental history of the "Conclave of Leo XIII.," is not a Papalist; but the fact that all parties accept his account as substantially accurate would warrant the most careful writer in referring to it. The fact is, that I drew my sidelights for the description in question from Papalist and not from Anti-Clerical sources.

Let me add that, it is not safe to infer, that because in essays for general reading the writer does not give more references than text, he cannot cite chapter and verse for his statements. The *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century Magazine*, the *North American Review*, and the other journals in which my papers appeared, do not encourage such use of foot-notes as would properly be looked for in a Ph.D. thesis.

William Roscoe Thayer.

Annisquam, Mass., August 15.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. expect to publish this month "Apollo and the Seaman and Other Poems," by Herbert Trench; "Canadian Types of the Old Régime," by Prof. C. W. Colby; "Builders of United Italy," by Rupert Sargent Holland; and "Sense of the Infinite," by Prof. Oscar Kuhns.

The American Baptist Publication Society announces the Message Series, the early volumes of which will contain discourses by the Rev. P. S. Henson, the Rev. Johnston Myers, and the Rev. Madison C. Peters. The society will publish this autumn: "The Christian State," by Samuel Zane Batten; "Our New Testament: How Did We Get It?" by the Rev. Henry C. Vedder; "Fresh Water from Old Wells," by the Rev. Robert G. Seymour; "How to Grow in the Christian Life," the Rev. W. Wistar Hamilton; and "The Outlines of Systematic Theology," the Rev. Augustus H. Strong.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. will soon issue handsome illustrated editions of Scott's "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman." Each volume will contain a preface by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the granddaughter of Scott's biographer, Lockhart, and great-granddaughter of Sir Walter himself. Lippincott will also publish "The Sunny Side of the Hill," by Rose N. Carey.

Harpers & Brothers announce for next month "The Testing of Diana Mallory," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "A Spirit in Prison," by Robert Hichens; "Every Man for Himself," by Norman Duncan; and "The Speaking Voice," by Katherine Jewell Everts.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will publish in September "Counsels by the Way," by Henry Van Dyke; "On the Open Road," by Ralph Waldo Trine; and "The Free Life," by Woodrow Wilson.

Doubleday, Page & Co. expect to publish this month "Studies in the American Race Problem," by Alfred Holt Stone.

The Kyo-Bun-Kwan Publishing House, Tokio, has in press a volume by J. Ingram Bryan, entitled "The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry." This work, written as a thesis for the doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania, contains a careful study of the nature feeling in the Greek, Latin, and Italian sources of the English pastoral, as well as a treatment of the subject in the leading British pastoralists.

Roger Ingpen, of No. 3 Seymour Villas, Annerley, London, S. E., is preparing a collection of Shelley's correspondence, and he will be "very thankful for copies or particulars of any original Shelley letters, either published or unpublished."

Two new editions of the indispensable Baedeker have just been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, "London" and "Berlin." This, the fifteenth edition of "London" contains nine maps and nineteen plans, as against four maps and twenty-four plans in the fourteenth, 1905. The "Berlin," the third edition, contains five maps and twenty plans.

"Twelve Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by William Henry P. Phyfe, is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons as a revised and enlarged edition of this author's "Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced."

The third edition of Gen. George B. Davis's "Elements of International Law" (Harper & Bros.) brings that excellent textbook thoroughly up to date by the revision of certain chapters in the light of recent events and particularly the action of the Second Hague Conference. Not the least valuable portion of the work is the appendix, which includes a full text of the treaties and declarations concluded at The Hague, on October 18, 1907, as well as other documents of value to the student of international law.

The history of Europe and the world is reflected in the history of the parks and gardens of London. If we study Hyde Park alone, beginning from the days when Bayswater Road and Park Lane were the Via Trinobantina and Watling Street, we make acquaintance with the serf and the manor; we see the Roman church as a landed proprietor, and behold her eviction by Henry the Eighth; we witness the gayeties of Tudor and Stuart courtiers, and in the next vision the turf on which they strolled is thrown up in Roundhead entrenchments. But it is not only internal history that we get from the gardens of London. When foreign plants begin to appear we realize that the world is opening out. When the chrysanthemum, the banana, the cedar, and the orchid are at home in Gerard's garden in Holborn, or in Lord Zanche's in Hackney, the exploits of Columbus and Magellan and the East Indian Company are epitomized. And when gardens tend to be Italian or Dutch, or, later, Japanese, a chapter is written in the history of foreign relations. Things less concrete, the very temper of the English people, their love of nature, and of growing things, as well as their love of doing what they like, are expressed in London's open spaces in ways varying as the times vary. The formalism of the eighteenth century, the philanthropy of the nineteenth, the socialistic realism of the twentieth, are here written as plainly as the name of a rural railway station is sometimes written in clam shells or coleuses on its green bank. All this picturesque material is dealt with by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil in her "London Parks and Gardens" (E. P. Dutton & Company), but unfortunately in a style of amiable flatness. Full, painstaking, and enthusiastic, the book is nevertheless too dull for pleasure; and by renouncing foot notes and exact attribution, it forfeits its place among books of reference. The colored illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners are attractive, though varying considerably in felicity of color.

"The Happy Moralist," by Hubert Bland (New York: Mitchell Kennerley), is a vol-

ume of small essays which might well be called, in the magazine slang of the day, "essayettes." They are bright, light, and lively. They flutter far and wide, over depths they do not sound, under heights they do not scale, on perilous edges they just miss slipping over. They state neatly, argue wittily, are studiedly inconclusive. The tendencies of women's clubs, the influence of art upon the slums, early religious teaching, Ibsen, and Shaw are among the topics illumined by Mr. Bland's flickering torch. He is succinct and fitfully clever. He baits his hook with shining little hints of the improprieties. He is even eloquent at moments, talking of east winds that "whicker and gash," and of ruling classes that go "pavid with fear." His chapters amuse a little, persuade a little, but refuse to nourish and leave us somehow feeling emptier than we were before we read them.

The American Book Co. publishes a useful little volume called "Teaching a District School," by John Wirt Dinsmore, professor of pedagogy in Berea College Mr. Dinsmore writes from lifelong familiarity with his subjects, and if the reader is tempted to an occasional smile by the naïveté of the conditions suggested and the advice offered, his smile should be a sympathetic one, for the earnest, conscientious spirit of the work is as admirable as its practical, detailed instructions are valuable. True, he who fulfilled all the duties imposed upon him by Professor Dinsmore's idealism might fall exhausted by the wayside, but counsels of perfection are in no danger of being followed to the letter, and it may well put heart of grace into the discouraged teacher in the "back districts" to perceive how many paths to public and social as well as professional usefulness lie open at his feet. It is interesting to note that the author urges with considerably more emphasis the duty of combating the tobacco habit than that of waging war against alcohol. The book has a cordial introduction by President W. G. Frost of Berea.

Henry Frowde publishes in an edition of 255 copies, "Notes on Scottish Song by Robert Burns," edited by the late James C. Dick, who edited the valuable "Songs of Robert Burns," with the melodies for which they were written. The present volume is made up of the poet's annotations in an interleaved copy of the first four volumes of Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," to which he was a copious contributor; the notes written by Robert Riddell, who owned the copy of the "Museum" in question; and sundry spurious notes by R. C. Cromek, which he inserted in his "Reliques of Robert Burns," and which for a hundred years have passed unchallenged as from the hand of Burns. There are also two chapters by the editor: one on "Scottish Song Prior to Burns"; the other on "Burns and His Songs." Dick here, as elsewhere, lays great stress upon Burns's wide acquaintance with Scotch melodies, and upon the close relationship between the words and the airs—in nearly every case the tune was mother to the song. The whole discussion is illuminating, not only for the light that it throws on the poet's method of composition, but also for the renewed emphasis upon the profoundly national character of his genius.

"Stories from the History of Oxfordshire," by John Irving (Henry Frowde), and "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories," by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung (American Book Co.) are two desirable books for children's reading. Mr. Irving, who is head master of a boys' school at Oxford, has made thirty little stories out of the historical and legendary material of a country rich in traditions. It is his purpose to stimulate the child's interest and imagination, and to lead him imperceptibly on to desire a more substantial acquaintance with history. The Chinese stories, while primarily intended for young readers, are, in these days of awakened curiosity about things Oriental, of considerable interest for elders also. A special feature of the collection is a number of fables, not unlike Æsop's, which disprove the common assertion that the Chinese literature has no fables. Both of these books meet the demand for juvenile literature that shall suggest and inform, as well as entertain.

Among the new material in the recently published thirty-fourth volume of the critical Weimar Edition of Luther's works, is the evidence that Luther, early in his career, visited Cologne and saw there the relics of the Magi. In the course of a sermon preached in 1531, and here given in two recensions, the reformer, in speaking of the relics, says: "Ich habe sie gesehen." The editors conclude that this visit of Luther must have taken place while he was yet a monk and before the beginning of the Reformation in 1517; and Prof. Walther Köhler, in the *Christliche Welt*, in commenting on these data, maintains that it must have taken place at Pentecost, 1512, when the Augustinian Order, to which Luther belonged, held a general convention in Cologne, called by Staupitz, the general of the order and the special friend of Luther.

The Jahrbuch über die deutschen Kolonien for 1908, by Dr. Karl Schneider (Essen: G. D. Bödecker), begins a new annual to report fully the status and problems of the German colonies. The present volume contains eighteen parts by fifteen authors, all of them recognized specialists.

"Mit Dernburg nach Ostafrika," by Adolf Zimmermann (Berlin: Schwetschke & Sohn) is a study of the German East African problem, by one who does not write to please the government authorities. Economic interests, the railways, labor, the rights and proper management of the natives, Christian missions and missionaries—these and similar problems are discussed critically, yet fairly.

Of the many works called forth by the recent celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Germany's greatest hymnologist, Paul Gerhardt, the best and most critical is "Paul Gerhardt: seine Lieder und seine Zeit," by Hermann Petrich (Gütersloh: Bertelsmann). Two of Gerhardt's poems, hitherto unpublished, find a place here.

The radical change which modern thought has effected in the fundamental conceptions of the character of Christianity, is the subject of an interesting book by the Rev. Hermann Kutter of Zürich, "Die Revolution des Christentums" (Leipzig: M. Haessel). The contents, seventeen chapters, are summarized under the general headings, "Glaube," "Liebe," "Der lebende Gott."

Prof. W. Köbler of the University of Giessen has just published (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) a timely work, "Katholizismus und moderner Staat," as one of the volumes in the Sammlung gemeinverständlicher Vorträge und Schriften aus dem Gebiete der Theologie und Religionsgeschichte.

Friedrich Landgreen has published an instructive study of more than two hundred pages, entitled "Die Benutzung der Pflanzenwelt in der alttestamentlichen Religion" (Giessen: Töpelmann). In four parts he discusses the use made of the flora for religious purposes in the Old Testament.

The International Congress of Orientalists, which was in session in Copenhagen last week, will meet at Athens in the spring of 1911.

The third International Congress for Philosophy is held at Heidelberg this summer, August 1 to September 5, under the presidency of Prof. Wilhelm Windelband. In addition to the regular papers which will be given before the seven different sections into which the Congress is divided, there are to be addresses by Benedetto Croce of Naples and Profs. Émile Boutroux and Henri Bergson of Paris, Theodor Lipps of Munich, and Josiah Royce of Harvard.

A note from a number of Danish scholars appears in the last issue of the *Danske Studier*, announcing the formation of a society to further the knowledge of "the now vanishing remains of ancient faith, beliefs, poetry, customs, language, and life." The following works, already in the course of preparation by prominent Danish scholars, will be issued by the society in the near future: "The Belief in Elves," by H. F. Feilberg; "Peasant Life in Falster," by Fr. Grundtvig; "Popular Tales of Southern Jutland," by Carl Ludvigsen; "The Danse in Northern Countries," by Hj. Thuren; "Games and Sports," by Fr. Knudsen. The members of the executive committee are: Hj. Thuren, J. Bloch, and Axel Olrik; and the various Danish provinces (Copenhagen, Sorö, Mön, Lolland, Falster, Aarbus, Ribe, etc.) will each have a representative to direct research within his special territory.

Cæsar Litton Falkiner, a writer on Irish history, has died from an accident which befell him while mountain-climbing in Switzerland. Among his writings are: "Studies in Irish History and Biography," and "Illustrations of Irish History." He edited the Ormonde Papers for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and the poems of Moore for the Golden Treasury Series; and at the time of his death he was engaged upon an edition of Swift's letters.

The death is announced of Charles Félix Lenient, who was appointed in 1875 professor of French poetry at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Born at Provins, in 1826, he taught at the lycée of Montpellier before he was called to Paris, where, in 1854, he became adjunct professor of rhetoric at the Lycée Napoléon. Among his books are: "Étude sur Bayle," "De Ciceroniano Bello," "La Satire en France au moyen âge" (1859), a work crowned by the Academy; "La Satire en France, ou la littérature militante au XVIe siècle" (1868), "La Comédie en France au XVIIIe siècle" (1888).

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and "La Poésie patriotique en France au moyen-âge" (1891.).

The death is announced of Hector France, a French novelist of the realist school. He was born in Mirecourt in 1840, and as a young man he served in the army in Algiers, where the scenes of some of his earlier books are laid. Later, having taken part in the Commune, he took refuge in England, where he gave lessons in French, in London, and after 1875 in the Military Academy of Woolwich. Among his writings are "L'Homme qui tue," a sort of autobiography, "L'Amour au pays bleu," "Sous le bournous," "Le Roman du curé," "L'Armée de John Bull," and "Sac au dos à travers l'Espagne."

LIGHT ON NAVAL PROBLEMS.

The Art of Naval Warfare. By Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Over the face of Christendom there is now sweeping a wave of struggle for naval superiority. This concrete fact, however regrettable, can neither be denied nor ignored. Even we, whom nature has blessed with the ideal defence of geographic isolation, have voluntarily entered into this contest, of which the immediate result is a vast and constantly increasing expenditure, with the assumption of grave international responsibilities never dreamed of by our fathers. What it may yet bring us, of good or evil, lies in the lap of the gods. Rightly or wrongly, Great Britain's concern in this movement is conceded to be paramount. There are few Englishmen who do not believe firmly that their country's very existence depends upon her supremacy on the seas. Any light on the subject, any counsel as to the best method of maintaining this supremacy with the least strain on the public purse, must therefore be welcome to them, and, incidentally, to us, who have entered the lists with aspirations for second honors at least. For this reason, it may be said that seldom has a more timely book appeared than this little volume, from which no sentence can be spared, so packed is it with wisdom presented in a simple and agreeable style by a British admiral, known throughout the maritime world as a skilful, practical officer, as well as a deep student of his profession. His object is twofold: first, to teach the necessity of careful study of naval history and the persistent use of its lessons as touchstones by which to try new ideas, new designs, and new methods; and, second, to urge the logical adaptation of means to end, so that his government may not fall into extravagance or folly through the fascination of some specious novelty or through some faulty interpretation of fact. It was essential to the author's plan that his discussion should be free from detail, that it should sketch only the broad lines, and lay down basic principles. Undue elaboration would have produced a bulky work, and would have lost him the larger public which ought to read and ponder every word of what may not inaptly be termed a "Primer of Naval Warfare."

In these days of arithmetical comparison of force, it is refreshing to hear a capable commander-in-chief place training and efficiency above mere numbers. "You cannot defeat any Power," he says, "strong enough to be a serious rival by the bare process of out-building it." He discusses (naturally, from the point of view of the Briton) the form which a maritime war is likely to take, and he indicates the way in which his people should prepare for the various contingencies that may arise. "Settling the Standard of Naval Force" (or "the amount of naval force which we can and ought to maintain") is the very kernel of the matter:

> The strength, as far as the resources available permit, should be proportionate to the interests to be defended, and the force by which they are likely to be attacked.

To meet the necessity by a well-considered provision of power is, however, the very thing that naval authorities seem to have neglected entirely. It is so much easier to ask for too much than to determine the least which will yield the desired result. In this country, for example, we are told in one year that one battleship is sufficient; and in the year following a clamor is raised for four ships. This change is proof enough of the lack of a well-digested plan.

As to the ships themselves, constant reference to history, as Sir Cyprian suggests, would have spared the United States the expenditure of vast sums of money, uselessly thrown away upon the passing fancy of the moment. Even since 1882, the date of the birth of our new American navy, our record of foolishness is humiliatingly full. We actually committed ourselves to the heresy of commerce destroyers (against the indignant remonstrances of the wisest expounders of naval doctrine) when we built the Columbia and Minneapolis. Moreover, if anything was proved beyond question during our war with Spain, it was that armored cruisers are helpless in an action against battleships, yet since the Treaty of Paris we have, in spite of protests against the sacrifice of military qualities to excessive speed, actually built ten of these craft, each as costly as a battleship, and wholly unable to "lie in the line." It is four years now since the last of this class was authorized, so that our naval pundits finally show signs of having seen the light. Even recently a type of vessel, the so-called "scout-cruiser," has been introduced against the advice of many students who deny its value under the conditions which we shall probably have to meet. The reason for these departures from sound policy may be found in a too servile imitation of foreign practice. Apparently, we must have a certain thing because our neighbor has it, and not because it is suited to our own wants. Sir Cyprian urges strongly that the particular conditions be carefully thought out. As he says, those charged with the direction of naval matters have frequently been "unable to distinguish between the accidental and the fundamental."

Sir Cyprian returns to the indictment against the glorification of material when he deprecates the frequent re-arming of old ships and the frequent change in equipment and instruments:

> Naval history demonstrates that often—indeed, more often than not—it was the side with inferior equipment that won. The equipment which really gained a victory was moral and intellectual.

Hence follows the necessity of constant exercises and of training under conditions simulating, as closely as possible, those of actual battle. This necessity, it may be remarked, has been largely neglected by us. Except for a few days of drill last summer under the spur of the Navy Department's peremptory orders, our great fleet is not so well off in this respect as when under Admiral Barker's intelligent and capable command. Three years of its life have been practically wasted, so far as this essential is concerned, however popular the navy may have been at flower shows and in spectacular parades.

Our naval establishments on shore violate in every particular the author's dictum:

> No portion of the naval expenditure of a country should be scrutinized more closely or incurred with greater reluctance than that devoted to their creation and expansion. . . . The number of government establishments of the kind in question should be kept as small as possible. What is wanted is, not the most we can get, but the fewest that we can manage to do with.

Sir Cyprian has not to reckon with such indefensible drains on the treasury as our Portsmouth and Charleston navy yards, or with the personal and political objects for which alone they exist. It is quite generally believed, by those in a position to know, that if the navy yards were put on a business basis, at least one battleship could be built every year with the money saved.

Once upon a time, we could have skipped the pages on "Colonial Defence." To-day they are filled with suggestions that may sooner or later be invaluable. On the other hand, we could never have overlooked his important chapter on "Strategic Operations." Briefly, we may say of the treatise as a whole that, short as it is, no student of naval affairs, and especially no naval officer, can afford to be without it.

CURRENT FICTION.

Father Alphonsus. By A. A. Hinkson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

This Irish story has the usual naïve qualities of its kind. The simplicity of living, the irrepressibility of temperament, the grog, the fox-hunt, the sweet girl, and merry boy are prominent. But the story turns, as Irish stories seldom do, upon the dangers that await a priest who has taken his vows without a distinct call. Two young men friends on the eve of the day of ordination debate the perils of the situation. One withdraws, even at the eleventh hour, while yet he may, because a girl's face has come between him and his devotions. The other, destined from boyhood to the Church by an ambitious mother, keeps to the chosen path, trusting to time and the restraints of a priest's life to supply the lack of a positive vocation. The sequel shows that he who ran away was more brave and more wise than the other. While the story is told as by one familiar with the most amiable and beneficial workings of the priesthood among the peasantry, and while he treats the case of Father Alphonsus as an exceptional one, the moral, if there be any, is that without a genuine calling to the office no man is safe though many have escaped.

The Light Eternal. By Peter Rosegger. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A diary-tale of exceptional charm. The diarist is a city priest with an itch for writing, and an inclination to pave the way for certain reforms in the church—for example, for the abolition of celibacy as a requirement for the priesthood—by painting the clergy as they are. This brings him out of favor with the authorities, and he is practically sent to Coventry by assignment to a singularly isolated post, the parish of "St. Mary's in the Torwald." The diary records his experiences in the cure of the seven hundred souls placed in his charge. At first he finds himself happy and useful in the solitude of his high valley. The people are simple and pious, and he is unchallenged in his realm. But times change: a spirit of unrest takes possession of his charges. A railroad comes to the Torwald, the world is let in, and the old idyllic life becomes a thing of the past. The priest struggles desperately but vainly against the encroaching powers of evil. His hold upon the people becomes less and less firm. Insensibly his grip upon himself relaxes; he begins to see visions—the ruin of his little world; and he presently dies, broken in mind and spirit. This kind of summary does not fairly suggest the spirit of the record, the moral of which, if it has one, would seem to be that this world is a parlous place for the pure in heart.

Redemption. By René Bazin; translated by A. S. Rappoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book, like the recently translated "Nun" of the same author, represents a type of French fiction comparatively little read in this country. The French heroine with whom we are best acquainted is the young girl married out of a convent and discovering in maturity passions and ideals which she may not legitimately satisfy. The heroine of the "Redemption," on the contrary, is a girl whose mind turns gradually away from the sensual world and self-gratification to a love of conventual virginity and self-sacrifice. Henriette Madiot is, though she is ignorant of the fact, the natural daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, a man of harshly despotic temper. By her work in a fashionable milliner's establishment she supports herself, and in part, her decrepit uncle, with whom she lives, and her rather worthless brother. She also assists a girl whom she has saved from the streets, Marie Schwarz, a handsome creature of voluptuous and reckless character. Living among surroundings little conducive to high moral standards, she yet possesses a physical sensitiveness which makes her shrink sharply away from every soiling contact. At the same time the calamities that befall her and her friends develop in her, along with a growing repulsion for the brutality and squalor of life, a passionate pity for all who toil and suffer. Little by little she frees herself from every personal tie, till at length, after a long talk with her old priest, she feels that she loves the poor with the devotion of a bride for her betrothed. In spite of its modern dress, the "Redemption" impresses one almost as a mediæval saint's legend. Its vital motive is the conviction of a finely strung Roman Catholic reactionary that the world is a place of sin and pain, and that the only peace here obtainable comes from absolute self-renunciation and a life devoted to the consolation of human misery. Whatever one may think of its religious purpose, one must confess that the story of the milliner saint is presented with considerable charm.

Aunt Maud. By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The McClure Co.

Another story in the diary form, very English, with a style which may be described as a mixture of Benson and Corelli. The heroine, who is the story teller, is the ingenuous, violet-eyed one of old. Her name is just not Gladys, because it is Irene; but her nature is altogether Gladys. She has, to be sure, an extraordinary faculty for expression, and rings the literary changes upon her moods with a skill unknown to her ancestress of the mid-Victorian school. And as she represents a Gladys in revolt, paradoxically asserting herself, flying in the face of convention through deep addiction thereto, the record of her emotional performance is not without a mild piquancy. The Aunt Maud of the title, who is, according to the diarist, the most beautiful and charming of women, is reported by act and word to be a snob, a busybody, and a shrew. She determines to marry off her niece at a rather tender age to a person whom she regards as eligible; and he is at least not the wicked baronet of convention. She invites the niece and the person to her country-house for a month, and by way of facilitating matters, tells both of them what the little plan is. The outraged Irene assumes a posture of offence, and the result is a series of emotional incidents, described with much vivacity and minuteness, and leading to an event which amiably and not quite unexpectedly vindicates the tactics of Aunt Maud.

The House in the Water. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

From this collection of tales it cannot be discerned that Mr. Roberts has anything more of note to tell his readers about animals. These variations upon the old theme strike one as a little perfunctory. Bear and moose and lynx and wolf range again through these pages; and those other favorite heroes and heroines of fiction whom Mr. Roberts is fond of calling "the wild kindreds." Again we hear of feats performed by them which their chronicler does not believe to be attributable to mere instinct. Again, for the price of the book, we secure admission to a series of those bloody combats in which "teeth meet through flesh, sinew, and the cracking bone itself," flanks are torn open with "eviscerating slashes," and, in the end, somebody or other is satisfactorily "ripped to ribbons." This kind of thing is, we gather, pretty generally recommended to school children; and it must be admitted that "nature-writing," apart from its brutal moments, is marked by that sort of amiable sentimentalism which is understood to be food for babes. It is an odd fad; when it passes such books as "The House in the Water" will pass with it.

Round the Corner in Gay Street. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

They are very wholesome young people, the Bells of Gay Street; and the reader, as well as their fashionable neighbors, feels the contagion of their cheery simplicity. It is unfortunate that the story cannot fully impress the reader with its own merit, containing as it does so strong a flavor of "Little Women" in an up-to-date setting. The unavoidable comparison is as hard on the newcomer as would be that of a delicate but colorless pastel with a spirited

canvas in oils. The book is frankly written for the Young Person.

Quaker and Courtier: The Life and Work of William Penn. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

History of the Life of Colonel Nathaniel Whetham: A Forgotten Soldier of the Civil Wars. By Catherine Durning Whetham and William Cecil Dampier Whetham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.80 net.

The King's General in the West, Sir Richard Granville. By the Rev. Roger Granville. New York: John Lane Co. $4.

We have here well-studied biographies of three seventeenth-century Englishmen, written by descendants who cannot be accused of exalting their ancestors unduly. The portrayals are restrained in their temper and show thorough knowledge, both of the individual lives and the historical environment.

By far the most interesting and important of the three is the account of William Penn, the only one of note as an historic figure. As developed here, it is indeed a career strange, picturesque, and full of service. By no means the least interesting parts of the book are those relating to Penn's father, the doughty Ironside sailor, who was a captain at twenty-one, a rear and vice- admiral at thirty, and who played the stoutest possible second to Robert Blake throughout the hard fighting of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. It cannot be laid to his discredit that he afterwards fought zealously for the restored Stuarts. At any rate, he had in his change much company, and of the best. That he was depreciated by Pepys, his intimate, we may lay to small spite. He bore himself well in an age of vigorous men, and nothing about him attracts the reader more than the old seadog's touching acknowledgment, just before his death, of the virtues of his great son whose Quakerism and contempt of the world had tried him sorely.

William Penn had much of his father in him, though his course was so different. The earliest portrait of him presents an athletic youth clad in armor. He had the temper of a soldier, nor, though he early fell under the influence of George Fox, did he ever cease to be combative with tongue and pen. "Quaker and courtier"—it is almost a contradiction in terms. How Penn could be a sincere follower of the austere and fanatical George Fox and be at the same time the friend and counsellor of Charles II. and James II., the one a profligate and the other a bigot, is a curious story. No Quaker of his time showed more fortitude. He endured patiently incarceration in Newgate and the Tower; it was his daily task to face angry mobs; his life was always in danger. Yet Penn fairly conquered his world. He won the multitudes; the Princess Palatine in Germany hung on his words with weeping; Peter the Great listened to him with respect; Louis XIV. granted him audience. Perhaps the best thing that can be said for Charles II. and James II. is that they had for him cordial respect. As to Charles, it may be that he felt interest in Penn principally because he stood as a picturesque relief to the rest of his environment. "Why do you take your hat off before Penn?" Charles was asked, to which he is said to have replied that two being present, of whom the King was one, it was proper that a hat should be taken off, and since Penn would not take off his hat, Charles must save the proprieties. As to James, we are told that his tolerance was due to his belief that if the sects in general were indulged his beloved Catholics would be suffered. At any rate, Penn was so much in favor with them that he was embarrassed at the time, being called a Jesuit in disguise, and on that account has suffered much in his fame in later days. Macaulay bases upon Penn's relations with the later Stuarts grave charges of greed and time-serving, which he was never willing to retract. These charges Mrs. Grant considers with good judgment, and if they ever had weight with any one they may now be regarded as disposed of.

Pennsylvania, we are told, received its name in spite of the protests of Penn. Charles II. insisting upon it as a kind of joke, teasing the Quaker and courtier by thrusting undesired prominence upon him. How Penn received his grant in lieu of £16,000 owed him by the King, how the great province was administered with wisdom and liberality, the original Indian owners having been first treated with strict justice, Mrs. Grant relates satisfactorily, and it is the part of her book which will attract Americans most. But Penn's activities in England and in Europe were also great and fruitful of interesting results, and of all this Mrs. Grant takes good account.

As to Col. Nathaniel Whetham, "a forgotten soldier of the civil wars," no very good reason appears in his biography why his memory should be revived. Though apparently a worthy, he was a very secondary figure, assigned to garrison duty when the more active spirits were engaged in the field, and though faithful, never distinguished in his service. Valuable to his family as his story may be, it will not appeal to the world in general; and although his biographers lay before us the results of much research, the movement and spirit of the time may be better learned elsewhere.

If the resuscitation of Col. Whetham is of doubtful value, that of Sir Richard Granville, "the King's general in the West," is still more so. Though Granville, or Grenville, was the grandson of the Elizabethan hero, Sir Richard Grenville of the "Revenge," his portrait as here given has few traits that attract us. In his private life he was brutal and selfish; in his public life vindictive, rapacious, and cruel. "Skellum Grenville," schelm or rascal Grenville, was his sobriquet, a nickname which Cavaliers, among them Clarendon, seem no less inclined to apply to him than do Roundheads. Though apparently not a debauchee like his associate Goring, he was a type of the less creditable part of the circle which stood around Charles I. The candor of the Rev. Mr. Granville is relentless in setting in full light his disagreeable subject. One gets vivid glimpses of the age, but we have already many books which are more illuminative. One would suppose a man of the same name and blood would prefer to veil rather than expose the nakedness of such an ancestor.

The Witchcraft Delusion in Connecticut, 1647-1697. By John M. Taylor. New York: The Grafton Press. $2 net.

This is a valuable little book. Mr. Taylor, a Hartford banker with an historical and literary turn of mind, has gathered every scrap of evidence that seems to exist to show the extent of the witchcraft delusion in Connecticut and has printed much of it in full with careful references to the sources. The future historian of Connecticut will be grateful to him for his labor and will find in his record, for the first time, a marshalling of all the facts in the case. Neither Levermore nor Morgan, the only writers who have hitherto attempted to deal with the subject in print, succeeded in covering the whole ground; and neither Dr. Hoadly nor Dr. Trumbull, who loved toothsome bits of evidence touching the details of Connecticut history, did more than gather scattered notes in their manuscripts.

Mr. Taylor prints the record of thirty-seven cases of witchcraft suspicion or trial, of which nine certainly and eleven probably were followed by executions. This is a remarkable showing for a colony where witchcraft was formerly thought to have played but little part. The earliest execution, at Windsor in 1647, has always been clothed somewhat in mystery and even doubt, owing to the entry in Winthrop's Journal, with the name of the person executed left blank. This uncertainty was dispelled by Dr. Trumbull, whose deciphering of Matthew Grant's Diary disclosed the entry scrawled on the inside of the cover, "May 26, '47, Alse Young was hanged." Alse Young was therefore the first person executed for witchcraft in New Eng-

land. The cases in Connecticut ran from 1647 to 1768, with no executions after 1663 and only two cases of suspicion in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Taylor's contribution to the literature of witchcraft in America is of so substantial a character, that it is a pity he has not been able to cast it into a somewhat more scholarly and literary form. Despite his apology for the first four chapters they show that the history of witchcraft is beyond the scope of his powers and the bibliographical note at the end displays little familiarity with the literature of his subject. The great works on witchcraft are omitted entirely, and even so well known a paper as Prof. G. L. Kittredge's "Notes on Witchcraft" has been overlooked. The style is rhetorical and the text is frequently overburdened with quotations from all sorts of authorities, a defect that seriously marred Mr. Taylor's previous work on Roger Ludlow. It seems strange that a Hartford man and a member of the Connecticut Historical Society should write of "Dr. Hoadley," when it is well known that the learned editor of the "Colonial Records of Connecticut," in loyalty to his episcopal ancestry, dropped the e in his name, despite its retention by his own brother.

Duanaire Finn: The Book of the Lays of Finn. Part I.: Irish Text, with Translation into English by Eoin MacNeill [Irish Texts Society, Vol. VII.]. London: David Nutt.

It seems at first strange that, in spite of the eager collection and publication of Ossianic material that has gone on at intervals for a century and a half, so valuable a document as the "Duanaire Finn"—comparable in importance, perhaps, to the famous "Book of the Dean of Lismore"—should not have been printed until 1908. The fact is explained by the history of the manuscript. Written in 1627 for an Irish captain in the Netherlands, it came into the possession of the Franciscan Convent at Louvain, where it remained till the time of the French Revolution. It was then removed for safekeeping to St. Isidore's, at Rome, whence it was sent before the entrance of the Italians into the city, to the Franciscan library in Dublin. Thus during the period of intensest argument concerning the person and poetry of Ossian the volume was stored away in Continental libraries, out of reach of Irish and Scottish disputants alike. To-day, when it is published, the old controversy has practically ceased. Historians are pretty well agreed as to the relation between Macpherson's Ossian and the real Ossian of popular tradition, and the rival claims of Ireland and Scotland have been settled by the recognition of the fact that the saga was the common property of both Gaelic peoples. The appearance of a considerable collection of early Ossianic verse is therefore a less exciting event now than it might have been a generation or two ago, but it deserves to be recorded as an occasion of some importance in Celtic literature. The Fenian saga still affords plenty of problems to the scholar, for whose investigations the publication of manuscript materials is a prime necessity; and the "Duanaire" will be hardly less valued by many readers whose only motive for taking it up is a fondness for old romance.

In the volume now published, which contains only the first half of the collection, there are about a hundred pages of Irish verse, with a translation and notes. We have not tried to determine just how much of the narrative can be found in texts previously printed, and the editor makes no definite calculation. But there is a good quantity of material new in form or substance, and the collection differs from other published portions of the cycle, as Mr. MacNeill points out, in the exceptional prominence accorded to Goll mac Morna. Most of the pieces narrate episodes of war or hunting; a few deal with genealogies or the enumeration of champions; some, like "Goll's Parting with His Wife," depict critical situations; and several are short poems of lyric or elegiac character, either detached by themselves or fitting into some familiar narrative. One song, at least, deserves a place among the treasures of Celtic poetry: the "Sleep-song" which Grainne composed for Diarmait when they were in flight together. Lady Gregory has already made this known to English readers in her version of the story of Grainne in "Gods and Fighting Men."

The work of the editor appears to us good as far as it goes, and commendable in some respects for not going farther. Mr. MacNeill was well advised, for example, in the present state of knowledge, in not attempting to normalize the text of the manuscript. He might even, with advantage, have used Roman type and italicized all doubtful cases of expanded contractions, though the instances of real uncertainty are probably few. The notes consist chiefly of emendations, which are supplied scantily and somewhat inconsistently, many lines being passed over that are quite as defective as others that the editor corrects. But readers who can use the Irish text at all will be able to help themselves in most of these places, and the fuller annotation which is promised for the second volume will probably make up for many deficiencies. In the introduction Mr. MacNeill deals with one of the most debated questions in Irish literary history, how it came about that the Fenian sagas so largely supplanted those of Ulster and Connaught in Irish writings of the thirteenth and following centuries. His theory, which involves the general reconstruction of the history of the cycle, offers explanations for many troublesome things, and deserves careful examination. His discussion is sound and scholarly, though the chapter on mythology is inferior to the portion which deals with historical conditions. The paragraph on metre on pages li.-lii. contains some statements with which we cannot agree. We see no reason for assuming that the ordinary accent of words was levelled out in Old Irish verse as fully as Mr. MacNeill maintains. Of course, there was no such recurrence of stresses as English or Modern Irish verse demands; but the requirement in certain Old Irish stanzas that monosyllables shall rhyme with dissyllables does not point, in our opinion, to the disregard of the feeling for the natural accent of the words.

Persia: the Awakening East. By W. P. Cresson. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The interest in the prevalent unrest in Persia is so widespread that we welcome Mr. Cresson's work for the light which it throws on present conditions and the problems which confront the Persian reformer. Not that it was written for this direct purpose, for it is mainly a narrative of a journey taken some years ago through the northern part of the country from the Caspian to Teheran and thence across the desert to Bagdad and down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf. The author actually saw but a small part of the land and the people—a considerable portion of his book being devoted to his experiences in Russian and Turkish territory—but his description of the scenes and incidents of his journey and especially of the people with whom he came in contact are lifelike and suggestive. At Teheran he had interviews with several leading men, including the "Threshold of the Universe," as the late Shah, Muzaffar-ed-Din, was always officially styled. The Shah said, among other things:

> The next time you visit Persia, I hope you will be able to travel from one end of the country to the other as easily and safely as in Europe. My ministers and I are especially interested in developing a system of railways for Persia.

The actual influence of the West on this part of the "awakening East" is shown in the sudden and remarkable growth of the Persian press. "Teheran can now boast of no less than four daily and thirty weekly papers." A brief account is given of the principal events leading to the summons by the late ruler of a National Council. The first popular assembly in obedience to this summons, the author believes, undoubtedly represented the will of the more enlightened and progressive inhabitants of the coun-

try, especially in the great centres of population, Tabriz, Teheran, and Ispahan. As in Egypt twenty-five years before, the chief problem to be solved seemed to be financial—"how to raise revenue with every natural resource long since hypothecated in favor of foreign creditors."

Rather singularly in a book published last June, there is but the barest reference to the boundary dispute with Turkey, which is leading to the intervention of England and Russia. Indeed, one remark would seem to indicate an ignorance of it:

> Since the signing of the Anglo-Russian *entente*, regulating the affairs and interests of those two countries, Persia's external troubles are for the moment abated or postponed.

Naturally there is no reference to the recent uprising in Tabriz. No noteworthy incident occurred in the journey after leaving the capital, though the account of a visit to Bagdad is interesting and the author gives some information in regard to the projected Bagdad Railway. Interesting also is his account of the manner in which Menama, the principal port of the Bahrein islands, the centre of the pearl fisheries, gets its water. As he landed from the steamer he saw "a number of small boats anchored a few hundred yards from the shore, the boatmen engaged in drawing fresh water from springs at the bottom of the sea. These springs well up strongly at a considerable depth, and the entire water-supply of the town is obtained from them. The fresh water is procured in two ways—either in a goatskin water-bag, which a diver takes down with him and carefully closes before bringing it to the surface, or by letting down long hollow pipes of bamboo, weighted at the lower end, through which the water rises up uncontaminated to the surface." Notwithstanding the somewhat superficial character of the book, it is instructive, and the author's style makes it easy reading, while the photographic illustrations add much to its interest and attractiveness. We regret that there is neither map nor index.

The Rise of Man. By C. R. Conder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

It is mainly the political and religious progress of the race that is described in this volume. There is a brief sketch of the development of mathematical, astronomical, geographical, chemical, biological, and archæological knowledge; an account of early man (prehistoric remains, language, race); a history of civillzation, ancient, mediæval, and modern; and a description of the religions of the world, more than half the book being devoted to this last topic. The scheme is defective in that it omits sociological and ethical history, which was, perhaps, passed over from lack of space. The immense mass of facts is handled with considerable skill: the points described are in general wisely chosen, the style is easy and clear; the author's conclusion is that an eternal purpose has guided man to higher things, but we miss in his exposition a clear statement of the ideas that have controlled the progress of civilization.

While the volume shows wide and intelligent reading and a good grasp of salient points, the condensation necessary in so large a survey has produced undue positiveness in respect to certain things obscure and doubtful, with failure on the author's part to distinguish carefully between his theories and certified historical facts. He tells us, for example, that Babylon was founded in 2250 B.C., that the Cretan script was based on the Syrian Hittite hieroglyphics, that the Hebrew has lost the aorist tense, that the Akkadians coasted the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, that the Semitic religion in Babylonia and Assyria was "founded" on that of the Akkadians, that the Stoics and the Essenes were influenced by Buddhism These are all, to say the least, doubtful points, and should be so described. Doubtful or improbable etymologies also occur here and there. The ethnological scheme of the volume is as difficult as it is simple. According to this scheme, the cradle lands of the three great stocks of the world, the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan, lie not far apart, the centre being in Armenia; the earliest separation of the original human society was into two groups, the Southern and the Northern. The Southern passed into Lower Egypt, and from it the Semitic was developed; the Northern was the Turanian, of which the Aryan was an offshoot. Recent writers have mostly avoided the term "Turanian" for the reason that it is held to be indefinite and misleading, but for Col. Conder it seems to represent the most important factor of early civilization, comes dangerously near, indeed, representing the whole of civilization. Turanian of race, he holds, are the Hittites, the Lydians (and perhaps the Bactrians), the Etruscans, the Basques, the Turks, the Mongols, the Chinese, the Kols and Dravidians, the American Indians, and apparently the Malays and the Polynesians; and, further, the civilizations of Mexico and Peru were Mongol, and the Aryans never developed higher culture of their own before the Greeks came into contact, perhaps 1500 B.C., with the civilized Turanian and Semitic peoples of Asia Minor. This generalization does not rest on exact historical knowledge; it can be considered at most as only a working hypothesis. For the Mongolian origin of North American religion the author cites, among other things, the prominence of wizards in Central Asia and America; but magicians are prominent everywhere, and the resemblance in question has no ethnological significance. The same thing may be said of the alleged Buddhistic character of Mexican ethics—similarities in moral codes may be found among all human communities, high and low, and such general agreements can lead only to a belief in the psychological unity of the human race. A linguistic fact of this sort is urged by our author: about fifty simple roots, he remarks, will be found to run through all known languages of the world. As authority for this statement, he quotes R. P. Greg,'s "Comparative Philology," of which he observes that its vocabularies sometimes require correction, but are reliable as a whole. It is doubtful, however, whether phllologists will derive great comfort from these vocabularies. From the point of view of West-Asiatic archæology, to which. as is well known, Col. Conder has given much attention, he has something to say of the criticism of the Old Testament. It has been not uncommon of late for archæologists to charge Biblical critics with neglecting the results of recent historical discoveries and depending exclusively on precarious literary evidence; if such neglect be a fault, as undoubtedly it is, on the other hand, neglect of literary conditions is not less a fault. Col. Conder remarks that the civilization of the book of Genesis is that of the age of Hammurabi—a statement inaccurate and misleading; and on the basis of this alleged fact and similar supposed facts he announces a theory of early Hebrew literary history that certainly fails to take notice of important literary phenomena.

In a work of this sort the temptation is sometimes strong to gather up a series of events in a single telling sentence. An instance of such epitomizing occurs in our author's treatment of the later Judaism (p. 290). After speaking of Talmudical formalism, he goes on to say:

> In Egypt, on the other hand, Judaism becomes broader and more philosophic, developing the school whch Maimonides represented in our thirteenth century, and which culminates in the Theism of Spinoza.

The natural impression one gets from this sentence is that Maimonides and Spinoza are historically connected with the book of Wisdom and Philo, whereas the three periods are distinct from one another in their philosophical sources and in their intellectual and religious contents, Wisdom and Philo reflecting Platonism and Stoicism, Maimonides the Spanish Arabian Aristotelianism, and Spinoza the spirit of the Christian philosophy of the seventeenth century.

Science.

The Study of Stellar Evolution. By George Ellery Hale. University of Chicago Press. $4 net.

This volume, one of the decennial publications of the University of Chicago, contains some 250 pages of text and nearly as many additional pages devoted to reproductions of photographs of nebulæ, solar phenomena, observatories, and spectroscopic and photographic instruments. The author has two distinct aims: First, to connect the scattered results of stellar study upon the single thread of evolution; and, secondly, to illustrate the processes of stellar study from the most recent work in solar physics.

After referring to the importance of the theory of evolution as a single great problem, Professor Hale takes up the study of the sun as a star and as an exemplar of the stellar universe. Having discussed the relative advantages of large and small telescopes, he proceeds to give the elementary principles of the spectrum analysis and to describe the use of spectroscopes and gratings in the study of the phenomena of the sun's surface. The lay reader will gain some idea of the difficulties of this investigation when he reads that sun spots are still almost as much of a mystery as they were to Galileo when his little telescope first revealed them. The astrophysicist is still uncertain whether the spots are elevations or depressions. A most interesting part of Professor Hale's book is devoted to the explanation of the principles of the spectroheliograph and its additions to our knowledge. On this subject he speaks as an authority of the highest rank, and much of what he describes is embraced in his own contributions to the science of solar and stellar physics. The delicacy of the instruments used in research to-day is illustrated in the measurements of stellar temperatures, as determined by the radiations of heat which reach us from the vast distances of the stars. Thus, the well-known star Arcturus sends us about as much heat as would be received from a candle six miles away, if there were no absorption in the atmosphere. The delicacy of the apparatus which can measure such minute waves of heat is beyond the ordinary conception.

In the later pages Professor Hale takes up the nebular hypothesis as formulated by Laplace, and shows the modifications of Laplace's theory which modern observations of nebulæ and the discussions of Moulton and others seem to require. "It can hardly be denied," he writes, "that Laplace's idea of the development of the solar system must be reconstructed or abandoned." Professor Hale does not enter into a full consideration of stellar evolution, and therefore does not review Darwin's investigations, or the phenomena of variable and temporary stars, and many other topics which would belong in a complete treatise. He contents himself with brief accounts of the meteoric and the planetesimal theories of evolution of nebulæ, which are intended to take the place of the nebular hypothesis. According to both of these theories, swarms of meteorites, rather than matter in the gaseous state, are assumed to form the raw material out of which the stellar systems are gradually evolved. Professor Hale points out that, while these theories afford more reasonable explanations of certain phenomena of star growth, the difficulties of explaining all the observed phenomena are still very great. His purpose is, while emphasizing the idea of evolution as the centre about which the complete explanations are finally to be arranged, to describe the methods and instruments now used in the most advanced research in solving the numerous questions of detail which will finally perfect the main theory. The book closes with chapters on the value of observations at high altitudes, the possibilities of new instruments, and the opportunities for amateur observers. This last part is particularly suggestive and valuable to amateur observers who are provided with moderate sized telescopes and who are skilled in photography.

Professor Hale's book is an interesting contribution to the literature of the new astronomy. It is, however, more available for the amateur astronomer than for the general reader. Probably no other man has had such opportunities for the study of the physical nature of the sun and of the stars as Professor Hale. The Yerkes Observatory, of which he was director, contains the most powerful refractor ever built. On Mount Wilson, maintained by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he has the advantages of a clear sky and the use of instruments never before equalled. His description of these instruments and the methods by which they are used express the very latest efforts of the modern astronomy. It is to these descriptions and illustrations, rather than to the limited discussion of the nebular hypothesis, that the reader will turn.

The Centre Publishing Company, New York, announces for early publication "Psychotherapy: a Course of Reading in Sound Medicine, Sound Psychology, and Sound Religion." This subject, which has recently been brought into prominence through the Emmanuel Church movement, is here promised scientific treatment. The book is edited by W. B. Parker, and the contributors will include Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard, Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York, Dr. Elwood Worcester of the Emmanuel Church, Prof. J. R. Angell of the University of Chicago, Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston, Prof. Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, and Prof. James J. Putnam of the Harvard Medical School.

Next month Harper & Brothers will publish "How to Understand Electrical Work," described as "a simple explanation of electric light, heat, power, and traction in daily life," by William H. Onken.

"In the Open" is the title of an illustrated volume of essays by Stanton Davis Kirkham, announced for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. Mr. Kirkham deals with the habits of birds, insects, and animals.

"The Book of Garden Pests," by R. Hooper Pearson (John Lane Co.), comes to us from England, with full directions as to the garden pests there. Unfortunately, limitations of space have prevented Mr. Pearson from dealing with the enemies of our forest trees, like the larvæ of certain moths, which often invade our gardens. The garden pests are of two principal sorts: insects and destructive fungi. Our green-plants are food producers; all of these pests are food consumers. When, therefore, we increase the luxuriance or the succulence of our garden plants, we are increasing the risk both from insects and fungi. The war against these pests is by no means hopeless. Most of them are susceptible to poisons which do not too seriously affect the plants. But the war must be waged with skill and with no long remissions. The tactics are simple but exacting. It is well to give in a single small and convenient volume full directions for making and using the insecticides and fungicides and also the means for combating the four-footed and other foes which make their way into gardens. Mr. Pearson's book will supplement some excellent American treatises, especially those which have been given out by our experiment stations and in our garden libraries.

A little volume which will be read with conflicting emotions by many persons this summer and autumn is "Poison-Ivy and Swamp-Sumach," by Annie Oakes Huntington (published by the author, Jamaica Plain, Mass.), in which much information is given. Both plants are attractive in shape of leaves and in autumnal color, but both produce a painful inflammation of the skin. The author clearly sets forth the distinguishing features of the two plants, and she states briefly the important contribution to the pathological side of the subject which we owe to Professor Pfaff. Until Professor Pfaff began the study of poison-ivy, little was positively known in regard to the nature of the poison. Owing to the fact that alkaline washes soothe the pain, it was assumed in some treatises that the harmful agent was a peculiar organic acid, and there was also a general notion that it was volatile. Dr. Pfaff experimented on fresh and dried material, and proved that the poison is a non-volatile oil. Probably the chief efficiency of alkaline washes is attributable to the detersive and not to any neutralizing action. Soap and water, or a weak alcoholic wash, will serve as well in most cases. There was not space in the little volume for more than the briefest reference to the fact that a very poisonous sumach in Japan yields the basis of the fine lacquer of that country. The brilliant varnish is procured by an ingenious process by which the danger from the poison is minimized, but still the industry is said to

be one which is not very earnestly prosecuted. There are many varnishes found in non-poisonous plants, which are more easily procured, and these have been substituted for the rhus varnish. But the old lacquers from the poison plant of Japan were vastly better in lustre and permanence than those from any other source. Another point regarding these plants may suggest itself to anyone who examines them: What is the good of the poison to the plant itself? Does it render it immune against animal or other foes? Can any of our readers find, this summer or autumn, a single specimen of poison-ivy or poison-sumach which has been attacked by any insect or destructive fungus?

A dispatch from Paris August 25 tells of the death of Antoine-Henri Becquerel, the physicist. He came of a line of scientists: his grandfather, Antoine César Becquerel, was a physicist; and his father, Alexandre-Edmond Becquerel, who died in 1891, was a member of the Academy of Sciences and published among other scientific papers the results of interesting research in the solar spectrum and the constitution of electric light. Antoine-Henri Becquerel was born in 1852, and was educated at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand and the École Polytechnique. He was professor in the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, where most of his investigations were carried on. He had been president of the Société Française de Physique, the Société Nationale d'Agriculture, and the Société Internationale des Électriciens; and he had been a member of many learned societies, and had received various honors and prizes (including the Nobel, 1903). In the years succeeding the discovery of X-rays he came prominently before the public. His chief interest then was in phosphorescence, the spectroscope, and the invisible radiations from uranium. To these rays, which he discovered in 1896, his name was given. While studying the action of X-rays on certain phosphorescent substances in causing a radiation which, like the X-rays, possessed the power of passing through substances opaque to ordinary light, he noticed the curious fact that in the case of uranium salts previous exposure to sunlight was unnecessary. He discovered that uranium salts were capable at all times of giving off radiations which would, like the X-rays, pass through ordinary opaque bodies and affect photographic plates. For his discovery of the Becquerel rays he received the Rumford medal of the Royal Society of England. Among his numerous writings are: "Recherches sur la polarisation rotatoire magnétique" (1878-1898), "Découverte du phénomène dans les gaz" (1879), "Recherches sur les polarisations atmosphériques, influence du magnétisme terrestre" (1879-1891), "Recherches sur la phosphorescence" (1882-1907), "Étude des spectres infra-rouges; Découverte des spectres d'émission infrarouges des vapeurs métalliques incandescentes" (1838-1884), "Phosphorescence par les chaleurs" (1890), "Recherches sur l'absorption de la lumière dans les cristaux" (1886-1888), "Découverte des directions principales d'absorption anormale," "Analyse spectrale par absorption," "Découverte de la radioactivité" (1896), "Radiations invisibles pénétrantes émises spontanément par l'uranium," "Actions phormiques et électriques de ces rayons," "Étude des phénomènes de radioactivité," "Analyse du rayonnement" (1896-1907), "Influence d'une basse température sur les spectres d'émission des sels d'uranium" (1907).

The death is announced at the age of sixty-two of Alfred-Mathieu Giard, the French zoölogist. He was born at Valenciennes, and after teaching at the Institut Industriel of Northern France and at Lille, he became a professor at the Sorbonne. He was a member of many learned societies, and he had been president of the Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences, of the Société de Biologie, the Société Entomologique, and the Société Centrale d'Agriculture. Among his works are "Recherches sur les Eynascidies" (1872), "Principes de biologie générale" (1877), "Contribution à l'étude des Bopyriens" (1887), "Recherches sur la castration parantaire" (1887), and "Controversies transformistes" (1900).

Drama and Music.

The First Folio Shakespeare, which is being published in separate volume form by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., will be one-half completed in September, by the addition of three new plays, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Tragedie of Coriolanus."

A bulky addition to the Yale Studies in English is Ben Jonson's "The New Inn," edited by George Bremner Tennant (Henry Holt & Co.). It is with a certain sense of poetical justice administered that one sees this tedious play, properly damned on its first appearance, now safely buried between twice its bulk of introduction and notes. The justification for this edition is the text, which has been carefully prepared from the earliest editions. The introduction is for the most part a perfunctory discussion of previous discussion, and quite without edification. For example, Dr. Tennant debates at some length the reception of the play, and arrives at the conclusion that whatever uproar there was at its production is to be attributed "to the customs of the times and the unsatisfactory character of the play." But Dr. Tennant attempts to introduce an element of originality by insisting on an entirely unprovable point, namely, that the damning was not due to any personal animosity:

> This much is clear then: Ben Jonson was not at the time of the presentation of the "New Inn" embroiled in any personal controversy. Such an assertion is significantly substantiated by the fact that no documents in regard to this play which might be construed to indicate "brutal hostility" antedate the author's Ode.

We confess our inability to grasp the "significance" of this "substantiation." Surely Macaulay's schoolboy would have considered the possibility that there might have been much personal hostility which failed to get recorded in document form. In fact, Jonson always had enemies, and he himself attributed the failure of his play to the "vulgar censure" of "malicious spectators." Dr. Tennant's equally lengthy discussion of "why the play failed," in which he makes a mathematical calculation of the number of lines that may "safely be pronounced a bore," is an illustration of a point that is not worth making. The notes on the text, although they exhibit much industry, are needlessly copious. For the learned reader, to whom such an edition is addressed, it should hardly be necessary to explain Gyges's ring by a half-page quotation from the "Republic," and the student who is not familiar with the English May-pole before he arrives at the "New Inn" will not be likely to search for information in these 158 pages of notes.

J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," will be produced September 3 at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

Cosima Wagner has been for a year in such poor health that her physicians would not permit her to manage this summer's festival at Bayreuth, so the sceptre came into the hands of Siegfried Wagner. This son of Wagner and grandson of Liszt had at previous festivals conducted some of the operas and stage-managed them all, but this time it has been also his duty to select the singers, distribute the rôles, and superintend all the rehearsals, as his mother used to do.

Art.

Les Médailles romaines de Christine de Suède. By Baron de Bildt, of the Swedish Academy. Pp. vii. + 168, with 20 plates containing 85 figures. Rome: Loescher & Co. 12.50 francs.

The Swedish minister to the King of Italy has added a new volume to his series of monographs on the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. The Queen's profound affection for Cardinal Azzolino was the ruling passion of her life from their first meeting at Rome in 1655 until her death in 1689. To him she bequeathed all her possessions, her collections, and manuscripts. Among the archives of the Azzolino family at Empoli Vecchio the author found some interesting papers relating to the medals made at Rome in honor of Queen Christina. He has added to this material by research among parish and papal archives, and in the chief numismatic collections of Europe. The result is essentially a history of the medal during the seventeenth century at Rome, a hitherto neglected field.

During the Renaissance, medals were cast from a wax model. There was scarcely a printer or sculptor but tried his hand at the art. Their work shows individuality, freedom, and variety of execution. Before the close of the sixteenth century, however, the artist who modelled the design abandoned its execution to specialists; engravers cut the dies and skilled craftsmen struck the medals. This later work has great sharpness of outline, but is often hard and dry and shows little artistic imagination. Christina's own personal taste was correct and she knew how to choose the best artists for her work. She was not content merely to indicate the subjects for her designs, but she was in the habit of choosing the models to be

followed. Her cabinet of coins, one of the richest and best arranged then known, now forms part of the collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris. Several of her Roman medals rank among the best of the period. In an appendix, imitations and variants of Christina's medals are indicated, and those falsely attributed to her; and there is a complete list of the designs planned for her "History in Metal." Biographical notes on the Hamerania family (Giovanni Hamerani was head of the papal mint) and a bibliography are added. The illustrations are adequate. The frontispiece reproduces a bronze bust of Christina, owned by the Marquis Azzolino, which, as M. de Bildt now proves, has been long erroneously attributed to Bernini. It is probably the work of Ercole Ferrata or Soldani.

The Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters will hold its annual exhibition at the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, October 17 to November 9. The jury of selection consists of Ellen Wetherald Ahrens, Sally Cross, Herman Deigendesch, Amy Otis, Mary H. Tannahill, Janet Wheeler, and William J. Whittemore; the hanging committee of Amy Otis, A. Margaretta Archambault, and Sarah Yocum McFadden.

The centenary of the French caricaturist, Honoré Daumier, was celebrated at Valmondois August 9. Thadée Dujardin-Beaumetz, the French Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts, presided, a bust by Geoffroy was unveiled, and a tablet was attached to the house in which Daumier lived.

The death is announced of Piet Verhaert, a Belgian painter, who was born in Antwerp in 1852. He had been a professor in the Antwerp Académie des Beaux-Arts, and two of his pictures, the Seaman's Seal and the Old Butcher's House at Antwerp, are in the museum there.

Léon Perrault, a French painter, native of Poitiers, has died. He was a pupil of Picot and Bouguereau, and he was a frequent exhibitor at the Salon.

Finance.

"MATCHING ORDERS" ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

All people who have the interests of sound finance and safe investment at heart will applaud the action of the New York Stock Exchange governors, in appointing a special committee to investigate the performances of last Saturday on the floor of the Exchange. The case was this: In a market which the investing public had almost absolutely deserted, and in which even the ordinary speculative operations were at a minimum—the day being like a midsummer holiday in the absence of brokers and customers—a sudden and extravagant rise in prices occurred. The number of shares reported as changing hands during the two hours of business exceeded a million. The purchases, on the face of things, were larger than on any day since the wildly excited "Harriman market" of August, 1906, when the speculation that had been seething for two years reached its culmination.

That these enormous transactions of Saturday were bona-fide, that the principals were really prepared to pay for the stocks which they bought and to deliver the stocks which they sold, is inconceivable. The attendant circumstances indicated that the great activity was a humbug. Brokers were openly declared to have been entrusted with orders for 5,000 or 10,000 shares, orders which they were instructed to execute only with certain other designated brokers. The purpose of this manœuvre is that the purchasing brokers should bid up the price rapidly, but that their bids should be promptly met by offers from the selling agents of the manipulator—only, however, at the rising prices. Such a programme, if entirely successful, would obviously insure a great enhancement of quoted Stock Exchange values, without necessitating the actual purchase of a share of stock by the author of the trick. The risk incurred was the offer of genuine stock by other capitalists, forcing the buying agents of the manipulator to take it and pay for it at the higher prices. But if the "matched orders" could be executed with sufficient dexterity, this risk would be largely evaded. By general agreement among brokers, the operations in question constituted a flagrant violation of good faith and the rules of the Exchange.

The offence was, it must regretfully be confessed, not new. Since the period of million-share markets and millionaire manipulation began, at the time of the Steel Trust flotation in 1901, the two terms, "wash sales" and "matched orders," have become perhaps the most familiar explanations of the erratic movements of prices on the Exchange. Indeed, the spectacular Stock Exchange markets of 1904, of 1905, and of 1906 were believed to be largely made up of such transactions.

The simplest mind should perceive that an operation of this kind is conspiracy with intent to defraud. It is punishable under the rules of the Stock Exchange and under the laws of the State. The reason why it has been practised with such impunity is that evidence is hard to get, the original manipulator naturally distributing his buying and selling orders through intermediate agents, so that his brokers may be honestly ignorant of the nature of their commission. They *may* be thus ignorant; but in such affairs as that of Saturday—in which, by most accounts, the aggressive bidders were visibly determined to avoid acceptance of bona-fide offers—it requires much credulity to accept the theory.

It is not yet by any means clear who was the prime mover last Saturday. The objective point, and the victim of the extravagant manipulation of prices towards a higher level, was a speculative broker house which, as a consequence, was forced into bankruptcy. On this concern, little sympathy need be wasted; it had invited its own fate by reckless operations for the decline, and its sales had been accompanied by unscrupulous dissemination of rumors affecting the solvency of railway corporations. But this circumstance does not affect the nature of the fraudulent bidding-up process which wrecked the firm; and the fact that common report has ascribed the manœuvre to Thomas W. Lawson, whose impudent announcements and promises regarding his own speculative purposes have for weeks been scattered broadcast through the press, does not help towards a lenient view of the affair.

The *Nation* has long felt that the Stock Exchange authorities, if they were to take up the work in earnest, could get to the bottom of these fraudulent transactions and make an example of some notorious offender. Until this is done, the good name of the institution is indisputably clouded, and its claim of providing at all times a fair and open market for securities is placed in serious question. One may not sympathize with the projects, mooted a few months ago at Washington and Albany, looking towards the crippling of Stock Exchange operations, by discriminatory tax or otherwise. But the hostile legislation has been proposed, and will very probably be urged again. With such incidents as Saturday's a matter of widespread comment, common sense would suggest that the Stock Exchange put its house in order.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Antrim, Minna Thomas. Don'ts for Bachelors and Old Maids. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

Austen Jane. Pride and Prejudice. Introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. 2 vols. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.

Bell, Malcolm. Drawings of Rembrandt.

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Bell, J. J. Thou Fool! Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Benson, E. F. The Blotting Book. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

Beveridge, Rev. W. Makers of the Scottish Church. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

Brown, Warner. Time in English Verse Rhythm. The Science Press.

Bruner, James D. Compression in French Classical Drama. Sewanee, Tenn.: The University Press.

Coolidge, Asenath Carver. Prophet of Peace. Watertown: Hungerford-Holbrook Co. $1.

Davenport, H. J. Exercises in Value Theory. University of Chicago Press. 25 cents.

Davis, George B. Elements of International Law, Including the Results of the Second Peace Conference at The Hague. Harper & Bros. $3.

De Saix, Tyler. The Man Without a Head. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Di Coppo, Fra Giovanni. The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Gimignano, with introduction by M. Mansfield. Duffield & Co. $2.

Ditchfield, P. H. The Charm of the English Village. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Dykes, J. Oswald. The Christian Minister and His Duties. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

Enock, C. Reginald. Peru. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Fitchett, W. H. A Pawn in the Game. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

Fitzmaurice-Kelly, James. The Nun En-sign, translated from the Spanish, illustrated by Daniel Vierge. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

Garner, Thomas, and Arthur Stratton. The Domestic Architecture of England During the Tudor Period. Part I. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Goddard, Joseph. The Rise of Music. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Griffin, Appleton Prentiss Clark. Select List of References on Workingmen's Insurance, List of Works Relating to Government Regulation of Insurance, and Select List of References on Corrupt Practices in Elections. Washington Government Printing Office.

Hare, Christopher. Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Heilman, Ralph E. Chicago Traction. Princeton: American Economic Association. $1.

Herkomer, Prof. Sir Hubert von. My School and My Gospel. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Hunt, Caroline L. Home Problems from a New Standpoint. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. $1.25 net.

James, Howard. The Wraith of Knopf and Other Stories. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Lewes, Vivian B. Liquid and Gaseous Fuels. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.00 net.

Margaret, Percy, and Grace Sartwell Mason. The Car and the Lady. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. The Duke's Motto. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Phillpotts, Eden, and Arnold Bennett. The Statue. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Parrish, Randall. The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Resker, Rev. Robert R. St. Paul's Illustrations Classified and Explained. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 20 cents net.

Richmond, Grace S. Round the Corner in Gay Street. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Ridgely, Newton. By Law of Might. H. A. Simmons & Co. $1.50.

Runciman, John F. Haydn. London: George Bell & Sons. 1s. net.

Rickert, Edith, editor. The Babees' Book; Medieval Manners for the Young. Duffield & Co. $2.

Shakespeare, W. "Much Adoe about Nothing, edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone. (Old Spelling Shakespeare). Duffield & Co. $1.

Shorter, Dora Sigerson. The Collected Poems of. Introduction by George Meredith. Harper & Brothers.

Sidgwick, Frank. The Sources and Analogues of a Midsummer-Night's Dream. (The Shakespeare Classics.) Duffield & Co. $1.

Stark, William Weldon. Guy Hunter. Cockrane Publishing Co. $1.50.

Stuart, Henry L. Weeping Cross. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Upton, George P. The Standard Concert Guide. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75.

Wall, Ida Blanche. Comedy of Petty Conflicts. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

William, Herschel. Fairy Tales from Folklore. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.

Wright, J. Edmund. Invariants of Quadratic Differential Forms. Cambridge: University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

READY TO-DAY.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's impromptu address at Athens, Ohio, on Saturday, was frank and sensible. He said nothing which he has not said before, but in view of the fulminations of the labor leaders, it is gratifying to record that on the labor question he stuck firmly to his guns:

> I don't make any apologies. . . . When I am a judge on the bench in so far as I can I decide cases according to the law and the facts, no matter whom it hurts, because I believe that to be my sworn duty.

He then enumerated the purposes for which workmen may legitimately organize, and added:

> But they have not the right to injure their employers' property; they have not the right by what is called a "secondary boycott" to invite a third person into the controversy who wishes to keep out by threatening a boycott with him unless he assists them in the fight. In this fight between the employer and the employee, or the united employees, they must fight it out between themselves, and they must not involve the rest of the community in it by a system of duress. This law I believe is a fair law.

As to injunctions, Mr. Taft declared roundly that "there ought to be no favored class":

> A man who has property and a man who has labor to sell shall stand on an equality in court, and . . . every man should be entitled to be protected by all the writs and remedies that the law affords, by an impartial judiciary, and that whether he be a laborer or a capitalist.

Mr. Taft then urged the laboring men to forget their particular and especial "class interest" and then, "like patriots," with the interest of the whole country at heart, to sustain the power of the courts. Mr. Taft has not been a brilliant campaigner. His set speeches are in general much heavier reading than Mr. Bryan's—though they are also sounder in logic. But we regard it as "good politics," good for his party, good for his country, to have him come out squarely for the impartial enforcement of law. In no way can he do more to persuade sober and conservative people that he is more fit than Mr. Bryan for the Presidency.

Mr. Bryan's speech at Indianapolis last week was devoted to the impossible task of supporting the Democratic scheme for regulation of Trusts. We need not dwell on minor details, most of which, despite Mr. Bryan's elaborate argument, are plainly unworkable. The most important remedy which he (and the Democratic platform) urges is a Federal license which would prevent a corporation from controlling "more than 50 per cent. of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States." Mr. Bryan here abandons the old theory of the law—tested by the experience of centuries—which condemns monopolies "in restraint of trade." He sets up a novel, a purely artificial, and an absolutely impracticable definition of monopoly. He forgets that the law must be couched in general terms, and that when once you forsake the ancient and sound principle, "restraint of trade," you are adrift without chart or compass. There are, for example, many corporations, most of them small, which produce substantially all of a given commodity that is consumed in this country. They do not restrain trade, for the field is open to any person that will enter; but the established concern, with its reputation and trade-mark, has perfected its methods of manufacture and delivery so that without rebates or special favors from common carriers it can, by sheer skill and efficiency, hold the market against all comers. Is it desirable for the Federal government to step in and say that such a company shall fill only 50 per cent. of its orders? Can the government force another, more poorly equipped and less ably managed, to step in and furnish the goods under another label? A corporation that supplies "forty millions of people with that product," says Mr. Bryan, is doing "enough." But suppose the price be kept so low that no competitor appears; what can the law accomplish? Mr. Bryan, when you get to the bottom of his scheme, is really advocating the vicious doctrine of protection. He would put a prohibitive tariff on the goods after the first 50 per cent. is sold and would thus try to compel an economically weaker company to enter the business.

Furthermore, how shall you define "50 per cent. of the total amount of any product"? Shall all kinds of steel be lumped together, or shall you consider each of a thousand forms, from watch-springs to bridge beams, as a separate product? Shall all wheat products be taken in the mass or singly? What broad principle of division can be laid down? How can a legal concept embodying such a vague idea be framed in words that shall not result in endless confusion? And who shall determine what is 50 per cent. of the consumption? Shall imports be included? What vast army of inspectors is capable of determining the exact amount that is consumed of each product that is shipped from State to State? Shall the 50 per cent. be reckoned on the basis of last year's output? What percentage of allowance shall be made for unforeseen contingencies of business? Who shall make it? To put these questions is to answer them. Mr. Bryan's wild proposals cannot be reduced to general legal terms. A statute cannot be drafted that will formulate them, and the simple reason is that he is clamoring for a muddled, hopeless plan, that violates the fundamentals of both economics and law.

Even Representative Sereno E. Payne, the most bigoted "stand-patter" alive (unless we except Speaker Cannon), admits that "the time has come" for revision of the tariff. Last winter he thought it unwise to attempt revision "on the heels of a panic and in the course of a Presidential election," but he can see no reason for postponing action after March 4; and, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he has "now at work a force of experts" who will, he believes, "be able to lay before the committee all the information necessary." But in his speech of Monday accepting a renomination he reiterated his belief that "the tariff must be revised by the friends of the American workmen. There is no safety in any other way. Rates must be raised where it is necessary and reduced where they are higher than necessary." Twaddle of this kind hardly deserves serious comment. The tariff was never framed in the interests of the American workman. The manufacturer who could contribute to the campaign funds was the only man

whose desires were considered. No doubt an effort will be made to raise the rates on certain articles; some beneficiaries of the tariff will never be content. But the essential thing, after all, is that the question of revision shall fairly come up for discussion. There are many dark places in the tariff law which need the light; but the Republicans, with their fine brute majority, have hitherto choked off every one who has ventured to mention the subject.

Our American railway accidents are horrible enough, without being made to appear worse by inaccurate comparison with European disasters. Some practical joker must have furnished the figures which recently led a magazine writer to declare that, in the year when the United States railways were killing 10,046 persons and injuring 84,155, only 74 lives were lost on all the lines of the German Empire. Official statistics for 1906, just published by the League of German Railways, show that 165 travellers, 1,003 employees on duty, and 746 other persons met death by railway accidents during the twelvemonth, while 5,142 persons were seriously injured. The worst of it all is that, despite precautions, the record has been growing steadily blacker for more than a decade. German railway men are cautious to a fault; stations are rarely more than three or four signal blocks apart; the number of employees is large, tramps are few, and trespass upon tracks a rare form of *lèse-majesté;* and yet 8,100 mishaps and 7,056 personal injuries mar the record of 1906. Bearing in mind that more than half the victims of American railways are tramps and other trespassers, that the enormous mileage in sparsely settled regions makes the nearly perfect German system of track-walking impossible, and that our American labor unions have demoralized more than one division superintendent, this country can obtain some slight satisfaction by a study of the German figures we have quoted. The urgent necessity for reform here should not, however, be overlooked.

"Peace on earth, good will toward *some* men" was apparently the wish of a number of Argentinians when their country joined with Chili in erecting at the summit of an Andean pass a gigantic statue of Christ in token of mutual disarmament on land. This splendid memorial has not deterred the Argentine Chamber of Deputies from authorizing a naval appropriation of $65,000,000 in order to follow the pace set by Brazil. Even though the Senate, backed by terrified taxpayers, will probably thwart this madness, the incident deserves to become a classical illustration of acute jingoism and its consequences. Our South American friends need Dreadnoughts about as sorely as Greenland needs an artificial ice plant. Brazil and Argentine, the only two countries to the south which can seriously consider an ambitious naval policy, have no conflicting interests at home; and neither is looking forward to territorial expansion. Both have all they can manage for generations to come in the way of internal developments. In short, the whole ridiculous frenzy at Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro suggests that the descendants of Tartarin of Tarascon have gone into politics down there.

In postponing the Tokio International Exposition until 1917, the Japanese government displays sagacity beyond that of Western nations. Sufficient reason for the sudden action cannot be found in the statement that the later date coincides with the fiftieth anniversary of the Emperor's accession. If the Japanese are anxious to defer the celebration, after having made many expensive preliminary arrangements for 1912, it must be because they have discovered that world's fairs are nowadays a losing investment, their deficits varying directly with the distance from Paris. Since Chicago's splendid but costly effort in 1893, imitations have been attempted wherever two or three enthusiasts in search of employment have gathered together, discovered somebody's anniversary, and coaxed funds from gullible hotel-keepers and open-handed legislators. The result is that, both here and abroad, the "international exposition" is less clearly distinguishable from an exalted county fair than it ought to be. To get up a really worthy exposition costs a vast sum of money, and at present Japan must practise every possible economy.

The Kaiser's speech for European peace is all the more welcome because, had he wished, William II. might have easily given the Continent one of those shivering fits which so often follow a German Imperial pronunciamento. Opportunities are not lacking. There is, for instance, the Moroccan affair, which has more than once troubled the peace of Europe. Owing to the defeat of Abd-el-Aziz, France is now confronted with the necessity of radically readjusting her programme. A new policy must be built up around the new Sultan. Had the Kaiser decided openly and in advance to antagonize French plans in this field, had he raised his old complaints about Germany's rights being imperilled in North Africa, something like another serious crisis would have been at hand. The Turkish upheaval, too, has seriously disturbed the European chancelleries. The downfall of Abdul Hamid is generally regarded as a setback for German influence. Had the Emperor chosen to declare that conditions in the Balkans offer cause for disquiet, or patience, or some other diplomatic state of mind, the war-mongers of Europe would immediately have struck up in chorus. To have William II. under such circumstances in such good humor is a distinct matter for congratulation. Evidently, he has made up his mind that all those pernicious attempts at isolating Germany have not, after all, done her much harm. As a worker for peace, the Kaiser can be of greater service to the world than almost any other living man.

Under the Workmen's Compensation Act, passed in England in 1906, it is provided that an employer shall be liable to pay damages to workmen who receive injuries during their employment, unless such injury is directly attributable to the serious and wilful misconduct of the workman himself. The case of Lowey vs. the Sheffield Coal Company, recently decided by the English Court of Appeal in favor of the employee, shows how broadly the phrase "during the course of employment" is being interpreted. In this instance a man had stopped work at five o'clock on Saturday morning, and at midday was going for his wages along a path made by his employers to their works, when he was injured by a passing train not owned or controlled by the defendants. Although the man was not to work again on that day, the court held that it was part of the contract of employ-

ment to require the workman to go for his wages along that road, and that therefore the accident had happened during the course of employment. In view of this English act and the recent desire of our own government to do away with the doctrines of "fellow servant" and "assumed risk" as defences in actions for negligence, our State liability acts are also likely, before long, to be so amended as to make the employer virtually responsible in every accident to an employee. It seems to be a growing belief that each industry should bear the responsibility for its injuries, regardless of causes, rather than to cast the entire burden upon the injured man and his family. In view of this tendency, employers of labor might well consider introducing some definite system of compensation for injuries received during employment which will be recognized by all employees as equitable and just, and will follow the lines, perhaps, of the existing pension systems.

OUR NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mr. Bryan had no difficulty in making out a strong case against the Republicans when he spoke at Minneapolis on Monday about the extravagance of the present government. Had he wished, he might have fortified his statements by quotations from leading Republicans. There is Senator Hale, for instance, who early in April called attention to the increasing outlay in the face of falling revenues. An army bill appropriating $98,000,000 had just slipped through Congress, practically without debate. It was larger by $20,000,000 than that of the previous year, although no one could point to any emergency justifying the increase. There was not even the prospect of trouble in the Philippines. But, unlike any private business man, the government, instead of cutting expenditures to suit income, went ahead as if it were not facing a heavy deficit. The actual amount of this was $59,656,000 on June 30, as contrasted with a surplus of $72,000,000 in 1907 —hardly a satisfactory showing for a Presidential year. But it was Representative Tawney, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who made the strongest plea for a return to sanity and for curbing the mad craze to spend which has seemed to possess every succeeding Congress. It was in vain, however, that he appealed to his own party leaders; they turned a deaf ear to him. As a result, the appropriations amounted to more than a billion dollars, or double the appropriation for a single session of the Fifty-first Congress.

As Mr. Bryan points out, this enormous extravagance is primarily due to our imperialistic policy. Senator Hale bewailed the fact that his party, which disbanded the great volunteer armies so promptly in 1865, and let the fleet dwindle to reasonable proportions by 1870, is now devoting 70 per cent. of the national revenue to pensions and war purposes, past and present. Mr. Bryan explains that the army and navy now cost $120,000,000 a year more than in 1897—such is the legacy of our needless war with Spain. This enormous sum is, of course, raised by taxation from rich and poor alike. It makes life harder for every workingman, and adds directly to the cost of the food that goes into the now half-empty dinner-pail. It is the reverse of a square deal for the man who lives by his hands. Or for any one else; for it is a wasteful and unproductive expenditure for which, at the end of five or ten years, we have practically nothing to show.

So far as Mr. Bryan recites facts of this kind, he is not to be put down or answered. Even if the revenues were to equal the outlay, there would still be no excuse for such squandering of public moneys and for the abandonment of our former ideal of maintaining a small military establishment merely for police purposes. But Mr. Bryan is by no means convincing when he urges that the Democratic party is the only one to put a stop to this extravagance. In the last Congress the Democrats had no representatives who spoke out on this subject so earnestly as Messrs. Hale and Tawney. In the Denver platform the party abandons its opposition to a large navy and takes refuge in the platitude that it favors an "adequate" fleet, leaving the country quite in the dark whether the adequate size is to be determined by Rear-Admiral Evans, with his 48 battleships, or Hobson, with his 148, more or less. Nor in general have the Democratic leaders shown a disposition to devote themselves earnestly to a policy of economy.

That the Republican party is naturally more prone to be lavish than the Democratic, is undoubtedly true. We have repeatedly pointed out the close alliance between protection and prodigality. The raising of a great surplus by a high tariff is a temptation to embark on new schemes like irrigation, afforestation, the reclaiming of swamp lands, the widening of waterways, and a hundred other enterprises which, however important some of them may be, tend to jobbery and the consumption of huge sums. Naturally, there follows multiplication of offices, *ninety-nine thousand* new places under Roosevelt, as against ten thousand under Cleveland and McKinley—a fact which is not to be overlooked by those who would count up all the reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's popularity.

When the time comes for the Democracy under a consistent leader to throw all its influence on the side of frugality, the party will be able to make a powerful appeal. But to compel votes on this issue the Democrats must offer something more than Mr. Bryan's promise. The Democrats might well begin by a sharp attack upon our present Congressional committee system, which is now largely responsible for our recklessness. As long as this system exists unchanged, so long shall we have log-rolling and swapping of votes in the dark by both Democrats and Republicans, so long shall we be without a proper budget like that of Great Britain, which forecasts income pretty accurately and regulates expenditure accordingly.

JAPAN AND AUSTRALASIA.

As the Pacific fleet has ploughed its way along the Australian coast, popular enthusiasm there has steadily risen. Sydney was demonstrative in its welcome; Melbourne, the temporary capital of the Australian Commonwealth, is reported to be fast in the grip of that delirium which may be called consciousness of race-kinship or Anglo-Saxon fraternalism. The cause of such unwonted emotion under the Southern Cross is no secret. Bluff statesmen like Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, have declared in so many words that the British colonies in the Pacific look to us as their natural allies in the coming struggle against Japanese domination. Great Britain, white Australia feels, is too far away, farther away than ever since her policy of naval concentration in home waters has

reduced her strength in the Pacific. We, on the contrary, have the ships, have the men, and have the money, too—not to speak of the Panama Canal. So Australia takes our fleet to its heart.

How much of this anti-Japanese scare in Australasia is permanent and sincere, how much of it is the fine flower of the small politicians' efforts to raise a thrilling issue and provide a resonant battle-cry for the Australian voter, we do not know. Even if the ideal of an all-white Australia has permeated the entire population of the southern continent, there is still a long step between a people determined to keep Asiatics out of their country and a people working itself into a passion of alarm lest the Asiatics come and insist on being let in. Take the parallel instance of our own Pacific Coast, where persistent agitation has bred a certain amount of genuine anti-Japanese feeling. No one besides Hobson and his kind really believes in the possibility of an attack by Japan on our Pacific Coast, or on the Philippines, or even of any hostile move that may bring on war with this country. Yet the Hobsons thrive. It does not matter that Japan has repeatedly declared, by word and deed, her strong desire to remain at peace with everybody. Japanese statesmen, of course, are perjured villains, and Japanese concessions are only so many traps for the unwary Powers. It does not matter that only the other day Japan made open confession of her financial troubles by a radical cut in her military and naval budgets. Editors of yellow journals will tell you that the budget reduction is only a blind for Japan's putting another half-dozen Dreadnoughts on the stocks No, nothing that Japan can say, nothing that she can do, will convince the wild jingo that she is not determined to seize the mastery of the Pacific in a few years. And Australia apparently sees Japanese armies landing on the Queensland coast, even as Great Britain herself visualizes now and then a German expeditionary corps on the coast of Yorkshire.

And see, actually, what Australia must expect in the near future. Because Japan crossed one hundred miles of strait and occupied Korea, and moved down some five hundred miles and occupied Formosa, it follows inevitably that she must go south 2,500 miles and seize Australia. For does not the chain of islands curving down like a serpent from the Philippines through the Indian Ocean to Australia, point out to Japan her manifest destiny? Is not Australia but the last and largest morsel that Nippon reserves for her capacious maw? It does not matter that in Korea, practically just across the way, she is experiencing all the difficulties of subjugating a determined people, and that Formosa, five hundred miles away, is only half subdued after thirteen years of Japanese occupation. Why should not Japan go down and annex Australia? All she would have to do on the way would be to occupy the Philippine Islands after defeating the United States, take Borneo from Great Britain (her ally, let it be remembered), drive out the French from Indo-China, the Dutch from Sumatra and Java, and the Germans from New Guinea and their small archipelagoes. In other words, to get at Australia, Japan would only have to defeat the United States, Great Britain, France, Holland, and Germany; why shouldn't Australia be frightened? The Sheriff of Nottingham, in "Robin Hood," asserts that he is not afraid of Robin, "no, not even if there is one of him and six of us; I wouldn't be afraid if there were twice as many of us." The number of barriers interposed between Japan and Australia seems only to have intensified the latter's dread. If Austria and Italy, too, had colonies to defend in the Pacific, Australia would simply go mad with terror.

We have enumerated all the great Powers of Europe save one—Russia. That empire our anti-Japanese strategists have entirely overlooked in their disposition of the mastery of the Pacific. The momentous fact to be kept in mind is, however, that Japan has a frontier to defend in Korea and Manchuria, and Russian machinations to combat at Peking. If Japan should be plunged into war with the United States, or set off on the conquest of Australia, Russia can be counted on to seize the chance and try to regain the lost half of Saghalien, or Port Arthur, or her expensive Chinese Eastern railway, or her lost prestige in Asia. Even miracle-working Japan cannot keep her armies in Manchuria, and her fleet on the Sea of Japan, and have them over again to send to Australia and to the Pacific Coast and to the Philippines. While Russia remains one of the great Powers, neither Australasia nor our own Pacific coast should lose sleep over the peril from Japan.

THE CUBAN EVACUATION.

At a conference at Oyster Bay last week it was decided that the elections for a President of Cuba and a Congress shall be held November 14, and that the new President shall be inaugurated on January 28. Presumably, the provisional American government will then withdraw. The decision as given to the newspapers was accompanied by Gov. Magoon's familiar optimistic predictions that all will be well, that the elections will pass off peacefully, and that the Cubans will take "capable hold" of their reconstituted government. Official optimism is, of course to be expected. Not one of our colonizers or canal-diggers would admit that his work is marred by any flaws, or could be improved; and together they form a mutual admiration society of praiseworthy activity. President Roosevelt knows that no colonial administrator, not even Cromer, surpassed the record of Gen. Wood in Cuba or Taft in the Philippines; Gov. Magoon knows that no one living could have composed the revolutionary differences of 1906 as well as Mr. Taft; and Mr. Taft sends telegrams from Hot Springs to Gov. Magoon, congratulating him on his unparalleled success in bringing order out of chaos. The country believes firmly that our achievements in Cuba, the Philippines, and Panama are superhuman in worth and wisdom, and any one who insinuates that there may be another side to the record is obviously a bad American, ready to dishonor the flag in order to make political capital at the expense of the wisest and best of governments.

Well, there are many bad Americans in Cuba who do not get all their information from official sources or take it at the official valuation. They are by no means so happy and contented as Gov. Magoon, and they look to the future with unconcealed anxiety. Among them are men sincerely desirous of seeing Cuba independent and self-governing. They are convinced that the island is not ready to be turned over to the Cubans, if only because the Herculean task of rebuilding a wrecked government, of establishing the mass of new laws recently drawn by Col. E. H. Crowder and his assistants, and of ac-

customing Cubans to the spirit and letter of these statutes cannot be properly accomplished in two years, or even in five. These men are aware that the Palma republic collapsed not merely because of the weakness of its head, but because of the absence of these very laws, relating to elections, the judiciary, sanitation, the civil service, the military, the powers of the President and the various departments, the municipalities, commercial procedure, and still others. These Americans are bold enough to say openly in Havana that no government so ill-equipped as was Palma's could have succeeded even in American hands without perpetrating much injustice. They even go so far as to connect the coming evacuation of the island with the ending of Mr. Roosevelt's term, and to affirm that the setting-up of the new government, like the return of the battleship fleet, is hurried to form a part of the record of Mr. Roosevelt's achievements.

In their general position we believe that these Americans represent the views of nearly all the subordinate American officials under Gov. Magoon. Certainly, these officials are not ignorant of the growing feeling that the Magoon administration is tainted by too much personal as well as party politics. They object to the granting of a practical monopoly to the present street-car company in Havana, not so much because it is a monopoly as because its general manager, Mr. Steinhardt, is Gov. Magoon's closest adviser, a fact in itself bound to be misinterpreted, to be wrongfully regarded by the Cubans, used as they are to Spanish methods, as an evidence of corruption. The Cubans feel, too, that this was a matter which might properly be left to the new Cuban government. In their eyes the haste savors of carpet-bag rule.

Again, the revelations of corruption in the educational department have shocked the community. This bureau, like that of commerce and industry, has had less attention from Gov. Magoon than the others; yet it is of fundamental importance, and in it padded payrolls and other forms of graft have been discovered—under the American government. The chief of the department, one Escoto, ought never to have been reappointed to his place by Gov. Magoon. He was the man who stole and published the famous Dupuy de Lome letter, in which the Spanish Minister criticised McKinley; he was dismissed by President Palma from his present office; and he was reinstated, it is openly charged, through political influence. This is a poor example to set the Cubans; and no one can pretend that Lieut.-Col. Robert L. Bullard, now in charge of the department, can, for all his known ability, effect the necessary reforms between now and January 28. The department must be turned over to the Cubans in an unsatisfactory condition.

A most unfortunate impression has also been created in Cuba—for which Gov. Magoon is in no way responsible—by the inexplicable acquittal by a court-martial of the two American soldiers who killed their two Cuban boatmen. It was a peculiarly cold-blooded crime by deserters who were trying to escape from the island; the facts are undeniable, but the men got off scot free, and the entire respectable press of Cuba, as well as the sensational, is highly and properly incensed. This failure of justice is mistakenly connected with Gov. Magoon's abuse of the pardoning power. We have not the latest statistics, but up to May 1 Gov. Magoon had granted 833 pardons; the Havana press openly jokes about them, and it is scoffingly said by the Cubans that some politicians are making from $5 to some thousands per pardon. That this charge is wholly unfounded, we have no doubt; but the wholesale jail-delivery is bound to give rise to such talk. It is sincerely to be hoped that Gov. Magoon is correct in his belief that Cuba is now ripe for self-government. If, however, two or three years hence, the republic again falls, the responsibility should not wholly rest on the new Cuban President, any more than Palma should bear the whole blame for the collapse of 1906.

THE MOTOR-CAR PROBLEM.

Punch sums up in a recent issue the automobile problem in Great Britain by a cartoon representing John Bull holding up a motor-car driven by John Bull which has just run over John Bull. The picture illustrates clearly the difficulty of controlling the motors. If there is yearly an increasing number of American and French tourists who add to the dust and dangers of English highways, the bulk of the automobilists are, after all, Englishmen. Not all of them are wealthy, and comparatively few are criminally reckless. In addition, the motor has admittedly come to stay because of its marvellous convenience and because it is, when properly used, a genuine aid to good health. But how shall it be regulated? There has been an unprecedented outburst of wrath from the public this summer. The press, from the London *Times* down, has been fairly overwhelmed with complaints, and the subject was warmly discussed in Parliament before it adjourned. The testimony in general is that the enjoyment of English country life has been spoiled for all who do not take to motoring—that the pedestrian, the bicyclist, and the house-owner who dwells by the roadside are in a sorry plight. The question comes home to us in America also; and much that has been said in England bears on our own case.

Naturally, the wildest remedies have been suggested. There are men who think that every automobile should be so geared as to make it impossible to run more than twenty miles an hour. Others would compel the construction of motors that would not suck up the dust. The speed and the dust seem to be the chief causes of complaint. It is true that there were 932 motor accidents in England in 1907 resulting in 213 deaths, but these included the havoc of the London motor-'buses. There are at least 60,000 automobiles in England and 40,000 motor-cycles, and if each vehicle is credited with running only 100 miles a week, there is obviously not an alarming percentage of accidents in comparison to the traffic. It is annoyance rather than danger that provokes most of the protests. Frequently, however, as in the case of a man who writes to the *Times* that his country home is for sale because of the motor-traffic at his gates, there is genuine injury.

The suggestions for regulation are as indefinite as those which mark the debate in this country. Many persons think the horn the worst feature; others are certain that if it is forbidden the number of accidents will increase—a point of view that seems to us correct. Again, the speed limit has given rise to unending discussion. A majority of the motor drivers think that it should be abolished except for towns and villages. There is no reason for having the same rule apply to a little-used country road and Piccadilly. Lord Willoughby de Broke voiced the prevailing sentiment

in the debate in the House of Lords when he said that the government should relentlessly compel a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour in all inhabited places, and admitted the impossibility of checking fast driving in the country. Mr. Long, the author of the existing motor act, against whose wish the speed regulation was inserted, assured the House of Commons that every argument he had made against the regulation had been borne out by experience. It is, he says, no real protection to the public, and is vexatious to automobilists by imposing a restriction which is in many cases totally unnecessary. He asserts that it is the duty of the police to stop inconsiderate and reckless driving without regard to pace. The motor-owner who goes forty miles in some stretches of road may be the most careful in dangerous places. Mr. Long would have no speed-limit and would hold every one responsible for the damage he does.

On the other hand, the number of conservative and considerate drivers is admittedly growing. One of them, Max Pemberton, the author, sends to the London *Times* the following excellent code, the strict observance of which would end, here as well as in England, most of the evils complained of:

(1.) Submission to and a strict observance of a speed limit of twelve miles an hour in all villages and in such urban districts as seem fit and proper to the central authority.

(2.) A faithful observance of the following rules of safe driving:

(a) Never to take a sharp corner at more than a walking pace.

(b) Never to overtake another vehicle upon a corner.

(c) Never to drive the engine down hill.

(d) To slow down upon passing pedestrians and other traffic.

(e) To avoid the mania for taking doubtful openings in traffic, a habit very exasperating to the public and attended by much risk.

(f) Not to drive faster than twenty miles an hour at night under any circumstances, and to limit the speed to ten or fifteen miles an hour wherever other traffic or pedestrians are likely to be met.

(g) To slow the car down to ten miles an hour at all cross-roads where a clear view is not obtainable.

(h) To give cyclists plenty of room and avoid the inconsiderate and ungentlemanly practices by which they suffer so much inconvenience.

(3) The general habit of unselfishness, thus lessening the evils of the dust question and appeasing a large section of the public which would bear no hostility to the motor if it were not for the dust question.

(4.) The suppression of the open exhaust, dear to the heart of wild chauffeurs and of vain and foolish owners.

Unless there is a marked improvement in the manners and morals of the automobilists there are hard times in store for them. John Burns, as the Cabinet Minister concerned, has officially warned the fraternity that their fate is in their own hands, and that drastic results will ensue if they do not put their house—or their motor car—in order. Just what he will do he does not say. Perhaps he will take a leaf out of the new German automobile law, which makes the automobile owner personally accountable for the least misbehavior of his car. In this country the similar tendency to stringent law-making now noticeable has been proclaimed by the Automobile Club as a warning to all automobile drivers; and the club is in hearty accord with the movement to punish severely men like E. R. Thomas and the recently indicted J. H. Tyson of this city.

INNOCENTS FROM ABROAD.

When Prosper Mérimée was a young man he wrote a book about the Balkan countries, and with the money he received from his publisher made a journey through the Balkan peninsula to see how closely his descriptions tallied with the facts. We presume that, after all, Mérimée must have been pleased to see how near the truth he had come; for with books of travel as with trouble and love, the principle holds good that what we look for we find. This rule has often been illustrated by foreigners who write about America. Sometimes even they have succeeded in making us also see what they came to see among us and believed they had found. How many visiting Frenchmen or Germans, before they are within sight of Sandy Hook, have already sketched out the two leading chapters in their book—the one on the national thirst for wealth, and that other on the way in which American society is dominated by women? Both things may be true, but surely they do not represent a permanent condition, the account of which needs only to be stereotyped and repeated from decade to decade. Granted that we love wealth; do we love it as much as we did twenty or thirty years ago, or more or less? Granted that the average American slaves all day in order that his wife may spend money all day, are there signs of a drift towards a more evenly balanced altruism, or is the old tendency growing still stronger? Most of our visitors from abroad cannot answer because they come to us burdened with an old formula. If we could see ourselves as others see us, we should see ourselves as others saw us a hundred years ago.

In 1794, Talleyrand, for example, proscribed by the Convention in France as a royalist, came to America. An account of his two years' stay in this country is given in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Now, Talleyrand was not the rapid-fire correspondent of our own days, whose fountain-pen has often done a country greater damage than the conqueror's rifle and cannon. But Talleyrand, too, falls into the double vice of writing according to formula, and writing according to—well, let us call it fancy. At once he laid emphasis on the traits, "that were to become with time the distinctive marks of the American character, the passion for freedom, and the passion for wealth"—so says our writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. And he adds:

> One day in a small town in Maine, after having questioned his host, "a man of eminent respectability," about the quality and price of lands in the neighborhood, he [Talleyrand] mentioned Philadelphia. The American had never been there. "When you do go," said Talleyrand, "you will, of course, be delighted to see Gen. Washington?" "Oh, of course," replied the other, "but more than any one else, I should like to see Bingham, who, they say, is so rich." Washington the champion of freedom, Bingham, the man of money, in themselves they already incarnate America.

A striking bit of testimony across the ages, if only the tale, in one form and another, had not been printed so frequently. And the story not only sounds old, but, after all, it reveals no trait that is exclusively American. If you were to ask a French peasant, or a German woodsman, whom he would like to see in Paris or Berlin, he would very probably say M. Fallières or Emperor William and M. Rothschild or Herr Bleichroeder. If your European peasant should pass over the millionaire, it would be most likely because wealth and power are for him still concentrated in the person of the sovereign.

A French traveller whose book on America has just been brought out in Paris, complains of the wrong notion of France and Frenchmen prevalent in this country. He asserts that in one of our school geographies the inhabitants of France are summarily dismissed as "a frivolous people that drink

quantities of white wine." We venture, however, to doubt the authenticity of the citation. But even if we do misunderstand the French, does not our own critic remark in his opening pages that the favorite phrase on American lips is "Business *are* Business"? Let no nation cavil at the innocent errors of another. We are none of us in a position to throw stones.

But America has suffered much from the established formula. Books about us are often like magazine texts that are written to fit a collection of photographs; the word is slave to the preconceived image. Thus we suspect Talleyrand was a bit indulgent to his fancy when, in the feverish current of Philadelphia life (*on y sentait bouillonner la vie*), among whites and negroes, politicians and financiers, laborers and mariners from all lands, he discerned "the pale Quakeresses clad in robes of a uniform gray, whose beauty Chateaubriand was later to mention." Quakeresses—of course they must be pale, and Talleyrand saw them quite as he came prepared to see them. And once Talleyrand saw the pale Quaker women, Chateaubriand was bound to see them. Thus we see how easy it is to set going the thousand stories which relate how Americans eat their breakfasts and get shaved while going up in the elevator to their offices on the thirty-second floor, or how American children whose fathers have a hundred millions refuse to play with children whose papas have only five millions. Sometimes our traveller consciously lies; often he believes he is telling the truth because the material seems to suit his formula. One elderly German traveller made up his mind that, in spite of what most people said, life in this country did have an historical background. So he came to New York, and, of course, found Sleepy Hollow, and Washington's various headquarters, and a number of old colonial mansions, and was delighted. "Ah, but your country *has* got a historical *under*ground," he exclaimed in his enthusiasm. And that incident sums up the whole secret of much foreign comment on America.

A GERMAN EMANCIPATION.

There is no exaggeration in the recent dispatch from Berlin saying that Prussia has been giving much less attention to current stories about German and British naval schemes than to the new educational policy of the government. This policy, promulgated last month in a decree by the Minister of Education, drives itself home more forcibly than colonial programmes and indirect taxes for battleships can ever do. The ordinary Prussian voter has buxom daughters whose present living expenses and uncertain future give him cause for thought. He also has a few inherited, half-believed superstitions about woman's proper sphere. Therefore, when a government commonly regarded as reactionary announces that it will hereafter extend to women every opportunity for education and technical training which the privileged sex has long jealously enjoyed, the good man must pause to find his bearings. From the traditional German point of view, the departure is even more startling than the recent temperance movement in university and military circles; for only twenty-five years ago the status of German women was, in some respects, more nearly Turkish than Anglo-Saxon. The mere suggestion that the sexes should be equal, at least in educational opportunity, was food for comic journals and drink for imperial aphorists, with their *Kinder, Küche, Kirche.* Until recently, no political party save the Social-Democrats has dared to raise its voice against the primitive ideal of the *Hausfrau.* This liberal attitude of Bebel and his followers has been, in one respect, a hindrance to the cause of emancipation; the official ban upon Socialism has kept in disrepute everything which Socialism favored, thus strengthening upper-class loyalty to the tradition that "a woman who thinks is as disgusting as a man who paints." Hence it is that, even today, professors in universities to which women are admitted still hold—and occasionally exercise—the right of excluding them from lecture-rooms. So profound is the impression made upon the cultivated mind by the sight of a peasant woman hitched to a wagon beside an ox on Brandenburg highways!

The strength of prejudice is revealed, perhaps unwittingly, in the government's explanation of its course. The preamble to the decree states that the Minister of Education has been persuaded by the growing unpopularity of marriage among young men of the upper classes. This deplorable attitude deprives many girls of suitable consorts; hence the unhappy creatures must be given a fair chance to shift for themselves—an ungracious justification, to say the least. The plea of economic compulsion, although squaring with certain obvious facts, shows that officials are still unwilling to recognize the rights of women as simple human beings. To grant higher education to a girl because she cannot find a husband is an act of charity no less than that of giving tools and leather to an idle cobbler. Were the concession not infinitely better than the avowed motive, a stickler for principles might properly spurn it. But Prussian women are not going to leave the little loaves in the oven to burn, just because all the big ones are not yet baked. For the nonce, there will be no serious complaint against the proposed separation of the sexes in all grades below the university and the technical school; the temper of German parents and school children is still too generally irreconcilable with anything smacking of co-education. Nor will the exclusion of workingmen's daughters from universities be made an issue, so long as the brothers of these girls are not allowed to matriculate in those institutions. Swiftly as democratic ideals are spreading, the Prussian masses do not seem to be seriously threatening the exclusiveness of the academic world. In view of the terrible overcrowding of the teaching profession in Germany at present, practically minded women will not grieve deeply over their humbler sisters' inability to attain the Ph.D.

It is not unlikely that the first visible effects of the decree may vindicate the reactionaries. In many branches competition may be sharpened to razor edge; if the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* recent statement that 60 per cent. of college-bred technical men in Germany receive less than $500 a year, and that conditions are absolutely chaotic as a result of the ill-advised increase in the number of technical schools, be true, feminine invasion will certainly breed discontent. But eventually the inevitable economic adjustments must be made in Prussia as they have been in other countries where the opportunities for higher education are open to women. And in the long run an improvement in the intellectual condition of women cannot fail also to raise their social and political position.

A WORD FOR BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

One of our critics has just been eloquently lamenting that so many of the neatly bound products of the press are not really books, but are books about books; but even books about books strike us as coming a trifle nearer to the great realities than mere articles on books about books. In an imperfect world the articles have their humble place, and so have books that cannot be classed as creative literature, but that are at best substitutes for the schoolmaster. Many people, doubtless, spend their time on ephemeral essays, say, on Milton, when they might be better occupied with Milton himself; but it by no means follows that if they had not been reading the essay, they would have devoted that hour to "Paradise Lost." Indeed, the chances are that they would have lighted on something yet more trivial than the essay, to say nothing of the epic. Then, too, the essay may take them to Milton; and that journey will be worth while. It is good to go up into an exceeding high mountain and behold all the kingdoms of the world; but some climbers need to have a path blazed for them, and the man who does this pioneer work is entitled to our thanks. Ben Jonson, it was, who complained of the ingratitude of a certain lawyer to whom he had rendered a great service. "Why, I was the man that first made him relish Horace!" And to some bit of didactic discourse, spoken or written, to some obscure teacher or reviewer, or writer of a book about books hundreds of us owe our first relish of some notable author—perhaps the very author who opened the windows of our mind to the east.

The lists of "books that have helped me," published from time to time, are full of strange and interesting suggestions. It is not always—perhaps not usually—the immortal plays and poems that set the intellect in motion and kindle ambition. A few crude pictures of palm-trees and savages in a little school geography may stimulate curiosity in a hitherto sluggish brain and start a boy or girl in a never-ending voyage round the earth. It was Voltaire's "Life of Charles XII.," bought for a penny, that planted John Burns's feet on the road to the British Cabinet. Johnson's parallel between Dryden and Pope is a pompous and not too discriminating piece of criticism; but as printed in the old fifth reader it may have unlocked for many the door to what Ruskin calls the King's Treasuries. Then, too, our popular lectures on literature—given before women's clubs, university extension classes, Young Men's Christian Associations, and rural lyceums—are generally thin and feeble. Superior persons may find in them all the vices of books about books. But these fumbling lectures, with their slap-dash eulogy and misplaced censure, are not intended for superior persons. The arrow, awkwardly feathered and ill-aimed as it is, somehow flies to its mark. After each of these lectures the best books in the village library are more frequently drawn out and more eagerly studied. And the peripatetic lecturer, who has gone his way, sick with a sense of the futility of his efforts, may comfort himself with the reflection that his tiny spark of Promethean fire has, in spite of all discouragements, fallen upon tinder.

This, indeed, is the consolation of all teachers, and other inglorious guides to the realms of gold. They are generally underpaid and often unappreciated. They are prophets without honor in their own country. The Wall Street broker and the grocer set down the teacher and the literary hack as fourth-rate plodders, incapable of earning a decent living. It may be unfortunate that the men who facilitate the exchange of ideas receive less recompense than those who facilitate the exchange of commodities. Some callings, nevertheless, are in part their own reward; and there are human beings who would rather traffic in ideas at a profit of $1,500 a year than in cheese and bonds at a profit of $15,000. Then, too, it is written that man shall not live by cheese and bonds alone. The hand that carries the torch and passes it on may be weak and faltering, unworthy of the high office, but it is the hand of one who has chosen the better part, who has tried, however unsuccessfully, to quicken a love of good books, of art, of the humanities, of the things of the mind. He has devoted his life to the sustenance not of the body that perisheth but of the soul.

And each rising generation, be it remembered, must have its teachers and interpreters. They are the mediators between the past and the present. Just as children need instruction and guidance, so all of us, children of a larger growth, are in debt to the critics, whatever their rank or formal profession, who help us to understand, to enjoy, and to profit by the masterpieces of literature and the other arts. Most of us would be blind to the splendors of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, and even of the noblest writers in our own tongue without some one to proffer us a word of advice and direction, a warning of the difficulties of the way, as also a hint of the delectable prospects. It is thus that the faithful teacher and the industrious author of books about books, the men who give us our first relish of Horace, are each in his degree servants of the ideal.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE IN COLLEGE.

I.

We are familiar with the charge that young people no longer read good books. The average young person to-day seems to have no habitual recourse to that selected and stored-up wisdom of the race, which until our day has been a chief means and effect of culture. Whether this loss be due to some widespread crowding out of the influence of books from the home, or to the unsettled mental background of a population recruiting from all races and traditions, in either case the educator has no more interesting problem, nor hardly a graver duty, than to open up for these young minds the experience of what is, or is to be, their race, and to lay upon them the spell of great books, in which that experience is stored. The importance of this problem is recognized in the amount of time given to the teaching of literature in schools and colleges. Yet it can hardly be questioned that in general, with all this teaching of literature, the knowledge of books is not taught. Can it be taught? ask the scientist and the historian.

We should not expect it to be taught in the schools; there the motley curriculum is too much a thing of expediency, and in English too much time must be lost in getting up the absurd entrance requirements, for the pupil to think of the mutilated and annotated classics in which he is "prepared," as much more than one of the barriers between himself and athletic eligibility. It is in the college that the educator at present finds room for the attempt to "teach literature," where the subject is fashionable, and the teacher readily finds students, has all the time he wants, and is free to devise any means whatsoever for turning the baseball captain into a reader of Thackeray. But the miracle rarely happens.

Yet it ought to happen—or, rather, why should it be a miracle at all? Literature presents to the boy the most directly human subject matter in the curriculum; he will find that work and play coincide as nearly as may be in this crude world, when he sits down to read Fielding, or Scott, or Dickens. So enticing, indeed, seem the hardest tasks that a literature course can prescribe, that our colleagues the scientist and the historian, mentioned before, remembering their own joyous first discovery of "Pendennis" or "Pickwick Papers," wondered how such a draught of nectar to the thirsty soul can be counted as a task at all. Yet the almost complete failure of the average teaching of literature should be warning enough that the problem is not simple. There are, indeed, the bright exceptions; who of us has not had some pupil who kindled at a chance word of his, and became a lover of books? Alas! who has not been startled by the random nature of his solitary successes?

II.

In his brilliant address last November to the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, President Wilson of Princeton University said of the teaching of literature in schools:

> You can teach English literature as a science, which it is not; or as art, which in your hands it cannot be; but whichever way you choose to attempt to teach it you will fail, if you regard it as a thing to be objectively imparted. You cannot pedagogically impart the song of a bird; you cannot pedagogically impart the appreciation of a landscape; you cannot pedagogically impart even the nice appreciation of idioms. The only way you will ever appreciate the idiom is by hearing it often; the idiom you hear most of you will most appreciate.

These words, spoken of school education, may well apply to college teaching, and they express and suggest both sides of the problem. They are a protest against useless methods of teaching literature to those who have not already the love for it; the dissecter and the scientist of literature leave the young heart untouched. But the speaker, like many of our educators, thinks of literature as an art—art in the sense in which it may be likened to a bird song or a landscape. Few teachers will disagree with his conclusion that such an art cannot be taught; there is very little in the human heart of boy or man to which such an art could permanently appeal. When we first read "Rob Roy" or "Ivanhoe," were we fascinated by its art at all (song of a bird!)? Or when we read "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," which attracted us more, the marvellous story or the marvellous song? Surely for the average boy or man, literature appeals through the experience it portrays, the companionship it offers—the crowded hour of glorious life, not the ministering artistry of music or picture. The interest is human, natural, and direct; we read "Pickwick Papers" because we like to meet Sam Weller and his father and the other amusing characters. If in time we find that the book becomes defective in art, by some definition or other, and that our pleasure in it therefore fails, we may be assured that intellectual formulas are paralyzing our natural enjoyment, not only of books, but of life itself.

In this enjoyment of life itself our students are not a whit beyond the youth of fifty years ago; it is their curiosity to get at life, to have experience, that perhaps is making them impatient of a medium so indirect as books. They read of their own choice stories, no matter how crude, that present life with the greatest zest and energy. The books that arouse their interest most readily in the college course are the works of men who have had something striking, and to them novel, to say about life—Wordsworth, Emerson, FitzGerald's Omar. Should not the first principle of teaching literature be to discover what prevents the life-loving youth from seeing the life stored up in those other books, as yet dead for him? Should not the seccond principle be to remove that obstacle? If there is a third principle, should it not be to see that the student reads as many books as possible? "The idiom you hear most of you will most appreciate."

If this statement of the general problem is just, a college course in literature should provide for two things—the actual contact of the student's mind with as many books as possible, and the filling in of any gaps in his sympathy with what he reads. Almost all the great books were intended for the average man; the author contemplated an immediate relation with his audience. There is room for the annotator or teacher only when time has made the subject remote and strange, or when the imagination, through some defect or decline, is unable to grasp the recorded experience. A book fails to interest young people because it is of another age, or because they are imaginatively immature. The business of the teacher, then, is to supply an historical or imaginative approach to the book; beyond that it should appeal for itself.

A glance at most college catalogues will show that far different theories of teaching literature are not uncommon. How many courses are offered on the development of this form, or the structure of that, or the romantic something else! Valuable as such studies may prove to the well-read scholar, they are useless to the unread. By their very nature they thrust a fatal screen of historical and critical apparatus between pupil and book; and the reading itself, what there is of it, tends to become a search for literary data to sustain the theory, rather than a vital experience. In such a course the more energetic the teacher, the less likely is he to make readers of his students; the pressure is too great upon him to systematize and clarify his formulas, and to make his doctrines logical—the scientific impulse of which President Wilson speaks. But as few great works of literature illustrate any one theory completely or exclusively, the students may come to patronize the masters, or at most to give them but partial approval, measuring them by classroom standards. Too often the critical apparatus has left no time for reading. In our modern education there is hardly a more shameful product than the faithful students who can tell you what is wrong with Scott and Dickens, and can even attempt one more definition of the short story, and who have yet to read "Kenilworth" and "Our Mutual Friend" and "Wandering Willie's Tale."

I wonder how much more can be said for those "general" historical courses, in which English literature from "Beowulf" to Alfred Austin is "surveyed." The text-book tells when the author lived and died, and the correct opinion to hold of his work; certain "illustrative readings" illustrate, presumably, the fact that he did live and die, and afford portable excuse for the correct opinion. The student's approach to the books is just near enough to get a few names and titles confused. Recently, the victim of such teaching told me that he had been particularly attracted to the novelist "Dickinson." Richardson and Dickens had so coalesced and coagulated in his memory that to divide his impression would be like rescuing the original drops of ink from an old blotter. I asked him which of "Dickinson's" novels he had read. He could not recollect, but he was sure the book had a green cover.

Perhaps it is something that he remembers how the volume looked. Too seldom now does the mere appearance of books find its way into a boy's life, to rouse his curiosity later as to its contents. Yet many readers first kindled to their life-long passion in the family library, at an age when to their physical and mental eye Dickens and Thackeray and Scott were simply so many volumes, bound, as the States on the map were tinted, each in his natural color. For me to this day, in my instinctive, unguarded moments, George Eliot is brown and gold, and Scott is a shinier brown and a brighter gold, and ever so much wider on the shelves; I like them best in that dress, which they wore when they won my heart. If our boys have missed this early external appeal of the volume, it is not too late

to try to surround them with books. Encourage them to buy as many as they can afford, and to keep them in sight; one enticing book habitually before the eye has much more likelihood of reaching the heart than a hundred volumes in the library stacks. And if ever it exists, the ideal classroom for teaching literature will be filled from floor to ceiling with great books and with portraits of their authors, so that book and writer, from hourly association, may be at least outwardly distinct in the boy's memory.

The cry is raised by many teachers that there is not time enough in the college course for reading. There certainly is not, if part of the student's time is consumed by the machinery of the course. But there is plenty of time if the student simply reads literature. The almost encyclopædic acquaintance with books shown by Tennyson and his companions at Cambridge, exceptional as it is, is quite possible for us. How well read a graduate would be who knew all of Shakespeare, the "Faerie Queene," "Paradise Lost," and the novels of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray! The average college boy could cover this ground twice over in the time he now devotes to "literature," in class and out, from his fourteenth to his twenty-second year.

But how can you make the students read, objects many a teacher. A simple way is to assign reading, and then ask questions on it. To save time the questions and answers should be written, and the more frequent they are, the more regular will be the boy's contact with the books. If they are well chosen, three or four simple questions, calling for brief answers, will show whether the boy has read the novel or the play, and whether he has read thoughtfully. With a little prevision they can be used as a guide for the student in his reading. If you have been trying to explain Dickens's way of presenting character, and have illustrated from the chief figures in the story, ask questions that will involve similar principles in the minor persons; the answers will show whether the student read the book, and whether he read with your explanation in mind. What is more important, he will read for the next test with keener and more concentrated watch for the material for similar questions.

But even if the college course be planned so that the pupil's task will be to read great books constantly, the teacher's part, to connect the reading with the pupil's experience, is a large and difficult one. When we consider the wide knowledge he must have of boys and of books, we should not be surprised if the successful teacher is rare. He must recover for the student those past ideas from which the book grew, and to which it appealed; at the same time he will use his tact to keep in the foreground the book itself, rather than its history. When the boy reads Spenser, for example, he should be supplied in the classroom with those facts and ideas of chivalry and those concepts of Platonism which produced the "Faerie Queene," and on which the poet counted in his audience; if the teacher further explains in typical passages how those ideas and concepts are allegorized, the boy is then ready to find himself in the poem. In "Pendennis," for a nearer example, it needs no teacher to interest college boys in the first part of the story; there is no barrier between them and Pen or Foker or Capt. Costigan. In the latter half of the novel, however, their interest flags; the story seems to spread thin, flattening itself out in a society that college boys do not know. To perfect their connection with this part of the book it is necessary to show them, by reading and illustrating Pen's great speeches in chapter lxi., that the novelist is presenting what is perhaps the weightiest problem for young men of their age and breeding, the problem of compromise. To illustrate the speeches you have only to translate Pen's arguments into college experiences that you are certain your students know.

In addition, the teacher should not hesitate to put before the class the avenue, whatever it is, that led him in his youthful enthusiasm to any particular book. What attracted him may attract another. Unfortunately, the teachers usually reverse the method, and try to interest the boys first in the problems of research or criticism to which they themselves came after years of study—perhaps not well spent; they have wandered far from the simple love of books that makes the reader, and they will wander farther. It is a shame for them to take the boys in that direction. Have I set the standard too high when I say that the ideal teacher of literature is the mature scholar whose heart is young, whose love of books has been fostered by a love of life, whose enthusiasm in the classroom for his old favorites is unashamed? I must admit that there are very few examples of him.

III.

How does it fare with the teachers' own love of books? The fact seems to be that very few teachers of literature are habitual, enthusiastic readers of the books they blame their students for not reading. Their chosen companions are not Spenser, nor Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Dickens, nor Thackeray. Of course, they know the books—like the old lady who had read the Bible—once. They know what the book is about. But through unfamiliarity they have forgotten the zest of the story, and by what device can they impart it? How often do you hear a teacher say comfortably, over his pipe or cigar, "Somehow Dickens doesn't take hold of me as he used to," in a tone that makes it look dark for Dickens; and then if your own delight in Mrs. Gamp or Mr. Pecksniff is undimmed, and you begin to defend your taste, you will find that the professor has not read Dickens recently. He will lecture to you about him, however, on the spot. The pity of it is that so often all that is needed to interest a boy in a book is a sincere way of intimate praise. In school during study hour Jim detects Bill with a non-academic volume under the desk, and starts inquiries, to which Bill responds from the nearest side of his mouth, "It's 'Tom Sawyer.' Gee, it's great!" And Jim is filled with the desire to read. Imagine the result if Jim's father had said at the dinner table, "James, I wish you to read 'Tom Sawyer'; every boy ought to read it. Some critics think Mark Twain our greatest novelist. The story is of the picaresque type," etc.

Finally, the teacher of literature should if possible be a writer. He needn't publish anything, but he should have the creative habit of mind, in no matter how humble a degree, the best self-protection against pedantry. The creative habit preserves the appreciation of literary expression for itself; what the poets might have said is less interesting to the creative mind than what they did say. May the number of writers who teach increase, as we realize the illumination, the fervor, the sanity of appreciation, that are fostered by habitual creative work. Even in Germany, where in our time the unimaginative mind has had its say of literature, the suggestion comes at last for poets to teach books. If such teaching seems a circumscribed task for a winged spirit, as it seemed to Lowell, at least it should not seem so to us who believe in the power of great ideals over a nation's destiny, and know how ignorant the newer generations are of books, wherein these great ideals are permanently stored.

The twofold reward of the poet-teacher's double calling is increased confidence and authority in his work. He pleads for his calling when he pleads for any book; to him the Muses are more than a name; he is their advocate to generous young hearts, open for a short time to noble persuasions, before they are calloused by the touch of the world. No wonder if he feels both the weight and the consecration of his office—to make of that short opportunity a tenfold talent; to plead for those voices of the race, of whose blood, however humbly, he is; to be the embodiment of that love which is the intercessor

Between the gods that live and mortal man.

To a few such teachers in this country how many of us owe how great a debt!

To remember them is to be grateful.

JOHN ERSKINE.

Amherst College.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

William Butler Yeats is one of the living poets whose first editions are sought by collectors as likely to grow in value. John Quinn of this city, friend and correspondent of Yeats, has undoubtedly the most extensive collection of his writings. He has many of Yeats's manuscripts and many books inscribed by the author. Mr. Quinn has assisted Mr. Yeats in securing American copyrights, and has himself printed privately several pamphlets and books which are actually first editions. The following is a list of these pieces:

Where There Is | Nothing | A Drama | In Five Acts | By | W. B. Yeats | John Lane | MCMII. Collation: Half-title, title, dedication, etc., pp. i.-viii.; text, pp. 1-99. Fifteen copies only were printed for copyright, in a gray paper cover, the first page from the types of the title-page. A second edition of thirty copies only was immediately struck from the same type on larger paper, but without publisher's name on the title, and with some errors in the text corrected; in pale green boards, with label. These two editions contain a dedication to Lady Gregory dated September 19, 1902, never reprinted. The book was not published by John Lane, but by the Macmillan Co., which brought it out, with other plays, the next year, as "The Hour-Glass and Other Plays." This volume has a new dedication to Lady Gregory, dated February, 1903.

The | Hour-Glass | A Morality | By | W. B. Yeats | London | Wm. Heinemann, 21 Bedford St., W. C. | 1903. Collation: Title, copyright, and text, pp. 1-14; blank, pp. 15-16. From the type of the *North American Review* for September, 1903, with special title as above, and altered page-numbers, without cover. Twelve copies only, of which six went for English copyright; of the remaining six, two sent by mail to England were lost, one was retained by the printer, and Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Mr. Quinn each own one.

The King's Threshold | A Play in Verse | By | W. B. Yeats | New York | Printed for Private Circulation | 1904. Collation: Half-title, title, prologue, etc., pp. i.-ix.; text, pp. 1-58. In gray boards. One hundred copies only, on old hand-made Italian paper.

The Golden Helmet | By | William Butler Yeats | Published | By | John | Quinn | New York, 1908. Collation: Limit notice, half-title, title, etc., pp. i.-viii.; text, pp. 9-33. Gray boards, with label; fifty copies.

The two little volumes "Representative Irish Tales," G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1891, have an introduction by Yeats which has never been reprinted, and these two volumes are necessary in a set of his first editions. The two volumes of "Poetical Works," published in New York by the Macmillan Co. in 1906-07, are also first editions. The text was newly revised; each volume contains a new introduction; Vol. I., three new poems; and Vol. II., one new poem. The works were not issued in this form in England. Laurence & Bullen, Yeats's English publishers, have nearly ready a new and uniform edition of his works in eight volumes, limited to a thousand sets. The last volume will contain a comprehensive bibliography.

The Jahrbuch der Bücherpreise, of which the first issue, that for 1906, was a volume of only 237 pages, has appeared for the year 1907 (Leipzig: Otto Harrassowitz) in a book of 414 pages, again with E. Beck as the author. It furnishes reports of the prices secured at the European book auctions, with the exception of the English. This new volume is particularly complete in reference to the literature of the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries.

The Anderson Auction Co. of this city has received from Ireland a small but choice collection of books relating to Napoleon and the French Revolution, mostly in French, the library of Gen. Daniel O'Connell.

E. Dwight Church of Brooklyn, the owner of one of the most valuable collections of rare books in this country, died August 30, at Westfield, Conn., in his seventy-third year. He was a graduate of the College of the City of New York.

Correspondence.

THE PERIL TO FRENCH SCHOLARSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Irving Babbitt in a letter to the *Nation*, July 2 (as also in a recently issued volume of essays: "Literature and the American College"), has suggested that we adopt the idea at least of the French *agrégation*—a higher degree, that is, conferred, not for premature specialization, but for thorough and continued work in the subject which the candidate for the degree seeks to profess. This seems to me one of the very few really pointed contributions to the discussion of our American graduate schools and their shortcomings that your correspondents have for so long been occupied with. Professor Babbitt notes in passing that a certain amount of "research" work is now demanded by students coming up for the *agrégation*, adding that this is, however, preceded by a solid grounding (in the case of literary studies) in the humanities, as also by a grounding in that subject elected by the candidate for the degree.

It is so obvious that we Americans need in some manner to react against existing conditions of graduate-school study and against the fallacies upon which programmes of work are founded (fallacies of "original research," of "contributions to the sum of human knowledge" by fledgeling or lop-sided investigators), and that in reacting against German tendencies the earlier French tradition may best serve to guide us, that one sees with something like consternation France, too, facing a crisis in methods of university instruction. To *L'Opinion*, a new weekly review issued at Paris, M. François Albert, himself *agrégé des lettres*, has just contributed two trenchant papers on "La Sorbonne germanisée" (July 18, August 8). His criticism of modern tendencies in the instruction offered at the Sorbonne must apply, and that ever more and more intimately, to conditions of higher education everywhere in France. Like the *Nation's* correspondents, M. Albert sees in premature specialization (here it is in specialization that immediately follows the attainment of the *baccalauréat*) more of peril than of profit. The student is taken out of the *lycée*, he writes, only to be taught to despise general culture, the sentiment for art (wherever found or applied) and the old-fashioned humanities—the best, that is, in the national tradition. He is, in a week's time after matriculation, set to work on the archives or the Corpus Inscriptionum Romanarum:

He is a votary of epigraphy before he knows his Greek and Latin authors. Every day youthful palæographers are set to work learnedly deciphering manuscript texts that they must realize they cannot so much as translate.

Anything to escape "æstheticism"—which is, to-day, a far lower condition than the state of blind ignorance.

Writing of an American "Ph.D." now teaching modern literature, Dr. S. P. Sherman has told the *Nation*, May 28, that this product of our "scientific" methods lectures to his classes on Rousseau's influence upon John Dryden. M. Albert, as if to cap the story (which is only too painfully authentic) tells *L'Opinion* of an honor-student's declaration that by the French Constitution of '75 the Chamber of Deputies elects the French ministers. "In twenty years," asserts this critic of "La Sorbonne germanisée," "our professorships will resemble our ministerial offices"—each professor serenely ignorant and contemptuous of what is going on in the lecture-room next to his own, as of what may have happened in other periods of literature or history than that which he has chosen for his own. And what are we to think of an examination for a *licence* to teach "history" where it is made up of three written tests, as follows:

Latin translation—2 points.
Composition on *Géographie humaine*—2 points.
Exercises in cartography—1 point.

The *licentia docendi*, the degree that precedes by some years the *agrégation*, and that formerly assured that grounding in the humanities which Professor Babbitt has commented upon as the possession of French *agrégés*, used to be awarded only after the passing of a general examination, which was more than a mere pendant to the examination in the special subject elected—the subject to be professed by successful candidates for this degree. To the fact that neither hasty cramming nor laborious lopsidedness (I have used some such phrase before: I repeat it wittingly) sufficed to prepare one for these examinations was in some degree due the general equipment which made French scholarship always respectable, and, at its best, admirably magisterial and philosophic. This year has seen the institution of a series of special licenses whence all general tests—except the Latin translation (under certain reservations)—have disappeared. The French composition has been entirely abandoned. "The qualities of order, clearness, and ease in the exposition of a subject are no longer found useful to an historian," the *Journal des Débats* remarks, with a fair degree of irony. But the practical effects of "scientific" inroads upon French literary and critical methods were seen many years ago: it was in 1880 that M. Stapfer wrote of contemporary Molière criticism:

All æsthetic study of his comedies was long since abandoned, and this great man is to-day . . . the object of nothing better than an arid erudition and a materialistic curiosity.

If there are to-day some signs of a reaction against these procedures, much ground remains to be regained in criticism as in the methods of higher education.

Fortunately, the picture of conditions in

the Sorbonne is, in M. Albert's two articles, unmistakably overcolored. If matters are better than they appear to him, it is, however—and this the *Débats* remarks in the article cited, August 11—only because the French faculties "are living on their reserves. Some of the most rabid partisans of specialization are, themselves, men of a rare general culture, men who began their specialization after they had seen both sides of the humauistic training, the strong and the weak." But optimists, like the writer in the *Débats*, and our own philologists, do not seem to pose this question: What of the rising generation, and the generations to come? The generations of professors who have labored, as students, not to instruct themselves, but to "add to the store of human knowledge"?

Perhaps both French and American universities will soon be able to clear these problems up. We, who have as few traditions in higher education as in other matters, will blunder awhile, then see the light. But it must be regretted that France, that has its traditions, should, more alive to the sources of La Fontaine's fables than to their homely morals, drop the substance for the tricky reflection in the stream below.

W. B. Blake.

Au Fort Bloqué, Morbihan, France, August 13.

THE DATE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "LEAR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "The date of the composition of this play ["Lear"]," wrote Dr. Furnivall (the Variorum edition, p. 377), "can be ascertained with an unusual degree of accuracy." The Stationers' Registers, as he points out, fix the year 1606 as the latest date. The earliest possible date has been the cause of a good deal of difference of opinion. Malone thought long ago he had settled the question in favor of October, 1604, and with him agreed Mr. Fleay; Mr. Aldis Wright shifted it to the summer of 1606; then Dr. Furnivall and others decided in favor of 1603. In Act iii., Scene 4, are mentioned the names of various hobgoblins—Modo, Mahu, Flibbertigibbet— and these names are found in a tract published by Dr. Harsnet in 1603 (pp. 45-50). This argument assumes, of course, that these names of the goblins were in the first draft of the play, and also that Shakespeare could not have possibly found out about them before the publication of the tract. It is equally a matter of course, that no definite evidence whatever of either assumption has been or is likely to be forthcoming, and an historian like myself, approaching a literary problem, is at once struck with the futility of reaching any conclusion in the face of the danger that the few words on which we are relying may have been interpolated in 1603 or later into the printed version of a play written or acted any number of years previous that you will. Nevertheless, without some such assumptions, we should never date any doubtful plays at all. Let us confine ourselves to an examination of the evidence adduced from the tract, which Dr. Furnivall admits is really the only bit of proof "that is sure beyond a peradventure."

The history of this tract and of the story told in it seems to me suggestive. A Catholic priest named Weston asserted that he had performed certain miracles, casting out devils, and the like, and he used these "facts" to prove the superiority of Catholicism over Protestantism, and his own superiority over other priests. The "miracles" seem to have been performed in the years 1584-1586, while Harsnet's tract did not see the light till 1603. The real issue in 1603 was not so much the "miracles" as the right of Weston to the leadership of Catholics in England. In 1594-5 Weston became the leader of the Jesuit party in the "Wisbeach Stirs," a violent intestinal quarrel among the secular priests in England, and as a consequence all his previous history was well aired. Among other things, appeared the story of his miracle working, used by him and his friends to prove his great sanctity, and employed by his adversaries to cast slurs upon him. In 1598, at the time of the appeal to Rome by his opponents, the lives of all concerned were diligently raked for scandalous misdemeanors, and all their deeds told to Catholics from one end of England to the other as far as such news could be spread by the limited means of communication then possible. The miracle working formed the text of Weston's party. Then from 1600 to 1603 came the crisis. The party opposed to Weston secured the support of the English government, and began to publish tracts to discredit their enemies. Bancroft, then Bishop of London, determined to deal with Weston's performances himself, and in 1601 or 1602 set to work on the tract later published in 1603 (for state reasons) over the name of his chaplain, Dr. Harsnet. Helped by the appellant priests, Bancroft collected evidence of Weston's doings from priests and laymen who had witnessed or heard of them. His progress was noted from week to week by Father Rivers, the Jesuit, in his letters to his superior at Rome, so that it is pretty clear that the fact and its details were well enough known to the gossips of the metropolis.

Is it likely that the witnesses themselves had not told these stories before, and that the tale of Weston's miracles had not been rehearsed with all possible embellishments in many a tavern and ale house in London? And if not before 1600, most certainly before 1603? In fact, that was the very reason which decided Bancroft to write his tract: the currency which the story had attained. In truth, it is not at all unlikely that the story which Dr. Harsnet later published had acquired firmness and consistency by its oft-repetition, and had in the course of its growth picked up the names of certain well-known and "popular" fiends.

There seems, therefore, to be some reason to believe that Shakespeare could have heard the names of the fiends, Modo, Mahu, and their ilk, in the gossip of the inns on the South Bank. There is some reason to think, though of the slightest, that the poet may have known Bancroft, and there is somewhat more reason to think that his patron, Southampton, knew the bishop. The story may have come direct through them. That, however, is at best an unusually nebulous conjecture; and it seems to be far more probable that he should learn the names from intercourse than that he should cull them out of a long and tiresome tract by the chaplain of the Bishop of London. Others than he seem to have known about them: from the Variorum edition (p. 194, note) we find that Latimer used nearly identical names long before 1603; the spelling of the names in the various editions of "Lear" is not uniform, and some are very near the earlier spelling used by Latimer. Is there not quite as much reason to suppose that both the play and the tract used names in common usage as to assume that one drew upon the other? Mr. Staunton seems to suggest as much (Variorum, p. 198). It is also rather remarkable that Shakespeare might very well have heard the names in 1594-5, and that an unidentified play of "Lear" was published in that year. Might this be Shakespeare's first edition? We may as well assume they were present in 1594 as in 1603.

The rest of the evidence does not seem inconsistent with an earlier date for "Lear" than 1603. In truth, the word "British-man" for "Englishmau," on which Malone relied, cannot be earlier than March, 1603, when James ascended the throne, though how Malone can deduce that it *could* not have been used before the proclamation of the royal title in October, 1604, is difficult for an historian to grasp, who knows how little common usage waits or depends on proclamations. That, however, is only one word, and may have been changed when the play was printed in 1606 or 1607.

I am quite well aware that I have merely piled up more conjectures upon an issue which can hardly be demonstrated one way or the other. We cannot, of course, prove that Shakespeare did not learn the names of the fiends from Harsnet's tract; but when we are at best conjecturing that he learned of them from that source, an even better conjecture seems to be supplied by the history of the tract itself.

Roland G. Usher.

Washington University, St. Louis, August 25.

REFORM IN LEGAL LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the movement for reform in legal language recently inaugurated in France—a matter referred to some time since in your columns—and of the fact that such a reform has long been vainly demanded by popular opinion in this country, some explanation of the nature of the reform and of the indifference of lawyers to the subject may be of interest. The indifference of the legal profession is due to the fact that the proposal is impracticable, and that the popular demand is based on a misconception. The language of the law is a subject upon which popular opinion is both ignorant and prejudiced. The general drift of that opinion was well epitomized in an editorial of the *Nation* of April 22:

> More than the windy philosopher or the quack doctor the man of the law traditionally holds the world enmeshed in his network of obscurities, redundancies, and obsolescences. And the bulk of humble opinion throughout the world and throughout the ages has been that the lawyer has developed and clings to his dialect solely with a view to his own profit.

This indictment of the legal profession and its technical language, though severe doubtless fairly reflects the prevailing opinion. Yet nothing could be more erroneous than this opinion.

To one who is conversant with the needs

and the history of legal terminology, the theory that any one of its many technical words was coined or kept in use by lawyers either "solely" or partly for their own profit is unthinkable. Most of the technical terms of English law were coined several thousand years ago; they were the product of the surpassing legal genius of the Romans, and they have expressed and preserved for future generations that vast store of legal wisdom found in the Roman civil law.

A thousand years or more after they had become embedded in Roman law, they began to be imported into English law, to give expression to the dawning legal conceptions of a young nation. And for centuries those Roman words and the conceptions for which they stood were invaluable in providing appropriate laws, for the growing state. In the course of its development English law thus imported from Roman law upwards of seventeen hundred words, nearly, if not quite, all of which met a felt want and served a useful purpose. Possibly a few terms were unnecessarily borrowed through pedantry or an affectation of Latinity, but the number is insignificant. The indebtedness of English law to Roman law in this regard is immeasurable. The adoption of Roman legal terminology with its corresponding legal conceptions not only gave to English law a terminology ready made, as it were, but also, in spite of insular prejudice and jealousy of Roman institutions and influence, enabled England, while maintaining her own peculiar institutions, to keep abreast in legal development with the Continental countries which adopted the civil law outright.

Like every other department of knowledge, legal science must have technical terms, and their meaning must be determined with absolute exactness. These exact meanings have been obtained at great cost, either by judicial decisions or legislative enactments; and words once given a definite legal meaning are necessarily clung to in a way which popular opinion is wholly unable to comprehend. The extent to which words have thus been given a fixed meaning is strikingly exhibited in a book recently published, consisting of eight volumes and containing no less than 132,000 judicial definitions. The value of these definitions is shown by the fact that of the more than 700 words in the will of the late Russell Sage only 35 had not been thus defined.

The popular notion, therefore, that lawyers originate and perpetuate technical words for their own profit, is grotesque. No lawyer of intelligence would do it if he could. On the contrary, probably the most profitable thing that could happen to lawyers would be a legislative enactment abolishing all technical terms and undertaking to express all existing laws in popular language. The uncertainty which would result would be a most prolific source of litigation. The "common language," as you well say, is "constantly slurring the meaning of words into broad and vague connotations," and for this reason it cannot express specialized thought with perfect accuracy.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, August 18.

NAVAL ESTABLISHMENTS ON SHORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the review of "The Art of Naval Warfare," by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, in your issue of August 27. May I, as a layman, be permitted to express my dissent from the opinion involved in your reviewer's commendation of the author's dictum regarding naval establishments on shore?

No portion of the naval expenditure of a country should be scrutinized more closely or incurred with greater reluctance than that devoted to their creation and expansion. . . . The number of government establishments of the kind in question should be kept as small as possible.

Let me say at the outset that I am heartily in accord with the *Nation* in its abhorrence of the movement to launch this country upon a career of boundless naval aggrandizement. To some extent, however, I do disagree with you in this, that, while the world-wide evil of continually increasing armaments cannot be too strongly denounced, I am willing to admit that when it comes to any particular country, say one's own country, the question of naval armaments still remains one to which there are two sides. There is nothing wild in maintaining that the United States ought to occupy a commanding position on the sea, and that it should be in a position to meet whatever may chance to come along. Now, what the *Nation* has reiterated time and again (and who can deny the justice of its contention?) is that the very existence of a large navy would tend more than anything else to involve us in international affairs inviting a resort to arms. President Roosevelt and his followers contend that an ample array of battleships is what is needed if we desire to maintain peace. Is it not possible to meet the advocates of this policy half-way without surrendering our position?

There would appear to be one way, and that is to provide ourselves with the means of bringing into existence at short notice an up-to-date navy of sufficient dimensions to render us invincible; in other words, to devote our main energies to the establishment of engineering works, capable of turning out fighting ships at a rate that could not possibly be equalled by an enemy not endowed with our extraordinary resources in iron and coal, and above all, money. Would not this kind of preparedness, whose attainment need not be at all to the prejudice of our fighting qualities, uphold the dignity of our flag as effectually as an immense fleet, with many of its members antiquated or obsolete? However moderate the annual addition to our fleet, the work of construction could be so distributed as to keep a corps of engineers and a body of artisans constantly in practice in each establishment.

With such a system of naval establishments, located on land-locked harbors, what power would ever deem us so unprepared for a conflict that it would be rash enough to provoke one? Our flag will be secure without a great navy as long as the world knows what resources are at our command. It has been so hitherto. In the days when we had no large fleet our flag was respected as it is now. The nations recognize the man behind the steam hammer as well as the man behind the gun.

L. H.

New York, August 31.

Notes.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September contains the lecture, "Edwin Lawrence Godkin," which James Ford Rhodes delivered at Harvard, April 13.

The authorized "Life of Grover Cleveland" is to be written by his friend John Finley, president of the College of the City of New York. Mr. Finley asks that persons having letters or other memorials of Mr. Cleveland will kindly lend them to him. All manuscripts will be promptly copied, and the originals returned to the owner. Communications should be addressed: President John Finley, College of the City of New York, St. Nicholas Terrace, New York City.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. promise for September "The Character of Jesus," by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson; "The Wider Life" and "Evening Thoughts," by Dr. J. R. Miller; "Old Man Coyote," an Indian fairy book by Clara K. Bayliss; "The Fire-Fly's Lovers," a Japanese fairy book by William E. Griffis; and "Stories of Persian Heroes," by E. M. W. Buxton.

Henry Frowde has become joint publisher for the Early English Text Society, whose next volume, due in September—Extra Series CII.—will be the "Promptorium Parvulorum," the first English-Latin Dictionary, about 1440, edited from the manuscript in the Chapter Library at Winchester, with introduction, notes, and glossaries, by A. L. Mayhew.

The "Handbook of Learned Societies and Institutions," of which the first volume, covering America, has been issued recently by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, was one of the first undertakings proposed to the trustees by its advisory committee on bibliography. The work was entrusted to the Librarian of Congress, and has been in charge of J. David Thompson of the library staff and Mrs. Lucy C. Daniels Thompson. The present volume, of nearly six hundred pages, gives data concerning some five hundred societies and institutions, the latter including chiefly universities and natural history museums, but neither art museums nor libraries, though the admission of such libraries and art galleries as publish real contributions to knowledge would have enhanced the value of the work. The further omission of medical and agricultural societies and institutions, and of civic leagues must also be regarded as a serious drawback. Within its field, however, the book cannot fail to be highly appreciated by librarians and scientific workers in general. The information offered is just what one wishes to know in regard to the history and organization of each institution—its address and the name of its secretary, with list of its publications, both regular and special. A work of this kind has long been a desideratum, being, to quote Mr. Thompson's address before the Conference of Librarians at St. Louis, "an indispensable preliminary to bibliographical work in any region of knowledge." It is therefore a cause for surprise to find from the preface to the volume that the publication of the remainder of the material, which is all collected and ready for the press, seems to be indefinitely postponed:

Pending decision as to further publication, the remaining material relating to so-

cieties and institutions in the Old World will, for the present, be kept on file for consultation at the Library of Congress.

It would seem that the authorities of the Institution might regard themselves as under peculiar obligations to complete without unnecessary delay this work which has been so widely announced. But bibliography and anything that savors of it has apparently fallen into bad repute with the Carnegie Institution. The dictum of its president, that bibliography is merely "the platitude of science," was evidently quite seriously made: witness the discontinuance, after the issue of one volume, of the much-heralded annual bibliography of "Writings on American History," and the threat that the "Index Medicus" also will be discontinued, unless the medical profession comes to the rescue with financial aid. The Carnegie Institution is not a money-making concern, dependent for success on the sale of its publications. It was founded in aid of science as such, and it was expected to prepare and publish particularly such works as could not expect success as commercial ventures. One would certainly suppose that its authorities, before taking up a certain work, should count the cost, and, having begun it, should carry it to completion.

"American Business Enterprise: A Study in Industrial Organization," by Douglas Knoop (Manchester University Press), is a report made by the holder of a Gartside scholarship, as the outcome of a nine months' tour in the United States in 1906-7. Part i., consisting of a single chapter, sketches the general aspects of business enterprise in this country. In social equality and in the constant opportunities for rising in the industrial scale, the writer finds two of the main causes for the success of our industrial life. When he touches on the financial organization of industry he occasionally makes a mistake. On p. 29 he concludes that "when watering of stocks occur [*sic*], it is a much greater evil" in Great Britain than on "the other side of the Atlantic." This conclusion is based on the idea that "often the only people to lose are the promoters and underwriters" in the United States, whereas in England, the loss falls on "the general public, who bought the ordinary shares at par." Here one fears the Greeks, even when bearing such complimentary gifts. The better part of the work is the second, where an analysis is made of the structure of manufacturing industry, and of the relations between manufacturers, middlemen, and retailers. The size of industrial units in various lines of production is investigated with intelligence. The process of integration by which the manufacturer undertakes the making of preliminary products required for his main output, is well explained, and its advantages and limitations put sharply. The most instructive matter is the detailed explanation of the practice of various typical industries in marketing their wares. The range of methods, many of them mixed, runs from entire dependence on brokers, commission houses, or jobbers, without any attempt to prescribe retail prices, to the entire elimination of jobbers and the dictation of retail prices, which the Standard Oil Company has accomplished.

Ginn & Co. have just issued a handsome quarto entitled "The World's Commercial Products: A Descriptive Account of the Economic Plants of the World and of Their Commercial Uses," by W. G. Freeman and S. E. Chandler. It is a readable, non-technical account of vegetable products designed for human use. It contains a wealth of illustration, partly in colors, but mainly taken from photographs which give a vivid presentation of the varied processes of tilling the soil in all countries of the globe, and with all sorts of implements from the most primitive to the most complex. The exposition verges at times on the popular, even the naïve, rather than the scientific. An important omission is a summary of the commercial values and exportable surplus of the agricultural staples of different lands. The sole exception to the above stricture must be made in the case of wheat. It seems rather surprising that the important cattle foods obtain such cursory notice. Hay, for example, seems to be entirely overlooked, and the word does not appear in the index. The book contains a series of world maps indicating the geographical sources of each important product. These maps, together with the illustrations, are perhaps as valuable as the letterpress itself.

"Colonel Saunderson, M. P.," by Reginald Lucas (E. P. Dutton & Co.), describes an able man who yet was of only secondary importance in English politics, and who will not interest a very large number of Americans. He was a type of the great Irish land-holders, and in Parliament as a member from Ulster played the part of a stout Unionist, opposing home rule with might and main. In character he embodied quite picturesquely incongruous qualities; he had the usual tastes of a country gentleman, was an athlete, almost an acrobat, a perfect horseman, a skilled billiard player, a zealous yachtsman, constructing as well as sailing his boats; in quieter lines he sketched well, was a remarkable cartoonist, and famed as a wit in the London clubs; with all this he was assiduous in Parliament, a well-informed and ready debater against Gladstone or whatever radical champion might present himself. To crown all, he was devotedly religious after the evangelical type, praying and exhorting among circles high and low. His career was parallel with those of men like John Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, Randolph Churchill, Parnell, John Morley, and Joseph Chamberlain. Though he was not in the first rank, to read this book puts one in close contact with men of the first rank and with the momentous events in English history for the past forty years.

Maria A. Hoyer's "By the Roman Wall" (London: David Nutt) is a mild and amateurish little book, fitly sub-titled, "Notes on a Summer Holiday." Two ladies spend a week or two in following the line of Hadrian's Wall, looking up, with praiseworthy zeal, all the discoverable antiquities, and thrilling pleasantly over all the associations.

Charles M. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," a narrative of adventurous explorations in Central Arabia, was first published by the Cambridge University Press nearly twenty years ago. A condensation by Edward Garnett, under the title "Wanderings in Arabia," is now issued in two volumes of some three hundred pages each (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). Mr. Garnett says in his introduction:

While the learned world of European scientists devoted to the study of Arabia and its problems, geographical, geological, archæological, botanical, ethnological, and philological, has acknowledged its lasting debt to Mr. Doughty, both English literary men and the reading public at large have come into contact with the work scarcely at all.

This failure of the book to attract the general reader was due in part to the great length of the original edition and to the technical nature of much of the material. By excision of the passages of interest to the few Mr. Garnett hopes to show that this "may rank as a classic among the great travel books in our literature." These volumes are certainly of extraordinary interest. It must be said that the style presents some difficulties. The first fifty pages are hard reading; for the author is unduly fond of archæisms. But the reader, once he has fallen into the swing of the narrative, will find this a vivid and an absorbing picture of life among the wild Bedouins on the vast stretches of the Arabian deserts. With a few medicines, a few books, and a pistol in his bosom Doughty wandered from tribe to tribe and from oasis to oasis for more than two years. His hosts were fanatical Moslems, but he boldly avowed himself a Nasrâny, and though he had some narrow escapes from death, he seems to have charmed the most hostile by his frankness:

It had cost me little or naught to confess Konfuchu or Socrates to be apostles of Ullah; but I could not find it in my life to confess the barbaric prophet of Mecca and enter under the yoke, into their solemn fools' paradise.

The characters and customs of these dwellers in the booths of black-hair are presented with many intimate details. Most readers will be struck by the numerous descriptions which recall passages in the Old Testament and throw light on the manners and beliefs of the ancient Hebrews. We might quote at length, but we choose only a single short passage:

Sultry was our journey, and we alighted at half-afternoon, where we found shadows of some great rocks with tolh trees, and pasture for the camels. The men rested and drank coffee; the housewives also kindled fires and baked scanty cakes, under the ashes, of their last barley meal.

"The Meitheis," by T. C. Hodson, and "The Mikirs," by the late Edward Stack (the competent editor of both works is Sir Charles J. Lyall) are parts of a series of descriptive monographs on the more important tribes and castes of Assam, being published by the government of the province (London: David Nutt). The rare vestiges of prehistoric society are being rapidly swept away by advancing civilization—a railway now traverses the Mikir country—and accordingly the British officials are directed to collect information in regard to popular customs, religious beliefs, traditions, and government. Mr. Stack's work, interrupted by his premature death, is largely linguistic. He was enthusiastically aided by a bright young Mikir lad, a convert of the American Baptist Mission, who related many of the stories of which his people are very fond. Three of these tales are reproduced here, both in their original language and in an English translation. The best is a remarkably complete and interesting version of the widespread folk-tale of the Swan-

maidens. The Meitheis are described as a "singular oasis of comparative civilization and organized society, set in a congeries of barbarous peoples." Agriculture is the chief occupation of the people. Widows may remarry, but the education of women has not made much progress:

The failure is not improbably due to the rumor, started by malignity and disseminated by stupidity, that as soon as the girls had been satisfactorily taught to read, write, and speak English, they were to be shipped off to England, where there was said to be a scarcity of marriageable women.

In this volume, which contains very minute details in regard to laws, customs, and religion as well as a section on language and grammar, there are also some folk-tales. Among these is the popular story of the distressful loves of Khamba and Thoibi, which is illustrated by reproductions in color of five interesting paintings by a native artist. The other illustrations are from photographs and chromo-lithographs, based on photographs. Each volume has also an excellent map and an index.

Students of German literature will read with interest Richard Urban's "Die literarische Gegenwart: 20 Jahre deutschen Schrifttums, 1888-1908," just published (Leipzig: Xenienverlag), with a portrait of Gerhart Hauptmann and a brief introduction by the Berlin novelist, Max Kretzer. The book gives a clear and concise survey of the evolution of German polite literature during the last twenty years, and the author shows fine discrimination, sound judgment, and praiseworthy impartiality in the selection of his material—a rather difficult task in treating contemporary writers.

A series of *Dorfbilder* from Transylvania, by R. Ziegler, containing poetical descriptions of rural life in winter and summer, has been published under the title "Wenn die Ähren reifen." (Berlin: Karl Curtius).

As the twentieth volume of the Bibliothek deutscher Schriftsteller aus Böhmen, Josef Bayer publishes a series of instructive literary essays, "Studien und Charakteristiken: Dramaturgisches und Erinnerungen an Persönlichkeiten" (Prague: Calve). The volume, which contains fifty essays and covers a variety of subjects, is really the second edition of the author's "Literarisches Skizzenbuch," issued in 1905.

David Neumark has published (Berlin: G. Reimer) the first volume of what promises to be a comprehensive work, "Geschichte der jüdischen Philosophie des Mittelalters nach Problemen dargestellt." This volume is devoted exclusively to an introduction, and to a discussion of the principles of this philosophy, both as to matter and form. The author presents an abundance of new data on the philosophical contents of post-Biblical Jewish literature, as also new interpretations of generally known facts, especially on the relation of Jewish thought to Platonism and Aristotelianism.

Of the conservative Kommentar zum Neuen Testament, edited by Prof. Theodor Zahn of Erlangen, Volume XI. has just appeared (Leipzig: A. Deichert). It contains an excellent explanation of Philippians, by Prof. Paul Ewald of Erlangen. Further volumes are announced by Prof. E. Riggenbach of Basel, and Prof. R. Seeberg of Berlin.

In a volume entitled "Katholizismus und Protestantismus in Geschichte, Religion, Politik und Kultur" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer) Dr. Karl Sell, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Bonn, treats the comprehensive and somewhat complicated subject, not from an apologetical or polemical, but from a strictly historical point of view, and with the scientific and tolerant spirit which those who are familiar with his numerous works would naturally expect. He traces the development of Catholicism and Protestantism from their origin to the present day, shows their influence upon political institutions and intellectual culture, and adds some appropriate remarks on the antagonism of the Pope to Modernism as officially expressed in the recent "Encyclica Pascendi."

A province of scientific research, in which Professor Sell has made some valuable studies, namely, the psychology of religion, has been specially investigated by Dr. Theodor Kappstein of the University of Berlin in his "Psychologie der Frömmigkeit" (Leipzig: M. Heinsius Nachfolger). One of the first German books on this subject was Vorbrodt's "Psychologie des Glaubens" (1895), but it attracted very little attention. The author then established the *Zeitschrift für Religionspsychologie*, which, after a time, awakened considerable interest in the subject.

The sixth and last volume of the "Norsk Forfatterlexikon, 1814-1880" (Lexicon of Norwegian Authors), by J. B. Halvorsen, has just been completed by the issue of the sixty-sixth fascicle, pages 657 to 750 of the sixth volume. The work has been coming out for twenty-seven years, and the author himself, who regarded this as the main task of his life, did not live to see it completed. The last two volumes have been made ready for the press, partly on the basis of the papers left by Mr. Halvorsen, but largely on the ground of independent studies by Dr. Halvdan Koht, one of the editors of Ibsen's letters. We reviewed Halvorsen's work in 1886 (July 22, p. 82) soon after the completion of the first volume, but the importance of the work justifies our reverting to it. It is indispensable to any thorough study of Norwegian literature of the nineteenth century. The method of publication necessitated some unevenness in the treatment of the different articles. Björnstjerne Björnson (62 pages), for example, is carried only to March, 1884, whereas Ibsen (93 pages) is complete to November, 1889. Both biographical and bibliographical data are given very fully. That the officials of Norway have had a high opinion of the value of this undertaking is shown by the fact that the authors, first Mr. Halvorsen and afterwards Dr. Koht, have for many years had a grant from the national treasury in order to enable them to devote their time entirely to this work. The publication has been carried on by an association of Norwegian publishers, since the cost of such an enterprise would be beyoud the resources of an individual.

Of interest to phoneticians and dialect students is a booklet just published by Prof. Johan Storm of Christiania University, "Norsk Lydskrift" (Norwegian Sound Notation), giving also an outline of phonetics. The present booklet completes a treatise the beginnings of which were published in the defunct periodical *Norvegia*. Of special importance is the author's discussion of the production of vowel sounds. He takes issue with the opinion of Sweet and other English phoneticians as to the meaning of the terms "narrow" and "wide" in vowel formation.

At German universities this summer 3,594 foreigners matriculated, as compared with 3,861 last winter, and 3,766 last summer. For some time there has been a steady decrease. The foreigners now number only 7.5 per cent. of the entire attendance, as contrasted with 9.2 three semesters ago. According to studies the foreigners are divided as follows: Medicine, 944; philosophy, philology, and history, 826; mathematics and natural sciences, 630; law, 426; agriculture, 304. Of these students, Berlin has 869, Munich 566, Leipzig 504, Heidelberg 237, while Rostock has 19, Erlangen 32, and Münster only 10. Of the total number, 3,148 come from European countries, 252 from America, 179 from Asia—mostly Japanese—11 from Africa, and 4 from Australia.

The University of Heidelberg has a Journalistische Bibliothek, for which the funds were collected during the past twelvemonths. It is established by Prof. Ad. Koch, in commemoration of the completion of the first decade of his Journalistisches Seminar. The Verein Deutscher Zeitungsverleger has agreed to furnish the bulk of the material for research in the history, etc., of journalism.

Brussels has in late years become the headquarters of so many international societies, that an Office Central des Institutions Internationales has been opened, and a Bulletin is being published.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, who had been master of St. John's College, Cambridge, died at Nuremberg, August 12. He was born in 1840 and educated at Kings College School, London, and St. John's, Cambridge. His early work was in mathematics, and from 1862 to 1867 he was one of the editors of the *Messenger of Mathematics*, but he was more distinguished as a Hebrew scholar. Among his publications are "Geometrical Conics" (1863), "The Elementary Geometry of Conics" (1872), "The Dirge of Coheleth Discussed and Literally Interpreted" (1874), "Sayings of the Jewish Fathers" (1877), "An Introduction to the Ancient and Modern Geometry of Conics" (1881), "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" (1886), "An Essay on the Theology of Didache" (1889), "The Witness of Hermas to the Four Gospels" (1892), "The Oxyrhynchus Logia and the Apocryphal Gospels" (1899), "The Oxyrhynchus Sayings of Jesus" (1905), and "The Shepherd of Hermas in Early Church Classics" (1903-6). He edited a number of texts, and contributed to dictionaries of the Bible, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the *Journal of Philology*, the *Journal of Theological Studies*, the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, and the *Alpine Journal*.

The Rev. Dr. John Robson, one of the founders of the Rajputana Mission and moderator of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, 1899-1900, died last month at Lochranza, Arran. Among his publications are "Hinduism and Chris-

tianity," "The Bible: Its Revelation and Inspiration," "The Holy Spirit, the Paraclete," "Primer of Missions," and "Jeremiah the Prophet."

Dr. Rudolf Ehlers has died at Frankfort at the age of seventy-four. He was one of the editors of *Zeitschrift für praktische Theologie*. Among his publications are "Das alte Gesetz und die neue Zeit" (1877), "Bilder aus dem Leben des Apostels Paulus" (1886), "Aus festlichen Stunden: Von Advent bis Pfingsten" (1895), and "Das apostolische Glaubensbekenntnis" (1898).

Giuseppe Chiarini, who died early in August, in his seventy-eighth year, was one of the few Italians who have seriously concerned themselves with foreign literature. Goethe, Körner, Burns, Shelley, Byron, and Swinburne were among the authors he may fairly be said to have introduced to modern Italy. Heine enlisted his especial enthusiasm, and he was an assiduous translator of the poet of the "Lieder." Chiarini was the life-long friend of Carducci, and perhaps his best-known work is the defence of the metres of "Odi barbare." In "Lachrymæ," Chiarini essayed himself a poetry of proselike simplicity which made its stir, but has held few admirers. D'Annunzio's early work enlisted his enthusiasm, a mood soon exchanged for bitter condemnation of the later volumes. Like so many literary men in Italy, Chiarini was most of his life in the public service, holding an important position under the Ministry of Public Instruction. Not a great writer, he was a cultivated, persuasive, and useful critic.

Anton Giulio Barrili, the novelist, died at Genoa August 15, in his seventy-first year. As soldier, journalist, novelist, and professor, he represented perfectly the exuberant vitality of the young generation that made United Italy. He fought with Garibaldi in '59, '66, and '67 (Mentana), was editor of an influential Genoese paper, *Il Movimento*, in his twenty-second year. His novels are reckoned by the dozens, and most of them have gone through many editions. "L'Olmo e l'edera," "Come in sogno," and "La Notte del commendatore" may be named as among the more popular. He was thoroughly saturated with the sentimentalism of his generation, and none of his works seem likely to live. A most attractive figure as a man, he was beloved by his students and readers. A year ago last January the press and literary men of Italy joined in a remarkable testimonial to him. His too fluent novels often showed a whimsical and spontaneous humor, a quality very rare in modern Italian letters.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

"Lives of Great English Writers" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Walter S. Hinchman and Prof. Francis B. Gummere, is put forth with a hope of usefulness to the student and to the general reader. The book, which is well-indexed and provided with a select bibliography, consists of thirty-four biographical essays on representative writers from Chaucer to Browning. The various periods of literary history are connected by short links suggesting the character of the transitions. The preface anticipates criticism for sins of omission and inclusion; otherwise we should complain that the gulf between Chaucer and Raleigh is not so void as the absence of any representative makes it appear; that the minor poets of the seventeenth century are too numerous and too significant to neglect; and that of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne at least one should be included. At the same time, of those chosen we should hesitate to reject one. As for the treatment of the individual writers, the collaboration of Mr. Hinchman and Professor Gummere seems happy. There is no rhapsody, there are many facts, and the style is clear, competent, and animated. In so far as they have lived up to their intention to avoid "barren formulas and catch-words about æsthetic values" and "all literary criticism save that which serves to characterize the writers and give them their due places"—in so far they have sacrificed the general reader. But their intention frequently relaxes into vivacity and, occasionally, into unsoundness. For example, Professor Gummere says of Shakespeare: "He was neither a great moralist, nor, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, 'a friend and aider to those who would live in the spirit' "—a bit of purely "personal" criticism against which many readers of Shakespeare would heartily and justifiably protest. Such lapses, however, are exceptional. In general, the criticism is sound, conservative, and illuminating, and the book should do good service. "Teachers' Outlines for Studies in English," by Gilbert Sykes Blakely (American Book Company), is a useful little manual adapted to a specific purpose and free from nonsense. It is based on the requirements for admission to college, and offers a simple and sensible method for elementary study of the novel, narrative poetry, lyric poetry, the drama, and the essay. Under each of these literary forms are outlines with questions and suggestions on a representative group of books from the required list. There is also an appendix containing specimen entrance examinations in English from various leading colleges.

"English Poems" by Edward Chauncey Baldwin and Harry G. Paul, assistant professors of English literature at the University of Illinois (American Book Co.), is an anthology of 333 pages extending from Chaucer to Tennyson with 65 additional pages of notes. The authors offer a timely apology for putting another collection of this sort before the public; but they believe that questions and information included in the notes will make the book useful to teachers and students. Some of their questions are easier to ask than to answer; but they will serve well enough to start the ball rolling, and will doubtless be welcomed by many teachers who cannot see what there is to ask about lyric poetry. Miss M. Bentinck Smith has edited for school use the much-edited "Prologue" and "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer (Cambridge University Press). The editorial work is full and competent, but naturally not very original. The introductory matter includes an outline of Chaucer's grammar and metre, and there are notes and a vocabulary. Browning's "Strafford," edited by Hereford B. George (Henry Frowde), is a satisfactory reading edition of the play, supplied with a brief introduction, a few notes, and a bad preface. Mr. George was evidently much at a loss for an excuse to publish when he hit upon the idea that the upper forms in the schools "should see for themselves that the greatest of English dramatists is not the only one." It is well, indeed, that pupils of the upper forms should know that Shakespeare is not the only English dramatist; but it is not well that they should think Browning the best or even the most available of the other dramatists; for any pupil with sufficient maturity and vigor of intellect not to think "Strafford" dull could safely be introduced to a dozen English writers far above mediocrity who are much better representatives of the dramatic tradition than Browning. The edition is attractive enough, however, to dispense with the preface.

"Argumentation and Debating," by Prof. William Trufant Foster of Bowdoin (Houghton, Mifflin Company), is one of the most satisfactory books in this field. A pupil of Prof. George P. Baker, the pioneer in reducing argumentation to a teachable art, Professor Foster shares with his former teacher a conviction of the vitality of the subject. His book is therefore not an academic formulation of principles; it is an inside view of the art presented by one conversant with all its difficulties and delights. While it insists rigorously upon method, order, and system, as the "backbone of argument," it avoids all pedantries of classification and terminology, and addresses itself strictly to practical ends. It shows, for example, precisely how to get to work at analyzing the proposition—one of the most difficult tasks for the beginner. A copious appendix gives specimens of analysis, briefs, material for briefing, a forensic, and a complete specimen debate, a model for instruction to judges and for the formation of a debating league, together with 275 debatable propositions. In conclusion we cannot help remarking that this is in the best sense of the word a very moral book: a course founded upon it would have none of the musical and knicknackical qualities of the "literary" curriculum, but would make certainly for the discipline of will and reason and the formation of character.

Chardenal's "French Course" (Allyn & Bacon) was for many years one of the most successful texthooks for the study of French. Of late it has been somewhat pushed aside by more "scientific" methods. It has now been revised and rewritten by a competent teacher, M. S. Brooks of the Brookline (Mass.) High School, and will probably renew its youth. The value of Chardenal's Course depends on its sometimes tedious, but nevertheless useful, drill by constant repetition. "Selected Poems by Victor Hugo," prepared by Prof. A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr, is one of the most satisfactory of the recent issues in Heath's Modern Language Series, and does not suffer, as some other advanced texts in the same series, from undue parsimoniousness of selection or of editing. These extracts are appropriate, well grouped, and accompanied by suitable comment, including introductory pages on Hugo's influence on French verse. The latest volumes in the Oxford Higher French Series (Henry Frowde) are marked by the same creditable standard of criticism and annotation as their predecessors. The gathering into one volume of Sainte-Beuve's essays on Cor-

neille, Racine, and Molière was a happy thought. The selections from Théophile Gautier's poetry, from Quinet, and particularly from the writings of Auguste Angellier, will appeal to a somewhat smaller set of initiated teachers and students. The choice of editors such as Prof. Émile Legouis and Charles Cestre of Lyons, of whom the latter got part of his training, by the way, in America, guarantees scholars at home both in French and in English.

Among new German text-books one may pick out Prof. O. Heller's edition of Baumbach's "Der Schwiegersohn" (Henry Holt & Co.), with its amusing sidelights on German educational manners and customs as well as bourgeois prejudices; and also Prof. L. A. Rhoades's "Selections from Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics" (American Book Co.). Both books are accompanied by exercises and elaborate vocabularies. In the case particularly of Schiller this concession, of late so prevalent among our publishers, to the physical inertia of American schoolboys and their aversion to the use of genuine dictionaries, is to be regretted.

An interesting event is the publication of a complete annotated edition of Terence (Henry Frowde). Heretofore no such edition has been issued in this country. In England many years ago Wagner attempted the task, but this work has long been out of date in both text and metre. In Germany, too, no editor has in recent times published notes to all the plays. Prof. S. G. Ashmore of Union College has therefore done a real service in preparing this complete edition, with an introduction of sixty-eight pages, the Suetonian life of Terence, 319 pages of notes, and a careful index. For the first time teacher and student have in a single volume a variety of material which is indispensable to a proper study of Terence. For example, the prologues throw a flood of light on the relations subsisting between Terence and his contemporaries, and on the human jealousy felt by his less successful rivals. They aid also to a right conception of Terence's consummate art. In these prologues Terence tells us himself that he had practised *contaminatio; i. e.,* that he had combined materials from two or more Greek plays. Yet modern scholarship has been unable to find the joints where the materials have been put together. Professor Ashmore's book is marked by sanity, by care, by fine literary instinct, for Professor Ashmore is master of an excellent English style, something all too rare in classical text-books. The introduction discusses clearly and well such topics as the history of Greek and Roman comedy, the plays of Terence, Terence's influence upon literature, and the production of plays. In no English book are these matters treated, on the whole, with greater fulness. If there be any serious defect it is that the introduction does not contain a detailed treatment of the language and style of Terence. This defect is offset, however, by the abundant references to such topics in the notes. A meritorious edition of Æneid I.-VI. has been prepared by Prof. H. R. Fairclough of Leland Stanford University and S. L. Brown, principal of the Wellesley High School (B. H. Sanborn & Co.). The introduction treats sympathetically Virgil's life, writings, and character. One rather questions the value of the list of the terms with definitions for figures of rhetoric and syntax. It seems better to omit most of such terms from elementary teaching; they often prove a bar to right thinking and true apprehension. The notes lay stress on the literary and artistic aspects of the Æneid. In a very attractive volume Henry Frowde has published a translation by W. H. Fyfe of Merton College of the minor works of Tacitus (the "Dialogus de Claris Oratoribus," the "Agricola," and the "Germania"). Mr. Fyfe's translation reads uncommonly well; it gives, save for a few details (wherein, perhaps, personal bias for certain interpretations affects the reviewer), a faithful reproduction of the original, if one allows that the peculiarly Tacitean style is incapable of exact reproduction in English. Prefixed to the translation is a brief introduction; there are also a few pages of notes. Mr. Fyfe accepts the "Dialogus" as by Tacitus; he gives no hint that its authorship has ever been called in question. Mr. Fyfe also indicates well the development of Tacitus's style, from the partial Ciceronianism of the "Dialogus" to the characteristic rhetoric of his later works. He holds that the "Agricola" is a defence of a party, of the "dreary provincials, whose careful ways and prudent middle course offended and rather disgusted the Roman aristocrats." Mr. Fyfe does not believe that Tacitus had personal knowledge of the German tribes:

> He writes always with an eye on Roman society. It is rather as if a modern English satirist should embody his criticism of London manners in a popular pamphlet on Boer society.

H. C. Pearson's "Latin Prose Composition" (American Book Company), based on Cæsar and Cicero, originally published in 1903 in a single volume, has been reissued in two volumes. It is thought that in its present form the work will better serve the needs of the schools, in which the work in Cæsar and that in Cicero come usually in different years. The books seem to be the result of an effort to gain the advantages claimed for a composition manual based on the text which the pupil is reading, while meeting the main criticism that works of that type render systematic development of syntactical knowledge and orderly grasp of vocabulary impossible. The student is warned to rely for the Latin words he needs on the text of Cæsar or Cicero, not on the English-Latin vocabulary (of fifteen pages) printed at the close of each book. But the inclusion of such a vocabulary seems an admission that the books will prove ineffective in an important part of the plan on which they are made.

The increasing attention paid to Greek archæology has led to closer study of Pausanias, the Greek traveller of the second century. Since 1896 at least two critical editions of the text have appeared in Germany, one equipped with a commentary. In England Frazer has produced a monumental work in six volumes, giving a translation of Pausanias's entire work and discussing many points in detail. Mr. Frazer has also published a useful book entitled "Pausanias and Other Sketches." In this country Pausanias has not been accessible for ordinary reading courses or ordinary students of Greek topography until Prof. Mitchell Carroll of the George Washington University brought out a book entitled "The Attica of Pausanias" (Ginn & Co.). The text of Book i., the most important of the ten books, covering Pausanias's account of Attica and of the neighboring districts of Eleusis and Megara, is printed entire. The introduction deals briefly but well with Pausanias's life and work, his style, and the question of his indebtedness to earlier authors. Professor Carroll holds that Pausanias is essentially trustworthy, that Pausanias saw with his own eyes most of the things of which he writes. There is an elaborate topical outline of the Attica, which will help the reader to "follow the somewhat tortuous course of the author." The notes are mostly archæological in character. The appendix deals with the manuscripts and with various works treating of Pausanias in general and of Attica in particular. There is also a select bibliography in connection with the twelve excursuses, which deal with such subjects as the Agora of Athens, the Enneacrounos and its neighborhood, the so-called Theseum, the Parthenon, and the old Athena temple, topics which the editor found it impossible to treat adequately in the notes. Professor Carroll presents the several problems concisely and states his own conclusions clearly. In most matters he agrees with Dörpfeld. Altogether the book should prove decidedly useful.

The growing list of collections of source material in English for the elementary study of mediæval history receives a worthy addition in Frederic A. Ogg's "Source Book of Mediæval History" (American Book Company). The selection, which covers the period from the invasions to the early Renaissance, has been made on the principles of subordinating purely documentary matter to narrative pieces, such as annals, chronicles, and biography; and of giving a few passages at length rather than many in fragmentary form. Valuable and distinctive features are the introductions to the various extracts and an unusually full provision of explanatory footnotes. The personal equation in compilations of this sort is so far entitled to respect that criticism of what has been included or omitted ought always to be restrained; but we cannot help wishing that the economic life and the culture of the Middle Ages had found fuller treatment in Mr. Ogg's book, and that the "foreshadowings of the Reformation" had not been confined to a single indication—the reply of Wyclif to the summons of Pope Urban VI.

We cannot but think that the multiplication of such books as the "Outline for Review: American History," by Charles B. Newton and Edwin B. Treat (American Book Company), must tend, in the long run, to the injury of historical instruction in the schools. While even the best teacher may profit by seeing how fellow-members of the craft do their work, a book of ready-made outlines like this is too often an irresistible temptation to the ignorant or indifferent teacher to neglect that which he ought eventually to do for himself. Moreover, such "aids," especially when, as in this case, the subject matter of the outline is quite devoid of distinction, go far to confirm in both teacher and pupil the pernicious impression that history has been learned when a classified collection of incidents, names, and dates has been mastered. A further serious objection to the present volume is the lite-

rary, or unliterary, form in which much of the outline material is couched. Titles, dates, phrases, and names are interspersed with half-formed or incomplete sentences in a way admirably fitted to demoralize the pupil's style and make trouble for the English department; for if this sort of thing is good enough for a book, why is it not good enough for a theme? On the whole, we think the volume might better have been dispensed with. Prof. A. B. Hart's "Manual of American History, Diplomacy, and Government" (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University) is a revision and expansion of material embodied in four earlier publications issued as "Outlines," "Suggestions for Students," "Revised Suggestions," and "Hand-Book," but with the historical portion brought down to 1898. The scheme includes both long and short courses in each of the three fields indicated in the title, with classified lists of readings under each topic, some hundreds of subjects for written reports, selected lists of authorities, both primary and secondary, and detailed directions for the use of books and libraries and the preparation of written work. As compared with its predecessors, the "Manual" gives increased prominence to economic, social, and diplomatic interests. Professor Hart has the faculty of showing the student how to work without at the same time doing the work for him; and the present volume, whether as an aid to teachers in the organization and conduct of systematic courses, or as a hand-book for students in connection with lectures, is easily without a rival for orderly arrangement, bibliographical completeness, and practical helpfulness. The only drawback is the absence of an index.

Robert H. Fuller's "Government by the People" (The Macmillan Co.) is a useful description, in systematic and rigidly condensed form, of the laws and customs regulating the American electoral system and party organization and work. The details of divergent practice are carefully summarized, with only so much reference to historical development as is necessary to explain current usage; while the New York system is set forth at length by way of concrete illustration. The account of the organization of the Republican and Democratic machinery in New York city is one of the best that we have seen, and ought to be read by every voter. The scheme of the work forbids much in the way of reflection or comment, but the author does not fail to point out the inseparable connection between politics and morals, and the responsibility of the citizen for party wrongdoing. The book should prove useful for reference, and for instuction in college courses in government. An appendix gives the party platform of 1904

Never before was rivalry in the production of textbooks of elementary mathematics so intense. The competition has already resulted in marked improvement in depth, clarity, and elegance of exposition, and in dignity of content. Not only have certain traditional themes of the elementary books been found too advanced for the beginner, but, on the other hand, the elements of many inspiring doctrines, as the theory of point-sets or that of the complex variable, hitherto reserved for graduate years, have been found available for sub-freshman instruction. Indeed the contrast between the very best of the recent books, such as Fine's "College Algebra," Halsted's "Rational Geometry," and W. B. Smith's "Introductory Modern Geometry," and the best of their predecessors of a generation ago, is comparable to that between the automobile and the ox-cart. The "High-School Algebra" (Boston: Allyn & Bacon), by Profs. H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes, is in two separately bound parts, elementary and advanced. The former is chiefly notable for its felicitous presentation of algebra, in accordance with the Newtonian conception, as an easy and natural generalization of arithmetic, formal argumentation being reserved for the advanced course. In this the march of formal thought, beginning with an exquisite treatment of the fundamental laws, is relieved by fresh examples and applications. While the authors have lucidly explained the incomplete traditional view of mathematical induction, they have not set it in modern light. We regret that this mode of argument, which no less an authority than Poincaré regards as mathematical reasoning *par excellence*, finds no place at all in the 438 pages of the "Elementary Algebra" (D. Appleton & Co.), by Profs. J. W. A. Young and L. L. Jackson. This book might besides have admitted the binomial theorem in place of a superabundance of exercises, summaries, reviews, and other excesses of pedagogical virtues. In many respects, as in the treatment of graphs, for example, the book is up to date; but the properties of zero are entitled to earlier recognition than that accorded on page 432. Harold Hilton's "Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order" (Henry Frowde) does not pretend to widen the borders of its great field, but it admirably opens it to those whose mathematical knowledge does not extend beyond elementary algebra and number theory, and it conducts them in various directions far beyond the gate. The method is mainly that of examples, the abstruser and longer demonstrations being for the most part omitted, though the recent theory of group-characteristics, due to the wondrously subtle genius of Frobenius, is accorded the recognition of a brief chapter. "A Study of Mathematical Education" (Henry Frowde), by Benebara Branford, is a work the reading of which is sure to delight those who find inspiration and a kind of light in the atmosphere of normal schools and teachers' colleges. For within its 392 compactly printed pages one finds no end of pedagogical methodology, educational psychology, historical citation beginning with Thales of Miletus (600 B. C.), tracing "the evolution of zero," the "evolution of geometric axioms," and many other evolutions, all woven together with rare skill, genuine platitude, unfailing patience, and infinite enthusiasm. The "Scrap-Book of Elementary Mathematics" (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company), by Prof. W. F. White, though it is inferior in some respects to Schubert's "Mathematical Essays and Recreations," is yet a miscellany well worth having both on account of the mathematical curiosities it has brought together out of a space of more than two thousand years, and on account of its enlightened comment upon them. It deals indeed with more than D'Israeli's "six follies of science," not confining itself to follies or to impossibilities of the circle-squaring type, but including in its medley of seventy topics many other points of interest and even critical importance in modern mathematics, as, for example, linkages and straight-line motion, and the instruments allowed by Plato in simple constructions.

"General Physics," by Henry Crew of the Northwestern University (The Macmillan Co.), is well adapted for first-year college students. On the whole, it is rather more elementary than most of the recent books on this subject, and the science is presented more as a descriptive than a mathematical study. If the book errs, it is from too great a subordination of the latter branch of the science. Professor Crew does require problems and gives the equations necessary for their solution, but he rarely develops them. While mathematics is taught in college purely as a symbolic science, students in physics and the other mathematical sciences must acquire in the physics' class room familiarity with mathematical formulæ. It is difficult to see how this can be done unless the equations illustrating physical laws are systematically derived and conveniently emphasized in text-books on physics. On the other hand, the general treatment of the subject is original and carefully worked out. Recent and controverted points are wisely omitted in order that full justice may be done to the classical and historical development of the science. Interest also in the personal work of the great masters is aroused by well chosen references to their achievements. The book is unusually accurate and free from misprints. The style is simple and clear; different sizes of type make consultation easier. In "Electricity; What Is It?" (The Macmillan Co.) W. Denham Verschoyle attempts to explain popularly the nature of matter and electricity, and the evolution of organic and inorganic substance. He so mixes reliable experimental knowledge with abstruse hypotheses, which are, to say the least, still disputable, that the reader is left quite bewildered. It is to be expected that speculative generalizations will be made from the properties of the radio-active bodies and the theory of the electrified corpuscle, but there is no justification in throwing away all restraint and sobriety, as if the key to the universe had finally been put into our hands. Nature still has her mysteries, and the writer should not have forgotten Lord Kelvin's modest statement that he knew no more, at the end of his life, of the real nature of electricity, than when he began to study it.

CURRENT FICTION.

Halfway House: A Comedy of Degrees. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is rather disconcerting at first sight to find Mr. Hewlett, with his romantic trunk-hose discarded, ambling through the artificial figures of genteel modern comedy in the white spats and waistcoat of George Meredith. Superficially the transformation seems radical. But, after all, was Mr. Hewlett's earlier mediævalism, so to call it, ever anything more than polite masquerade? To be sure, it looked big and blunt and burly; but the actors were at bottom our familiars and

no more elemental than the rest of us —only rather more cleverly made up and more than usually exhilarated by the robustiousness of their rôle and the brilliancy of the footlights and other theatrical accessories. Even the tragedy and the passions owed a good deal to stage illusion; while what was really genuine was exactly this same treachery of nerves and instinct which still marks the character of the heroine and her elderly husband in the "Halfway House," and which is as modern as it is anything else.

Nor is the gap between the sensational and the artificial so wide as it seems at first. Even Mr. Meredith was unable to keep the melodramatic wholly out of his comedy. And in much the same way, now that Mr. Hewlett has changed his vein, the centre of his new novel, despite gaiters and waistcoat, is claimed for romance and wonder by the picturesquely dishevelled figure of the gentleman-vagrant and social *révolté*, Senhouse, a kind of immature and attenuated Tolstoy—a younger brother, as it might be, with little taste for the asperities of Sinai and a decided preference for bedecking its austere declivities with transplanted wild flowers.

Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to rid one's self of a suspicion that this gentleman's unconventionality, too, is largely a matter of costume. Even his bare head and feet and his inveterate habit of trespassing on other people's property are not quite convincing. There is something strangely familiar in the tone of his philosophy and his talk of the natural life. He has been to college and read too much; and though he may have succeeded in divesting himself of a little superfluous clothing preparatory to entrance upon this tale, he has been less successful in putting away his dilettanteism. Thanks to this gentle apparition and his influence upon the susceptible heroine—herself a sufficiently puzzling combination of naïveté and shrewdness, the unhappy proprietor of a simple head and a troubled heart, with a perfect genius for impossible situations, who marries one man while committed with another, and contrives in some mysterious way to have her emotional reserves in favor of a third, to say nothing of numerous flirtations in the dubious background—the story gradually develops an air of coquettish and exasperating unreality. No doubt, there is comedy somewhere at the core of it, as Mr. Hewlett obligingly suggests —it is always infinitely amusing to the bystanders to find the *ingénue* less ingenuous than she is supposed to be by the susceptible old gentlemen whose heads she has momentarily turned. But it is, after all, the inadvertent comedy of circumstance and accident, as things fall out, ludicrous enough, but without any very intelligible motive.

Weeping Cross. By Henry L. Stuart. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

One is left wondering at the end of this "Unworldly Story" whether its aftermath of unpleasantness is due to the author's weakness or to his misdirected strength. In either case he has not given fair treatment to his—can we say his hero? Granted that the young Irishman, half cavalier, half Jesuit, and all violent weakling, is neither an admirable nor a lovable character, there is surely all the more crying need for broad sympathy in his portrayal. One cannot but feel that Mr. Stuart despises his puppet in his heart, and pulls the strings with a sneer. The unfortunate hybrid's alternating spasms of hysterical piety and equally hysterical passion are revealed with an undertone of mocking relish that repels the reader even more than the unnecessarily minute descriptions of physical torture that enliven the pages. Of the lofty quality of Agnes's love for so ignoble an object one is allowed hardly a conjecture until her really beautiful dying words proclaim her a sister of Solveig. Made earlier, this revelation might have redeemed Agnes in the reader's eyes, but as it stands, it comes after too much detail of moral squalor to seem other than an incongruity. In the description of wood and river the author is at his best; when the human element appears, "Weeping Cross," for a study of souls, wears somewhat too gross a vesture of flesh. With more restraint of manner and maturity of thought, Mr. Stuart's vivid fancy gives promise of work of real value.

The Power Supreme. By Francis C. Nicholas. Boston: R. E. Lee Co.

The author, professing to reproduce the story of a Spanish Indian guide, has constructed what he calls "a novel of Church and State in South America," an account of "the disorganized political and social conditions in Spanish America," existing shortly after our own Civil War, "conditions which, happily, are gradually improving under the guiding influence of the United States." His story is unusual and interesting. On its descriptive side it is a striking picture of a tropical region—forest, jungle, and stream, city and village, the Catholic college, and the great rubber industry that involves the subsistence and the fortunes of man, woman, and child, priest and people, Spaniard and Indian.

Besides this, there is in the autobiographic narrative of the half-breed Joaquin—mighty giant, trapper, rubber-hunter, warrior, scholar of St. Joseph's —an epitome of the story of savagery and civilization; a savagery intensified by Spanish ill-usage and ecclesiastical oppression; a civilization painfully evolved in long, unrecompensed suffering, and only hinted at in the concluding sentences. The Indian characteristic is never lost sight of in Joaquin's story; neither frailty nor merit is slighted. He never forgets to hate his Spanish father or the priests who trick him. He will plot, cheat, and kill, but he will not break faith with a benefactor. He is tender to children, but like all his neighbors, he beats "his woman" as naturally as he would correct a wayward dog. The author leaves him on the steep and painful path of redemption and draws the moral that for individual, state, or race, there is no security except under social conditions "founded on upright homes and honored maternity."

The way of the book lies along the path of wild adventure, cruelty, and wickedness; but as a sincere and serious record of a day and a race and an evil order of things, it has a painful interest and a grim value.

The Man Without a Head. By Tyler De Saix. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

It is a question whether the mere ingenuity of horror comes within the bounds of art; but whatever one's personal view, one cannot shirk the admission that such work has a reading public of its own, ready to encourage an increasing output. "The Man Without a Head" will doubtless find many admirers, as it is good of its class. The author has the gift, invaluable to the contriver of a detective story, of plausibly allowing the reader's suspicion of the truth to precede that of the detective; not with gross obviousness, but with sufficient skill to make the resulting conviction of one's own astuteness genuinely if briefly satisfactory. But the murderer's device for concealing his crime, while indubitably clever, would insure almost immediate detection of any unfortunately trustful homicide who sought to put it in practice. The story of it moves with interest, however, even under the ballast of aphorisms sprinkled upon the pages with pedagogic heaviness of hand.

The Old Allegiance. By Hubert Wales. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The author is to be congratulated on having made a story of adventure which, though dealing with such familiar topics as the Jacobite allegiance, the dynamiter, and the government spy, has yet contrived to get itself invested with a dewy freshness. To begin with, the action takes place on that happy hunting-ground of romance, an island. Then the actors are two nice Oxford boys, a thirty-year-old widow cast for a quite original rôle, and a pleasant company of Zanies and desperadoes. The plot embraces the old-fashioned in loyalty and the modern in ruse with a certain respectful audacity which gives the little fantasy a saucy charm. Its ingenuity is not to be denied. Witness the episode

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of the man lashed to a box within which he hears the ticking of a dynamite fuse alarm, knowing it to be set to do its work at the end of ten minutes.

Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen-Consort of England. By Lillias Campbell Davidson. Pp. xviii. + 517. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

There have been few queens in history more unhappy than Catherine of Bragança, the queen of Charles II. of England. Brought up in the seclusion of a convent, a spoiled child, wilful, tactless, and virtuous—she was the antithesis in almost every respect of her cavalier husband, and an object of ridicule at his gay and immoral court. It is but natural that her biographer should be so touched by her misfortunes as to make the story of her life a defence and apology. Miss Davidson has written a most elaborate biography, filled with much antiquarian research, but one feels that she is somewhat too much intent upon the glorification of a very ordinary character, finding for her beauty—of a kind—gentleness, and lovableness which escaped most of the unfeeling contemporaries who have left us descriptions of her. Were it not for the attempt to make romance out of the most prosaic character at the court of the Restoration, we should feel that the book is a solid piece of work. But along with the tone of over-wrought sentiment there are devices, such as invented conversations, imaginative descriptions of palaces and festivals, and a somewhat amateurish way of referring to certain secondary authorities that tend to lessen one's confidence in the author's judgment. This impression, however, grows less as one proceeds. Along with the wealth of antiquarian detail, there is a generous use of letters and contemporary documents. The book is better than it seems, and while it is doubtful if it will regain for Queen Catherine much popularity, it will certainly win for her some sympathy. If one were only so sure as the author is of the depth of affection the queen maintained for her wayward husband, one might stretch one's orthodoxy enough to read without a smile the closing words:

> Seas and shores part them; tides flow and winds sweep; but perhaps in the world unseen the desire and prayer of Catherine's life are granted, and she and the one man life held for her are face to face once more, with none between.

As it is, we regard this as merely indicating a lack of humor upon the part of Miss Davidson. Why should she want to secure an eternity of bliss for Catherine by an eternity of boredom for Charles? Somehow, in spite of our Puritan morals, we do not wish Charles quite such hard luck; and we confess to cherishing a secret preference for Nell Gwynn and her rollicking, generous ways over the shocked and virtuous queen. Catherine's failure to win her husband is her own condemnation, for no man was ever more susceptible to feminine charm than the gay, good-natured king. But then we perhaps should remember the difficulty of being a queen in competition.

For such as take an interest in royal romances, this life of Queen Catherine will be a welcome addition to the literature upon that subject. Outside its own field, it has little value to the student of history, for Catherine played no noteworthy rôle in European politics.

Essays, Political and Biographical. By Sir Spencer Walpole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

We have several times called attention to the unusual value of the writings of the late Sir Spencer Walpole, and we now heartily commend this posthumous volume. It contains ten papers, nearly all of which appeared originally as reviews of noteworthy books. Two deal with Halifax and Godolphin, and one with the late Lord Granville. There is a study of Crabbe the poet, whose fame, after various periods of occultation, seems at last to be fixed. Walpole makes the publication of the Croker Papers the text for an analysis of the public career of that shifty and truculent politician. Most entertaining is the story of Princess de Lieven, who exercised an astonishing fascination over British statesmen as dissimilar as Wellington and Grey, and captivated Continental celebrities as far apart as Metternich the lady-killer and Guizot the demure Puritan. Walpole's account of the Dining Societies of London—to wit, The Club, Grillion's, the Dilettanti Society, the Literary Society, and Nobody's—happily mingles chronicle and anecdote. Two important historical papers, "The History of the [British] Cabinet," and "The Causes of the American Civil War," display Walpole's firm grasp of historic evolution. For American readers the former is, naturally, the more valuable; nowhere else, so far as we are aware, can so clear and full a narrative of the development of the British Cabinet be found in so brief a space. The latter gives to Englishmen—who, as Walpole remarks, are deplorably ignorant of American history—a fair and comprehensive and remarkably lucid explanation of the origin of our irrepressible conflict. A tribute to Frank Buckland completes the list of essays.

Walpole's daughter, Mrs. Francis Holland, writes a pleasant but rather desultory chapter of reminiscences of her father: we search it in vain for the dates of his birth, death, and chief publications, but we find some bits of character-sketching which are evidently lifelike. We regret that the titles of the books which called forth Sir Spencer's reviews, and the names of the periodicals in which they first appeared (with dates) have not been given. The average reader may not immediately recall that Fitzmaurice is Granville's biographer, or that Jennings was Croker's editor, or that Torrens wrote the history of the Cabinet. But the essays themselves abound in interest. They are ripe, the fruit of a man versed in history and biography, who is also a frequenter of the highroad of literature, experienced in the affairs of government, and rich in half a century's intercourse with many of the leaders of his time and country. He has skill in getting at the mainspring of character, as when he shows how Granville failed through excessive complaisance in holding the dominant position for which his training and ability seemed to fit him; and he leaves the impression of reasonableness and an uncontroversial respect for truth.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. The Indian Empire. Vol II. Historical. Vol. V.—XIV., Abazai-Kara. New edition, published under the authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net each.

A careful examination of these latest volumes of the third edition of the Indian Gazetteer greatly strengthens the impression of the uniqueness and importance of the work, derived from the three volumes, entitled, respectively, "Descriptive," "Economic," and "Administrative," which were published last year (see the *Nation* August 8, 1907, p. 125). The "Historical" volume, which completes the introduction, is a mine of information, not only in regard to the history of the country from the earliest times to the resignation of Lord Curzon in 1905; but also in regard to the sources from which the facts are to be drawn. There are chapters on such important branches of historical investigation as epigraphy, numismatics, archæology, and architecture, as well as literature. These are contributed by different writers who have made a special study of the subject: that on Sanskrit literature, for example, is by the professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, Dr. A. A. Macdonell. From the chapter on epigraphy we learn that "only a small part of the mine of epigraphic information has been as yet explored," and that excavations will undoubtedly bring to light many an important record now hidden from sight.

The Gazetteer proper contains in a compact form innumerable facts and figures, based on the census of 1901, though many of the statistics are brought down as late as 1907. Since every important or specially interesting thing in regard to any place, however

small, is recorded, the volumes are replete with lively anecdotes of people and incidents. The writers are often district officers and officials of native states. Some idea of the extent of the work may be gained from the fact that the account of the Bombay Presidency and city fills 156 pages, including four excellent maps and seventeen tables of statistics. Among the many indications of progress contained in these volumes we will note only two: the recent increase in the number of schools for girls, and the fact that the native state Hyderabad has a telephone system owned by the government having connection with 154 offices and houses.

Of course, in a work of such magnitude absolute accuracy is impossible; but the only error of significance which we have observed is the different dates assigned to the reign of Asoka, 272-231 B. C. and 264-227 B. C.; the latter is probably the one best authenticated. A special map of the empire, beautifully executed, is prefixed to each volume. The work as a whole is a worthy monument to English rule in India, and it is doubtful whether any country has ever been described on such a scale in its every department, historical, physical, social, economic, religious, and literary.

Nach Amerika in einem Auswanderer-schiffe: Das innere Leben der Vereinigten Staaten. Von Mgr. Graf Vay von Vaya. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

The author, an Hungarian, a nobleman, and a Roman Catholic prelate, has given us one of the fairest and friendliest books on the American people that has been written in German. Count Vay de Vaya first visited the United States some ten years ago, in an emigrant ship, and early came into contact with the poorer classes. Indeed, his time in New York was divided among the rich and the poor, his mornings devoted to the East Side strugglers, his afternoons and evenings to the well-to-do. All his material, therefore, is that of the first-hand investigator. He relates his experiences among the emigrants on board ship; he adds his impressions of the slums of New York and the social whirl of Fifth Avenue. He has studied the problem of immigration, American youth and American schools, Chicago as the city of industry, the present state and prospects of American agriculture, the all-absorbing passion of Americans for work, and the power, as well as the powerlessness, of money here. He discusses American books and authors, American pictures and painters, and American religious organizations. A visit to President Roosevelt is reported in full. In fine, the book deals with the most salient features of American life as found in the North and in the States east of Chicago; and so far as it goes it is suggestive and entertaining. His style is clear and agreeable.

Count Vay de Vaya is hopeful for the immigrants' and the country's future on account of the readiness of the children of even the first generation here to become pronouncedly "Americanized." The public school he regards as the great agency for bringing the representatives of different races together on an equal footing and establishing the most enduring *ententes cordiales*; and, considering his Roman Catholic training, these views are of peculiar interest. In the public schools he also finds that the philosophy of work, hard work, is early instilled. Everybody works in America.

Finally, the author, who is Apostolic Protonotar, discusses the status of the Roman Catholic Church in America, and reaches the conclusion that it is the leading church, not merely in numbers, but also in its influence on public life, the extent and wealth of its edifices, and the relations of its dignitaries to prominent men outside of the church (the cardinal and other Catholics are often seen in company with the President). But even in discussing the contradictions of "the sects," and the relatively smaller fields of the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the Hungarian nobleman preserves his amenity.

Individualism and After. By Benjamin Kidd. New York: Henry Frowde.

Mr. Kidd's latest public utterance (the Herbert Spencer Lecture, delivered at Oxford, May 29) will appear to most readers a belated expression of views that, in their main features, have often been ably expounded on both sides of the Atlantic. The central thesis of the lecture is that, in the thought and life of the Western world, an organic view of society has been rapidly displacing the individualism which was dominant until well after the middle of the nineteenth century. Accompanying this development there has been, as he shows, a rapid and continuous extension of the functions of government, and an abandonment of the doctrine of unqualified competition. Herbert Spencer is taken as the chief representative of individualism. His statement that the corporate life of the state "must be subservient to the lives of the parts, instead of the lives of the parts being subservient to the corporate life," epitomizes, we are told, the spirit and meaning of the doctrine.

Even while accepting Mr. Kidd's leading contentions, one feels the need of a more exact definition and a closer criticism of the terms and conceptions which he so freely uses. Especially does one miss any recognition of the permanent truth in individualism which no organic view of human life can render obsolete. For the consciousness of the individual is, in the last resort, the only centre of good and evil, the sole home of values. This truth can be maintained, while full justice is done to an organic theory of society. It is this fact which the French philosopher, Alfred Fouillée, has in mind when he speaks of society as "hyperorganic," in the sense that each member of the whole is itself an organism, whose welfare must be realized in and through the corporate life. The convenient figure of the organism, if uncritically accepted, may conceal as well as reveal the truth.

A corollary of a just theory of individualism is that any supposed efficiency or glory which Imperialism, for example, may win for the state, must always be appraised by its effects on the well-being of the many individuals comprising it. And the only sense in which we can say that the interests of the individual units must be subordinated to the corporate life of society, is that in social and political relations the interests of the few must be subordinated to the interests of the many. But such individualism does not mean a return to the atomistic view of society. The individual is, of course, through and through a social being, able to realize his richest life only in infinitely complex relations with his fellows.

The Law of the Federal and State Constitutions of the United States: With an Historical Study of Their Principles, a Chronological Table of English Social Legislation, and a Comparative Digest of the Constitutions of the Forty-six States. By Frederick Jesup Stimson. Boston: The Boston Book Co. $3.50 net.

This treatise consists of three distinct parts. The longest and most important is the third, a comparative digest of State Constitutions, annotated and compared with the Constitution of the United States (pp. 121-357). The scheme of classification is fivefold, covering individual rights, political provisions, legislation, the judicial system, and Constitutional amendments. The difficulty of constructing such a comparison of Constitutions is being greatly enhanced by the astounding length and minute details of some of the instruments recently adopted. Oklahoma's, for instance, runs to one hundred and seventy-five pages; and, as the author remarks pathetically, "without an index." This grouping of Constitutional law around common topics is not intended for the practitioner, but primarily for the student of politics. It is a comparative study never before worked out so completely. Our debt to the compiler is accordingly large.

The second part of the treatise (pp. 73-118) is little more than a chronological table of excerpts from Constitutional documents from Magna Charta down

through our own Federal Constitution, showing the basis of personal liberty. There follows a bare chronological table of English social legislation from the Conquest to the passage of the Hepburn Act—rather crudely done, as may be instanced by the entry under 1350. Herbert Spencer is quoted as authority for the abolition in this year of the privileges of the trade guilds. The author comments: "This statute, however, cannot be found in the Statutes at Large." Spencer is also cited as the authority for the statement that in 1348 the Court of Chancery became the Court of Equity. Coke we know, and Blackstone we know, but who in historical jurisprudence is Herbert Spencer?

The prefatory essay (pp.3-72), entitled "Origin and Growth of the American Constitutions," will chiefly challenge the attention of the reader broadly interested in political history. The treatment has its strong points and its defects. It is strong in perspective. The author realizes clearly the burning tract of present-day Constitutional strife in the mass of pending litigation involving the "obligation of contract" and "commerce among the States." He is keenly alive to the agencies at work to force Constitutional change—the impulse of class interest to escape from the leash of equality before the law, and the quickening tendency to sacrifice precedent for efficiency or "results" in administration. On the other hand, the very method of exposition by which the writer depicts Constitutional growth is bound to issue in a certain tenuous impression of unreality. His plan is to take a particular Constitutional principle, like the right to law (that is, the right of hearing and trial by due process of law), or the right of liberty, and then to trace the growth of this principle from start to finish. An alternative method of depicting simultaneously the people's Constitutional habit at different times is perhaps a more complicated task, logically viewed, but it carries a more intimate sense of reality than the plan adopted by Professor Stimson. A novelist who traced his heroine's several traits, each in isolation from the others, might afford us a conspectus of the virtues, but would never give us a flesh and blood creation. *Mutatis mutandis*. this method of describing Constitutional growth, gives the dialectic of categories rather than the historic sense of reality.

There are other occasional defects even in the seriatim analysis of the growth of particular Constitutional usages. To say that, apart from slavery in 1066 and villainage, which "disappeared, largely as a consequence of the rebellions of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler," "the right to liberty was general in England from the earliest times" gives a most misleading impression. The gradual emancipation of the serf, the century-long decadence of villainage, the persisting moral tyranny of the squirearchy and the legal tyranny of the craft guilds, are all momentous limitations of the right to liberty as defined by our author (p. 18) which quite negatives his generalization. Moreover, the chapter on "Government Organization" is not very discriminating in the matter of the separation of the powers of government. On page 52 we are told that "the judicial branch alone has no part in the other two," and on the very next page occurs the statement that "it is difficult to see why the alteration of the common law [by judicial decision] is not legislation"—a comment unquestionably sane, but destructive of the proposition about the complete separation of the judicial branch from executive or legislative functions. The general finding upon the essay must be that it exhibits the insight of the analytic juristic mind, but not the catholic comprehension of the social historian. Haste is unfortunately too often in evidence in the printed page—witness the footnote to p. 52, the use of public for republic on p. 60, and the curious use of the word "legislation" instead of "governmental powers" for the diagram showing the respective rights and disabilities of the Federal and the State governments.

An Apostle of the North. Memoirs of the Rt. Rev. William Carpenter Bompas. By H. A. Cody. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

William Carpenter Bompas was in turn Bishop of Athabasca, Mackenzie River, and Selkirk, in the Yukon region, being in each case the first administrator of the diocese. He was a suffragan of the Archbishop of Rupertsland, who writes an introduction to the memoirs. The tone of the book cannot be called quite broad and tolerant. In the detailed account of the evangelization of the high North, there is no mention of work performed by other Protestant bodies; nor as regards the Roman Catholics, always so early and so effectively in the field when barbarism is to be redeemed, do we find in this book any cordial recognition of great service. As regards the missionary station Metlakahtla, on the Pacific Coast, it has been charged that the hierarchy of which Bishop Bompas was a member quite frustrated the good work of a worthy missionary by the imposition of an unessential and impracticable formalism—an unfortunate episode in the Christianization of the North to which this book only briefly refers without describing or defending.

But we hasten to drop the spirit of fault-finding. The critic who reads these memoirs finds himself disarmed in the presence of a character meek with the temper of the Master, heroically devoted, of courage which no hardships or misfortunes could break. Bompas was a well-born Londoner, son of an advocate of note, who had the distinction, grotesque in connection with this story, of being the original of the Sergeant Buzfuz of the "Pickwick Papers." The son was himself articled as a solicitor, studying law for five years, but becoming the subject of religious conviction, took orders, and in 1864, at thirty, resolved upon the life of a missionary. His name was said to be derived from an ancestor knighted at Crécy for valor. "C'est un bon pas," said an approving bystander. His descendant was to exhibit a higher chivalry than that of the battlefield. His life henceforth, until 1906, passed almost without break amid Arctic hardships; he was surrounded by the squalor of savages of a low type, in contact with the brutalities of remote trading and mining camps. He was a man of refined and scholarly tastes, as his verses show; he read the Scriptures in Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. To him the Scripture was the source of all light and leading, and he pursued the letter of it into its most remote linguistic guise. Circumscribed as he was in his ideas, no salvation seemed possible to him except through profession of one special creed—no proper well-being for a soul except within the fold in which he himself was a shepherd. The narrowness made him the more intense, and he sacrificed himself utterly for what he felt to be duty. He grew to love the frigid and rock-bound wilderness and the scanty groups into which he gathered his dusky converts: what to the world seemed long and painful martyrdom became to him a career of joy. If he ever left his field to return to civilization, he went back again at the earliest opportunity with something like rapture. Here death found the old bishop in 1906. He sleeps in a graveyard in the remote Yukon country, after a life as consecrated and heroic, perhaps, as has anywhere been lived in our time, or indeed in any time.

Science.

Diseases of Occupation from the Legislative, Social, and Medical Points of View. By Thomas Oliver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

This book treats of the diseases incidental to a great variety of occupations in factories, workshops, mines, potteries, and other employments where many persons labor together. Less fully considered, but by no means neglected, are the occupations which may be called solitary in the sense that the individual takes the risk alone, or nearly so. There are general statements concerning diseases of domestic servants, but nothing is said of the dangers to which sewing-women are exposed when alone or in

small groups—the family sweatshop—or of the perils of the kitchen, which are by no means so slight as is commonly believed. Dr. Oliver has had much experience with many of these questions, both in his practice in Newcastle, England, and as a member of several committees to which the English government has referred various problems in industrial legislation for examination and report. He has also first-hand knowledge of the conditions prevailing in many industries of the Continent. Wherever he is not qualified to speak from personal experience, he has drawn from good sources, with as full a mention of the literature as the purpose of the book requires.

Any classification of occupations according to their dangers is necessarily difficult, and the reader must look in many different places for the particular effects of toxic substances or industrial conditions. A full index, however, which bears examination well, makes such comparison easy. In most cases the descriptions are rather brief, but here and there Dr. Oliver gives fuller details or adds an account of the history of an occupation and its dangers. Such, for example, is the story of the growth of match-making, with its incidental poisoning by phosphorus (pp. 35-53), as well as that of the curious anæmia of miners and others which long puzzled physicians, and finally found a simple explanation in the presence of a peculiar worm, ankylostoma. Interesting, too, is the description of the disturbances due to work in compressed air (caisson disease, "bends"), and also the extraordinarily varied rôle played by plumbism. The question of the immunity of coal miners to tuberculosis, recently discussed in the newspapers, is touched upon, and Dr. Oliver comes to the conclusion that the diminution of this particular death-rate should be ascribed to improved conditions in the mines rather than to any form of immunity peculiar to the occupation. The last chapter treats of rescue work in mines, particularly as illustrated in some recent disasters, a work whose good results would seem to be capable of much wider application. The book is modern enough to take in the motor car and the balloon, as well as the typewriter; nor are the Roentgen rays and their dangers, including sterility, neglected.

Even the casual reader will hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that, apart from accidents and a few specific organisms, much of the harm which comes to the industrial workman comes from dust or dampness. He will not read far without noting that man is so often the cheapest of all machines merely because the community rather than the employer pays for repairs or replacement. The Socialist will find many a good argument to support the thesis that the community has a great deal to gain by insistence upon inspection and sanitary regulation of employment, since it will decrease the public burden caused by ill health and consequent poverty, the cost of which is now hidden in the poor rates and other taxes.

In the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey (The Macmillan Co.), Volume III., "Animals," has now appeared. In reviewing the earlier volumes (see the *Nation* of October 24, 1907, p. 380), we have already discussed the scope and general character of the work. Weather, soils, and plant life have been pretty thoroughly studied, but in the animal kingdom there is still much chaos and confusion. Little is certainly known about the laws of heredity, and most animal breeders pay slight attention to that little. We turn to the chapter on the principles of animal-breeding with some curiosity to see what F. B. Mumford will do with his embarrassing subject, and we find him slipping smoothly around and between Darwin, Lamarck, Weismann, Spencer, De Vries, Davenport, and Morgan, apparently unconscious of being between the firing lines. With malice toward none and with charity for all, he records conflicting theories and irreconciled facts, though gently setting aside, as of no practical importance, some of the pet superstitions of stock breeders, such as telegony, prenatal influences, and the determination of the sex. Mendel's law he does not even mention, but 500 pages further on C. B. Davenport compensates us by making the law a fundamental principle in the breeding of poultry. In the discussion of the stock-feeding and the diseases of the animals also many questions occur to which no satisfactory answers can now be given. But this Cyclopedia is as complete and authoritative as any work can be in the present state of science. The articles are signed and the present volume gives a list of 104 contributors and of 158 who have otherwise collaborated in the preparation. The casual reader who never intends to retire to a farm, will enjoy turning over the leaves because of the unexpected bits of curious information that he will strike. On the first page he will learn that only about one out of a thousand known living species of mammals and birds has been domesticated, and most of this domestication took place in primitive, if not prehistoric ages. The editor has made diligent effort to record every species of animal really domesticated for agricultural uses in North America (north of Mexico), and yet the book contains accounts of only twenty species of mammals, not more than a dozen birds, one of fish (carp), and two of insects (silk-worm and bees). The casual reader, with his usual habit of skipping the most important things, will also be interested in turtle farming, in raising sponges, in seal hunting, and in the fate of the seventy-five camels which disappeared in the Arizona desert.

The Third Supplement to the "Index Kewensis" (Henry Frowde), prepared by the curators of the Herbarium at Kew, under the supervision of the director of the Royal Garden there, brings the list of additions to phanerogamic botany down to the close of 1905. The labor involved in the collation of the names of new species of flowering plants, described throughout the world, is enormous. Every botanical publication must be searched for its contribution of new species, and, where possible, synonyms must be noted. The Second Supplement (issued in 1905) was published under the directorship of W. T. Thiselton-Dyer; the present director is D. Prain.

The late Dr. Charles Schäffer of Philadelphia was among the earliest botanists to explore the treasures of the Canadian Rockies. His widow has for some years continued his work; with camera and outfit for water-color painting on the spot, she has penetrated many of the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Rockies, and by dint of an enthusiasm which no difficulties have lessened, has secured admirable photographs and paintings of the rarer species of flowering plants. Many of these exquisite illustrations are given in "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," by Stewardson Brown (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The volume constitutes one of the most useful Alpine guides we have seen. In the different regions of Switzerland, one finds local handbooks with fairly good representations of the most interesting species, but not one of these volumes possesses better illustrations for the use of the amateur botanist than this on our own Alps. Mr. Brown's descriptions appear to be clear and helpful, but it is to be regretted that he has made use of a provincial nomenclature, which is not in accord with the conclusions reached at the International Congress of Botanists. This guide is made handy in size by cutting down the margins, but by this process the artistic effect of Mrs. Schäffer's work has been considerably impaired.

The "Essentials of Dietetics in Health and Disease," by Amy E. Pope and Mary L. Carpenter (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a small volume of 250 pages, is intended for nurses and the household. Rather more than a third of the book is devoted to processes of cooking and recipes. Some of these are hardly explicit enough for the inexperienced, although many of them are likely to be useful. The rest of the book contains an account of foods, much of which is exceedingly good, despite a confusingly inconsistent use of calculations and chemical terms. The table of the approximate composition of common food materials (pp. 102-104) seems to contain serious errors and the calories given there do not agree with the results obtained by using the fuel values noted (p. 99) as the basis of comparison. The metric system is inadequately explained, and is applied in a very misleading manner, and the chemical part of the book leaves much to be desired.

"Nursing the Insane," by Dr. Clara Barrus of the New York State Hospital at Middletown (The Macmillan Co.), is based on talks to nurses which the author has given in the course of an extended asylum experience. The book contains much good advice, but the treatment of the general subjects which all kinds of nurses need to know is uneven and often incomplete. As the preface intimates, the author in her original talks had primarily the care of women in mind, a limitation which the extended work has not altogether overcome. The description of the various forms of in-

sanity has many admirable features, but on some points falls short of what a nurse should learn. The last chapter briefly notes the legal requirements to be fulfilled in the admission of insane patients to the hospitals of this State, and gives good advice concerning the removal of such persons from their homes. In general, it may be said that the book contains too little for a nurse obliged to work without constant direction, especially in private houses, and often almost too much for those that have such supervision.

Hermann Settegast, professor of agriculture in the University of Berlin, has died in his ninetieth year. Among his works are "Individualpotenz und Mentzel-Weckherlinsche Schule der Rassen- und Konstanzdoktrin," "Die Tierzucht," "Erlebtes und Erstrebtes," "Die deutsche Freimauerei," "Der Idealismus und die deutsche Landwirtschaft," "Die Viehzucht Frankreichs."

Drama and Music.

MUSIC HALLS AND THEATRES.

A great change has occurred in the relationship of the music halls to the theatres during the prolonged career of Antonio Pastor, the dean of the local variety stage, who died last week. The hall has become the rival of the theatre to a degree which would have seemed impossible half a century ago, when the former frankly appealed to the less intelligent part of the community. In those earlier days the chief attractions of the halls were clog-dancing, stump oratory — generally in black face—and the topical comic song; with intervals, perhaps, of ground and lofty tumbling. Most of these entertainments owed their main interest to the excuses which they supplied for the consumption of liquor and tobacco and indulgence in still coarser enjoyments. It is difficult to realize now that fame, of a sort, and solid wealth, were acquired on both sides of the Atlantic, by means of songs whose blatant vulgarity was only exceeded by their crass stupidity. Silly as are most of our contemporaneous popular ditties, they are not all completely void of point or melody. At all events, the "mammoth comiques" of the "Champagne Charlie" era would not have much chance of duplicating their fortunes to-day. Occasionally there would arise some vocal and instrumental comedian, of genuine ability, like Mackney, an agile eccentric like Stead, or a genius such as Robson, who could convert "Villikins and his Dinah" into a tragedy of pathos and passion, but such exceptions were rare and only served to emphasize the imbecility of the great body of music-hall entertainers.

It is not often that the contemporaneous music hall addresses itself successfully to the purely intellectual spectator, but beyond all question it exhibits a vast improvement in many respects over its predecessors, while, now and then, it offers achievements, in different directions, of positive artistic value. Of course, it is still, owing to the wholly commercial character of its managers, very often coarse, stupid, or grossly sensational—as in the matter of sensual dancing, for instance—but, nevertheless, it is making a certain amount of progress, and can no longer be numbered among the recreations at which it is discreditable to be caught. Without doubt, it constitutes an opposition to the regular theatre which is already formidable, and is likely to be more serious in the near future. Possibly the amount of capital invested in it may, before long, exceed that employed by the various syndicates in the exploitation of what they are pleased to call dramatic art.

But it must not be supposed that the music hall is making these inroads upon the constituency of the theatre simply by virtue of its own merits. The greater part of its growth and influence is due to the decadency of dramatic art and the grasping, short-sighted, and incompetent policy of the speculators who are slowly but surely reducing the regular stage to the music-hall level. It is not only that the music halls are growing better, but that the theatres are growing worse. Since the halls have gained the right of giving what is known as the "tabloid" drama, they have been competing with the theatres, and not altogether unsuccessfully, upon their own ground. As a matter of fact, some of the performers who have appeared of late years upon the variety stage must be rated among the most accomplished members of their profession, although, for one reason or another—often quite independent of their artistic capacity—it does not suit the associated managers to permit them to appear in the regular playhouses. Dramatic reputation, nowadays, does not depend so much upon histrionic ability as upon the machinations of the press agent. But genuine ability is recognized, nevertheless, in the music halls, and the fact that it can find a refuge there is a portent of which managers, were they wise, would take heed.

The important point is, that the man in the street who desires nothing better than to be amused, is practically certain of finding something good of its kind, and something pleasing to his own personal taste in the music hall, whereas he is as likely as not to find the theatre, except in special instances, utterly stale, flat, and unprofitable. It should be remembered that the music hall, in its dramatic enterprises, follows a certain principle of selection, only reproducing the dramatic morsel of which the popularity has been demonstrated by actual trial. The fact that it seldom tries an original experiment is at once its strength and its weakness. But it would scarcely be fair to assail it for its failure to undertake pioneer work, as it makes no pretence of being inspired by artistic ambition, or of being especially interested, except in a commercial way, in the progress of art of any kind. Actually it follows a policy identical with that of the theatrical managers, but more honest and respectable, because it is free from hypocrisy.

But our main contention is that the variety stage, a development of the old music hall, which has practically ceased to exist, has become, since the disappearance of the old stock companies, a most formidable rival of the regular theatre, not only commercially, but to an appreciable extent artistically. That the leading theatrical managers are fully aware of this change, is proved by the fact that some of them already have entered the variety business, with the apparent hope of dominating the variety as well as the regular dramatic stage and running one as supplementary to the other. It is long since they first began to adapt music-hall methods to dramatic purposes, and there is no reason for supposing that they discern much difference between the objects of the two institutions. If, in this respect, they were more enlightened, the prospect for the drama would be brighter, for they might perceive that, as a mere business venture, it would be a good thing to set apart a few houses, say, half a dozen in New York, for the entertainment of the real theatre-lovers, whom they now keep in a state of intellectual starvation, and to devote the rest openly to the least expensive and most frivolous shows. But there seems little likelihood of their abandoning their present system of catering to the mob. In the immediate future, while the music hall may be expected to assume a more and more prominent position, the theatrical outlook is not absolutely desperate. What the New Theatre may do toward the work of regeneration cannot be estimated now. We can only invoke for it wisdom and prosperity. But there is definite promise in the two or three stock companies formed or in process of formation; and the day, after all, may not be far distant when there will once again be a wide distinction as well as a difference between the music hall and the theatre.

Clyde Fitch has published (John Lane Co.) what is, presumably, a final edition of his "Beau Brummel," written many years ago for the use of the late Richard Mansfield, and played by that popular actor very successfully throughout his stellar career. For a juvenile work, it is a decidedly clever effort, clumsy and rickety as it is in construction and utterly unlifelike in many of its details. Of real literary quality it has very little, and of dramatic quality still less, except in the closing scene, which exhibits a certain sense of pathos and some power of imagination. But it

is, at least, an earnest, if not very felicitous attempt, to imitate the artificial comedy of three or four generations ago, and to illustrate the social manners and customs of England, in the days of the Prince Regent and the dandies. In its general conception, the scheme of the piece suggests the dawn of an ambitious purpose, which Mr. Fitch seems to have abandoned since he adopted the profession of dramatic tailoring, in which his adroitness as a cutter of theatrical suits has been much more conspicuous than his intellectual or moral sincerity. Although his mimicry of the formal phraseology of the older British comedy is imperfect—and sadly lacking in the wit and sharpness of human observation which atoned so amply for its elaboration—and although his character-drawing is exaggerated, often grossly inconsistent, and not infrequently wholly conventional, he nevertheless does convey a more or less distinct reflection of the times with which he is dealing, and encourages the hope of future serious and legitimate dramatic achievement which thus far has remained unfulfilled. The volume is printed as a memorial of Mr. Mansfield, who suggested the idea of the play, and who by his performance indisputably contributed greatly to its popularity. It is doubtful, indeed, whether it would ever have attracted much public attention if the central character had been entrusted to an actor of less influential personality.

A valuable contribution to the history of English literature and culture in the Elizabethan age, especially as reflected in dramatic productions and theatrical representions, is Dr. Levin Ludwig Schücking's "Shakespeare im literarischen Urteil seiner Zeit," just published (Heidelberg: Winter). The author is *privatdozent* in the University of Göttingen, and his work, based on thorough research, is written in a clear and attractive style. Particularly interesting is the chapter entitled "Shakespeare's Public," to which Hamlet's characterization of the players and spectators might well serve as a motto:

> O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.

Emmanuel Arène, the French journalist and playwright, has died at the age of fifty-two. He was born in Ajaccio, and began his literary career as secretary to Edmond About. For many years he has been best known as the dramatic critic of *Figaro*. His plays are "L'Aversaire" (1905), in which he collaborated with Alfred Capus; "Paris—New York" (1907), with Francis de Croisset; and "Le Roi," with Robert de Flers and A. de Caillavet. M. Arène was also author of a book, "Le Dernier bandit."

"Musikalische Strafpredigten: Veröffentlichte Privatbriefe eines alten Groblans" is the characteristic title of a collection of critiques of modern music, which Max Steinitzer has just published in a second and much enlarged edition. Its two parts are entitled "Kleine Predigten an kleine Leute" and "Grosse Predigten an grosse Leute" (Munich: Verlag der Süddeutschen Monatshefte.

Hundreds of librettos in various languages were submitted to the Italian publisher who last year arranged an international competition for a prize of $5,000. The successful libretto, entitled, "La Festa del Grano" (The Corn Feast), by the Roman poet Salvatori, was offered to Mascagni, who declined it. It is now to be set to music by Giocondo Fino of Turin, who is a priest, as well as a composer. His oratorio, "Battista," has been produced in several Italian theatres as well as in South America. Hitherto Fino has not undertaken to compose an opera, because in all the librettos offered to him love had a prominent part. The "Festa del Grano" is not open to that objection.

The Berlin Royal Opera opened the season for 1908-9 on August 20, with Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Among the more important performances will be Mozart's "Figaro," with a cast including Destinn, Hempel, Berger, and Knüpfer; Puccini's "Manon," with Geraldine Farrar as Mimi; and "Aïda," "I Pagliacci," and "Marta," with Caruso. Three new operas are to be heard: Leo Blech's "Versiegelt," Laparra's "Habanera," and Goldmark's "The Winter's Tale." Among the revivals will be Gluck's "Iphigénie in Aulis" and "Mélme's "Joseph in Egypt," with recitatives by Zenger. Strong efforts are being made to provide Berlin with a new Royal Opera House. The site is already provided. The cost of building is estimated at 15,000,000 marks. It is hoped that the Prussian Parliament will grant 8,000,000 marks, and that the municipality of Berlin will provide the remainder.

Five years ago Carl H. Laeisz bequeathed $200,000 for a concert hall in Hamburg, and his widow added $50,000. The magnificent building, with seats for 1,900 persons, was opened a few weeks ago.

Art.

Heraldry as Art: An Account of its Development and Practice, chiefly in England. By G. W. Eve. Pp. x+308. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

The utility of such a popular treatise as this must lie in its illustrations, unless indeed it is wrought into a rather dull book of reference, a mere glossary of technical terms. Such glossaries we have in the small single-volume works of Clark, Cussan, Planché, Worthy, Boutell, and others, and the valuable larger volume by the author last named, "Heraldry, Historical and Popular," of which the third edition was published in 1864; also in the two-volume "Treatise on Heraldry, British and Foreign," by John Woodward and George Burnett. Larger works, such as William Berry's "Encyclopædia Heraldica," and the recent folio of Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, "The Art of Heraldry: an Encyclopœdia of Armory" (1904), give us glossaries, together with much more material. But not one of them all compares with this new volume in display of so much of armorial achievement as can be shown in black and white.

The volume is printed entirely on coated paper, and contains at least sixty half-tone pictures, with 230 illustrations in line, from diagrams to elaborate reproductions of old prints. Naturally, those escutcheons are selected which are found sculptured or modelled in solid form, and the value of the book as a treatise is diminished by this avoidance of the true language of heraldic art, the *tinctures*—gules and azure, sable and or, ermine and vair. The hatchings and pointings which stand for these, by convention, are poor things when given in relief sculpture. And yet a seemly display is made in a number of cases, as by the bearings on the shield of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral (Fig. 1) and by the diapered shield from Beverley Minster (Fig. 140). The enamelled escutcheons, too, can be photographed with some success, as in the shield of William de Valence (Fig. 174).

A more accurate title for the book would be "The Artistic Treatment of Blazonry," or "of Armorial Bearings." "Heraldry" is too general a term for the single subject of the marshalling of arms; and it is a poor and slight form of "art" that the herald knows. The use of a shield in a colored window, or carved upon a tomb, is indeed not forbidden to the decorative designer; and yet, the flat, ungraded patches of color, strong red, blue, black, white, and gold, afford but a poor set of units of which to make a design; and the smaller and the less showy your escutcheon, the better for your memorial window. The lead cisterns, steel lock-plates, and engraved blades of halberd and bill, all given in Mr. Eve's book, come nearer to an adequate system of ornamentation than any painted or inlaid color compositions. It is not until we reach embroidery, in the fifteenth century, that blazonry in full color becomes a really interesting and beautiful art.

Otto H. Bacher, the American artist and etcher, who knew Whistler in Venice, will publish this month, through the Century Company, a volume of recollections of those days, with reproductions of twenty-two Whistler etchings, three Whistler lithographs, and five Whistler letters, and a number of etchings and photographs by Mr. Bacher himself.

Two important Cretan discoveries, made by the Italian expedition, are reported by Luigi Pernier, in the *Marzocco*, Florence. The first is a terra-cotta disc more than six inches in diameter bearing on both sides a pictographic inscription. The small figures representing men, fishes, birds, trees, plants, and various utensils, are contained within incised spirals running from the rim to the centre. These figures are brought together into groups by scratched lines and are undoubtedly characters of a very ancient pictographic writing of which a few specimens of a simpler sort have been noted on gems found at Knossos. But on each side of this plaque, which was found at Phæstus, are no less than 120 signs. And

since we have not to do with letters but hieroglyphs, this indicates a document of considerable extent from which one may even hope to decipher the earliest Cretan inscriptions. The characters are not worked with a point, as has always been the case in previous scanty finds, but struck with punches which must have been beautifully and accurately cut. "A true example of typography," says Signor Pernier, "which goes back to 2,000 years before Christ." At Prinià the expedition discovered an archaic Greek temple containing many fragments of colored sculpture in soft limestone. The most important of these is a goddess half life size, seated with arms close to the body and hands resting on the knees. The heavy chiton is ornamented with rosettes and small figures of animals carved in low relief, representing embroidery. Under a sort of mitre the hair falls heavily and symmetrically upon the shoulders. Upon the sculptured base of this statue is carved the same divinity in the same costume, but standing with the arms pressed closely to the sides. At the right and left are three lions and three feeding stags in a highly developed naturalistic style. Signor Pernier surmises that in this sixth century fragment we may have a precious relic of the so-called Dædalan art of Crete, which the ancients believed to be the beginning of their sculpture.

An Italian expedition has been excavating on the site of the city of Adulis, near Zula, in Eretrea. The results are published by Dr. R. Paribeni, in the transactions of the Accademia dei Lincei. Extensive remains of a well-built town, antedating in part the Alexandrian era, were found. Temples, streets, and houses, with architectural decorations in marble, alabaster, and bronze, attest a considerable degree of culture. The later kings coined money, gold abundantly, using the Roman denominations, as they did the Roman weights.

The annual report of the Swiss National Museum at Zurich contains an account of the excavations which D. Viollier has directed at Augst, eight miles from Bâle. Not less than fifteen hundred tombs have been opened on a small plateau a few hundred yards above the ruins of the Roman Castrum, the Colonia Augusta Rauracorum which L. Munatius Plancus built, B. C. 27. They belong to the fifth century, when the Alemanni were well established on both banks of the Rhine. There was little stonework, but a few tombs were made of bricks taken from the Roman walls. Some skeletons held Roman coins in their hands, but in many cases no objects were discovered. There were a great many bead necklaces, including some very fine specimens, and many iron buckles, some ornamented with silver or bronze. Five extremely rare small Merovingian gold coins, coarse imitations of pieces issued hy the Emperor Justinian, were, because of their rarity, the most valuable objects.

Duncan MacKellar, a Scottish figure painter, whose series of scenes in the life ot Burns has attracted some attention, died at Lochgoilhead, August 13, in his sixtieth year.

Dr. Georg Schäfer, a writer on art, has died at Darmstadt in his eighty-sixth year. He discovered in 1863 the lost Passion pictures which Hans Holbein the elder painted for the Dominican Church at Frankfurt-a.-M.; and in 1873 he discovered the Einhard basilica in Odenwald. Among his writings are: "Histoire de Hohenzollern au moyen âge" (1859), "Denkmäler der Elfenbeinplastik des grossherzoglichen Museums zu Darmstadt" (1872), "Kunstdenkmäler im Grossherzogtum Hesse," "Die Kirche zu Offenbach" (1885), "Die Kirche zu Erbach" (1891), "Der Dom zu Fünfkirchen" (1891), "Kunsthistorisches Bildercalendar für das Grossherzogtum Hesse" (1896), and "Die Kirche zu Wimpfen" (1898).

Finance.

THE GUARANTEE OF BANK DEPOSITS.

The proposal to guarantee bank deposits, through the compulsory contribution by all banks to a common fund, is strongly urged by Mr. Bryan and opposed by Mr. Taft. This is a convenient and available campaign issue, first because it is apparently a measure of protection for the thrifty; second, because it is in line with the general movement for the regulation of capitalistic institutions. When the project is first stated to the average citizen, he is likely to adopt it unhesitatingly. It would certainly be to his advantage to be insured against loss through failure of his bank; and when he is informed, as he usually is, that such a guarantee would put an end to "bank runs," to hoarding of money, and to panics like that of last October, the argument is convincing.

As with other plausible theories, however, the plan of compulsory guarantee of deposits, when seriously considered, is found to have grave defects. The first and most familiar objection is that the conservatively managed institution will be compelled to contribute toward the guarantee of the bank which is incompetently or recklessly conducted. From this follows the inference that the incompetent or inexperienced manager, not to mention the banker who accepts risky loans and deals with doubtful undertakings, can appeal for the deposits of the public far more strongly with this guarantee than without it. The depositor who would not entrust his money to a bank with a shady reputation will now be assured that under any circumstances his deposits are safeguarded by the joint guarantee of the institutions that are strongest and soundest. If this argument impresses the depositor, as it is likely to do, the bank may follow it up by offering rates of interest which cannot be paid by rivals engaged in cautious and conservative banking. Every one knows how effective this expedient was in attracting deposits, during the few years prior to the panic, into certain banks and trust companies of New York city which were devoted to something else than legitimate banking; and how deposits thus obtained stimulated the unwholesome inflation and speculation in Wall Street.

When, furthermore, one is asked whether the prevention of panic "runs" might not be a sufficient advantage to offset these other objections, the fact comes to light that no plan of guarantee has ever contemplated a fund immediately available. If the fund is to be invested, the depositor in a broken bank must await its conversion into cash—which, at a time of numerous suspensions, would be at best a slow process; and under present conditions the assets of the failed institution will primarily be applied to the payment of depositors. All this means delay, and bank runs are started as much through the wish of depositors to get their money instantly as through a fear that they will not get it at all. Of this fact the runs on savings banks are the surest proof; their occurrence, in the face of the protection thrown by the law around depositors, hardly foreshadows the abolition of bank runs through assurances of ultimate reimbursement of depositors.

On these several points, Mr. Taft touched briefly in his statement of last week, declaring that "the fundamental objection to the proposed plan . . . is that it puts a premium on reckless banking and is an inducement to reckless banking," and that with such banks "relieved of the responsibility to and the fear of the depositors, the tendency would be to induce exploitation, manipulation, and the use of assets of banks in a speculative way." None of these points is fairly met by Mr. Bryan. His argument, in his Topeka speech, is that "a bank asks deposits on the theory that the depositor is sure of the return of his money, and the laws ought to make the facts conform to the theory." The inference is rather sweeping. Every loan of money—indeed, every investment of money—is solicited on precisely the same theory. The objection that obscure, inexperienced, or recklessly managed institutions would be enabled to outbid conservative banks in the competition for deposits, is described by Mr. Bryan as the argument "presented by the big banks which put their own selfish interests above the welfare of the depositors and the safety of the community." This is simply to misrepresent the idea. Reminded of the objection that the guarantee might easily stimulate increased activities by speculative bankers, Mr. Bryan replies that the guarantee "would, if it made any difference in this respect, bring into the banking business a better class of men and raise, if that is possible, the average of character." But this statement is sheer unsupported assertion, for he neglects to inform us how or why this useful result would be achieved.

Finally, Mr. Bryan fails, as do most of the advocates of the theory, to take

account of the fact that a guarantee of depositors is also in substance a guarantee of all bank loans. By far the greater part of the bank deposit fund of the United States is made up of credit granted by the institutions to borrowers, and placed on the books as a deposit when the credit has been granted. For the banks as a whole to insure depositors of this class from loss, under any and all circumstances, is equivalent to their guaranteeing to make up the shortage in the proceeds of the loan, if the bank is forced to liquidate. This, in our judgment, is a pretty extensive duty to impose on the banks against their will in any country, and particularly in our own.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Selections from Erasmus. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

Andreiyeff, Leonidas. Silence. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. 25 cents.

American Philological Association, Transactions and Proceedings for 1907. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Armour, Francis J. The Brotherhood of Wisdom. John Lane Co.

Bindloss, Harold. By Right of Purchase. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Bristol, Frank Milton. The Life of Chaplain McCabe. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.

Buchanan, James. Works. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. IV. 1838-1841. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Crowell, Katherine R. The Call of the Waters. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net

Dole, Charles F. What We Know About Jesus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Farinelli, Arturo. Dante e la Francia. 2 vols. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. 30 lire.

Forrest, J. R. The Student Cavaliers. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.

Galsworthy, John. A Commentary. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gildersleeve, Virginia Crocheron. Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama. Columbia University Press. $1.25 net.

Gómez de Avellaneda's Baltasar, A Biblical Drama. Edited by Carlos Bransby. American Book Co. 65 cents.

Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Edited by Waterman Thomas Hewett. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Grey, Zane. The Last of the Plainsmen. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Grinnell, George Bird. Jack, the Young Explorer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Hay, Oliver Perry. The Fossil Turtles of North America. Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C.

Heyse's Er Soll dein Herr sein. Edited by Martin H. Haertel. American Book Co. 30 cents.

Hockenberry, John Coulter. The Rural School in the United States. State Normal School, Westfield, Mass. 75 cents.

Hodell, Charles W. The Old Yellow Book, Source of Browning's The Ring and the Book. Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C.

Jenks, Tudor. Photography for Young People. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

John of Worcester. The Chronicle of, 1118-1140. J. R. H. Weaver, editor. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Knapp, Adeline. The Well in the Desert. The Century Co. $1.50.

Lair, Jules. Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Leopold, I. H. M. Antonius Imperator. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s.

Marlowe Selections. A. T. Quiller-Couch, editor. Oxford Clarendon Press. 4d.

McArthur, Alexander. The Leveller. C. H. Doscher & Co.

Minot, Charles S. The Problem of Age, Growth, and Death. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Morrow, W. C. Lentala of the South Seas. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Parsons, Eugene. The Making of Colorado. Chicago: A. Flanagan Co. 65 cents.

Richards, Laura E. The Wooing of Calvin Parks. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.

Richman, Julia, and Wallach, Isabel Richman. Good Citizenship. American Book Co. 45 cents.

Royal Society of London. Catalogue of Scientific Papers, 1800-1900. Subject Index Vol I., Pure Mathematics. Cambridge: University Press. 21s. net.

Sélincourt, Hugh de. Great Raleigh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sheldon, Mary Boardman. Coffee and a Love Affair. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sichel, Edith. The Later Years of Catherine di Medici. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Smith, George Adam. Jerusalem. The Topography, Economics, and History from the Earliest Times to A.D. 70. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

Turrell, Charles Alfred. A Spanish Reader. American Book Co. 80 cents.

White, Stewart Edward. The Riverman. The McClure Co.

Xenophon's Hellenica. Selections. Edited by Carleton L. Brownson. American Book Co. $1.65.

Zeitlin, Jacob. The Accusative with Infinitive and Some Kindred Constructions in English. Columbia University Press. $1.00 net.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908

The Week.

Mr. Taft's change of mind in regard to his speaking trip is now attributed indirectly to the recent law forbidding railway passes. Mr. Taft, it appears, had expected to be waited upon by delegation after delegation, to each of which he was to pour out his soul. But the pilgrims have not arrived, because, it is alleged, they could not obtain free transportation, and did not care to expend from $2 to $20 each to see the candidate and hear an address. This explanation is unconvincing. The real reason is simply that the West wants to be assured that Mr. Taft is as radical as Roosevelt, and not a "reactionary." It still regards him as a poor substitute for the man it wanted, and is, therefore, eager to get a glimpse of the candidate himself. The change of plan must be regarded as wise, even if Mr. Taft is not so attractive a speaker as his rival. His winning personality and his hearty, straightforward manner will make friends wherever he goes, and the training in speaking briefly will be a benefit to him for the rest of his life. As he travels, too, he will get a clearer idea than a thousand delegations could give him of the temper of the people and of their desires in the way of political changes.

Gov. Hughes's speech at Youngstown on Saturday throws no more light on his opinions than was afforded by his speech on national issues at the New York Republican Club last winter. He is a party man, not so enthusiastic, perhaps, for some of the Republican doctrines as Mr. Taft, but none the less orthodox enough to please the most fastidious. The speech is an effective piece of campaign oratory. In his summary of Mr. Bryan's qualifications, or lack of qualifications, for the Presidency, Mr. Hughes was at his best. At the same time, one must not be too severe on Bryan because he has not administered the government of Cuba or the Philippines. While Mr. Bryan's lack of experience as an executive is, so far as it goes, a valid argument for preferring Mr. Taft, experience does not seem to us the final test. President Cleveland's record, like Mr. Hughes's, shows that, given character, fixed principles, and general ability, a man may speedily rise to high administrative duties. But Mr. Bryan, able though he be, has neither the fixed principles nor the stability to make up for his lack of experience in administration and to warrant the voters in entrusting him with the highest office in the land.

Honest political soothsayers can give but one forecast as a result of the Vermont election. It indicates clearly the choice of Mr. Taft, unless the State has lost its usefulness as a political weather-vane. True, some Democrats pretend to read the signs differently and to gather hope from a falling off of 6 per cent. in the Republican vote. But although the Republicans may be overconfident, the failure of the Independence League to secure more than a thousand adherents in Vermont will reassure the Democrats who feared that Hisgen would draw seriously from them. And the small vote for the Socialists indicates that the Green Mountain boys are still sticking to the political and economic faiths of their fathers.

It is probable that the President, as reported in the press dispatches, will ask Congress for another increase of the army. It will be shown conclusively that millions are being spent on coast defences in Hawaii and the Philippines, and that therefore we must provide the gunners. The undoubted hardships of the infantry in spending two out of every six years in the Philippines will also be dwelt upon. Indeed, the army, like the navy, has found Congress an easy master since the Spanish war, in striking contrast to its refusal to do much of anything for the soldiers from 1870 to 1898. They can hardly be blamed for making hay while the sun shines; but it is time for the public to put its foot down hard. With 70 per cent. of our national revenues going for army, navy, and pensions, with no foreign difficulty of any kind in sight, it is the hour to stop this folly. The price we have paid for our colonial investments is large enough now, without the squandering of further millions.

It was announced some time ago that the Navy Department was planning to build torpedo-boat destroyers with a speed of 29½ knots, although foreign nations are insisting on 33 and 35 knots. When the bids for these new destroyers were opened in the Navy Department last week it appeared that several of the most progressive of our ship-builders were of the opinion that the speed required was ridiculously low for this stage of naval development. The Fore River Shipbuilding Company, for instance, offered to construct 33-knot boats for $122,000 less apiece than the outside sum allotted by Congress, and several other concerns offered 30 and 31-knot destroyers for little more than the lowest bid for the 29½-knot vessels. Presumably, the Department will stick to its plans, content with the demonstration that we can build fast boats if we wish. In every branch of the navy we simply imitate the English. Three years ago the Admiralty announced that every battleship thereafter would have turbines—last week our Department reached the same conclusion. And the Admiralty is getting years ahead of us by conducting experiments with gasolene and suction-gas engines. The Navy Department simply will not interest itself in anything so new or so progressive.

One hundred and seventeen indictments—this is a brave showing for the Springfield, Illinois, grand jury which is investigating the lynching riots. If only the matter will not rest there, if, say, seventy-five of the rioters could finally be committed to jail for long terms, the city will have gone a long way towards redeeming itself. Thus far the grand jury confirms the assertion of the ministers that the basic trouble was not race prejudice, or even high moral indignation at a shocking crime, but just a thirst for drinking, robbing, and murdering by the lawless elements long unmolested by the authorities. If, as some of our Southern friends would have us believe, this was another uprising on behalf of Anglo-Saxon purity and superiority, it is obvious that these sacred sentiments took strong hold upon

a mob of loafers, thieves, and prostitutes—persons not always credited with lofty sentiments or a desire to uphold any standards, much less the racial. Had the crime been committed by a Jew or an Italian the same conflagration might have followed. But this fact, of course, detracts not one whit from the shame of Springfield. That so contemptible a police force could have existed anywhere is in itself humiliating. Of this body the grand jury says:

> We condemn in unmeasured terms the cowardly, contemptuous action of those members of the police force who, having taken the oath of office, failed to do their duty; men who were paid from money obtained from the pockets of the people of this city to protect life and property; men who were ordered by the heads of departments of the police to go out and disperse the mob, and who not only failed to use a club, handle a pistol, or raise a voice against the mob on the side of law and order, but some of whom are shown to have assisted by act and word in doing the work that has brought destruction to thousands of dollars of property and has brought shame to every law-abiding citizen of this city.

William F. Vilas's bequest to the University of Wisconsin is one of many replies to the complaint, frequently raised by the friends of State educational institutions, that a public school cannot look to philanthropists for favors. The swelling stream of benefactions during recent years has been washing away all distinctions between State and privately endowed colleges. Like the extension to State universities of the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. Vilas's bequest shows that our great philanthropists are coming to recognize that their peculiar function may be to furnish money for purposes which to State legislators of narrower vision seem unnecessary or impracticable. Scholarships and fellowships, liberally endowed chairs, and special laboratories, which cannot be wrung from representatives who identify culture with agriculture, must often be created by private generosity.

Few people can realize to-day the excitement caused by the publication of the letter from the late Lord Sackville to the Irish-American in California who had asked his opinion of political conditions during the Presidential campaign of 1888. This rather ingenuous missive was instantly seized upon by the Republicans as a tremendous weapon. They paraded it as proof that the English government was trying to direct the affairs of this country, and therefore the only thing to do was to elect Mr. Harrison. Copies of Lord Sackville's letter were circulated by the thousand; it was printed day after day in leaded type in Republican newspapers, together with drawings of the British crown. It received all the honors that could be accorded to a dispatch announcing a great victory by land or sea, or the outcome of a great foreign war, or a great scientific discovery. But it was only a piece of small stupidity by a diplomat of the second rank. Of course, it completely discredited Lord Sackville and ended his diplomatic career. Such a blunder would discredit any ambassador to-day, but it could not create the same sensation. For one thing, the appeal to anti-British prejudice is far less popular; and we also have become rather more accustomed to dabbling in European affairs.

British enthusiasts are weaving dreams of empire out of British cotton. After six years of agitation, in which the government has taken active part, the British Cotton-Growing Association is already witnessing the partial success of the project for "Cotton within the Empire." At a recent conference in Manchester the representatives of the West Indies reported that their season's crop of Sea Island cotton is more than enough to supply the present wants of all Lancashire mills; British East Africa and British West Africa also testified to a rapidly increasing output. These are but beginnings. But so far as our own cotton industry is concerned, we may note that the finest grades of fibre, to which the British are now giving exclusive attention, are but a trifle in the total American output; indeed, some of them our thread and woollen mills have to import. But, even if British soil shall some day yield every fibre needed for British spindles, the rest of the world will probably call for all the bales we care to export, especially in view of the fact that our own mills are steadily increasing their consumption. In at least one respect this steady demand for cotton is unfortunate. Sharp foreign competition, by making cotton-growing less profitable, would hasten the diversification of Southern agriculture and occupations, with the result that economic and social life below Mason and Dixon's line would become more wholesome.

The plain people have a disconcerting habit of turning on their self-constituted defenders, and telling them gruffly to "stop that nonsense." In England Mr. Balfour and other Conservative orators have argued that the government's Licensing bill is a reprehensible attack on the right of the British workingman to the "'arf a pint" of ale that was guaranteed him by Magna Charta and the Great Remonstrance. But the president of the British Trade-Union Congress declares that "the great political and social question at present is the Licensing bill, which is wanted by the workingman," of whom nearly 1,800,000 are represented at the Congress. The intelligent British workman knows well what a detriment drink has been to his personal welfare, and even to his class interests. For the president of the Trade-Union Congress to declare that if the Upper House tampers with the bill, "the Lords would raise the question of their own existence," is considerably to strengthen the hands of the government.

The presence of the Turkish Consul-General at a Zionist mass meeting in this city may be indicative of the new fraternal feeling among the different races of Turkey that has come with the new régime, without meaning that the outlook for the success of the Zionist movement has changed for the better. As we have already pointed out, the Young Turks are primarily actuated by national Ottoman aims. The crisis, indeed, seems to have been precipitated by the imminent action of the Powers in Macedonia, which threatened the virtual extinction of Turkish authority in that region. As long as Abdul Hamid reigned, Turkey was being brought nearer to dismemberment. To avert such a catastrophe, to keep the Empire intact and make it modern, is the work to which the triumphant party has set itself. With such aims the erection of an independent Jewish state in Palestine is evidently incompatible. Even autonomy is something which a Turkish Parliament could hardly grant to a Jewish population in Palestine without conceding the same rights to the other nationalities in Europe and Asia. On the other hand, it may well be that un-

der a liberal régime Jewish immigration into Palestine may be facilitated; and at the same time, under an enlightened economic policy, the resources of the Holy Land may be so developed as to render it capable of supporting a much larger population.

The formal celebration last week of the opening to Medina of the Damascus-Mecca railway marks another important step in the modernization of Islam. In the spring of 1900 it was announced that the Sultan had determined to construct a railway from Damascus to Medina. Much of the route lay across deserts traversed only by caravans since the earliest times. Four years ago the railway had crept to Ma'an; two years ago it reached the Thabouk station; and a few weeks ago the rails were laid to Medina. From Medina to Mecca is only 280 miles, and notwithstanding the chronic financial troubles of the Sultan, the entire line from Beirut via Damascus and Medina to Mecca will probably be completed before long. The pilgrims can then make in a few days the long journey of 1,280 miles, that hitherto was the greatest achievement of a lifetime for devout followers of the Prophet. While this holy railway was planned chiefly as a convenience to pilgrims to the shrines of Medina and Mecca, it will also serve important military and commercial purposes. It will, in connection with the Anatolian and the partly completed Baghdad railway, help to bind closer together Turkey's Asiatic dominions, and help her to transform her present shadowy claims over practically all Arabia into a hard and fast reality. That fact will not be without significance to more than one European Power, and especially to England, seated at Aden, and thus commanding the Persian Gulf. It will now be more than ever necessary for her to remain on good terms with Turkey if she is to maintain her present position on the high road to India. To-day, however, it is chiefly the picturesqueness of the event that arrests attention and appeals to the imagination. The "ship of the desert" once more gives place to the locomotive; the caravan's slow progress toward the holiest of holies, to the swift trip of the railway train, with all that that implies in the changed attitude of the Eastern mind.

Careful study of the White Man's Burden proves that there are other ways of carrying a load besides shouldering it. Everything depends upon the character of the burden. If it is a Cuban gentleman with a Harvard degree, he may be inspired by the spectacle of our civilization. If it is a Porto Rican, he may be dragged up; if a Louisiana "nigger," kicked up; if a Philippine tribesman, shot up; and British dispatches from South Africa reaffirm that the proper and accepted methods of boosting Zulus to a higher plane is to flog their backs into ribbons. Squeamish people dislike some of these varieties of burden-bearing; a hypersensitive Miss Colenso has been pestering the Premier of Natal with complaints about the whipping administered, in some cases fatally, to thirty-one men, women, and children, by order of a local magistrate. Miss Colenso seems vexed because many of the victims had not been convicted of any offence, but were simply awaiting trial. This shows how completely women misunderstand these matters; the lash was applied, not in anger or for retribution, but only to teach the first lesson of imperialism, namely, Anglo-Saxon superiority. The *Times of Natal* silences the sentimentalists with the assurance that "many things are inseparable from a state of war or from the administration of martial law." Even unreasoning woman must see that this profound truth proves the advisability of maintaining martial law wherever contractors find it difficult to secure laborers.

The protest which the Swiss Democrats addressed to the Bundesrat because Count Zeppelin sailed with his airship across Switzerland without special permission, calls attention to the most important problem now before international tribunals. Time was when the oceans were partitioned among the nations, and wars were waged for their possession. Then the principle of the free oceans was finally adopted. In 1903 the French jurist Alexandre Mérignhac demanded in a paper submitted to the Peace Congress of Rouen that the atmosphere should "be as free as the ocean," and this principle was adopted by the Institut de Droit International at its Edinburgh meeting of 1904. Now that the problem of aerial navigation seems so near solution, many persons feel that the air cannot possibly be treated like the water. Absolute freedom of ballooning would expose the cities to greater danger than has ever confronted them; it would render espionage easy, as is shown by the excellent photographs taken in airships; it would facilitate smuggling and the escape of criminals. At the second Hague Conference several countries, among them Russia, Germany, and France, refused to renew the former agreement that no explosives must be thrown from balloons; but it was agreed that undefended cities, villages, and habitations must not be bombarded in any way. Thus the destructiveness of balloon explosives is limited to fortresses, warships, and armies. Alfred H. Fried deems it likely that the nations will grant freedom of ballooning over oceans, deserts, and unappropriated regions of the globe; but a general freedom, as in the case of the ocean, seems to him to be out of the question. But can it be prevented?

It is easy to believe that the pantomime of "Sardanapalus," prepared by the orders of Emperor William and acted last week at the Royal Opera House, was, as reported, a gorgeous spectacle. It may well have been, too, through the labors of Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch and other eminent Orientalists, an instructive reproduction of life in the ancient palace of Nineveh. But the piquancy of the scene lies as much in the observer as the observed. What were the emotions, one asks, of the Kaiser, to whom empire is the very breath of life, as he watched this pageant which has been for thousands of years the emblem of moralists for the vanity of empire? Modern archæology has destroyed the old legend of the effeminate Lord of Assyria as the Greek historians portrayed him, and as Byron represented him in his play. It is probable that he never set up the inscription:

> Sardanapalus,
> The King, and son of Anacyndaraxes,
> In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
> Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth
> a fillip,—

or composed for himself the famous epitaph: "Only that have I now which I took from eating and drinking and love; all the fulness of empire I have left behind." Yet these are the ideas that will always cling to the name of Sardanapalus, and these are the memories that must have awakened curious thoughts in the mind of the imperial observer.

JAPAN AND HER "NAVAL PROGRAMME."

The formal announcement made through the financial agents of Japan in this country, that the Japanese government has decided on a drastic cut in its military and naval outlay, need cause no surprise. As long ago as last December, it was given out at Tokio that there would be a reduction of 40,000,000 yen, or approximately $20,000,000, in the annual appropriations for these purposes. This was the result of popular demands and pressure by the financial experts of the national legislature, with whom Marquis Ito was believed to be in sympathy. It was significant, then, that this reduction was described as a "concession" by the army and navy authorities. But when the budget for the new fiscal year was framed, a few months later, it became evident that the concession was not large enough to square the Treasury accounts. The Financial Annual of Japan, in which the government made its report, admitted that "if the programme already made for the year 1909-10 and subsequent years is carried out, large deficits will be made," and announced that taxes on sugar, sake, and kerosene would be increased, and with them the price of tobacco under the government monopoly. The result of this declaration was a debate of great acrimony in the national legislature, followed by indignant protests from commercial bodies against the plan of adding to the already burdensome war taxes for the sake of "unproductive public expenditure." When this remonstrance was followed up by severe criticism from Japan's foreign creditors, the pressure became too strong to resist; and the Cabinet has voted to reduce expenditure during the next half-dozen years by 200,000,000 yen, or $100,000,000. Of this reduction, $75,000,000 is to fall upon army and navy.

What, it may be asked, are the conditions which make possible, through the stroke of a pen, a saving so enormous? Simply this—the Japanese government had yielded to the reckless competition among the militant powers to keep on adding men and ships at whatever rate the jingo faction demanded. Japan has been spending annually, on army and navy, $45,000,000 more than in the year preceding the Eastern War, and this in the face of an interest charge on its foreign debt fully $60,000,000 greater than ever before. To meet this expenditure the government has been exacting a heavy income tax, a land tax, an inheritance tax, a general excise, and a variety of stamp taxes, while the "extraordinary special taxes," which were imposed during the war, and which were admitted to be very burdensome, have been continued. So long as the purpose of this crushing taxation was to raise money for bringing home troops, restoring the navy to its previous efficiency, and reducing the public debt, the people bore the load uncomplainingly. But when they learned, at the very moment of financial reaction and depression, that the burden was to be continued and increased, with no assignable limit, through the adoption of extravagant plans of naval construction, patience ceased to be a virtue. The armament was to be brought to a state satisfactory to the apostles of extravagance within six years, but now the programme is "to prolong the present six-year scheme into twelve years," which is only a euphemistic way of saying that the annual appropriation will be cut in two.

The importance of the incident lies in the fact that the advocates of economy have won a substantial victory, and have won it from a determined military clique. This means much for the Japanese taxpayers, much for the foreign creditors of Japan, and much for the peace of the world. In the London market and in our own, Japanese bonds have advanced 3 per cent. over former prices. Part of this rise is owing to a promise of liberal redemptions of the outstanding debt—a prudent and necessary step in view of the fact that the grand total of national loan bonds outstanding has actually increased in each year since the Eastern War was ended. People who never accepted seriously the European theories of the war-time that Japan would collapse through inability to raise money for the contest, were rightly disquieted by a policy of heaping up the burden in a period of peace. It was high time that sensible statesmen should call a halt.

But the effort to economize is significant quite aside from the plight of Japan itself. Germany, whose annual naval expenditure had already increased 260 per cent. since 1893, is plunging into a scheme of new construction similar to Japan's; and a well-informed article from Berlin in the London *Bankers' Magazine* estimates that, for this and other purposes, no less than $100,000,000 of fresh revenue must be raised. This means new taxes and new borrowings, for the Imperial Treasury has already found itself unable, with the growing charge for armaments, to make both ends meet. The condition of our own Treasury is familiar. England, embarking on unknown seas in her Old Age Pension projects, is also under the same remorseless pressure from ambitious builders of warships. Japan is the first of the Powers to make public confession that the craze has gone too far. And unless experience is wholly misleading, the fiscal embarrassments which have forced the hand of that government will in due time affect others.

MOROCCO ONCE MORE.

Germany has explained that when she let loose her latest Moroccan thunderbolt, she was merely offering advice, but French journalists when discussing German policy with regard to Morocco will continue to use the favorite adjective, *brutal*. Perfidious Albion has been quite replaced by Germania the brutal which delights in disregarding the ways of civilized diplomacy, roars like a lion in pain when a word of mild protest would suffice, strikes when least expected (by preference after displaying high amity), and in general seems bent on a policy of bedevilment and exasperation. That is the French view after an experience extending now over more than three years. It is also a view in which the outsider will find a fair measure of reason. What word, for instance, can characterize Germany's sudden change of attitude between Sunday week, when at Strasburg the Kaiser made his plea for international good will, and the report a few days later that Germany had determined to shift for herself in Morocco? In commenting on the Kaiser's speech we said that in Morocco he had an opportunity to make trouble if he wished, but that he had held himself in check. That judgment must now be suspended, for German diplomacy has nearly brought Europe to the threshold of another Moroccan "crisis." If the storm be safely weathered, the result will be due, as in 1906, to French self-restraint more than to Germany's regard for the peace of the Continent.

French self-restraint and German

recklessness—we seem to be confusing traditional characteristics of race. But this is what Frenchmen of late have been proudly asserting: that, in the face of continuous provocation from across the Rhine, France has kept her temper and her dignity while maintaining, as best she could, her rights. Marcel Prévost writes to the *Figaro* from Germany—*Zeppelinland*, he calls it, because of the tremendous enthusiasm over the dirigible airship. Do you think, he asks, that this vast emotional upheaval is all due to the loss to science, to sorrow for the cruelly tried inventor? No. What Germany bewails is the destruction of a war-machine on which great hopes rested. He cites from a Berlin daily, let us hope a sensational one:

> The fear of what the Zeppelin can do has become a nightmare for the Parisians. They watch with anguish for the appearance of the balloon over their city, just as they watched in 1871 for the Uhlans.

That, insists M. Prévost, is the spirit of the Young Germans, and he adds:

> I much prefer the way in which, on the morrow after the loss of the Patrie, our army was put into possession of another balloon ready for service, without press-agent publicity, without bluster, without bluff.

Here, indeed, was the volatile Gaul giving the stolid Teuton a lesson in self-control.

And in this matter of Morocco, Germany has supplied the French with frequent opportunities for exercising self-restraint. France's claims to a special position in Morocco as the neighbor of the Sultan in Algeria are acknowledged in long-existing treaties. In the Anglo-French Agreement of April 8, 1904, Great Britain pledged herself not to interfere with French ambitions in Morocco. Then began on a large scale the so-called policy of "pacific penetration." There was to be no military conquest of Morocco, but French commercial agents were to establish themselves throughout the country, French physicians were to open hospitals for the natives, French officers were to take service in the Moroccan army. This happy prospect was completely shattered by the famous voyage of Emperor William to Morocco in the spring of 1905. At Tangier he declared that the independence and integrity of the Sultan's domains must be maintained, and—an acute crisis was at hand. Delcassé, who had been in absolute charge of French foreign affairs for six years, and had established closer relations than ever between France and Russia, sympathetic relations with Italy and Spain, and the now famous *entente* with England, was ready to go to war over Morocco. But France felt herself utterly unprepared (M. Rouvier was then Premier), and Delcassé fell. It is widely believed that to bring about his fall was the real object of Germany's incursion into Morocco.

Only after prolonged negotiations, in the course of which that "brutal" mailed fist seemed to threaten war more than once, it was agreed to leave the settlement of the difficulty to a conference of the Powers. At Algeciras, in the early months of 1906, France won what seemed at the time a signal victory over Germany. She rallied to her side nearly all the participating Powers, including the United States and even Germany's partner in the Triple Alliance, Italy. True, Europe there declared for the independence and integrity of the Moroccan empire, and the financial reorganization was to be carried on under an international agreement, but to France, with Spain, was entrusted the task of preserving order in Moroccan ports. Recognition of the Act of Algeciras was made incumbent upon the Sultan.

When the attack on the Europeans at Casablanca led to the dispatch of a French army and the outbreak of war with the tribesmen of that region, the French government asserted that an emergency had arisen from which it would attempt to derive no special benefit for itself. And on the whole France has been loyal to the pledge. When native fanaticism, exasperated at the pro-European attitude of the Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, finally took form in the elevation of a rival in the person of his brother, Mulai Hafid, the French did just enough to show that their sympathies were with Abd-el-Aziz, and not enough to prevent his downfall. The success of Mulai Hafid was a disappointment to the French; but they argued that nothing had occurred to nullify the Act of Algeciras; if Mulai Hafid should subscribe to its terms, there was no obstacle to his recognition by the Powers. Germany's announcement of a decision to recognize Mulai Hafid without waiting for guarantees is, therefore, regarded as a blow at the European concert. That the Powers which formerly stood with France will now be with her would seem to be beyond doubt. But the general effect upon Franco-German relations cannot be foretold. Germany may now declare that she has simply announced her intention of recognizing the new Sultan, without proceeding to the formal act. But in France such conduct is taken as only one more illustration of that mixed policy of sudden attack and forbearance which the French call *brutal*.

THE HANKERING FOR PROTECTION

The Kentish hop-growers are having a hard year. A few months ago they were complaining so bitterly of the "dumping" of American hops on the English market that a select committee was appointed to report on the industry. Last week the cable dispatches from England announced the destruction of a large part of the crop by excessively wet weather and high wind. Human nature being what it is, we may expect that the hop-growers, smarting under heavy losses both from competition and from the "act of God," as the old phrase is, will at the next session of Parliament appeal still more loudly for protection. They will, however, find it difficult to meet the arguments of the report of the select committee, which has laid down pretty clearly some basic principles of trade. These principles it is worth while to examine a little in detail, especially in view of the fact that at the promised extra session for revision of our own tariff, a number of manufacturers will appear, whining over the present hard times and demanding that their sufferings be allayed by still higher rates.

But when the lessened profits of this period of depression are presented as a reason for raising the tariff, we can say to the petitioners what the select committee, presided over by Sir William Collins, has said to the English hop-growers: the supply has outrun the demand, and therefore prices have fallen. In the case of hops, the demand fell off because less beer was brewed, and because fewer hops were used for each barrel of it. This last change is due in small part to the employment of substitutes, but chiefly to the growing preference for a "lighter, brighter, and therefore less heavily hopped beer." The increase in supply is the result of improved methods of cultivation. The dumping of foreign hops merely caused

a temporary flurry, which cannot have a permanent effect, because in both Germany and the United States the production of hops is at the moment declining. In this country, moreover, in spite of a heavy duty of $12 a hundredweight, the price has fluctuated between £1 12s. 8d. a hundredweight and £5 16s. 8d. The lower figure, it will be noted, is below that of the import duty, and is thus proof that the duty will not avail to maintain a minimum price.

Furthermore, Mr. Taft has just been telling us that some of the schedules of the Dingley Act need "revising up." Greedy manufacturers are sure to take him at his word, and, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. But it is evident that their trouble is mainly due to a temporary excess of supply over demand. In most branches of production, especially in those which do not deal with the bare necessities of existence, the demand has slackened a great deal since last October. What is more, the tariff will not quicken this demand. In England a tariff would not check the use of substitutes for hops in the brewing of beer, or alter the taste for a lighter product. In the United States a tariff will not enrich the average consumer, who is going through a period of saving in order to make good his losses from the panic, from a diminution in the volume of trade, or from lack of steady employment. In this field the tariff, our boasted panacea, is wholly impotent.

We have said that in the main our industries are suffering from a malady which the tariff cannot cure. To this statement there may be a few exceptions —those industries in which we are attempting to produce under adverse conditions articles that may be more advantageously made elsewhere. We are not, it is true, putting a heavy tariff on bananas in order to protect the bananas grown under glass in a few of our Northern gardens; but we are doing some things that are almost as silly. And if any American manufacturer protests that he cannot compete with the foreigner, we may properly answer, as England in substance answered the farmers of Kent: Why should the whole community be taxed in order to keep up the artificial value of your commodity? A generation ago we were met by the protectionist argument that the tariff would foster "infant" industries and enable us to maintain that variety of occupation and diversification of society that promote civilization. If we would only keep up the tariff for a few years till the infants were fairly grown, we should, so ran the promise, be able to revert to the low tariff again. But that promise has conveniently been forgotten. The tariff has been raised higher and higher, because the appetite of the beneficiaries has grown by feeding; and a considerable number of manufacturers are already beginning to say that the Dingley rates do not really afford them protection. And this reliance upon the tariff is especially characteristic of the men of the second generation, who have inherited their business, who are perhaps interested more in automobiling and other sports than in the dull routine of the shop, and who look to a paternal government to make up their own deficiencies in intelligence and enterprise. They would revive trade, not by making wares that are good enough and cheap enough to command the market, but by excluding the foreign competitor. To meet the foreign competitor requires a large outlay of ingenuity and energy. To secure protection has been far simpler and easier—the mere drawing of a check of appropriate size for the Republican campaign fund. Hitherto the rule has been: Drop a contribution in the slot and get a tariff schedule—at the expense, of course, of the great body of consumers, who cannot afford to pay for political favors.

THE PRESS AS A BIG STICK.

The repeated rumors that Lord Northcliffe (Alfred Harmsworth), who already owns so many newspapers, has secured control of the London *Times* have started the English press to discussing the man and his career, as well as the opportunities which modern journalism offers to a person with plenty of money and no scruples. The possibilities in this field are, we venture to say, hardly yet understood even by the most enterprising of our yellow journalists; and we shall be greatly surprised if, within the next generation, the newspapers which are—to use Lord Salisbury's phrase—"written by office-boys for office-boys" do not increase vastly in number and circulation. With cheap paper, cheap press-work, cheap editors, and advertisers of cheap wares to help, the supply of cheap news and pictures for cheap readers may become almost unlimited. The demand, too, from persons who can do little more than read and write, seems illimitable. Moreover, these journals for the half-illiterate millions enjoy the great advantage that they can actually influence, directly and immediately, the opinions of their subscribers. The more respectable papers are taken by people who often have ideas of their own, and who, though they may in the long run be somewhat affected by the damnable iteration of their favorite journal, may disagree with it at least half the time. But the newsboys and the shop-girls who feed, for example, on the New York *Evening Journal* are so crassly ignorant that they often swallow all it says with eager credulity. Now, in a democracy, the man who can lay down the law for the masses is a force to be reckoned with.

France, for instance, has just been getting an interesting view of the inside workings of the Paris *Matin*, a paper which, by catering to that public which delights in crimes and scandals, has gained an immense circulation. The facts came out in the course of a suit for libel brought by Charles Humbert, a Senator, whom the *Matin* had accused of being an accomplice in the frauds of a company promoter. In the course of the trial it turned out that this very promoter, M. Rochette, had paid the *Matin* some 200,000 francs for forwarding his enterprises. Moreover, the *Matin* could accuse M. Humbert, a former protégé, of the blackest ingratitude, for it had obtained for him, from successive ministers, (1) his rehabilitation after being involved in a military scandal; (2) his appointment to a post in the War Office; (3) his decoration; (4) a well-paid sinecure; (5) a degree of influence which enabled him to obtain orders from the government for firms in which he had an interest. For the sake of advertisement, the *Matin* organized a marching competition in the army, and afterwards secured for a festivity the free use of the state Opera House. The proprietor, in common with the President of the Republic and the ambassadors of the great Powers, exercised the right of passing the octroi stations in Paris without submitting to an examination. In fine, the *Matin* was treated almost as if it were a branch of the administration.

Lord Northcliffe has exerted his

strength less insolently. He owns a score of papers, daily and weekly, and is able to extend his influence throughout the entire realm. Hitherto the charge urged against him most seriously is that he has commercialized the press in the most vulgar fashion. He has persistently and systematically exploited crime, has run as close to the limits of indecency as he has dared, and in general has conducted all his enterprises as if his power entailed no responsibilities and his only conceivable aim were to make money. But Harmsworth's rewards have not been wholly pecuniary. He received a title in 1905 from the Conservative government, as a fit recognition of the power which he has used so unscrupulously.

In our own country the nearest parallel is W. R. Hearst. He now runs newspapers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, and Boston, and he threatens to enter other cities. On the character of his dailies we need not dwell. Nothing more brazen has ever been printed. His appeal is to the lowest instincts of the worst elements. This country is so large, however, so decentralized, and its interests are so diversified that no one paper can have the vogue of a journal published in Paris or London. Mr. Hearst's plan of issuing in several different places is therefore the only way of bringing pressure to bear in every part of the United States. To maintain newspapers in, say, twenty cities would require large capital, but were a man rich and ambitious enough, the project is wholly feasible. Mr. Hearst, however, has evolved a plan which affords him many of the advantages of direct control of a chain of dailies, with none of the disadvantages. He has organized a "news service," to which, he asserts, he has secured several hundred subscribers. These papers get news of the Hearst kind, and with the news there goes inevitably the taint of the Hearst shop. He is in constant telegraphic communication with all these publications; he has engaged their editors in business relations with himself; and consequently his version of the story and his views are bound to receive more or less favorable consideration. At this moment the doings of his Independence League and the utterances of its candidates are being generously reported through the Hearst (and what we may call the semi-Hearst) papers; and if Hisgen and Graves show unexpected strength in the election, they will owe it in part to this cunning propaganda of the Hearst news service. The present indication is that the Independence vote will not materially affect the result; but circumstances might easily arise in which the man who could dictate the policy of fifty or a hundred newspapers could determine a national election and make his own stipulations as to persons and policies. This is indeed to wield the big stick.

CANONIZATION BY POETIC LICENSE.

A striking difference may be pointed out between the Roman Catholic Church and the average young person who writes verses for the magazines. The Church, before it admits a candidate to the high communion of the saints, imposes an elaborate series of tests extending sometimes over hundreds of years. The susceptible young rhymer, on the other hand, if he happen to be stirred by some one else's bit of verse to a warm flush of altruistic emotion, is quite likely to dash off a sonnet or a quatrain in which he calls the first poet a saint. Tender-hearted persons who do not themselves write have been known to reveal the same passion for beatifying and canonizing contemporaries who do. There must be many people to whom the author of "Leaves of Grass" is St. Whitman and the author of "Ethics of the Dust" St. Ruskin. In a strictly utilitarian age, we grant, the man who has loved the true, the beautiful, and his fellow-men as Ruskin did, deserves the halo far more than some desert ascetic who visited on his own tortured body his hatred for mankind. Robert Buchanan, in his "New Abelard," we believe, makes his hero build a church dedicated to Human Brotherhood, in which the stained-glass windows bear the effigies of St. Homer, St. Dante, and St. Shakespeare. But Buchanan's hero finds final peace, with death, at the foot of the Cross.

The principle would seem to be commendable enough: to discern holiness in every common thing, to scent divinity at a football game; and yet the thing may be overdone. In the hands of the minor poet, especially, the bestowal of honors that are not of this world, easily becomes an abuse; for minor poets, like minor artists and workmen in every line, love to bring a vast enginery to bear on a very small need, and they deal light-heartedly with names and epithets that Dante or Milton were discreet in using. Minor poets never hesitate to invoke "The Christ," or Mary, or the Godhead, to lend glow to a verse that has little color of its own. For that mannerism, Swinburne, we suppose, is as much responsible as any man. Once he showed the way, it was easy enough to raid Jehovah's heavenly armories for the poet's daily use, and among other things the martyr's crown and the saint's aureole have come into popular vogue. Take, for instance, what is far from being the worst example of its kind, Sarah N. Cleghorn's verses, entitled, "Saint R. L. S.," in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

Sultry and brazen was the August day
When Sister Stanislaus came down to see
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay:
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay,
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away.—
(The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,
Kissed "Treasure Island" on its well-worn cover.)

There is point, as well as fancy, in the lines. If to bring peace to a crippled child on a bed of pain, is not a good title to saintship, what is? We may admit that we do not know, and confess at the same time that St. Stevenson does not sound quite right.

The trouble is that the title has been conferred for an inadequate consideration. Not many "Treasure Islands" have been written; but, after all, sick children, and their elders for that matter, have found relief in books inferior to "Treasure Island." If it is the bringing of surcease from paint that constitutes Stevenson's title to a golden crown around the glassy sea, a dangerous precedent is established. If your sick lad was, in health, a district messenger boy, he would find deeper balm in a dime novel than in Stevenson; his sister from the factory will forget her sorrows over a copy of the latest best seller; and thus we are confronted with an entire new hierarchy—St. Tarkington, St. McCutcheon, St. Caine, St. Co-

relli. Of course, if you wish to be thorough, you can take them all in. You can go much further. From the point of view of the altruist you are entitled to speak of St. Watt, St. Stephenson, St. Morse, St. Curie, and St. Marconi. More old-fashioned people, however, will ask for the old-fashioned conditions of eligibility for beatification. They will not insist upon remoteness in time; St. Florence Nightingale or St. Josephine Shaw Lowell is fitting enough; but that forgetfulness of self and of the world which we have so long associated with the truly elect, there must be.

It is not the poets alone that are to blame. The fashion of dragging the name of the Founder of Christianity into the vulgar rhetoric of the day is growing. The cheap politician, the sensational pamphleteer, the agitator, and the crank—yes, there have not been wanting men from among the clergy—still take it upon themselves to announce what the Son of Man would do if he came to Chicago, or if he came to Washington. In consequence this man is sure that he would attack the Trusts, the other that he would vote for the Republican ticket, the third that he would march in the Haywood parade.

CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

COPENHAGEN, August 21.

A clever woman once defined a scientific association as a body of men formed for the purpose of securing an audience to listen to papers that nobody cares to hear. Certainly, at international gatherings of scholars, the reading of papers, however interesting, is a secondary feature in comparison with the stimulus and encouragement to be gained from meeting one's fellow-workers, from the informal exchange of views with them, and even from the small talk in which scholars off on a holiday feel privileged to indulge.

At the Congress of Orientalists, which closed with a banquet last evening, the representation from all countries, with the notable exception of France, was good. As usual, however, Germany predominated. The delegation from the United States was perhaps not so large as at some previous gatherings, though in every sense representative. An interesting feature at the opening session was the unanimity with which the representatives of various countries, in their response to the address of welcome from the president of the Congress—the distinguished Prof. Vilhelm Thomsen—bore witness to the services rendered by Danish scholarship to the cause of Oriental learning. The names of Westergaard, Larsen, Rask, Tychsen, and Carsten Niebuhr fell from many lips. Indeed, in Avestan scholarship, in the first steps of cuneiform research, and in opening up unknown portions of the East, Danish scholars were among the pioneers. It was eminently appropriate, therefore, to hold an international Congress of Orientalists in the capital of Denmark.

The Congress divided into eight sections: (1) General Linguistics, (2) Indo-Iranian, (3) China and Japan, (4) Semitic Languages (Hebrew, Aramaic, and Assyrian), with (5) a sub-section for Arabia and Islam, (6) Egypt and Africa, (7) Greece, (8) Ethnography and Folk-lore of the Orient. In all, over one hundred papers were read, the largest number in the Semitic section, with the Indo-Iranian a close second. Without disparagement to the other sections, it may fairly be said that the Indo-Iranian carried off the honors, both by virtue of the unusually high qualities of the communications presented, and more particularly through the account of the remarkable results attained by the recent German expedition to Chinese Turkestan. These results were set forth at one of the meetings of the combined sections by the leader in the latest campaign, Dr. A. von Le Coq. The excavations, conducted chiefly at a place called Turfan, have shed an unexpected light on religious and linguistic conditions in northern Turkestan between the second and ninth centuries of this era. Written documents, secured in large number, furnish texts in no less than ten different languages, and the strange conglomeration characteristic of the period and district is illustrated by the use of a variety of the Syriac alphabet for Persian and a form of Sanskrit characters for Ugurian. In an earlier campaign, portions of what may properly be called the Manichæan Bible were recovered, and additional texts from the last campaign show how intense the struggle was in northern Turkestan between Manichæism and orthodox Christianity. Perhaps the most important, as it is certainly the most astonishing, result of the recent expedition is the discovery of an entirely new Aryan tongue (provisionally called Tocharic, from the name of the place where the documents in question were found), which, curiously enough, shows closest affinity with the western groups of Aryan languages, and not with the eastern. New linguistic problems entirely undreamt of a few years ago have thus arisen, some of which were discussed at a special meeting of Iranists and Sanskritists. In consequence of this important material it is not unlikely that a recasting of certain linguistic views that were thought to rest on stable foundations will become necessary. The closing session of the combined sections was devoted to a consideration of some general projects, notable among which was a proposed Arabic dictionary on a large scale.

In the special sections most of the papers were highly technical, but there was a fair sprinkling of communications of more general interest. Such was a paper in the Indo-Iranian section, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, on the place of Buddhism in the history of philosophy. It was a plea for a more thorough inquiry into the evolution of the meaning attaching to terms in Indian literature as a means of determining their full philosophic content. It was shown, *e. g.*, that by a study of the terminology of causation, the successive stages in the intellectual evolution in Indian literature could be followed. Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins, in a paper on work in continuance of the "Vedic Concordance," pointed out how important it was to follow the evolution of the text of the Vedas, and frequently of the ideas conveyed through a study of parallel passages. At the conclusion of his remarks a somewhat unusual demonstration took place. Prof. Richard Pischel, one of the leaders in Sanskrit studies, emphasized the great importance of the "Vedic Concordance" prepared by Professor Bloomfield (as the result of fifteen years of incessant labor), and declared that in the course of an extensive use of it he had not detected a single error. The section proposed a resolution of tribute to Professor Bloomfield, which was coupled with a general acknowledgment of the value of the Harvard Oriental Series published by Prof. Charles R. Lanman. The resolution was laid before the general congress and unanimously adopted.

Perhaps the most notable paper in the Islamic section was by Ignàcz Goldziher of Budapest, on Neo-Platonic and Gnostic elements in the Hadith, *i. e.*, the literature embodying the traditions regarding Mohammed, his doings and sayings. As instances of Neo-Platonic influences attention was directed to the conception of an imminent "world-intellect" in some of the utterances in the Hadith ascribed to Mohammed. In order to make such views conform to orthodox teachings regarding creation, slight textual changes were introduced or artificial interpretations offered. Gnostic influences were to be seen in the doctrine of the preëxistence of Mohammed and in the theory of transmission of prophetic inspiration of all generations from Adam and Eve to the parents of Mohammed. The doctrine of the "identity" of all prophets also made its way into the Hadith. The nearest approach to a sensation was occasioned by a paper of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, setting forth the thesis that Jesus was in all probability of Aryan, and not of Semitic, origin. It naturally provoked a spirited

discussion, which threatened at one time to become somewhat personal. Professor Haupt's thesis was based on the evidence of a strong effusion of Aryan settlements into Galilee in the seventh century B. C.

Of interest to students of Semitic is an important undertaking of which specimen pages were laid before the Congress—the new edition of the Samaritan Pentateuch, to be edited by Dr. A von Gall and published by Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. Dr. Max von Oppenheim reported on his travels in northern Syria and on the excavations he conducted at Tell Halef in that region. Monuments and inscriptions in cuneiform, Syriac, Armenian, and Arabic were brought to light which prove that the district was one of considerable importance in antiquity, and became tributary to Assyria in the tenth century, B. C. A clay model of a sheep's liver dating from about 2,000 B. C., and now in the British Museum, formed the subject of the contribution of Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. The model was used as an object-lesson by Babylonian priests in teaching divination to the young aspirants to the priesthood, and the inscriptions on the clay model were so arranged as to illustrate the meanings attached to phenomena in certain parts of the liver. Very suggestive was the paper of S. A. Cook of Cambridge, England, on the bearings of recent excavations in Palestine on the history of Israel. These discoveries, he maintained, bore out the thesis of the higher critics that the eighth to the sixth centuries, B. C., were the critical ones for the civic and religious history of the Hebrews.

A paper of uncommon interest was presented in the Greek section by Prof. Franz Cumont of Brussels, the distinguished authority on Mithraism. He discussed a Greek astrological text in which the constellations of the zodiac were associated with the various countries and districts of the ancient world as constituted in the days of Persian supremacy. The combination points to Babylonian influences. Valuable papers were also read before the special sections by Dr. I. Friedländer of the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York, and Prof. Friedrich Hirth of Columbia.

The next congress will be held in Athens in 1911; and it is likely that a special Indo-Iranian congress will be held in 1910 in India. The need of some common language of interchange at international gatherings of scholars was perhaps more seriously felt at this congress than ever before. The official language was French, but outside of official announcements, one heard chiefly German, and many even of those who had announced their communications in English made them in German. It now looks as though, eventually, German will become the common meeting-ground at assemblies of the learned.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence.

DR. JOHNSON'S SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Samuel Johnson had a great scorn of cant and affectation, but he had also one of the tenderest of human hearts when faced by real sorrow and suffering. There is a story illustrating this which has escaped the notice of all his biographers. It was contributed by a correspondent who signs only "W." to the *European Magazine* for September, 1818 (Vol. LXXIV., p. 231). It reads as follows:

The Doctor in his tour through North Wales (which he never published, but of which he wrote a mere itinerary, never designed for publication) passed two days at the seat of Colonel Myddleton of Gwynog. The first day was employed in a survey of the Colonel's domain, and in contemplating a plan for the building of a principal drawing room to be attached to the mansion, the architectural proportions and ornaments of which were devised by the Doctor.

The room was afterwards built by the Colonel in strict conformity to the plan; and, after the Doctor's decease, in memorial of the visit, a cenotaph was erected by this gentleman, on the spot where his learned guest had occupied at the instant at which he suggested this addition to the original building.* On the second day it happened, that the Colonel's gardener found a hare on the form, amidst some potatoe plants. He caught it and brought it to his master, while he was engaged with conversation with Johnson. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as the Doctor heard the sentence of death pronounced he requested to have the animal placed in his arms, at the same time anxiously extending them to receive it. The creature was immediately transferred from the gardener's grasp to the Doctor's embrace.—"Poor puss, poor puss," exclaimed Johnson, with the accompanying action of compassionately stroking its long squatted ears:—"and so thou art doomed to the ignoble fate of pampering the appetite of thy fellow-animal, Man—'tis a hard fate, Colonel; I must intercede for puss between sentence and execution—she is no criminal, at least there is no evidence against her: if she be indicted for a trespass, I think the laws of hospitality will plead in her favour." While he uttered these words he gradually approached the window, which was half open; and as soon as he reached it, he restored the object of his compassion to her liberty, shouting after her that she might make the best of her way. "What have you done?" cried the Colonel, "why Doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, and perhaps deprived us of a dinner."—"So much the better, sir," replied this champion of a condemned hare, "for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats at it. This, Sir, is not a hare *ferœ naturæ*, but one which had placed itself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

This anecdote is at all events credible as an illustration of the genuine kindness of Johnson's disposition.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, Eng., August 18.

*Many years ago, when I was in the neighborhood of Gwaenynog, I saw the cenotaph referred to in the anecdote. The country people not being familiar with such monumental structures gave it the name of Bedd y ci—"The grave of the Dog"! Nearby is a cottage with an inscription over the door which local tradition attributes to Johnson. (See *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, XI., p. 437, 511.) The cenotaph was erected during Johnson's lifetime and was not much to his taste.

APPEAL FOR A LOST HITTITE SEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received the following letter from Sir William Ramsay:

Berlin, August 14, 1908.

My dear Sterrett: That remarkable little seal, which you found at Tchaoush, and presented to Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, is now one of the most important and much desired objects in the world of history. It is a thing of unique interest. Nothing like it has ever been found since. The thing ought to be published in the style in which J. Pierpont Morgan has published a little Assyrian bronze—in a beautiful little book containing photographs of his and of all the known similar bronzes—a copy of which he kindly sent me last month. Or, if the present owner, or owners, are not interested in publishing it—a somewhat expensive thing in that style—you or I, or some one else, should make it known in a magazine. The possession of a unique thing like that seal, which every museum in the world would covet, ought to be made known to the world.

Yours always truly,
WM. RAMSAY.

In explanation of this letter I may say that the stone referred to was given by me to Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, deceased, along with other objects, as a mark of my appreciation of her munificence which made possible my last journey in Asia Minor, and my subsequent stay in Athens. The stone is a Hittite seal. Its shape is a cylindrical drum, something less than an inch in diameter, and perhaps something less than half an inch in height. It bears Hittite inscriptions on both sides, which are slightly convex. Under the skilled guidance of W. J. Stillman, I made a positive impression of one side in plaster of Paris, and sent it to M. Georges Perrot, who published it in his "History of Hittite Art." I did not make an impression of the second inscribed side, because the stone was soft, and, from my experience with the side which I did impress, I feared that the inscription would be damaged.

At that time I knew well that the stone was one of unique value, and that its proper place was in a great museum, and for that reason I hesitated long before sending it to Miss Wolfe. Finally, I did send it, along with other ill-favored, but valuable treasures. My remorse has been bitter, and long continued. The stone had nothing to recommend it to Miss Wolfe; it had no beauty of any kind; its very dirty leaden color added to its seeming insignificance, and I feared that its fate would be that which has actually befallen it, for apparently it is lost. Miss Wolfe is dead and her heirs may be pardoned for thinking lightly of an apparently valueless object. Some years ago, when the importance of the stone had become more and more manifest, I wished to get an impression or a drawing of the second side. I therefore wrote, either to Miss Wolfe or to her heirs, begging to know of the whereabouts of the stone. I received no reply to my letter.

Recently, at the International Congress of Historians in Berlin, I was asked in the name of the science of the past, to make another effort to find the now famous Hittite seal, and the letter of Sir William Ramsay may be regarded as an appeal of

the whole world of historians to the heirs of Miss Wolfe. I therefore beg for space in the *Nation* for these letters, in the hope that some of its readers may know the heirs of Miss Wolfe, and may call their attention to the fact that they own an object of unique world-importance; and one which students of pre-Hellenic civilization are eagerly desirous to study, and to see published. For surely if they are aware of the facts, and of the exceeding value of the ugly stone, they will make every effort to find it, and either to publish it, as Sir William Ramsay suggests, or to permit others to publish it. J. R. S. STERRETT.

Dresden, Germany, August 24.

MISS WORMELEY'S "THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You print in your issue of August 13 (p. 139) an obituary notice of a remarkably intellectual and useful woman, Miss Wormeley, whose accurate and masterly translations, in her later years, of several of the French classics, you naturally note. But it seems odd that, while recalling her valuable volunteer service in the United States Sanitary Commission (of which I was the assistant secretary), during the civil war, and making mention of some of her literary output in connection therewith, you should—even with necessarily limited space—omit "The Other Side of War," published by her not long after the close of that "cruel war," as the freedmen christened it in their camp-fire song. "The Other Side of War" is a book which vividly sets forth the humane work of the Sanitary Commission on the Pamunkey and James Rivers, in connection with its hospital transport service. It was widely read when it appeared, and would be valuable to the historian, among *memoires pour servir*. A. J. BLOOR.

Stonington, Conn., August 30.

THE IMMUNITY OF POISON IVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 27 (p. 192) the question is asked whether poison ivy is attacked by insects or fungi. The plant is rather abundant here, and many of its leaves show perforations, probably the work of insects, and brown spots, probably due to fungi. ARTHUR SEARLE.

Sandwich, Mass., September 1.

Notes.

Scribners will soon have ready "Poem Outlines of Sidney Lanier," containing fragments and outlines left by Lanier which have never before been published. Other books to be issued this month by the same house are "A Theory of Mind," by J. L. March; and "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," by Edith Wharton.

Chatto & Windus are to publish the Latin text of "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," with a translation by F. G. Stokes. This witty and important work of the Reformation has never before appeared in English.

We are bound to hear a good deal about Africa these coming two years, and note, as one sign of the flood, Robert H. Milligan's "Jungle Folk of Africa," published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Albert Matthews, Hotel Oxford, Boston, has in preparation a bibliography of New England magazines of the eighteenth century, and he has printed a "tentative list," based on the collections owned by the following libraries and societies: American Antiquarian Society, Boston Athenæum, Boston Public Library, Library of Congress, Essex Institute, Harvard College Library, Lenox (New York Public) Library, Massachusetts Historical Society, Massachusetts State Library, New England Historic Genealogical Society, New York Historical Society, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Library Company of Philadelphia, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Yale Unversity Library. In a brief note accompanying the list Mr. Matthews says:

Other libraries or societies, however, may have earlier or later numbers of a particular magazine than those indicated in the present list, or may have a magazine not listed here. Again, questions not easily answered are: Exactly what is a magazine? Wherein does a magazine differ from a newspaper? Is the proper criterion size or contents? The propriety of regarding all the publications in the present list as magazines will probably not be questioned except in four cases, namely: New Haven *Gazette* and the *Connecticut Magazine* (1786-1789); Worcester *Magazine* (1786-1788); *Courier de Boston* (1789); *New Star* (1797). I should much like to have the opinions of librarians and of bibliographers as to whether those publications ought to be rated as magazines or as newspapers.

Two more volumes of the Eversley Tennyson (The Macmillan Co.) contain the "Idylls of the King" (Vol. III.) and a group of miscellaneous poems (Vol. IV.). It was not to be expected that much new light could be thrown on the genesis of the "Idylls," but the editor, the present Lord Tennyson, gives a fragment of a prose epic on King Arthur written by his father as early as 1833, and the scenario for a play set down about the same time. More interesting than these workshop chips, which might well enough have been swept away, are some of the notes of the poet, such as that which explains "the Siege perilous" as standing for "the spiritual imagination," and that which shows how he regarded the end of "The Holy Grail" as "the summing up of all in the highest note by the highest of men." Nothing, perhaps, as one turns over the pages of the "Idylls" and shorter poems of these volumes, is so striking as the growth of a certain mystical sense. Tennyson was always a romantic, but one misses in his work that peculiar note of wonder which makes some of the lines of Keats and Wordsworth sound as if echoes from another world. His romantic power, when most felt, comes from something different from that, and is rather akin to the spiritual ecstasy or exolution of the saints. It was a faculty early developed, as may be seen from his lines to "The Mystic," written in boyhood and now printed in the notes to "The Ancient Sage":

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn;
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
That still serene abstraction; he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linkèd woes of many a fiery charge
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
. . . . . .
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.

What one sees in the later poems is rather the larger assurance in expressing this mystical romanticism than any essential change in idea. It is this that strikes one in the present volumes in "The Holy Grail," "De Profundis," "The Ancient Sage," "Vastness," and "Merlin and the Gleam." To some of these poems the notes bring valuable illumination. Thus from the poet's own note we learn that "What the Ancient Sage says is not the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher Laot-ze, but it was written after reading his life and maxims." And in the case of "The Gleam" the editor, on his father's authority, gives a long explanation as allegorical of the poet's own life.

Putnams have brought out an attractive reprint of Poe's "Complete Poems," with the critical introduction of Prof. Charles F. Richardson and the illustrations of F. S. Coburn.

With impartial prodigality Henry Holt & Co. have turned out two anthologies of the same character and of almost the same appearance. One is "The Poetic Old-World," compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey and printed uniformly with E. V. Lucas's charming anthologies, "The Open Road" and "The Friendly Town." The poems are arranged systematically by places, and, where un-English writers are drawn upon (French, German, Greek, and Latin), a verse translation is added. The selections, on the whole, are good, most of them familiar enough, but none the worse for that. And the editor has been wise, we think, in looking for pieces that convey some sentiment, personal or historical, connected with a place, rather than for mere descriptions. Only, from the wealth of material about Paris, better things might be found than the fantasies of Mrs. Browning and Edward Dowden. In breadth of choice the other anthology, "Poems for Travellers," by Mary R. J. DuBois, is the superior, but its arrangement is not so good, and it is not so attractively printed. Either volume would be a pleasant companion to the old-fashioned traveller, if such there still be, who dutifully tries to evoke the proper poetic sentiment on the right spot, or to the fireside traveller who regards the world from his own "Friendly Town."

Of making many editions of Jane Austen there is no end. The market, however, should never be glutted; for these are books that everyone who pretends to literary taste should own. The latest set (ten volumes) is in the St. Martin's Illustrated Library of Standard Authors, issued in London by Chatto & Windus and in this country by Duffield & Co. The first two volumes, "Pride and Prejudice," just out, are very attractive. Reginald Brimley Johnson furnishes a general introduction, which is rather scrappy and perfunctory, but happily brief. Little is to be told about Miss Austen's life, and that little has been frequently printed. Mr. Johnson himself said it all once, some sixteen years ago, in his introduction to Dent's popular edition. But the essential thing, after all, is the novels themselves; and they are presented in ad-

mirable form, neat binding, a well-proportioned page, light and opaque paper, and large type. The feature of the edition is the illustrations in color, some twenty in all, by A. Wallis Mills. Really to illustrate Jane Austen is, of course, impossible, for no artist can do more than faintly suggest the charm of Elizabeth Bennet and the fatuity of Mr. Collins. The Austen enthusiast is likely, therefore, to regard any pictures as an impertinence. These, we are bound to say, are better than most. They happily reproduce the costumes and furniture of the period, and most of them cleverly portray character. Lydia Bennet must have resembled closely the imaginary likeness in the second volume; and Lady Catherine de Bourgh is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Darcy, on the other hand, is unconvincing. The end papers of both volumes show Mr. Bennet telling Mrs. Bennet and Elizabeth of his call on Mr. Bingley—a spirited and amusing picture.

The "Year Book of the Holland Society of New York" is now published for 1906, containing genealogical lists together with a record of the twenty-first annual dinner given at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 18, 1906.

To its excellent reference lists the Library of Congress has added the subjects "Corrupt Practices in Elections" and "Workingmen's Insurance." It also issues a second edition of the "List of Works relating to Government Regulation of Insurance."

In two substantial volumes the Carnegie library of Pittsburgh has brought its "Classified Catalogue" down to the end of 1906, from July 1, 1902, the termination date of the three volumes issued last year. The whole work is a model of cataloguing, and the brief descriptions added to titles not sufficiently explained by the table of contents render it useful to the scholar of various fields.

Though bristling with technical terms—and the technical terms of prosody are about the most repulsive in the language—Prof. Paul Shorey's paper on "Choriambic Dimeter and the Rehabilitation of the Antispast," in the Transactions of the American Philological Association (Vol. XXXVIII.) is of broad literary interest. Without following the argument into details, we may say that it is a rather savage attack on those leaders of the "new metric," who for a flexible scansion corresponding to a universal rhythmic feeling are substituting a scholastic schematization. Professor Shorey starts from the only assumption that can lead to any comprehensible conclusion, *i. e.*, that the rhythm is not a linguistic puzzle, but is based on an unchangeable physical sense, and he assumes that no one is qualified to speak of the rhythms of the ancients who has not trained his ear to a nice sensitiveness by careful reading aloud of the moderns. Other papers in this issue of the Transactions are "Notes on Stoning Among the Greeks and Romans," by Dr. A. S. Pease; "Indications of a Consonant-Shift in Siamese since the Introduction of Alphabetical Writing," by Prof. C. B. Bradley; "Rusunia," by Prof. E. W. Martin; "The Criticism of Photius on the Attic Orators," by Prof. La Rue van Hook; "The Theatre as a Factor in Roman Politics under the Republic," by Prof. F. F. Abbott; "A Knight Ther Was," by Prof. J. M. Manly; and "The Distribution of Oriental Cults in the Gauls and the Germanies," by Prof. C. H. Moore.

A pamphlet of 183 pages contains the Proceedings of the American Society of International Law at its second annual meeting, held in Washington, on April 24 and 25, 1908. Secretary Root opened with his paper, "The Sanctions of International Law." George Turner of Spokane, United States Senator from Washington, took up the question whether, for the protection of foreigners whose rights of person and property we undertake to guarantee by treaty, the general government might not legally, and should not, make provision, by national legislation, especially in view of our experience in the Mountain Meadows (Wyoming) massacre in 1885, and the lynching of Italians in New Orleans in 1891. The discussion was continued by various speakers. Another important question, on which Secretary Oscar Straus spoke first, was: How far should loans raised in neutral nations for the use of belligerents be considered a violation of neutrality? During the late Russo-Japanese war large Japanese loans were negotiated and publicly raised in this country, and large Russian loans publicly advertised and raised in France and Germany. Other subjects discussed were Arbitration at the Hague Conference, the Codification of International Law, and the Organization, Jurisdiction, and Procedure of an International Court of Prize.

In "Introductory Economics" (New York: School of Liberal Arts and Sciences for Non-Residents), Alvin S. Johnson has prepared an elementary text of 338 pages to bring the essentials of economic theory down to the comprehension of those students of mature mind who cannot readily betake themselves to the ordinary instruction of the class-room. His exposition is clear, lively, and attractive. He has chosen to treat of certain essential portions of theory rather than to organize his work into a closely compacted whole. If any criticism is to be passed upon his work it is that it is confessedly eclectic rather than hewn from a single quarry. Moreover, the atavistic tendency of the newly-fledged professor to reproduce the tenets of a favorite master is distinctly in evidence. One who does not accept the subtle concept of capital to which the genius of John B. Clark has given such wide currency will doubt whether Clark's view of capital is not a rather stiff dose for the beginner. To conceive of capital as an abstract "sum of productive wealth, invested in material things which are perpetually shifting," which "lives as it were, by transmigration" (p. 153), which is always arising, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of its erstwhile material embodiment, and which is of necessity productive, is a hard task for many an economic gray-beard. The treatment of wages is good, except that their being the discounted value of labor's product, marginally viewed, is not properly insisted on. In the field of banking, the author has confessedly followed Dunbar, and no one is a safer guide. The treatment of money is good, but rather cursory. Foreign trade is admirably discussed under the safe guidance of the classical writers. Capitallzation is presented much in the method of Fetter (misspelled *Felter* in preface). The absence of an index is inexcusable.

It is good to see "M. Antoninus Imperator ad Se Ipsum" in the beautiful type of the Oxford Library of Classical Authors. The text has been edited by I. H. Leopold, who adds the usual brief critical notes and references for quotations.

We could wish P. S. Allen's "Selections from Erasmus" (Henry Frowde) might be used in our colleges as extra reading to bring a touch of modern life into the class-room. The extracts, mostly from the letters, are all entertaining, and the style is easy. The editor has made some changes in the text in order to straighten out errors in the use of moods and tenses and other grammatical slips due to the rapidity with which Erasmus wrote. Considering the purpose of the book, we have no objection to this process, but it would have been better if the corrections had been indicated at the bottom of the page. The notes show that the work was prepared for very young scholars in England; it will serve better in this country as sight reading for older classes.

If any one wishes a plain account of the prominent French novelists and their work he can easily get it by turning to Winifred Stephens's "French Novelists of To-day" (John Lane Co.). The book makes no pretension to criticism. But it contains a list of each author's writings and sufficient comment to give a pretty good idea of his scope and the general estimate in which he is held at present. In addition, the biographical treatment makes the volume altogether a handy source of information.

Carl Schmitt has published an analysis of modern German fiction in "Der moderne Roman; Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte" (Osnabrück: Pillmeyer). He has collected a good deal of interesting data on the subject, but it is not always clear what his literary canons and principles are. The book, however, is, in many respects, readable and suggestive.

C. H. Beck, Munich, has begun to publish a popular collection of many kinds of literature, under the general title, Statuen deutscher Kultur. The latest issues are Vol. XIV., "Dichter und ihre Gesellen," by Eichendorff; Vol. XV., "Gedichte," Eichendorff; Vol. XVI., "Gedanken und Gedichte," Philipp Otto Runge.

Pastor Hans Spieser, a resident of Alsace, has in his recent "Elsass-Lothringen als Bundesstaat" (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn) produced evidence that the hopes of the Germans, including Bismarck in 1870, that the new generation would be exponents of German thought and culture, were sadly mistaken. The French is still the language of the educated classes; and rather singularly, the immigrating Germans have taken it up because they desire to give their children, particularly their daughters, a bilingual education. These educational ideals the author terms *Bildungsschwindel*, because when educated in two languages a child really has no *Muttersprache*.

In the Geographische Monographien (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Vol. XXII. has just appeared, "Die Vogesen," by Eduard Grucker, with 130 illustrations.

"War Abraham eine historische Persönlichkeit?" is the title of a detailed investigation by Fritz Wilke (Leipzig: Dieterich). The author, after examining critically the sources of the Abraham stories, and rejecting the astro-mythological interpretation, concludes that substantially the Old Testament accounts are historically correct, although the introduction of *Sagen* is not denied. Abraham himself is the founder of a religion in contrast to certain Canaanitish creeds; but the question of his being a contemporary of Hammurabi is left unanswered.

Parts ii. and iii. of Vol. I. of Professor H. von Soden's "Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments in ihrer ältesten erreichbaren Textgestalt hergestellt auf Grund ihrer Textgeschichte" (Berlin: A. Duncker) carry this piece of New Testament criticism from page 706 to 1,648. The first part appeared as early as 1903. The delay in publication has been caused by the immense mass of detail to be handled; and even as it is, these three parts give only the textual history of the Gospels; that of the Acts, which is to complete the first volume, is still unfinished. The author regards all the manuscripts extant as representative of distinct text recensions, and he first of all seeks to determine the different recensions, classify the manuscripts according to these, and thus determine what the original readings of the New Testament books were. His determination of the different recensions is based chiefly on inner evidences. Whether his conclusions are accepted or not, his vast collection of new matter makes his work a monument of scholarship.

Fr. Spitta in his "Streitfragen der Geschichte Jesu" (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht) proceeds from the conviction that the extreme emphasis put upon Mark as the chief or sole basis for the reconstruction of the life of Jesus has led to dangerous skepticism. Accordingly, by a reëxamination of the sources the author reaches the conclusion that Luke often stands nearer the common source of the Synoptics than do Matthew and Mark, and that Luke often in a remarkable manner agrees with the Joannine tradition.

Conservative churchmen of Germany have united to publish a new series of popular, yet scholarly, discussions of present religious problems under the title Brennende kirkliche Fragen (Helmstedt: J. C. Schmidt). The series opens with Dr. J. Boehmer's "Das Reich Gottes in Schrift und Kirchengeschichte." This series seems in scope and purpose to be not unlike that edited by Dr. J. Rump (Gütersloh; C. Bertelsmann) under the title Für Gottes Wort und Luthers Lehr. Of this latter series six pamphlets have been published.

The *Statistische Korrespondenz* has published an instructive comparison of the teaching force at the twenty universities of Germany as it is now with what it was a decade ago. The total increase has been from 2,445 to 3,090, or 26.38 per cent. Since for every one hundred *ordinarii* there are 61.33 *extraordinarii* (only 51.06 ten years ago) and 87.08 privat docents (only 67.74 a decade back), it is evident that the prospects of advancement have become less; and in this repect the case is more serious in the non-Prussian universities than in the nine Prussian.

The comparative popularity of our authors in foreign lands is an interesting study. Though partly a matter of chance, it undoubtedly affords some evidence of universality of appeal on the one hand and of national tastes on the other. We have long been aware of the world-wide vogue of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Leatherstocking Tales, and the "Psalm of Life." In Germany and England, Washington Irving and Mark Twain have found hosts of readers; and in England and France, Whitman and Poe are at home. The Italians, who seem to have taken especially to Stowe, Cooper, and Longfellow, have by no means neglected Poe. There have been several translations of his stories, some from the English, some from Baudelaire's French. The older attempts are, however, quite eclipsed by a new version due to Prof. Filippo Orlando of Florence, well known in his own country as the director of the *Giornale di Erudizione* and as the editor of various rare and curious works of literature. His volume of "Racconti straordinarj," just issued (Florence: Nerbini), comprises eleven of the tales, well chosen to represent different types. The translation combines intelligent fidelity to the original with a pure, idiomatic Italian style. Two of the poems, "The Palace of Thought" and "The Conqueror Worm," are turned, verse for verse, into semi-rhythmic prose. It is instructive, as well as entertaining, to note how cleverly the thought is rendered in a medium so remote from our own. Romeo Costelli's weird, almost grotesque, illustrations, which adorn the attractive book, are entirely in the romantic vein. Professor Orlando intends to translate all of Poe's stories and some of his other prose works.

The suite of apartments at 82 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, where Sully-Prudhomme lived, is to be kept as a memorial of the poet.

The Rev. Francis Tiffany, a Unitarian clergyman, died at Cambridge, Mass., September 3. He was born in Maryland in 1827, and was graduated from Harvard in 1847. Among his books are: "Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix," "Bird Bolts," "Life of Charles Francis Barnard," and a volume of travels, "This Goodly Frame, the Earth."

The death is announced, in his sixty-third year, of C. A. J. Fritz Schultze, professor of philosophy and pedagogics in the Technical High School of Dresden. His works include "Geschichte der Philosophie der Renaissance," "Stammbuch der Philosophie," "Philosophie der Naturwissenschaft," "Kant und Darwin," and "Psychologie der Tiere und Pflanzen."

Henri Edmond Harduin, whose clever articles, "Propos d'un Parisien," in *Le Matin*, attracted considerable notice, has just died, at the age of sixty-two. He was a journalist of long standing, and had been connected with a number of Parisian journals.

Domenico Zanichelli, professor of jurisprudence in the University of Pisa and of constitutional law in the Institute of Social Sciences at Florence, died recently. He was one of the most eminent Italian specialists of his time. He published a large number of studies on international law and jurisprudence and contributed frequently to *La Nuova Antologia*. He is best known outside of his specialty for an analytical monograph on Cavour (1904). He was a son of the founder of the famous publishing house at Bologna, and was about fifty years old.

A CRITIC AND STATESMAN.

Critical Miscellanies. By John Morley. Vol. IV. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Readers who began nearly forty years ago to admire the essays of John Morley—it takes time to think or speak of the lifelong radical as *Lord* Morley—will rejoice that he has collected into a volume another sheaf of essays. Two of these are on Renaissance Italians, one criticises the Positivist Calendar, one commemorates John Stuart Mill, another makes Frederic Harrison's "Theophano" the text for a definition of the part played by the mediæval Greek Empire in the drama of civilization, and two deal with democracy. The contents, it will be seen, give scope to the historian, the literary critic, and the statesman who make up Morley's genius and have worked together so effectively through his later career.

The essay on Machiavelli, which stands first, is the Romanes Lecture for 1897, widely commented on then, and likely to be long discussed; for it is the best analysis in English of the character and doctrines of the author of "The Prince." In setting this value on it, we have not forgotten Macaulay, nor Symonds, nor Lord Acton's preface. Macaulay's essay, indeed, although written when he was under thirty, with only such critical helps as the time afforded him, displays a remarkable faculty of divination and other qualities, by right of which—after a generation of comparative neglect, or at least of disesteem—he is coming again to be regarded as a great historian. But Morley's analysis, the product of ripe intellect, goes deeper and puts in our hands the clues to farther-reaching implications than Macaulay's possibly could. He devotes much attention to Machiavelli's life, which was the background, if not the determining cause of his opinions. Morley's reference to "The Prince" itself, though brief, is searching. He calls it "the most direct, concentrated, and unflinching contribution ever made to the secularization of politics." It "brings into a full light, never before shed upon it, the awful manichæism of human history, the fierce and unending collision of type, ideal, standard, and endeavor." Pregnant is his paraphrase of Machiavelli's criticism of Christianity, which "calls for strength in us to suffer rather than to do." "This seems to have rendered the world weak"—a suggestion in which the gospel of Nietzsche lies as in a seed. On Machiavelli's purpose in writing "The Prince," a theme which

refuses to cease from troubling, Morley makes the following comment, which will satisfy most of his readers:

> The view that he rejected moral elements of government for a scientific purpose and as a hypothetical postulate, seems highly doubtful. Is he not more intelligible, if we take him as following up the divorce of politics from theology, by a divorce from ethics also? He was laying down certain maxims of government as an art; the end of that art is the security and permanence of the ruling power; and the fundamental principle from which he silently started, without shadow of doubt or misgiving as to its soundness, was that the application of moral standards to this business is as little to the point as it would be in the navigation of a ship. The effect was fatal even for his own purpose, for what he put aside, whether for the sake of argument or because he thought them in substance irrelevant, were nothing less than the living forces by which societies subsist and governments are strong (pp. 50, 51).

The essay on Guicciardini has more novelty for English readers than that on Machiavelli, because Guicciardini has been little discussed by our modern writers. He was not, like the imaginary Johnny Keats, "snuffed out" by an article, but he has been the victim of an epigram almost as damning as that which Pope flung at Bacon. Recently only Symonds, so far as we recall, has given him a respectful survey; but Symonds, whether in depth, calibre, or maturity, is not Morley. This essay will do much to rehabilitate Guicciardini, and to show why it was that Cavour said that "he really knew affairs, and knew them far better than Machiavelli." Morley quotes liberally from his maxims, which reveal the political philosopher, and does justice to the "History," in which appear traits that are supposed to be peculiarly modern. Perhaps the characteristic which most widely separates Guicciardini and Machiavelli from political writers to-day is their lack of cant. We have become so used to hearing wicked acts referred to under pious aliases that we are amazed at those Renaissance observers who gave each act its proper name.

Of the essay on the Positivist Calendar we need only say that it tests Lord Morley's catholicity, and gives him a fair excuse for venting a little sarcasm on the doctrinaire who omitted Wordsworth, Calvin, Chatham, Wesley, and Rousseau from a calendar of nearly 600 great men, among whom are included Penn, Francia, and Tibullus. The *causerie*, as the author calls it, on John Stuart Mill blends criticism and reminiscence, and brings into the foreground some of the qualities which made Mill a great force for over fifty years. Morley has not outgrown his master on the ethical side, but he has annexed to his own province fields in which Mill never even roamed. In hinting at Mill's limitations, he still makes it perfectly clear where his strength lay.

The charm and value of these essays depend largely on the fact that they are the product of a rich mind, which has thoroughly digested its knowledge, and has tested books by experience. So we come at random upon passages which touch many subjects. In the review of "Theophano," for instance, there is a brief refutation of Prof. J. B. Bury's assertion that "history is not a branch of literature," since "history is a science," and the historian must not "transgress the province of facts." "Perhaps some of Professor Bury's more youthful listeners, with the presumption of their years, may have asked themselves whether the historian is to present all the facts of his period on his subject; if not, whether he will not be forced to select"—which he cannot do "without some guiding principle, conception, or preconception." This is *lèse-pedantry* in the first degree; but it is also truth, pointed with raillery, which Morley perfects by concluding with the remark that Professor Bury "is the most readable and enjoyable" of Byzantine historians, "*if I may say so without offence*" (pp. 231-34). We might cull scores of passages in which in like manner great themes and small are summed up, or we might cite *obiter dicta* on men and books, all of which would show that these essays are noble specimens of criticism. The critic is, we take it, the irreducible personage in John Morley's make-up: he might never have been a statesman or a biographer; but he was born a critic. The critic prevails, and prevents him from becoming a doctrinaire. He has his causes, dear to him as life, but they make him neither unjust nor narrow. Only such a critic could write the essay on "Democracy and Reaction," in which he reviews the questions which now perplex civilized men. We commend it alike to those who, despairing of democracy, retreat on one side to paternal government in any of its forms, or plunge, on the other side, into Socialism. In addition to penetrating analysis, the review shows poise in the writer—and poise is probably the most needed and the scarcest virtue among the champions of any of these parties to-day. Lack of poise utterly vitiated Lecky's book on "Democracy and Liberty," which is here pilloried by Morley with an energy which at times almost strains his habitual good humor. These two papers, especially the first, ought to have the widest reading. Nowhere should they be more welcome than in this country, whose undemocratic practices have furnished the most awful examples to the enemies of democracy, and whose populations to-day have reached the parting of the ways.

We have attempted merely to call attention to some of the striking points in this remarkable volume. We cannot close without reëmphasizing their amplitude. Here erudition is unpedantic; here knowledge is made human; here maturity is mellow, and not crabbed. In his construction and style, Morley has grown more and more limber. These essays approach Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries*—loose, sinuous, lively, and suited, like the best conversation, to digressions and asides. This was the method of Montaigne, seemingly so casual, if not spontaneous. Whoever will compare Morley's earlier studies—on Pascal, or Vauvenargues, or De Maistre, for instance—with this later yield, will see what we mean. The difference is important, for it indicates that years have not caused in Morley's case that intellectual sclerosis, that hardening of the arteries of thought and feeling, that are so painful to witness. And his convictions he holds with a perfect steadfastness which does not preclude urbanity. He has looked too many creeds in the face to be disconcerted by the newest; he has followed the course of too many movements throughout history to be deceived by day-dreams. And he communicates to his readers the tonic of a moral nature which, having seen so much and blinked nothing, declares that "life is too short for depression."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Firing Line. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Chambers's scene is here removed from Fifth Avenue to Palm Beach and a certain Luckless Lake in the northern mountains; but his people are the same, and his appeal as ever is to the mob which reads the "society" column and hovers about the awnings of the great. His unctuous delight in the festivities and extravagances of the rich does not fail. That lavishness which has recently darkened the mournful brow of Upton Sinclair fills him with an eager approbation. He loves the spectacle of immense wealth flowering into stupendous luxury, and he chants the material glories of Gotham with the simple (or is it sly?) art of a Scheherezade busy with her Baghdad. He has been accused of writing for the shop-girl; but he is undoubtedly read also by the "smart." If there is one fact made clear by, let us say, the incidental testimony of the fashionable novelist and the fashionable divorce-court, it is that the moral and intellectual codes of "smart" people are of almost infantine simplicity. The heroes and heroines of Mr. Chambers are differentiated only by manners and dress and sumptuous setting from the humbler Damons and Phyllises who adore them.

The "young Hamil" and "Shiela" of this story are an insignificant pair—the usual pair of juvenile fiction. He is a landscape architect in the middle twenties, and she is the adopted daughter of a multi-millionaire. The multi-million-

aire is doing great things in Florida with the aid of young Hamil, who falls in love with Shiela. Her unknown parentage is understood to be a disgrace in itself, and she is further disqualified, so far as young Hamil is concerned, by an existing though secret and nominal marriage. To keep the husband, Malcourt, in the foreground for general purposes of discomfort, until it is time for him to be removed, is a familiar and well-tested recipe. It cannot, however, fairly be charged that Mr. Chambers retains him only as a convenience; Malcourt, with his dark grace, his cynical speech—the sum-total of his undergraduate Byronism—is a person for whom his creator has an obvious regard.

The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a good yarn, reeled off with considerable spirit. It owes much to Clark Russell, as is almost inevitable, and its characters are hardly more than the good old stock-puppets—the young gentleman forced by strange circumstances into command, the lone lady of marvellous beauty (this time discreetly chaperoned by a maid), the hypocritical villain, here somewhat reminiscent of that prince of canters, old Tom Turnpenny of "Redgauntlet," the miscellaneous, semi-mutinous crew. But a good deal of ingenuity is shown in getting the hero into his uncomfortable situation; the story is interesting, and the descriptions of the Antarctic seas are unusually, almost distressingly, vivid. Mr. Parrish's style is fair, in spite of an occasional lapse. The Spanish treasure-ship seems rather archaic in build for 1753, and might just as well have been a hundred or two years older; centuries cost nothing and add to the effect. The book is agreeably illustrated "in full color."

The Brotherhood of Wisdom. By Frances J. Armour. New York: John Lane Co.

To all who have longed to slip this muddy vesture of decay—temporarily—this story should serve as a warning that the experience may prove more than a spiritual holiday. Professor Jackson, a scientist of the traditional type, has discovered a fearful and wonderful combination of chemistry and electricity that can liberate the astral body. The body of flesh lies in a stupor while its impalpable counterpart, unhindered by the forces of nature, explores at leisure the hidden places of the earth. Should the excursion be unduly prolonged, however, the spirit is likely to be left homeless by the death of the deserted body; it is also a defenceless prey to any spirits of stronger volition that it may encounter. A fine theme for a pithy short story has been stretched by divers expedients to the dimensions of a novel; and shows its resentment, as ideas will, by declining to infuse with any of its own life the mechanical effects that have been forced upon it.

White Rose of Weary Leaf. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

> Is joy thy dower or grief,
> White rose of weary leaf,
> Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light?

This snatch of Swinburne supplies an unusually apt title. Whether joy or grief is the sum of Amy Steevens's brief life, and, as such matters are judged, light love, is the query which remains at the end of this narrative. Its manner is modern—a hard brilliancy which extenuates nothing. Its matter is, up to a certain point, familiar enough. The general situation is Brontesque: a youngish woman who has been thrown upon her own resources becomes an inmate of an English country-house as a species of lady-factotum. The master of the house, past middle age and something of a Turk, presently makes determined love to her. Without going further into the plot, we may say that it is a disconcerting tale, not to be commended to readers of tender sensibility. But distressing as the facts of the story would sound if baldly stated, they are not, under the given interpretation, to be dismissed with a mere gesture of disgust. What might be a situation of sheer vulgar bathos is invested with certain elements of tragedy. Amy Steevens is a strong as well as appealing figure; and even the real criminal is not altogether ignoble.

The Grey Knight. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Grey Knight" will appeal to precisely the class of readers which would experience the keenest discomfort in reading "White Rose of Weary Leaf." Here is again the same general situation—the country-house, the lady errant, the domineering Briton. But matters are minced to the taste of the most exacting sentimentalist. The wooing is attended by no circumstance more distressing than naturally follows upon her old-style meekness and his old-style pride. She nurses him through an attack of pleurisy, and he, being thirty years her senior (after the habit of Mrs. de la Pasture's heroes), falls madly in love with her. With the complications which lead to separation and reconciliation we shall not deal. Enough to say that, when he eventually restores her to his bosom, like a wounded dove, it is with that air of conscious magnanimity with which, if the story-writers are to be credited, the fine old crusted British gentleman ceases to be a brute. Mrs. de la Pasture writes always sweetly and amiably, and if she has nothing in particular to add to our criticism of life, she knows well how to compound a drowsy syrup of sentiment which is palatable to the many persons who, for one reason or another, shrink from that heady liquor of romance which abides in things as they are.

The Well in the Desert. By Adeline Knapp. New York: The Century Co.

To the misfortunes and ingenuities of Robinson Crusoe add the luck of Monte Cristo, substitute for the latter's vengefulness a lofty moral purpose, and then let Arizona furnish a few desert scenes and some picturesque oaths; the result will be something much like this book. Gabriel Gard, a convict serving time for another's crime, escapes from prison in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, and is carried by a succession of marvellously timed miracles to a desert fastness, where he finds health, religion, and a gold mine. The one and only wild American camel (guaranteed genuine in a footnote) comes to his rescue, as do two cloudbursts. The purpose of the book, so far as one exists, is to show that a man, in three years of utter solitude, can learn to love his fellows even to the point of forgetting old grudges. From this it must not be inferred that the chapters are adorned with psychological analysis; on the contrary, all the characters move in a stream of events. The book, viewed as a collection of exciting anecdotes of life in the Southwest, is readable.

The Life of Sir Halliday Macartney. By Demetrius C. Boulger. New York: John Lane Co. $6 net.

Sir Halliday Macartney does not belong among the most distinguished men who have served in the Far East, but he fulfilled highly important functions. He was unfortunate perhaps in doing his work in the service of a foreign country instead of for his native land, and in never attaining the height of his ambition, but his life is well worth studying by those who desire to know the inner history of China for the last fifty years.

Born in 1833, he entered Edinburgh University in 1852 with the intention of becoming a doctor; but before his studies were completed he went to the Crimea, where he gained his first experience of foreign lands in connection with the medical staff of the Anglo-Turkish contingent. At the close of the war he returned to Edinburgh, finished his course, and in 1858 was appointed third assistant surgeon in the Ninety-ninth Regiment. He started at once for India, then in the final stages of the great mutiny. At the end of the same year the regiment proceeded to China, where Sir Halliday was to find his career. It was

in the time of the Taeping Rebellion and the British were aiding the government. Macartney, from his entrance into China, had given himself to the study of the language, and when opportunity offered he resigned his position in the British Army and began his lifelong employment as a servant of the Chinese. In the beginning, he attached himself to Li Hung Chang. Having thrown in his lot with the Chinese, he took for his wife a Taeping princess and lived in semi-Chinese fashion, though extending from his home in Nanking a generous hospitality to foreign visitors. When Li Hung Chang was appointed Viceroy Macartney undertook the establishment of an arsenal. Without experience or any special technical knowledge, he proved that his Scotch common sense was equal to the occasion and brought the arsenal at Nanking to a high degree of efficiency. Finally, Macartney was appointed English secretary of the newly established Chinese Legation in London and for the remaining thirty years of his life was in the thick of the diplomatic transactions between East and West. His wife died at the beginning of his new career and he married an accomplished French woman.

It is beyond our scope to go further into the details of his eventful life, but it may be interesting to record his judgment of the Chinese themselves. From an early period he had desired to attain a position of exceptional influence with the Chinese Court, and had hoped to take a place with the great Emperors similar to that occupied long before him by the French missionaries, but this project proved impossible. At times he seemed on the point of realizing his ambition, but he was always thwarted through the treachery of the mandarins. It throws light upon present conditions to note that in the beginning he found among the Chinese no aversion to foreign inventions or to foreigners, for the prejudice and hatred which belonged to the latter part of the nineteenth century had not manifested themselves in the '60's and '70's. Everywhere, he tells us, the foreigner "was honored and respected." But ready as the Chinese were to honor the foreigner, they were not ready to follow his advice beyond a certain point and nothing could be allowed to interfere with universal and unimpeded graft. The Chinese soldiers and sailors were of excellent material and could be trained so as to equal their fellow of any race, but the officers had a far different character. Sir Halliday's Chinese colleagues with a few exceptions blocked him at every turn, and other foreigners had a like experience. Thus in 1896,

> Commander Dundas, R. N., a very capable officer, went out to China imbued with the importance of his task, and full of energy for its accomplishment . . . and the Peking authorities, quarrelling among themselves or madly hoping to get rid of foreigners altogether by the Boxer movement, turned a deaf ear to his requests. He was breaking his bodily and mental strength only to find that the Chinese were still devotees of make-believe or the grand sham.

After all the years which had passed and all the opportunities which had come to the Chinese, and all the devoted labors of their foreign servants, when the war came with Japan, China was still wholly unprepared. Sir Halliday "blamed Li Hung Chang exclusively for the whole fiasco, first for having signed the Convention with Marquis Ito, secondly for having neglected to make adequate preparations for war. China, he often said, made a better fight of it in 1860 against England and France than she did in 1894 against Japan alone. Li Hung Chang, he declared, must be either in his dotage or dull to all sense of patriotism by his excessive cupidity." And Sir Halliday does not hesitate to call his old friend "traitor." The famous Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, the Marquis Tseng, almost alone escapes the damaging criticism of Sir Halliday. Had Marquis Tseng lived or had he found worthy successors and colleagues, the course of history in China for the last fifteen years might have been far different.

It is the fashion in certain quarters to praise the businesslike honesty and common sense of the Chinese in comparison with the Japanese. A book like this shows how much foundation there is in fact for such an opinion. China, we are told, is at last awake and is starting upon a career of national regeneration. If that career is to be a success or to have any result other than those attained since 1860, it can be only by a thoroughgoing change of heart in the officials who control the destiny of the Empire. It is not new inventions or new programmes which China needs, but a new set of men with at least a fraction of the honesty and clear-sighted patriotism of the group of statesmen who have transformed Japan. The course of events in China from 1859, compared with the course of events in Japan from the same date, gives us the measure of the comparative integrity and wisdom of the men who are in charge of the two great empires of the Far East.

The Optimism of Butler's "Analogy." By the Rev. Henry Scott Holland. New York: Henry Frowde.

All students of Bishop Butler's works will cordially subscribe to an appreciation of his sterling qualities, the openness and candor of his mind, its vigor and breadth of sympathy in dealing with a wide range of subjects. But while the spirit in which he wrought will always challenge admiration, it is quite another matter to suppose that, as Canon Holland suggests in this Romanes Lecture, "he may, once again, be drawn into the central currents of our intellectual life." And the "Analogy," on which this hope is based, is that portion of his philosophical writings least fitted to survive. Few read it; no one studies it. In contrast with the neglect into which this book of our fathers has fallen, the moral theory of Butler, chiefly given in a few of his sermons, still receives serious attention at the hands of students of ethics.

The reason for the decadence of interest in the "Analogy" is not far to seek. Butler's theological views were too closely linked with a conception of the world that has passed away to retain vitality for the present age. Gladstone's devotion to the "Analogy" was highly significant. He could have given no clearer proof that he had wholly failed to grasp the meaning of the great currents of scientific and philosophical thought of the nineteenth century, Butler's argument for revealed religion could only be effective with those who accepted, on the basis of natural religion, as did both the orthodox believers and the deists of Butler's own day, the existence of "the God of Design and Purpose." This being had fashioned the world as a watchmaker constructs a watch, and, equally with the watchmaker, remained outside of what he had created. This absent deity possessed, however, certain infinite attributes, the boundlessly extended transcripts of the nobler intellectual and moral qualities of man. But the moment the protesting intellect of a later age declared that nature yielded no evidence for the existence of that sort of deity, Butler's argument fell of its own weight, and a fundamental reconstruction of religious ideas became necessary. Perhaps it is the unwillingness to undertake the difficult and self-renouncing task of such reconstruction that renders so large a portion of contemporary apologetics singularly unconvincing, even though their authors are possessed as is Canon Holland, of the graces of literary style and a general acquaintance with modern scientific and philosophical thought.

The Cradle of the Deep. By Sir Frederick Treves. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00 net.

The imposing size—and price—of this volume, its fair, large print, its fifty-four illustrations, its four maps and careful index, most of all, its distinguished authorship, prepare the reader for a much more important and valuable work than he finds. If, however, he takes it up for what it is, a rambling descriptive account of a recent voyage in the West Indies, written at leisure and with great gusto and packed with historical and romantic anecdote, he may spend a very pleasant hour.

Sir Frederick's style is flowery to the

last degree; he lays on purple patches with joyous profusion. For describing tropical scenery such a style has its advantages, especially as the writer's color-sense is keenly discriminating as well as vivid, and his descriptions brilliantly specific. Here is one that is all color:

> Here . . . the sea assumes strange and unexpected tints; it may be violet, purple, or maroon, with streaks of lettuce-green or forget-me-not-blue, or may show a stretch of brilliant lustre, such as shines on a beetle's back, or may shimmer into a lake of lapis lazuli. In calm days the water over the reef will be lilac- or even claret-colored, or may take the hue of the nether side of a mushroom, while within the reef is that vivid green which can be looked down into from the stern of a steamer among the coiling eddies thrown up by the screw.

Sir Frederick is also unfailingly lively, with a sense of humor that sometimes degenerates into mere silliness, as when he says of the Earl of Leicester's search for gold in Trinidad:

> After a sleepless night, devoted to the contemplation of the high calling of a millionaire, Robert, the tourist, resolved to take possession of this gold mine which Providence and the "salvage" had placed in his hand.

Our author revels in the patriotic and the piratic history of the Caribbean, and tells with much imaginative detail a score of exploits of the great sea-dogs of old, but his reading seems to have its limitations, to judge by his reference to "one Samuel Champlain—a Frenchman with an English-sounding name—" whom he describes as "merely an early tourist, inquisitive and fond of making boyish maps." It is pleasant, on the other hand, to note that on one of the very few occasions when he speaks with authority, this great surgeon says of Col. Gorgas's work on the Isthmus:

> To his undying credit he has made this most unpromising strip of land a model of applied hygiene, and has shown, on a scale never before paralleled, what preventive medicine, under an enlightened and liberal direction, is capable of doing.

Grant's Campaign in Virginia, 1864 (The Wilderness Campaign). By Capt. Vaughan-Sawyer, Indian Army; with maps and plans. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

It was Colonel, now Major-General, Maurice of the English army, who declared that the Germans in part had succeeded, and the French failed, in 1870-71 because the first had studied the campaigns of our Civil War and the second had not. This declaration seems to have borne fruit, for of recent years we owe to European critics some valuable contributions to our own military history. Thus in the Special Campaign Series two out of eight volumes are devoted to our campaigns. The work in hand treats of the struggle of 1864 in Virginia, the beginning of the end.

We have seldom seen a book disgraced by such glaring errors. Names of places are wrongly spelled over and over again; *e. g.*, Reans Station (correct on map), Chancellorville, Murfreesburg, Chikamauga, Pinney Branch (which on the map masquerades as Pinney French), Khanawka (on map) though correct in the text. Many important places mentioned in the text do not appear on the maps, the general map of operations, May and June, 1864, for example, having thirteen omissions. The Sixth and Eighteenth Corps are transposed on the Cold Harbor map. Gen. Grant appears as H. S. Grant, the only time his initials are given, and Gen. (Edward) Johnson of the Confederacy always as Johnston, except on the map. A Briton who might correct these mistakes would still be confused by reading (p. 20) of "an expedition of 30,000 men under Banks to the town of Mobile near the mouth of the Mississippi"; and by learning (p. 71) that the Potomac had got south of Fredericksburg, (the *Po* being intended), that Grant (p. 73) had sent Sherman on a cavalry raid, and that Sheridan, returning from this raid, had (p. 74) "rejoined Lee." On p. 97 Gen. Sigel is reported defeated by a Federal force, and on p. 127 the Confederate army is again called Federal. Gen. Lee (p. 174) moves the corps of Anderson and Hill to cover Washington instead of Richmond. The Orange and Alexandria Railway (p. 94) is made to run northwest. The cardinal points again seem to embarrass the author, when (p. 109) he ascribes to Butler orders to "thrust himself through to the *east* of Richmond," that general being already considerably to the east of Richmond, in what became afterwards his justly celebrated "bottle." Moreover, a better set of maps and plans should be furnished. Some topography, at least, should appear on military maps, but these are nothing but sketches of roads, places, and streams. The general map of the Confederacy is the most useless thing of the sort we have seen. No State lines are given, and the Alleghanies appear as a single gigantic elongated ant-hill.

But all these errors and defects could easily be removed should a second edition be brought out, for, apart from them, this account of the campaign is really a good one, clear in arrangement, and impartial. The author sticks closely to the axis of events, and has resisted the temptation to overload his text with the multifarious detail that makes the reading of some military texts such wearisome business. His corrected book would be useful to those who wish a compact review of this campaign, and still more so to those who are looking for an introduction to its exhaustive study. His comments, though sparing, are judicious, and his analysis, with all its briefness, to the point.

A Family Chronicle: Derived from Notes and Letters Selected by Barbarina, the Hon. Lady Grey. Edited by Gertrude Lyster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This is a series of desultory family chronicles extending over three generations. At the outset, we are introduced to the Ogles, the Wilmots, and others who had contact with Garrick and his circle. Then we come to Lady Dacre, an interesting personage who, during the early part of the nineteenth century, had a high reputation as a "literary luminary." She wrote introductions "by a Lady of Quality" to volumes of aristocratic prose and verse; she translated Petrarch; her *placet* was worth (once at least) £500 to a young author whom she helped; and her own works attained to the dignity of a collected edition. But what is interesting to us to-day is the picture of life under George the Third and Fourth, which her correspondence affords. Sydney Smith and his brother Bobus, Charles and Fanny Kemble, Chantrey, the Hollands, Bulwer, and many others whose name or fame still survives, flit in and out of the pages. Here too are Joanna Baillie, "Shakespeare's sister," and Miss Mitford, the friendly and talented writer, who, we feel, was loaded to the gunwale with an assorted cargo of virtues. Lady Dacre's daughter married Admiral Frederick Grey, and her papers carry the family story on almost to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. Besides personal, social, and literary matters, they furnish vivid sights of the Crimean War, where Grey served on the Hannibal, and of Cape Colony, to command which station he was appointed in 1857; and there are extracts from Lady Grey's diary during a visit to Mauritius and Madagascar. We end with an account of a conversation between Matthew Arnold and Fanny Kemble, shortly before Arnold's death. The fortunes of the Sullivans, Lady Grey's parents, help to fill out the picture, as her father was a rural rector.

Such a volume is naturally desultory; therein lies much of its charm. This one gives us, however, some interesting side-lights on historic events; the state of mind of the upper Whig society at the time of the Reform Bill, for instance, and a glowing description of the Queen's coronation, at which Mrs. Sullivan (like other spectators) sat in Westminster Abbey from 6 A. M. till 5:30 P. M. A good many stories, some of them hitherto inedited, crop up here and there. None is better than this of Lady Holland, the widow of Macaulay's patron:

> She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what

prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her), and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs, and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought to her. When she went up to the drawing-room again, she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I like that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it, it is a very nice one—pray whose is it? (p. 203).

The following memorandum by Lady Dacre would seem to settle the authorship of a literary puzzle over which discussion has been kept up since 1820:

Found among my old hoards, February 3, 1846, Catherine Fanshawe's "Riddle on the Letter H," in her own handwriting, given to me forty years ago at least, and before Lord Byron was heard of. (p. 21).

Science.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITISM.

A large proportion of the higher, and many of the lower, animals display instinctive interest in anything that is new to their experience, evidently gaining satisfaction in the mere fact that they are in touch with what is unrecognized. This same trait is exhibited in man; but he, finding pleasure connected with the discovery of the unexplained, passes beyond the habit of his animal cousins and actually reaches out in search of this unexplained merely for its own sake. It is thus that we find so many people fascinated by, and actually seeking, the unknown and the mysterious. For example, we try to guess the name of a correspondent before opening the envelope, and deliberately contrive a puzzle whose answer may be had for the asking, if we choose. The showman learns that "the public likes to be fooled"; and this same inclination accounts for the success of the "magician," for the perennial enjoyment of ghost stories, and for such recurrent interest in "spiritism" as is indicated by the flood of articles on the subject in current newspapers and magazines.

The collecting of wonderful tales by the Society for Psychical Research in England, and by similar associations in France, Italy, and elsewhere, seems likely to continue indefinitely; for the process is not in the least affected by occasional revelations, by such men as Hodgson, Abbott*, and Evans†, of fraud where none had been expected, nor by largely successful attempts like Podmore's‡ to explain a great variety of the phenomena in terms of natural science. As noted above, the majority of those interested in these phenomena are quite satisfied to allow them to remain mysterious; elucidation would indeed take away a source of delight, and such robbery is resented. There are other persons, however, of more serious temperament, who honestly believe that in these phenomena we are dealing with highly significant discoveries, and who protest against all attempts to "naturalize" them. Such believers are wont to attack the scientific man and the psychologist and philosopher who neglect the subject; and the larger mystery-loving public, although ignorant of the nature of science, psychology, or philosophy, joins with these believers in berating the devotees of learning as wilfully ignorant of, and prejudiced against, what is really of great importance to the advance of knowledge.

It is to be acknowledged frankly that few trained men are willing to devote much time to these so-called mysteries; but this is not because of ignorance or prejudice; rather is it because scientists, for reasons to be referred to later, are not convinced of the importance of these phenomena, and because such knowledge of them as every man can acquire shows that the most distinctive of these happenings are of a kind with which scientific training does not accustom one to deal. The scientist in his work aims so to control conditions as to eliminate all possible causes but one; and such elimination, as Podmore well says, is impossible, in relation to the phenomena here considered; impossible also is implicit reliance upon the accuracy of the records. This latter point is of great moment. In the investigations of the scientist lack of candor never enters as an element to be reckoned with; but in the field of spiritism which the scientist and philosopher are urged to explore, thoroughgoing fraud is admittedly frequent; attempts at deception in collateral matters are common even where no fraud can be detected in regard to the subject itself; and all sorts of obstructions are regularly placed in the way of clear observation. The scientifically trained man gains what may almost be called an instinctive ability to discern at a glance the type of investigation which is likely to yield results valuable to his work; and finding numberless grave problems which call for all his time and strength, he all but automatically saves himself by avoiding the irrelevant. He cannot be blamed for refusing to bother with phenomena which have so frequently been fraudulent, when innumerable other questions demanding research are free from this disadvantage, and are far more interesting. No one will deny that certain facts relating to mediums (or "psychics," as they now ask us to call them), to "thought transference," etc., have not been explained in terms of the conceptions of physical and mental science; but within our own generation many facts looked upon by spiritualists of an earlier day as evidence of supernatural control (*e. g.*, automatic writing) have been accounted for in terms of known laws the operation of which had often been obscured by clever tricks. One is therefore warranted in believing that for most of those phenomena of the same general nature which still remain unsolved similar explanations will be forthcoming.

Such is the attitude of the trained student. There remain the questions how far the scientist, and the philosopher, or psychologist, are really concerned with these matters, and whether the subject is as important as many people imagine.

As for the student of natural science it seems clear that if "thought transference" can occur without physical intermediation, then the phenomenon can have no significance to the naturalist; and if it had, he himself would probably long since have discovered the potency involved, through the vitiation of certain of his calculated results. Many of his experiments are based upon the record, made by one of two co-workers, of resultants of actions by the other who is keenly aware of what is hoped for. The scientist does not find it necessary to take precautions to prevent knowledge of the thought of one of the co-workers being gained by the other; yet were this hypothetical thought transference possible, such precautions would be essential to the perfection of his experiment. An astronomer who has calculated the moment of occurrence of the occultation of a certain star and who is eager to see his calculation verified, need not hesitate to be in the presence of his assistant, who observes, and signals, the actual occultation. Similar considerations lead to a like conclusion in regard to the unimportance of "clairvoyance."

If, on the other hand, "telepathy" means communication between individuals by physical means which are at present unrecognized, then the telepathic theory is a matter with which the physicist may properly concern himself; but even so, he may well hold that he is not called upon to surrender his precious hours to such happenings, for instance, as those set forth in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; for he is confident that, if such unrecognized physical activities occur, or such undetected physical forces exist, he is more likely to discover them by an extension of his knowledge with instruments of precision in directions familiar to him, than by deserting the task for which he is trained in favor of another for which he is not fitted.

The theory of spiritism pure and sim-

**Behind the Scenes with the Mediums* and *The History of a Strange Case.* By David P. Abbott. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

†*The Old and the New Magic.* By Henry Ridgely Evans. Open Court Publishing Company.

‡*The Naturalization of the Supernatural.* By Frank Podmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple the naturalist may of course refer without hesitation to the philosopher and psychologist; but certain of its modifications, which are mere forms of an emasculated materialism, assume, as belonging in a sense to the mediums, "certain astral bodies" and "pseudopodia" which embody "ectenic forces"; and these, if they exist, involve the modification of certain postulates dear to the physicist and therefore seem to call for investigation by him. He, however, is warranted in holding that the hypothetical mysterious forces are likely to be but transformations of forces already well recognized; for were they different he is confident that their influence would be felt in some easily recognizable modification of well-known physical stimuli in the presence of the mediums, as is not proved to be the case. He observes also that the "psychics" through whose mediation these hypothetical "ectenic forces" are displayed employ practically the same materials and modes of procedure (e. g., the "levitation" of tables) which are commonly used in a fraudulent manner. If the physicist takes time to consider the experiments with the now famous Eusapia Paladino in Italy, he acknowledges that certain of them cannot be explained as they now stand; but just because she has devised some modifications of her former methods, he cannot think it his duty to attend to the antics of a woman whom so expert a magician as Richard Hodgson once examined and declared to be a thorough fraud. Of the investigations made since Hodgson's death Podmore well says:

> It cannot be said that these recent researches have done much to strengthen the case for Eusapia's genuineness. The phenomena are still of the same indeterminate kind; they take place still under the same dubious conditions, and for their substantiation we still have to trust to the accurate observation of the witnesses, working under conditions not of their own choosing.

If these "ectenic forces" did exist as distinct from all forces now recognized by the physicist, and if they were effective upon matter, the physicist feels sure that he would have discovered them under normal conditions where no fraud could be suspected.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to justify the common attitude of those engaged in the study of natural science, and we pass on to the philosopher and psychologist. The psychologist notes that if the hypotheses of telepathic or other thought transference, and of clairvoyance are correct, the evidence would be even more likely to appear in the disturbance of his own experiments than in those of the naturalist above referred to, and of such disturbance he finds no proof. He notes that the possibility of illusions of memory, to be discussed below, is persistently overlooked. He notes also that in studies of thought transference and clairvoyance attention is seldom paid to the sources of the thoughts in the minds of the medium and of the inquirer; that no attempt is made to determine what aroused the given thought in the inquirer's mind, which indeed is a fundamental point. For the investigation of the elusive sub-attentive consciousness ("subconscious mind"), which the psychologist holds to be of the same nature as the systematized attentive consciousness, convinces him that in all probability physical stimulations which are often unrecognized but which affect both medium and inquirer, may account for the appearance of the same or similar thoughts at the same time in the attentive consciousness of each. Walking with a friend, deep in the discussion of a difficult problem, the attention of the writer was attracted to a man who passed, and the thought, "How much he resembles Larned," appeared in mind for an instant, to disappear at once as the current of discussion again occupied his attention. The argument being ended, my friend presently remarked, "What has become of Larned? I wonder why I happened to think of him." My friend's sub-attentive consciousness had been affected as my own attentive consciousness had been. If, however, at the time of the meeting, I had been as deep in thought as my friend, I should have been as ignorant as he, and I might well have replied, "Why, I too have just been thinking of Larned; the believers in telepathy would take this to be a piece of favorable evidence."

On the whole, the psychologist, like the student of natural science, is likely to become convinced that if these powers exist, they are not likely to throw light on the serious problems as to the nature of consciousness which appeal to him for solution, and that therefore he is not justified in spending his time in attempts to verify these hypotheses.

As to "discarnate" spirits, the psychologist notes that "poltergeist" phenomena, "spirit-rappings," and appearances of "levitation," so far as they seem to indicate a so-called "ectenic force," do not concern him unless he deserts his field for that of the physicist; but he calls the attention of the latter to the wide variety of illusions of perception which have become familiar to him in his psycho-physical laboratory experiments, and suggests that the existence of illusions of this type is not given sufficient weight in the usual judgments from experiments in relation to these hypothetical spirit manifestations. "Ghosts" and "voices" are nowadays so generally accounted for as types of visual and auditory hallucinations that he feels warranted in disregarding them as evidences of spiritism; and this leaves for his consideration the "messages" supposed to come through mediums, through "premonitions" in dreams, and otherwise. He observes the astonishment, the emotional excitement, and the expectant attitude of those who tell of the receipt of these "messages"—the very conditions in which human judgment is generally admitted to be untrustworthy. He furthermore sees, what is usually overlooked, that these "messages" are strongly characteristic of the mental natures of the medium and of the recipient, not of the dead who are supposed to be laboring. under "suffocating conditions," to present proof of their individuality. Under such circumstances the psychologist is inclined to believe that the fuller knowledge of the nature of the consciousness of living human beings, which he is striving to gain, will in the end explain these unusual phenomena.

He also points to the sub-attentive consciousness, which appears to be systematized like the attentive consciousness; and he suggests that this fact, which explains "unconscious cerebration" so mysterious to our fathers, is likely to be at the bottom of many of the occurrences which, to the excited recipient of the "messages," are so startling.

Nor is the psychologist satisfied that sufficient heed is paid to the common occurrence of coincidences in everyday life; nor that the defenders of the spiritistic or telepathic hypotheses, can rely certainly upon our imperfect calculation of probabilities. But especially he emphasizes the exceeding frequency of illusions of memory, the relation of which to all the phenomena here discussed is so persistently overlooked. The average honest man will assert under oath that he remembers circumstances and situations which can be proved never to have existed, and acts which can be shown never to have occurred. Mr. Podmore, in referring to the alleged messages from the dead, well says (p. 50):

> In any case, with the lapse of time the picture preserved in the memory is liable to be unconsciously brought more and more into conformity with the narrator's conception of what ought to have happened. One by one irrelevant details drop out and confirmatory touches are added to heighten the tints. As the years pass any interval which may have existed between the vision and the death tends to disappear, and the two events coalesce, like a binary star, into one. . . . No process is more difficult to detect and guard against, because it is, for the most part, instinctive, and involves no conscious departure from good faith. The ability to tell the exact truth can only, as a rule, be acquired by a severe process of mental discipline.

Such discipline, we may add, the psychic research investigators are seldom willing to undergo.

When we turn to the significance of these phenomena in the eyes of one who takes what we may broadly call the philosophical view, we note, with Prof.

F. J. E. Woodbridge, that if we consider the matter historically, "spirits" have very seldom if ever really been looked upon as actually "discarnate"; and we are led to ask what real meaning the phrase "discarnate" spirit can have to men whose whole experience of individuals is confined to their direct or indirect relation with natural objects. We can, to be sure, think of a disembodied spirit, but we can do so only by such an effort of the imagination as that which affords us the notions of the unicorn or of the centaur. The philosopher acknowledges, with Fechner and other masters before and after him, that there may be forms of consciousness far different from those to which we are accustomed; but he finds himself unable to look upon these hypothetical consciousnesses as "discarnate"; rather he must think of them as parts of what is ordinarily, in the language of Prof. Josiah Royce, an "uncommunicative nature"—so differently embodied, and so differently conscious, that "we men cannot adjust ourselves to a live appreciation of their inward fluency." Such conceptions, however, are in a realm altogether apart from that considered by the modern spiritist, and have little relation to his thought.

It is thus that the student of natural science, of psychology, and of philosophy, while wholly willing to accept any well accredited facts which reveal the nature of the universe, and while maintaining a thoroughly open and unprejudiced mind, refuses to allot much of his time and energy to the phenomena discussed by the spiritist and by the devotees of so-called "occult science."

H. R. M

A volume of occasional addresses by Dr. W. Osler of Oxford is soon to be published by Henry Frowde, under the title of "An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays." The greater part of the book deals with the life of physicians in the United States. There are also chapters on Sir Thomas Browne, Harvey and his discovery, John Locke as a physician, Keats the apothecary poet, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A volume which adds distinctly to our knowledge of embryology is "The Work of John Samuel Budgett," a collection of his zoölogical papers, with a biographical sketch by A. E. Shipley, and contributions by Richard Assheton, Edward J. Bles, E. T. Browne, J. H. Budgett, and J. Graham Kerr (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Budgett was a martyr to science. He made three unsuccessful trips into the heart of Africa in his untiring search for the eggs of polypterus, and at last discovered them and watched the development of this most interesting animal. But shortly after he had completed a series of drawings of the external changes in the development of the eggs he was seized with a fatal attack of malaria and fever. The eggs and embryos secured under these circumstances have been carefully studied by Professor Kerr, and the results are presented in this volume. Certain of the conclusions are of unusual interest; for example:

The general phenomena of development in polypterus show frequent striking resemblances with what occur in dipnoans and in the lower amphibia. I believe these resemblances are sufficient by themselves to indicate the probability that the teleostomes, the dipnoans, and the amphibians have arisen in phylogeny from a common stem, which would in turn probably have diverged from the ancestral selachian stock.

The breeding habits of the primitive bony-fish Gymnarchus niloticus were first discovered by Mr. Budgett, and many of the eggs, looking like "amber beads," were secured. These have been given to Dr. Assheton, who has furnished a second memoir of equal interest with that by Professor Kerr.

Dr. Armaingaud has presented to the Académie de Médecine of Paris a critical examination of recent statistics, showing the decrease in mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis in great cities during the last twenty years. He accepts a decrease of 21 per cent. for Paris; 23 for London; 35, Berlin; 41, New York; 45, Vienna. While the decrease in Paris is comparatively too small, it does show an improvement in general hygiene and a beginning of efficiency in the direct struggle with tuberculosis. After removing such causes of error as change in disease nomenclature and reception of non-Parisian cases in Paris hospitals, Dr. Armaingaud shows that mortality from tuberculosis in general has diminished twice as fast among children under four years of age as among the rest of the population. Extra-pulmonary, particularly visceral, tuberculosis has increased slightly among adults.

Dr. Jean-Baptiste-Étienne-Auguste Charcot, leader of the French expedition to the Antarctic regions, expects to reach the ice, about five hundred miles south of Cape Horn, about December 15, and he plans to be absent two years. One of his objects is to bring back samples of the fossils to which Dr. Nordenskjöld has directed attention. He intends to transport them to one of the open ports of the Antarctic continent, either Port Lockroy or Port Charcot, and then to go on to Loubet Land to begin his exploration of the regions to the south. Dr. Charcot's staff includes M. Bougrain, who will make the astronomical observations; M. Rouch, specialist in meteorology and oceanography; M. Godefroy, who will study the hydrography of the coast and the tides; M. Gourdon, geologist, and Dr. Jacques Liouville, marine zoölogist and botanist. The commander himself is a good bacteriologist. Dr. Charcot's ship, the Pourquoi Pas, has a tonnage of 800.

On October 15 the University of Bern will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the physiologist, botanist, and poet, Albrecht von Haller. Prof. Theodor Steck will deliver an address on the personal characterstics of Haller, Prof. Hugo Kronecker will discuss Haller's method of working, and Prof. Eduard Fischer will treat of Haller's relations with the scientific men of his time, and especially of his relations with Linnæus. On October 16 a monument to Haller's memory will be unveiled on the ground facing the new university buildings. Haller was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and Prof. Arthur Gamgee will present, in the name of that society, a Latin address to the University of Bern.

Drama.

That Victor Hugo originated a style, or type, of dramatic character, no one would dream of disputing. His Didier, Hernani, and Ruy Blas are his own. And an attempt to analyze and determine this dramatic type—as compared, for instance, with Corneille's or Racine's—is no doubt worth while. To student and critic alike, and even perhaps to general reader, Hugo's methods of dramatic conception and execution must be of interest. But aside from this, it is difficult to believe in the reality of Hugo's personages apart from the action which animates them. They are essentially convention; and Prof. James D. Bruner's "Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters" (Ginn & Co.) hardly persuades us otherwise. In any case, it is always a *procédé*, a conception which the critic has to study—not a genuine human being. And the pretension to take such creatures seriously at the author's exact evaluation, to treat them like independent entities apart from the medium in which alone they live, to anatomize them like the subjects of actual experience—this seems to us to be the negation of criticism. The sort of writing this study does, as a matter of fact, produce, may be seen by a brief quotation from Professor Bruner's dissection of Ruy Gomez, who, he tells us, is a "complex individual man, having contradictory qualities. He is represented in the drama as a man of varied experience and of numerous characteristics. He is proud, bombastic, loquacious, inquisitive, impulsive, melancholy, jealous, revengeful, inexorable, avid of fame, loverlike, sympathetic, courteous, loyal, given to hospitality, and possessed of a high sense of honor. We are also informed as to his age, physical qualities, political position, and social standing. He is more than sixty years old, and has not enough hair on his head to fill the hand of the executioner." But, enough. This kind of thing is neither criticism nor scholarship; it is merely a watery prose solution of the drama itself. It can have no pretensions, either as an objective study of Hugo's dramatic work, its strength and weakness, or as a divination of the spirit of that drama.

The centenary (birth) edition of the complete works of Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly is a sign of the veering of fame back to this author. His personal influence over young writers was great during his lifetime, but he has been scarcely more than a legendary plumed knight of authorship for the quarter of a century since his death. A similar phenomenon in literary renown occurred with Stendhal, and for like reasons. These two writers thought ahead of their times. Barbey d'Aurevilly is now just in time for the two-fold reaction away from the bald, prosaic radicalism which triumphed in literature and politics at the close of the nineteenth century. This first volume of his works, with a preface by Lucien Descaves, begins the first series of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Théâtre contemporain" — truly trenchant criticisms of the Paris stage

from 1866 to 1868, stormy years of the Empire's dissolution. Such independent thought on contemporary life has long been exercised in the weekly theatrical *feuilleton* of serious Paris journals by the greatest writers of France. In spite of a certain pose and dash as of a bravo of literature, Barbey d'Aurevilly had a mind highly trained to look before and after, essentially lofty emotions, and a metallic thrust and parry of direct style which is like the rapier's ringing on chain armor. The more general reader can make acquaintance with these qualities in a compendious volume, just issued by the "young men" of the *Mercure de France*—"L'Esprit de Barbey d'Aurevilly"—thoughts, traits, and portraits, and critical judgments selected from his works.

If Hubert Henry Davies's play, "The Mollusc," now running in the Garrick Theatre, does not attain to the full measure of popular success which it secured in London, the responsibility for any comparative failure will rest upon the management, which has made an unfortunate distribution of parts. It is not a piece of deeply thrilling interest, or great dramatic significance, but it is one of those rare things—a genuine comedy of contemporaneous life, in which the dramatic complication and its solution grow naturally out of the inter-action of character upon circumstance. Without being especially brilliant, it is a thoroughly veracious and artistic little work, written with humor, observation, and insight, and singularly free from the conventional methods and trickery of the theatre. Only four personages are introduced in the story, which is unfolded in a single scene. The mollusc is Mrs. Baxter, a charming, but indolent, selfish, and whimsical young woman, who has been converted into an inexorable domestic tyrant by the weak indulgence of her husband, who is the slave of her imaginary ailments. The poor man can neither speak nor act without conjugal instruction, but is happy in his servitude, partly because he finds a congenial companion in a pretty governess. Mrs. Baxter, by her tenacious insistence upon universal compliance with her wishes, has practically extinguished opposition, when her brother, Tom Kemp, fresh from the backwoods of Canada, arrives on a visit, and resolves to bring her to her senses. At first her amiable but resolute resistance defeats his most adroit plans, and almost ruins his chance of winning the governess, with whom he has fallen in love. But finally he succeeds in rousing her from her apathy by an appeal to her jealousy. It is a wholesome and lifelike sketch, but in stage representation it requires a degree of histrionic skill commensurate with its own finish and delicacy. This it does not receive, unfortunately, at the Garrick, at the hands of the male performers, who lack both polish and perception. The ladies, Miss Carlisle and Miss Forbes Robertson, are much more competent.

Cicely Hamilton's "Diana of Dobson's," which under the management of Lena Ashwell was very successful in London, was received with only moderate favor in the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening. It is cleverly written in parts, shows some originality in invention, and is not devoid of intelligent motive, but as a play is of inconsiderable value, being puerile in construction and conventional in design. The story is of a shop-girl who, having inherited an unexpected legacy of $1,500, resolves to have one luxurious revel. In European hotels she enjoys a brief social triumph and, being taken for an heiress, secures an offer of marriage from an aristocratic wastrel, whose income of $3,000 a year can no longer support his extravagances. She reveals the truth to him, and the wooing ends in a lively scene in which she tells her lover that he is utterly incapable of making his own living, while she can support herself by honest work. The captain is so piqued that he vows to exist upon the labor of his head and hands for the next six months, and the upshot of it all is that, in less than half that period, he and she, both reduced to the last stages of destitution, meet by chance at midnight upon the Thames Embankment. His resolution melts before the sight of her distress, and, after explanations, they agree to get married and live quietly and comfortably upon his despised income. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the glaring improbabilities of such a tale; but the plot is the weakest part of the play, which contains several vigorous passages directing attention to the hardships endured by some of the young women employed in great dry goods "emporiums," smart satire on social distinctions, and pointed ridicule of the so-called education of the higher classes. The dialogue, here and there, is exceedingly effective. Doubtless the London representation was superior to that at the Savoy, where Miss Carlotta Nillson gives a monotonous and commonplace interpretation of the part of the heroine, which is capable of a much more dashing, varied, and passionate embodiment.

No elaborate consideration is needed for "Glorious Betsy," Miss Rida Johnson Young's "new American play," which Miss Mary Mannering presented, for the first time in this city, in the Lyric Theatre, Monday afternoon. The fact that she used it successfully in different parts of the country all last season is a sufficient proof that it has characteristics of a popular nature, but of serious literary or dramatic merit it is practically destitute. It is a pleasant enough entertainment, in its simple way, for the unsophisticated crowd, and has a sympathetic part for the star, but as a quasi-historical piece, dealing with the men and manners of a given period, it is utterly insignificant. The theme is the romance of the famous beauty Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte, but no attempt at accuracy is made even in the leading details. Miss Mannering is exhibited as an alluring little minx, with John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and other suitors at her pretty feet; as a scorned beauty; a spoiled child; a happy affianced bride; a lovely model of heroic and unselfish devotion, and a vision of rapturous felicity, conditions which she illustrates with unfailing personal charm. The French characters concerned are totally ignorant of their own language. Napoleon, judging by his accent, is of Hibernian descent.

At the Lyceum Theatre in this city during the coming season a course of lectures will be given to show the value of the drama as a potential educative force. Among the subjects are: "The Activity of the Dramatic Instinct During Pre-Adolescence and Adolescence," "The Development of the Humanities in the Greek Drama," "The Shakespearean Drama and the Modern Poetic Drama," and "The History of the Theatre in its Relation to Education." Among the lecturers will be President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, Percy Mackaye, Franklin Sargent, and Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University. The course will be under the auspices of the Educational Theatre for Children and Young People.

"Samson Agonistes" is to be revived next December in London in connection with the Milton tercentenary. This play was, apparently, acted for the first time in April, 1900, when it was produced for the Elizabethan Stage Society in the Lecture Theatre of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The performance was under the direction of William Poel, who will again be responsible for the stage management. Representations of the tragedy will also be given in Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Miss Lena Ashwell will begin her autumn season at the Kingsway Theatre, London, on October 9, with a new play by W. T. Coleby, the title of which is still undecided.

Music.

GERMANY'S MUSICAL PROLETARIAT.

Charles Booth asserts in his book, "The Life and Labor of the People of London," that the organ-grinders who perambulate the streets of that city earn from eighty cents to $5 a day. Germany gives less encouragement to that kind of musician; her musical proletariat is the orchestra player. His average income is about that of the English eighty-cent-a-day organ-grinder, while $5 a day is a goal to which he cannot aspire. The two leading men in the Royal Orchestra of Berlin get about $1,250 a year, but this is far above the usual salaries. The highest pay for any member of the opera orchestra in Vienna is 3,600 crowns ($720) a year, or less than $2 a day. The players in the orchestra of the Hamburg Stadttheater get only $350 a year, and in smaller cities like Nuremberg, Würzburg, Rostock, although the musicians have to be sufficiently expert to play Wagner and Richard Strauss, the pay is from $20 to $25 a month. A libel suit by the conductor, Schneevoigt, against five members of the Kaim Orchestra, recently tried in Munich, has given the newspapers occasion for dwelling on the deplorable situation of the orchestral player. Members of this, one of the most famous orchestras in the country, get $31 a month, and at the same time they are so steadily engaged either in Munich or on the road that they cannot earn an extra penny by teaching. Conditions of their contract regarding illness, etc., were pronounced positively "inhuman." The sea-

son for most orchestral players—there are about 50,000 of them in Germany—is nine months; and as it is quite impossible for them to save a penny during this time, they have to scramble for a place in a hotel or summer resort band. If they are so lucky as to find one in a famous resort, like Kissingen or Homburg, they may earn from $27.50 to $40 a month; but in a less favored place they are lucky if they get $25 a month.

It is acknowledged that a crisis has been reached, and that something must be done at once. Two books have appeared on the subject: "Die sociale Lage der deutschen Orchestermusiker," by Paul Marsop, and "Die Lage der Orchestermusiker in Deutschland," by Heinrich Waltz. The matter was also discussed recently at a meeting of the Musikpaedagogische Kongress in Berlin. It is a vital question for German art. While the Vaterland has contributed a fair share of the world's best singers, pianists, and violinists, her chief glory has been the production and the model performance of orchestral works—the overtures, symphonies, and symphonic poems of her great masters. Herein no other country has even remotely approached Germany. But can she hold this record much longer if she refuses to pay the players living wages? On this point Paul Busching says:

> The majority of German orchestral players belong to-day to the proletariat. Many an instrumental player is, so far as the amount and the certainty of his income are concerned, no better off than a dock laborer on the Hamburg quays, or a day laborer in the building trade.

If he is starved out altogether, what is to become of Germany's orchestral glories?

The situation is peculiarly difficult to deal with. Twenty years ago eminent conductors, like Richter, Mottl, and Levi, earned little more than an orchestral leader of the violins gets to-day. Now they command $10,000 a year or more, thanks to competition. The salary of the leading singers also has been raised considerably by the same means. But for the players there lies no hope in competition. There are from fifty to a hundred or more of them in each orchestra, and it is for this reason that any increase to the individual, however slight, looks formidable and forbidding in the manager's eyes. Competition, indeed, is what is hurting the orchestral player more than anything else, and preventing him from getting the increase in pay corresponding to the rise in the price of living. There are in the German Empire 18,000 military musicians, who, with their popular programmes and gaudy uniforms, compete with the concerts that are given by the orchestral players to eke out their incomes. Nor are these the only competitors.

Paul Marsop declares that in return for the quality and quantity of their work, and in view of the general cost of living to-day, the members of the orchestras in the larger cities are entitled to fully double the salary they now get. But how is the increase to be obtained? The royal subventions are already so large that little or nothing can be hoped for in that direction. Nor is it possible to charge more for tickets of admission and seats, the prices being already a strain on the public's devotion to music. Marsop's suggestion is that retrenchment should be practised in other departments. In the first place, there is the ballet: who wants a ballet nowadays? It may be an essential feature in the performances of operas by Spontini, Meyerbeer, and other composers of their time; but nearly all of these operas have fallen into neglect, and the operas written at the present time do not include ballets. In an emergency, it is suggested that trained members of the chorus might, for extra pay, do such dancing as may seem needful. The public has certainly lost its interest in operatic ballet-dancing, and would not protest if it were abolished altogether.

It is otherwise with another of the suggestions for economy made by Marsop. He inveighs against the lavish expenditures on scenery now customary, and sees there great opportunities for saving in behalf of the starved players. It may be true that some operas that have practically no scenery are popular, but operas of the spectacular school, and Wagner's, too, certainly draw better if they are sumptuously presented, and economy in this line would therefore defeat its object. The musicians will probably have to place their hope chiefly in the municipal governments and the generosity of wealthy individuals. On the latter, Marsop does not count much; to his knowledge there have been so far in Germany only three important gifts to orchestras, which he contrasts sadly with the munificence displayed in America and England. But that the rulers of German cities will eventually municipalize orchestras, giving players the rank of officials, and claim to a pension, Marsop is firmly convinced. A good beginning has already been made in Cologne, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Leipzig, and Freiburg.

"Musiciens d'autrefois," by Romain Rolland, seeks the origin of modern music in the "pre-opera" invented by the Renaissance and influenced in its evolution by the lyric art of Tasso. The main part of the book proceeds from the first opera in Paris—the "Orfeo" of Luigi Rossi—through Sully, Gluck, and Grétry, to Mozart, in artistic rather than formally historic order. The author is the Paris University lecturer on the history of music, whose tetralogy of musical fiction, "Jean Christophe," has all but transported music into literature.

Art.

My School and My Gospel. By Sir Hubert von Herkomer. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Everybody has heard of Professor von Herkomer's famous art school at Bushey, at which, in the course of twenty years, a number of artists of some subsequent distinction received their education. Many people will therefore be interested to know what were the principles relied on and the methods of teaching. On the whole, these inquirers will find the present book somewhat disappointing. It is rather discursive, and it takes careful reading to make sure just what the "gospel' 'of Bushey was.

The cardinal tenet is indeed sufficiently clear—that the effort of the teacher should be bent to the development of individuality. This is the great modern doctrine to which most teachers of to-day would subscribe. The question is *how* individuality in the student is to be descried and encouraged, and on this point Sir Hubert affords us very little light. We may, perhaps, admit that he succeeded in such encouragement, yet his system seems, from his own description, as rigid, in its way, as the familiar academic system which he hated. It is full of prohibitions. For black and white work he "only permitted the use of charcoal and pencil." Apparently, he would not allow drawings without backgrounds, because the "practice of leaving out the background . . . deadens the faculty for seeing tone." He "directed the students to paint each part of the figure . . . *alla prima*" without regard to the "mass of white canvas that surrounded the part they were painting"; and he tells, at some length, of the silent suppression of a student who was audacious enough to experiment with an underpainting of monochrome. In short, it soon becomes evident that the cultivation of personality was to be within somewhat narrow limits. The aim was to make painters, in the modern sense, rather than artists. There was to be no "discipline of mind," and there was no provision for any one whose personality or temperament might lead him to a predominant love of form or to a tendency to expression by line. It is characteristic that the author's own designs for the monthly title-pages of the school paper, the *Palette*, are almost all reproduced from monotypes. Even in book decoration linear design is banished. It might seem, at first, that the ideal of an unacademic education was to find out what is done in academies, and insist upon the reverse.

Yet Sir Hubert's *alla prima* method of painting is exactly that of the schools of Paris thirty years ago, where anything but "direct painting" was un-

known and underpaintings and glazings were regarded as almost criminal. His great demand was for "quality," meaning, we suppose, material beauty of workmanship; and he apparently places it before truth of representation, holding it to be "of great importance when those two factors [tonality and values] come without apparent effort, or as a result of a search in the direction of quality." But this quality is to be attained only by the use of solid pigment laid directly on the canvas, without any knowledge of the different properties of opaque and transparent color or of the infinite variety of surface and texture to be secured by the old traditional methods of painting. For "no second touch in oil color ever equals the first on the white canvas for purity."

But there are even more significant omissions in Herkomer's scheme of artistic education: there seems to have been no provision for training either the invention or the memory. Of course, one cannot teach invention, and it is even doubtful if one can effectively explain to the student the principles of composition—one can only point out faults, not create merits. But this is true of most teaching in art; and one can assuredly encourage the student to attempt original composition—one can even require him to do so. As for the training of the memory, it is perfectly possible, and the greatest fault of modern artistic education is the general lack of this training. In the Bushey school, as in most others, the student was expected to work always direct from the model, and there seems to have been no attempt to find out how much he had really stored up in memory by requiring him to reproduce his work with nothing before him but a sheet of blank paper. Still less was there any attempt at that work from a memory, not of the previous drawing, but of nature itself, which is the staple of Japanese education in art. One of the consequences of this lack of memory-training Sir Hubert has himself pointed out in his remarks upon the landscape painting of figure painters:

> I cannot call to mind a landscape by the hand of a figure painter that could be called monumental, or a consummation of the art of landscape painting. . . . The work of the figure painters in this domain has seldom transcended the poetic transcript of "a bit of nature."

If this statement be confined to modern painters, it is very nearly true, and one of the reasons for this state of affairs—the principal reason in our view—is that the figure painter "needs nature for every touch." The landscape painter *has* to train his memory; the figure painter, "who is accustomed to his model, and to having nature always before him, has by his habits of work become unfitted" to do so. What surprises one is that Sir Hubert has not seen that this same reliance on the model is as fatal in the higher walks of figure painting as it is in landscape; that anything truly "monumental" or possessing nobility of style is as rare in modern figure painting as it is in figure-painters' landscape. Invention is but the combination of accumulated memories and the abandonment of work from memory has paralyzed invention. Style is the modification of an immediate impression by the result of many previous impressions, and the habit of working always from nature has abolished style. Hence the relative triviality and inferiority of so much modern figure painting and the superiority of modern landscape.

Gradually one gets to see the reason of the grave omissions from Herkomer's scheme of teaching; it is a kind of skepticism as to the value of any teaching whatever. Since we are bent on the cultivation of personality, and since each personality will inevitably work out its own method of expression; since technical methods are infinitely various and one is supposed to be as good as another; why teach anything? But if you must teach—for a student must start on something—let us "endeavor to make that something a form of work that he will not find difficult to shake off." Place him in front of the model and leave him, as nearly as possible, alone. Reduce your teaching to the irreducible minimum. That is, after all, the logical outcome of our modern respect for individuality, and it brings us to the fundamental question whether or not we are justified in that respect. Is modern art the better for "the extraordinary variety of types of art work . . . owing to the absence, in this age, of all conventional restraint"? Were great individualities rarer when all art-training was rigidly traditional and the young painter was taught his trade as the master practised it, being no more expected to invent a new way of laying on colors than a carpenter's apprentice was expected to find a personal method of planing a board? Is not a true personality what Sir Hubert himself calls it, an "indestructible framework"? If so, why this fear of destroying it?

> Even the tyrannical priesthood . . . did not succeed in preventing Giotto from developing his natural bent. Michael Angelo broke away from traditional art, and evolved a new one . . . the outcome of his *nature*.

Well, is there not something to be said for a training which produced Giottos and Michael Angelos? Even the much less complete academical training of France produced its Millets. Ah! but there is the "student of average talent" who is "crushed." If he is crushable, is there any great harm in crushing him? If we had more good workmen, knowing their trade thoroughly, and fewer feeble "personalities" striving frantically for self-expression in an unmastered medium, our art would be in a less chaotic and a healthier state.

No, the trouble with the modern art school is that it teaches too little, not too much. Academic or non-academic, our schools are all tarred with the same brush. They place the student before nature and let him flounder, with a minimum of guidance. The academic school does, indeed, try to teach him a little about form—the free school does not teach him even that. No one teaches him to point. No one teaches him to think, to compose, to arrange, to cast a drapery, or to draw a line. The one thing not taught in art schools is art. We give the student a little, a very little science—some notion of what nature looks like. He must trust his own raw individuality for the rest. We turn him out into the world with no conception of what is to be done or knowledge of how it has been done by others—God help him!—let him sink or swim. And if he fails to do anything better than the life-studies he has been doing in the schools, we think he has been crushed by too much training. The trouble with all of us is our lamentable lack of any true and sound education, and we shall not improve matters by doing away with what little of such education is still to be had.

"The Charm of the English Village," by P. H. Ditchfield (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is an attractive collection of descriptions and comments, illustrated by photo-engraved pen-drawings by Sydney R. Jones, of village scenes, unusually well selected for effective composition. Perhaps they are almost too effective—just a little suggestive of posing for city people and for American tourists; but doubtless the vast amount of notice accorded them must make even thatched roofs and mouldering towers a bit conscious. The effect is heightened, too, by the method of illustration, in which each white gable or bank has a black background of foliage to accentuate its form. This, and the unavoidable hardness of black lines, fall short of presenting the English village in the subtle and delicate phase which the word "charm" would imply. But the pictures do illustrate and the text successfully describes the elements—the composition—of the village, its usual features and their special interest; and, as in a treatise on botany, the proper attention to detail excuses the lack of deeper sentiment. The volume also is full of suggestions as to the grouping of rural buildings, and of reminders of available material for architecture and gardening of that sort.

The first volume of the second tome of the "Répertoire de la statuaire grecque et romaine," by Salomon Reinach, contains 416 pages—an indication of the extent of the work. Its scientific character and completeness may be gathered from the reputation of the author.

"Histoire du paysage en France" is one of those large, discursive, handsome books of art history which are so common in France. Twelve authors, with more or less

claim to specialties, have had a hand in its making; and Henry Marcel, administrator-general of the Bibliothèque Nationale, contributes a preface. The volume has 324 pages, with 24 inset plates.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has received as a gift from Mrs. Robert K. Nuttall a collection of old lace which will, according to the statement of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the director, make the Metropolitan's collection the finest in the world. The museum has purchased one of the four pedestals of the famous Peacock Throne of Delhi—marble beautifully inlaid with malachite and agate.

The National Gallery at London has recently purchased for £25,000 from Lord Talbot de Malahide a Portrait Group by Frans Hals. The picture, which is described in the *Athenæum* as "highly important," is 4 ft. 11 in. by 8 ft. 4½ in. It has never been exhibited, and till recently it seems to have been unknown. There are some ten figures, all done with a skill which, it is said, "belongs to the period of Hals's full maturity, and is probably unmatched outside Haarlem."

Arthur Evans has contributed to the London *Times* an account of the excavations in Crete during the spring and summer. At Knossos the work has been chiefly an exploration of what he calls the "Little Palace" (with a frontage of 114 feet), connected by a paved road, "the oldest road in Europe," with the palace proper. The date of this building he fixes in the late Minoan age, say, 1700 B. C. The discoveries include a number of painted vases and ritual vessels in black steatite—notably one modelled in the form of a bull's head, inlaid with shell and with rock-crystal eyes. There are also fragments of crystal bowls and boxes, a gold-mounted lapis lazuli intaglio, part of a placque, with a griffin seizing a bull, modelled in relief, silver bowls, and jugs, sacred axes, ewers, basins, and a bronze saw—all of wbich Dr. Evans describes as "an epitome of tbe whole later civilization of the Minoan lords." In the south-western extension, opened last year, a stone of "early Minoan" pottery has been dug up. On Mochlos, according to Dr. Evans, an American explorer, Dr. Seager, has found in some tombs a number of works in gold and stone, including a fine bowl of Egyptian workmanship, closely resembling a bowl discovered in the tomb of King Sneferu.

The plan of forming a "monumental zone" in Rome before 1911, the jubilee of the Unification of Italy, is being pushed forward with great energy. According to this project, a large pleasure-ground extending from the Forum and the Palatine to the Porta S. Sebastiano, on the one side, and to the Porta S. Paolo and Circus Maximus on the other, will enclose all the ancient buildings on the site; and all modern buildings in the district will be expropriated and pulled down. The committee which has been appointed to carry out this plan has decided to begin by laying out an avenue 100 metres wide, which will lead from the Church of S. Nereo and Achille to the Palatine, and thence past the Colosseum to the Strada in Miranda. Three smaller avenues, each 50 metres wide, will lead from the main avenue to the three gates, Porta Latina, Porta Metronia, and Porta San Sebastiano. Apart from the improvement which these pleasure grounds will effect in this important part of old Rome, it is hoped that interesting discoveries will be made.

Tbe death is announced of Hugh Hutton Stannus, architect and writer. He was born, in 1840, at Sheffield, Eng., where he began practice as a decorator. He next lectured on architecture and applied art at South Kensington Museum. His principal publication is an elaborate study of "Alfred Stevens and His Work."

Finance.

ADJUSTING RAILWAY EXPENDITURE TO EARNINGS.

The business reaction, now in progress for nearly a year, has had a somewhat unequal effect on various industries. The volume of iron production, as every one knows, has been barely one-half that of a year ago. The United States Steel Corporation's report for the second quarter of 1908 showed shrinkage of 55 per cent. in net earnings. In other lines the falling off in sales appears to have ranged from 25 to 50 per cent. A typical dry-goods enterprise, the Associated Merchants' Company, capitalized at $20,000,000, and owning and operating half a dozen large and long-established department stores in New York, Baltimore, and Buffalo, reported last week, for the six months ending August 1, net earnings smaller by not quite 25 per cent than in the same period last year, and this was generally regarded, in the mercantile trade, as a better showing than other houses could make. In fact, the statement of the H. B. Claflin Company of New York for the first half of the year actually showed receipts to have been $7,000 less than expenses, where the result for the first half of 1907 had been $454,000 surplus profits. In another important trade, metal-refining, the American Smelting Company last week confessed to a decrease of 33 per cent. in net earnings for the fiscal year ending April 30.

It is the railways, however, whose losses have for various reasons been more conspicuous. The most complete compilation of gross receipts of American companies indicates a shrinkage from 1907 of 12½ per cent. in January, 11¾ in February, 13⅜ in March, 18⅞ in April, 22⅝ in May, 17½ in June, and 17⅛ in July—the total falling-off, for the seven-months' period, being no less than $172,000,000. The reasons why more was made of the railways' case than of that of other enterprises were, first, that shares of these companies are more generally lodged in the private investor's hands; second, that the collapse in earnings came at the moment when an enormous increase in debt and charges had been, and was still being, incurred. Some railways confessed insolvency; a few, like the Erie, were saved by advances of capital by the "inside interests." All indulged in a season of futile talk about a general advance in transportation rates for the traffic that was left, and all set to work on the most drastic policy of economy. It was some months before these savings in routine expenditure began to affect the monthly net results—largely because the covert threat of President Roosevelt had blocked the natural expedient of lowering wages. Up to June, the percentage of shrinkage in net earnings was larger than in the gross; the ratio of loss being 30 per cent. in January and 25 per cent. as lately as May, while the net results for the whole first half of the year ran $63,500,000, or nearly 25 per cent. below the same period last year. In June, however, the new economies began to show in figures. As against the 17½ per cent. decrease in June gross earnings, the net declined only 9⅜ per cent. Operating expenses had been cut down 21 per cent.

The July statements, now coming to hand, bear still more noteworthy evidence that expenditure is under control. With a loss of $3,318,000 in gross compared with July of 1907, the Pennsylvania, for instance, reports decrease of only $817,000 in net. The Southern Railway converts a decrease of $642,000 gross into an increase of $413,000 net. It will naturally be asked how this extraordinary reduction in operating expenses was effected. Increased operating efficiency has accomplished something, but the larger saving has been through reduction of maintenance expenditures. The classified statements to the Interstate Commerce Commission show this. Out of the Pennsylvania's cut of $2,500,000 in July operating expenses, compared with 1907, $1,600,000 was saved in maintenance of way and equipment, against $1,475,000 saved in transportation expenses. This is fairly typical; it explains how, in July, operating expenses on the Southern absorbed only 71.3 per cent. of gross earnings, compared with 83.6 last year; on the Atchison 62.3 per cent., against 67 per cent. last

Financial.

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year; on the Baltimore and Ohio, 64.6 per cent., against 69.6.

The answer to the question how long this policy of keeping down maintenance appropriations can continue without serious injury to roadbed and equipment depends on the condition of the plant at the time retrenchments began. A rock-ballasted bed with heavy rails, such as the Pennsylvania's, could easily stand a year of the strictest economies. Other roadbeds, after twelve months of such treatment, would be fairly knocked to pieces. For all of them, the time cannot be far distant when continuance of sharp retrenchment would interfere with the proper running of the railway.

Will business remain slack long enough for this? Railway men have been generally inclined to predict that the "corner was turned" during July. How quickly recovery will come, if it come with the autumn trade, and how soon the lost ground will be retraced, are matters for conjecture. In the panic period of 1893, the heavy drop in railway earnings began in July, and the steady series of decreases was not interrupted until January, 1895. Following the financial depression of 1903, earnings began to show shrinkage in October. There were months of small gains in both gross and net, but the general trend was downward until September, 1904. From that time on, the increase was rapid; before the middle of 1906, the income of transportation lines was running beyond the early figures of 1903.

"Portraits de financiers," by André Liesse, is made up of studies of the decisive action of certain men in France in the great events in which they had a part—of their mind, character, ideas, and opinions, and how they came by them. Ouvrard, Mollien, Gandin, Baron Louis, Corvetto, Laffitte, and Villèle—the men who shaped French life by directing the finances of France from the end of the Directory to King Louis Philippe—are the subjects of these portraits. And they are object-lessons to other not more rapidly changing nations which may be inclined to believe that financiers, like poets, are born and not made by experience. It should be added that the author is a professor of the École des Sciences Politiques, a well-known writer on financial history, and an esteemed disciple of Léon Say.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baerlein, Henry. The Diwan of Abri'L-Ala. E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cts. net.

Benson, Ramsey. A Lord of Lands. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Bliss, Edwin Munsell. The Missionary Enterprise. A Concise History of Its Objects, Methods, and Extensions. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

Bradford, Charles. The Angler's Guide. A Handbook of the Haunts and Habits of the Popular Game Fishes. Nassau Press.

Brown, Charles Reynolds. The Strange Ways of God. A Study in the Book of Job. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cts. net.

Burnham, Clara Louise. The Leaven of Love. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Cartwright, Thos. Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer.—The Old Myths of Greece and Rome.—One for Wod and One for Lok.—The Seven Champions of Christendom. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. each.

Colby, Charles W. Canadian Types of the Old Régime. 1608-1698. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Collins, Jos. V. Practical Elementary Algebra. American Book Co. $1.00.

Coolidge, Archibald Cary. The United States as a World Power. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Cotes, Mrs. Everard. Cousin Cinderella. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Crockett, S. R. Red Cap Adventures. Macmillan Co.

Egerton, Hakluyt. Liberal Theology and The Ground of Faith. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Gardens of England. Painted by Beatrice Parsons. Described by E. T. Cook. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Green, Alice Stopford. The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing. 1200-1600. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Hasse Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States Massachusetts, 1789-1904. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Holland, Rupert Sargent. Builders of United Italy. Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.

Iqbal, Shaikh Muhammad. The Development of Metaphysics in Persia: A Contribution to the History of Muslim Philosophy. London: Luzac & Co.

Johnston, R. F. From Peking to Mandalay. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Kuhns, Oscar. The Sense of the Infinite. A Study of the Transcendental Element in Literature, Life, and Religion. Henry Holt & Co.

Miller, Rev. Joseph. Sermons, Doctrinal, Philosophical, Critical, and Educational. London: Rivingtons.

Neuman, B. Paul. Dominy's Dollars. London: John Murray.

Newsholme, Arthur. The Prevention of Tuberculosis. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Oesterley, W. O. E. The Evolution of the Messianic Idea. A Study in Comparative Religion. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Palmer, Frederick. The Big Fellow. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Patterson, Joseph Medill. A Little Brother of the Rich. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

Pattison, Mark. Essays 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts. each.

Peabody, Josephine Preston. The Book of the Little Past. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Pfeiffer, Edward. Mission Studies. Outlines of Missionary Principles and Practice. Columbus: Lutheran Book Concern. 75 cents net.

Pierson, Clara Dillingham. The Millers and Their New Home. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Poe, Edgar Allan, The Complete Poems of. Introduction by Charles F. Richardson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prentice, William Kelly. Greek and Latin Inscriptions. Part III of the Publications of an American Archæological Expedition to Syria 1899-1900. Century Co.

Price, W. T. The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle. W. T. Price.

Rankin, Carroll Watson. The Adopting of Rosa Marie. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Ruskin, John. Poems. With an Essay by G. K. Chesterton. E P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

Sinclair, Upton. The Money Changers. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Swan, Mark E. Top o' the World. A Once Upon a Time Tale. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Stall, Sylvanus. Talks to the King's Children. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Co. $1.00 net.

Tappan, Eva March. American Hero Stories. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Tariff Revision. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Tower of London. Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by Arthur Poyser, Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Tudor Facsimile Texts: The Disobedient Child—The Trial of Treasure—New Custom—The Nature of the Four Elements. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Tomlinson, Everett T. Mad Anthony's Young Scout. A Story of the Winter of 1777-78. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Trench, Herbert. Apollo and the Seaman, and Other Lyrics. Henry Holt & Co.

Tyrol. Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Valera, Juan. Pepita Jiménez. D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cts.

Van Rensselaer Bowier Manuscripts. Translated and edited by A. J. F. van Laer. Albany: University of the State of New York.

Wallace, Edgar. Angel Esquire. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Wright, Charles H. H. Light from Egyptian Papyri on Jewish History Before Christ. London: Williams & Wingate.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

The Week.

Mr. Bryan's claim to the heritage of Roosevelt policies is thrown out of court by the only competent judge, Mr. Roosevelt himself. Conrad Kohrs of Helena, Montana, had written to his good friend the President asking about the matter, and the President kindly replies in a reassuring letter of about three columns. Mr. Taft, he says, is "the man who I feel is in an especial sense the representative of all that in which I most believe in political life." Mr. Taft is the "true foe of abuses." "He and I have on every essential point stood in heartiest agreement, shoulder to shoulder." After all this Mr. Bryan must find it rather difficult to pose as the original Roosevelt man. And from the point of view of practical politics there is something to be said for a campaign of more vigorous opposition than Mr. Bryan is making. If the Democratic party really stands for no important principles but those laid down by Mr. Roosevelt, a good many Democrats will frankly say that they prefer Taft. He is obviously firmer and more steady-going than Mr. Bryan. Then, too, the election of Mr. Taft will save us from the disturbance of overturning the Administration. If Mr. Bryan can promise us nothing better than we have had under Roosevelt, or than we should have under Taft, why should any one want to make him President?

When Vermont's vote was unfavorable to the Democrats, Mr. Bryan easily found reasons to prove that it was of no significance. Now that Maine, torn with dissensions over the liquor question, gives the tiny Republican majority of 7,700, Mr. Bryan promptly hails the result as proof of his impending election. It is well to remember, however, that in 1880 the foes of the Republicans actually carried Maine by 189 votes; but in the national election of that year Maine's Republican electors were chosen by 8,633 votes. It is, of course, true that the prohibition issue has figured in other campaigns when the State was an accurate barometer; but this year, as last, when the vote was but a trifle larger, the dissatisfaction with the existing conditions has been uncommonly acute. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan can draw some encouragement from the figures; and he will doubtless ring every change on the fact that this vote in Maine is nearly 5,000 less than that of 1892, which foretold Mr. Cleveland's second election.

William Van Amberg Sullivan, formerly a United States Senator from Mississippi, began the practice of law in 1875, and definitely ceased the practice of lawfulness last week Tuesday night, when he organized and led a mob which stormed a jail and lynched a negro prisoner. If the press dispatch from Oxford, Miss., quotes Mr. Sullivan correctly, the lynchers' chief deserves no little praise for having put the issue of public murder squarely before his fellow-citizens. Heretofore the lynching problem has been confused—at least speciously—by the unwillingness of individual offenders to confess their participation, and again by their plea, when caught, that they were swept away by "crowd hysteria." Mr. Sullivan will not resort to these cowardly evasions. He is reported to have told newspaper correspondents:

> I led the mob which lynched Nelse Patton, and I'm proud of it. I directed every movement of the mob, and I did everything I could to see that he was lynched. Of course, I wanted him lynched. I saw his body dangling from a tree this morning, and I'm glad of it. When I heard of the horrible crime, I started to work immediately to get a mob. I did all I could to raise one. I roused the mob and directed it to storm the jail. I don't care what investigation is made, or what are the consequences. I am willing to stand them. I wouldn't mind standing the consequences any time for lynching a man who cut a white woman's throat. I will lead a mob in such a case any time.

The State of Mississippi is fortunate in having a bold, honest man relieve its judges of every uncertainty as to the facts, motives, and deliberateness of an atrocious murder. The verdict in the case will tell unequivocally whether the commonwealth prefers mob rule to the reign of law. The country has long been waiting for just such a clear-cut answer as must be forthcoming.

Emperor William's speech of peace at Strasburg, with its sequel in the form of a new crisis over Morocco precipitated by Germany's action, is still fresh in mind. Hence Chancellor Von Bülow's declarations of German good-will towards Great Britain will be received with more skepticism than they deserve. For at bottom Von Bülow's statement is a straightforward formulation of Germany's intention to remain strong while it remains friendly. Fairly little is left to the imagination when the Chancellor says:

> Should other nations, bolder than Germany, challenge the world's sense of right and wrong, Germany would not shrink from the ordeal, though with the certainty that her fleet would be annihilated.

It is obvious, of course, that the only nations capable of annihilating the German fleet are Paraguay and San Marino. So this latest official pronouncement is but the reiteration of the old formula: "Germany wants peace, but with honor." And there is no denying that thirty-seven years of peace in a nation's life is prima facie evidence that she likes it. But why, then, that unfortunate manner, that policy of alternate amiability and bluster, upon which the world has come to base its fear of German intentions? The just and tenacious man, according to Horace, no storms or tyrant's wrath can disturb.

A congress of German Social Democrats without a conflict between the old, orthodox radicalism and some young conservative heresy or other, is nowadays inconceivable. The main subject of contention before the congress which assembled at Nuremberg Monday involves the continuance or abandonment of the hostile attitude hitherto maintained by parliamentary Socialism towards financial legislation on the part of the various German governments. The Socialists in the Imperial Reichstag, as well as in the separate diets, were till recently a unit in refusing to vote the annual government budgets. Regarding itself entirely as a body of protest until such a time as it might conquer the powers of state at one blow, the Social-Democratic party has made a particular virtue of withholding its sanction from a budget which was, from its point of view, inequitably raised, since it pressed heaviest on the working classes; and was inequitably expended, in that it went to support

huge armaments instead of being devoted to the needs of the same working classes. But the poison of compromise which Eduard Bernstein and others have injected into the body of German Socialism has spread. As a result, the Socialist Deputies of Baden and Bavaria, contrary to orders, voted for the government budget at the last session of their respective diets. Their action, apparently destructive of Socialist doctrine and discipline, has aroused violent discussion in the party press, and Bebel, as the champion of the old-established tactics, is to fight it out at Nuremberg with the supporters of this latest apostasy.

Guilty of an "abuse of the right to strike"—this is the decision of a French court which has just sentenced M. Pataud, secretary of the Electricians' Union, to pay a fine for injuring two music-hall performers by calling a strike last June. The strike closed the theatre and the complainants could not perform, hence they sued. To Mr. Gompers and our other American labor leaders this action of the court must seem purely anarchistic. We venture to say that if the decision had been rendered here, Mr. Gompers would be appealing to both parties for a Constitutional amendment declaring that there is no such thing as an abuse of the right to strike. According to the contention of the unions, labor may strike at any time and as often as it pleases, irrespective of how much injury it causes to employers or public, and with this sacred privilege no one shall interfere. In the Paris case the court laid down the principle that the strike was wholly unwarranted, because it was purely sympathetic, or rather an act of revenge because of the killing of strikers at Vigneux by troops who fired upon them. If this decision is sustained by the higher courts, we believe that the "strike of protest" will promptly fall into disuse in France. Towards this reform we Americans have made but little progress.

That the former Danish Cabinet minister, Alberti, who has confessed to the misappropriation of some $2,500,000—an enormous sum for such a little country as Denmark—should have held for seven years the portfolio of justice, only adds to the irony of an incident that reflects no credit on the standards of Danish public life. The dispatches err in saying that until his resignation a few weeks ago Alberti enjoyed an "untarnished reputation." As a matter of fact, his looseness in financial matters has been a matter of public debate for years. The radical wing of his own party has charged him on the floor of Parliament with personal dishonesty and with the manipulation of a highly perfected spoils system. But Alberti's personal following and his influence at court made it impossible for any prime minister to exclude him from the Cabinet. There is a certain broad popularity which politicians may always acquire through the lavish use of stolen money. Such has been the experience of the Italian ex-minister, Nasi, whom a sentence in jail for embezzlement has only confirmed in his position as "uncrowned king" of his native Sicily. In the art of bleeding corporations Europe is, of course, far behind us. Its dishonest politicians are consequently driven to more direct methods of looting.

Like Russia during the famous "forty days of freedom" that followed the constitutional manifesto of October 30, 1905, and like Turkey of the present moment, revolutionary Persia has witnessed a marvellous growth of newspapers and periodicals. A recent dispatch spoke of 300 publications in Teheran alone. This may not be exaggerated, if we include the fugitive broadside which, so a writer in *La Revue* of Paris asserts, has attained exceptional popularity in Persia. These *Shab-nameh*, as they are called, "night-leaflets," are rough circulars, run off on copying presses, in defiance of government censorship, and surreptitiously distributed. Such sheets usually represent the extreme revolutionary position. Of the regular dailies, Teheran, according to our authority, had no less than twenty-four a short time ago. Yet even these more substantial papers appear and disappear with startling rapidity. The reason for such lack of permanence is that few of the Persian journals are carried on for purposes of gain. A number of men having certain opinions in common will contribute to the maintenance of a press organ which they know will sooner empty their purses than fill them. When the contents of the common purse have been emptied, and with them, perhaps, most of the projectors' ideas, the journal is allowed to die. Of trained journalists there are, of course, very few in the country. But who, in revolutionary times, is not qualified to discuss fundamental problems of politics and society at a moment's notice?

When the Minas Geraes, of the Brazilian navy, slipped into the water at Newcastle-on-Tyne last week, the most powerful warship ever built raised a surge whose ripples are stirring all the coasts of Europe and America. Moreover, two sister vessels will also be launched very soon. A few weeks ago some Argentine legislators, panic-stricken at the thought of Brazil as a great naval Power, tried to rush through a stupendous appropriation for Dreadnoughts. The bogey mongers of England and Germany are no less backward in making the most of Brazil's venture. While the radicals of the *Flottenverein* are soberly content to argue that the Fatherland must keep its shipyards busy, even if new Imperial taxes have to be levied, the more expert English shriekers discover terrible complications for John Bull. A recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled, "Dreadnoughts for Sale or Hire," smears fresh war paint on the face of a favorite old jack-in-the-box:

> These Brazilian Dreadnoughts are of new and ominous significance. And not less so are the Austro-Hungarian ships, which, though not for sale, may be said to be on hire as reinforcement for the navy of a Power with which it is convenient to Austria-Hungary to ally herself. From our point of view, and from that of the Americans and the Italians also, the uncomfortable feature is that for twenty years to come we shall always have to take the Minas Geraes and her sisters into account in estimating our naval needs, even if they should remain for the greater part of that time under the Brazilian flag. When the outbreak of war has become a matter of months, as, for example, it was in September, 1903, the payment of £5,000,000 or so for a reinforcement of three first-class ships will be the merest drop in the bucket of expenditure to be incurred. The stronger Power, even if it does not want the ships, will be compelled to buy them to keep them out of the enemy's hands.

The worst of all this is that it is true, so long as any nation persists in the ruinous game of battleship building.

Sir Oliver Lodge, according to reports published in the newspapers some months ago, is persuaded that messages are received from the dead. The detail-

ed proof on which his belief rests is now published in the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research. The excerpts cabled to this country are presumably the most impressive; and though it is not safe to pronounce final judgment on the basis of such brief summaries, we may at least say that Sir Oliver still seems an easy man to convince. The message—through the usual medium—is presumably from Frederic W. H. Myers, author of "Phantasms of the Living" and "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." In his lifetime he was an essayist of unusual delicacy of taste and precision of style. John Morley has characterized his work as "distinguished as much by insight as by admirable literary grace and power." As a poet he wrote for the few, but the volume of his collected verse, published in 1882, is certainly not mediocre. Arthur Sidgwick, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," speaks of the "many passages of striking beauty." It is painful, therefore, to ascribe to Mr. Myers these lines:

Friend, while on earth with knowledge slight,
I had the living power to write;
Death tutored now in things of might,
I yearn to you and cannot write.

And this from a man "of rare intellectual gifts, original, acute, and thoughtful"! Had Mr. Myers while still alive foreseen this falling off of his powers, he would surely have preferred that death should end all.

THE RENOMINATION OF GOV. HUGHES.

The renomination of Gov. Hughes must be reckoned as one of the most significant political events of the last quarter century. It is a sheer triumph of naked principle, and as such it must mightily strengthen the forces of good government. On the incidents which have led to this result we cannot dwell in detail, but we may speak of a few of those salient features of Gov. Hughes's career which have rendered him so irresistible.

He belongs to a class whom the crawling politicians have always despised—the highly trained and high-minded professional man; and he was once a college teacher—a member of the very caste that is notable as a breeder of political doctrinaires. When first nominated he had had no experience in the school of practical politics, and the Republican leaders openly sneered at him as a hopeless and helpless amateur. The only thing that recommended him to the voters was his extraordinary skill as a lawyer and his inflexible integrity. These qualities he had displayed so signally in the gas and insurance investigations that the people turned to him instinctively and elected him alone of all the Republican ticket. They did not know whether he had executive ability; their ideas as to his policies were rather vague; but they said: "Here is a man too keen to be hoodwinked, too brave to be browbeaten, too upright to be corrupted. We will try the experiment of choosing him Governor."

That experiment has succeeded beyond all expectation. Gov. Hughes has discharged his duties with an eye single to the welfare of the State. By this course he has inevitably alienated the machine politicians, whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of the public, but he has at the same time won the hearty admiration of the honest and intelligent voters of all parties. He has violated all the precedents set by astute and managing Governors, who have prided themselves on their skill in controlling the Legislature and securing measures dear to their hearts. As the classical example of his method we may take the case of Otto Kelsey, Superintendent of Insurance. When Mr. Hughes recommended that Kelsey be dismissed as incompetent, the friends of Kelsey, in the Senate and out, the professional officeholders from Montauk Point to Buffalo, rallied to resist the assault upon their sacred order. Gov. Hughes then held in his hand a whip that might have brought them all to heel. Had he chosen to play the game as Gov. Hill played it, or Gov. Roosevelt or Gov. Odell, he might easily have driven Senator Raines and the other adherents of Kelsey into line. Some of the advisers of Mr. Hughes pointed out that the threat of a few removals in the various departments and commissions and of half a dozen vetoes judiciously distributed would make him absolute master of his petty opponents. But he replied in effect that the use of patronage or of the veto power to compass such aims was contrary to the fundamental theory of democratic government; and that the issue should be the bare merits of his cause, uncomplicated by other considerations. The Senators, of course, took advantage of this idealism, and, secure from flank attack, voted for Kelsey. But that apparent defeat for the Governor was really one of his substantial victories. He had convincingly demonstrated his inflexible devotion to principle. He would not sacrifice it to immediate ends, however desirable they might seem. Thus it is that from the day when the Senate first rejected the charges against Kelsey the Governor has been the trusted champion of the people against the hirelings of the machine. Again and again he has appealed from the legislators to their constituents. We need not enumerate his achievements—the passage of the most important laws which he has urged, and the outcome of the two special sessions in which, backed by the whole electorate, he has beaten the corruptionists and forced the Legislature to do the right. This record of solid results is almost unmatched in our political annals.

More striking still is the submission of the Republican Convention at Saratoga. Mr. Hughes had not intended to run for Governor a second time, because, not being a rich man, he can ill afford to surrender the income from his practice. But he was strongly urged by the better element of his party, and he himself wished to complete his plans of reform, and in particular to secure the enactment of a direct primary law which should break the power of the bosses. Naturally, Timothy L. Woodruff, Herbert Parsons, William L. Ward, William Barnes, jr., Francis Hendricks, J. Sloat Fassett, and their kind have been bitterly hostile. In the State Committee Mr. Hughes could hardly have mustered five votes. Then, too, he is not a personal favorite of the President; for when Mr. Roosevelt ostentatiously demanded the resignation of a Federal official who worked for Kelsey, Mr. Hughes coldly let it be understood that he did not desire to have the Federal patronage, any more than that of the State, prostituted even for a commendable purpose. But the politicians of all classes, from the President down, have been compelled to swallow their grudges. They have discovered that Mr. Hughes is the one man who enjoys such popular confidence that he can command the independent vote, carry the State, and by his immense

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prestige strengthen the national ticket not only in New York, but also in the West.

And the secret of this extraordinary ascendancy has been a combination of high intelligence and rigid adherence to principle. Others have made louder professions of virtue; none have surpassed him in actual performance. Most of our politicians, consciously or unconsciously, still follow the old rule that to be practical is to be base. Their belief is exactly that which Lord Morley, in his last volume of "Miscellanies," ascribes to Machiavelli—"that the application of moral standards to this business is as little to the point as it would be in the navigation of a ship." But the mass of our citizens, who have no selfish interest in maintaining bad laws or serving a party machine, are ready to uphold the cause of morality whenever the issue is fairly presented. For they are convinced that the ethical factors which the politicians are so prone to discard, are, to quote Morley again, "nothing less than the living forces by which societies subsist and governments are strong."

THE OLD BRYAN AND THE NEW.

Mr. Taft, we are glad to see, has trained his guns on the real point of attack opened up by the candidacy of Mr. Bryan. There has been a surprising disposition, among many sincere persons who detested the favorite "Bryan doctrines" of 1896 and 1900, to pass a sponge over that part of Mr. Bryan's political history, and accept him now at his own valuation, as if he were an entirely different man from the candidate of eight or twelve years ago. Every reader of this article must have heard from his own acquaintance the argument that Bryan has "broadened" since 1896; that he has "seen the world"; that he has "grown safe"; that, in short, he is a "new Bryan."

Now we submit that a public man who appeals for votes on the tacit understanding that his past is buried, owes something more to the voter than a refusal to mention his own vagaries of a few years ago. History supplies abundant instances of statesmen who have broken with their political past, and have invited public support from quarters where their earlier policies had been bitterly opposed. But if memory does not fail us, the really great occasions when such acceptance of new policies has appealed to the electorate have been marked by recantation. The public is lenient with a man who frankly declares that he was wrong in his old opinions, and that he now sees the light. Sir Robert Peel, transformed from a protectionist into the leader of the Corn Law movement, announced in Parliament that he had been mistaken in the past, and that his former foes had convinced him of his error, and the English voter sustained him at the polls. Mr. McKinley, an old-time advocate of the free coinage of silver, tried for a week or two in 1896 the plan of saying nothing on the question, until it was pretty plain that, as matters stood, his fight was lost. It was not until he openly repudiated the doctrines for which his earlier votes were cast, declared his firm adherence to the gold standard, and gave his reasons, that sentiment moved to his side. Mr. Gladstone, who perhaps, in his long career, maintained more conflicting policies than any statesman of our day, had invariably the courage of his new convictions, and never hesitated to declare, in the face of angry or jeering criticism, that his belief had changed, and why.

Such a course was quite as open to Mr. Bryan as to the other men we have mentioned. He either believes to-day in the free coinage of silver, or he does not; he either believes in government ownership of railways, or he does not; he either believes in replacing bank-note currency by government paper issues, or he does not. At one time or another, in the course of what Mr. Taft justly described as a "twelve years' hunt for an issue on which he can be elected President," Mr. Bryan has proclaimed adherence to every one of these economic theories. There is not one of them which may not, under conceivable circumstances, become an issue in the near or distant future. How does Mr. Bryan stand in regard to them to-day? He refuses to tell us. He is "bound by the platform," and, as he gravely remarked in his letter of acceptance, "a platform is binding as to what it omits, as well as to what it contains."

We have been asked, on what grounds, as political reformers and tariff reformers, we can fairly refuse support to Mr. Bryan. Our answer from the start has been that, if one is to judge the candidate—as candidates, in default of public recantation, must in all reason be judged—by his own record, Mr. Bryan is a wholly unsafe and untrustworthy political reformer; and that his present warm advocacy of tariff reform is for the purpose of this particular campaign. Mr. Bryan's career has been in the main made up of ardent propaganda for half a dozen propositions, most of which now stand condemned by the course of events and the judgment of the world. By no sign or word has he abandoned them; in regard to every one of them, he stands obstinate, silent, and apparently unrepentant.

This being so, it must be manifest that the vote cast next November for the "new Bryan" is also cast for the old Bryan. The case is in reality no different from that of 1900, except that the Populist nomination, which Mr. Bryan deemed it advantageous to solicit, forced him to speak on some things regarding which he is now dumb. It was, if we remember rightly, a "new Bryan" whom we were invited to inspect in 1900—possibly not so "new" as the Bryan of 1908, but still a "broadened" statesman. The Populists, however, found a way to extort from him comment on inconvenient issues; and the new Bryan had to tell them, in his letter of acceptance, that, although the campaign "for the immediate restoration of silver by the independent action of this country at 16 to 1" was defeated in 1896, "that did not end the discussion"; and that "there will be time enough to discuss the redeemability of the greenback when the greenback itself is saved from the annihilation which now threatens it." We seem also to remember an attempt to talk silver in the West, during that last campaign of Mr. Bryan, and to talk anything but silver in the East. Here, we were treated to the candidate's belief that the reason the standing army was increased "is to build a fort in this city and use the army to suppress by force the discontent which ought to be cured by legislation"; that investors in German treasury bonds should be denounced because they did not invest in Illinois lands instead, and that a President was recreant to his trust who "sends messages of condolence on the death of kings, but has none to send on the death of two republics." For Mr. Bryan's own sake, we heartily share the hope that he has "broadened" since those days of trans-

parent demagogy and nonsense; but we suspect that there is opportunity for a good deal more broadening, not least in the line of honest statement of his own beliefs and purposes, before his canvass will rightly commend itself to thoughtful citizens.

THE "COMMODITIES CLAUSE."

The decision of the Federal Circuit Court, declaring unconstitutional the famous "commodities clause" of the Hepburn Railway Act of 1906, is in some respects limited in scope, in others very sweeping. This clause forbade railways to carry across the border of a State any commodity manufactured, mined, or produced, directly or indirectly, by the railway, excepting timber and timber products, and articles necessary for the use of the railway in its ordinary operation. It was understood by every one, during the Congressional debate upon the bill, that this restrictive provision was primarily aimed at the "coal roads," and these carriers accepted the challenge and carried the case into court. The Reading Railway, for example, owns and operates through a subsidiary company upwards of 90,000 acres of productive anthracite mining property. The Lehigh Valley Railroad owns or leases in perpetuity some 17,000 acres of similar lands, and earned $15,000,000 from their output in 1907. The Lackawanna, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware and Hudson, the Erie, and the Jersey Central are similarly engaged in the mining and transportation of coal from their own properties.

In drafting the "commodities clause" two points were kept in mind. One was that the railway companies had been long engaged in coal mining, under the sanction of State charters. The other was that the several companies were believed, on pretty strong evidence, to have formed a quiet combination, through which the price of their product could be maintained, or, if desired, advanced. The railway holdings of anthracite mining property made up so large a proportion of the total of such lands in operation that the railways were easily able to control the market. It was this condition which the Hepburn Act, through its "commodities clause," undertook to alter. Were that clause to remain in force, the companies would have to dispose of their coal lands. Transfer of the property to independent companies, capitalized by the existing owners of the railways, was the recourse generally expected.

The railway companies, however, contested the law on the main ground that the powers of the Federal government were being used to destroy a business in which the companies had long engaged with the full permission of the State authorities, in which much capital was invested and in which there was nothing criminal, immoral, or dangerous to the public welfare. On these contentions the majority of the Circuit Court strongly upholds the position of the companies. Judge George Gray sums up in these words the state of affairs created, in his view, by the commodities clause as applied to railways which had enjoyed the mining privileges before the law was passed:

> To these defendants, thus innocently and lawfully engaged in transporting coal which they own, or are interested in to the extent and under the circumstances hereinbefore set forth, comes this act of Congress and declares that this whole business is unlawful, and that the future exercise of a vested right of ownership, which they have heretofore and for long periods of years enjoyed, under the belief that it was an ordinary right of property enjoyed innocently by all citizens of the State alike, and inviolable as such, is a crime, and punishable as such.

And his conclusion is:

> The enactment in question is not a regulation of commerce within the proper meaning of these words, as used in the commerce clause of the Constitution, and therefore not within the power granted by that clause.

This seems to be sound law, regardless of the question whether the companies have or have not used their advantage as coal miners and carriers for the purpose of restraining trade. Judge Gray is careful to point out—indeed, it is an essential part of his reasoning—that if the laws of State or nation, applying to restraint of trade, are violated by these companies, there is a remedy in the penalties prescribed by those laws, without recourse to a dangerously strained construction of the Federal government's authority to regulate commerce between the States.

Judge Gray's opinion is specifically limited to the case of the railway companies before the court, all of which had been engaged in the mining industry before the Hepburn Law was passed. The judges, he states, "intimate no opinion either way as to cases where property has been acquired by the carriers subsequent to the passage of the act." This is why we said to begin with that the scope of the decision is limited. Yet it cannot be denied, by any one who observes with care the language and reasoning of the decision both of Judge Gray and of his associate, Judge G. M. Dallas, that the opinion leans against the constitutionality of the "commodities clause" in all its aspects. Nothing could be much stronger than Judge Gray's declaration that, "from every point of view from which we have been able to approach the question, the unreasonableness and consequent invalidity of this so-called 'commodities clause' is apparent," unless it be Judge Dallas's comment:

> The achievement of no presently desired end, however salutary, can justify the infraction of our fundamental law or warrant its perversion by insidious construction.

The Federal Supreme Court has yet to pass upon the question, but it is not too early to point out at least one moral of the incident—that which concerns the hit-or-miss attempts of the recent Congress to reach a given end, regardless of the means employed. No one will deny that for many reasons it is undesirable for a common carrier to be engaged in mining or manufacturing; and yet, granted all that, such assertion of the fundamental restrictions of the Constitution as the Circuit Court has just made is of the greatest value in its proof that property and private rights still have an anchor against the momentary whim of a legislature or executive. That the courts will uphold the government in a legitimate effort to abate the perils of capital and monopoly run wild, the Northern Securities decisions are sufficient witness. What we are learning now is, that the courts will not permit the legislative branch of government to overstep the bounds of its constitutional authority, even to accomplish what may be a genuine reform.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CANNON.

Close on the heels of Mr. Gompers's attack upon Speaker Cannon in his own home town, Danville, Ill., on Labor Day, comes news that the legislative committee of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Church will endeavor to prevent the Speaker's return by combating him in his own district. Mr. Cannon is reported to have gazed with lacklustre

eyes upon the labor-union procession as it passed in front of his house, and to have spent the day peacefully on his piazza, as if the head of organized labor were not berating him a few blocks away. Beyond doubt, a single speech of Mr. Gompers does not make a political summer—or fall. His attempt to punish Congressman Littlefield, for example, two years ago ended very disastrously. Mr. Bryan's retort upon Cannon may rob him of more votes than anything Mr. Gompers could say; for Mr. Cannon has not yet answered those searching questions: 'What has he been selling? To whom has he sold it? How much did he get for it? Moreover, people have not forgotten that in the House of Representatives on August 28, 1890, he was guilty of speech so foul as to be unprintable. That outburst interrupted his career by a defeat for a single term. This autumn the Democrats, who have an excellent candidate in Henry C. Bell, profess to entertain hopes of repeating their success of eighteen years ago. It must be admitted, however, that, despite the possible alienation of the labor vote and the Methodist vote, despite profanity, coarseness, and "reactionary" tendencies, Mr. Cannon is still very popular among his constituents. Illinois seems to be proud of "Uncle Joe." His long service in Washington was recognized by the action of the Republican State Convention in electing him chairman last week.

Outside of his own district and State some political straws are blowing which may give the Speaker concern. There is a growing number of persons who believe with Mr. Gompers that the Speaker "is the worst enemy of economic, social, and political reform that the people have." In Wisconsin, for instance, under Senator La Follette's guidance, the voters feel rather strongly about Mr. Cannon. In the Republican primary on September 1 the fact that Representative John J. Jenkins was one of Cannon's most trusted lieutenants resulted in his defeat by La Follette's disciple, Irvine L. Lenroot. The opponents of Mr. Jenkins had no trouble in showing that, as chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, he has stood as an impassable barrier against some of Mr. Roosevelt's proposed measures. Whether the desired legislation was good or bad; whether Mr. Jenkins's conservatism was justified or not, were irrelevant questions. It was enough to say that Mr. Jenkins was opposed to the will of the majority in Congress, and that Cannon backed him in holding up one bill after another because of its unconstitutionality—and Mr. Jenkins's long career in Congress is at an end. In Kansas, they have an even greater grudge against the Speaker, whose picture as a reactionary and an enemy of the all-wise President is portrayed in glaring colors. Joseph L. Bristow, lately nominated for the Senate, took occasion to announce that he had nothing in common with the Speaker; and at least one Congressman-elect achieved success by pledging himself, if sent to Washington, to rebel against the Cannon ring.

In addition to these assaults from within his own party, the great Methodist Church is actively at work against the Speaker, not merely in his own district, but throughout various parts of the West. In Nebraska, for example, every Methodist pastor has, according to newspaper reports, received a circular letter which he is asked to read from his pulpit before election day. It censures Mr. Cannon for his opposition to the proposed amendment to the Interstate Commerce law, drawn to stop the delivery of alcoholic liquors in prohibition localities and States. Both Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Cannon were against the measure on the ground that it was unconstitutional; but this argument is denounced as a subterfuge, and all good Nebraska Methodists are urged to choose only Congressmen who will promise to vote against Mr. Cannon's reëlection as Speaker. In other States similar campaigns are under way; and, as is well known, the Methodists possess enormous influence.

That the new and militant Republicanism now coming out of the West should be opposing Mr. Cannon is but logical. It is useless to elect "new-idea" Congressmen and Senators if all their fine proposals can be choked off by a single arbitrary personage who is impervious to reason, indifferent to attacks upon himself, and apparently secure in office for life. Thirty Senators of the "advanced" type are now reported as ready to attack the Cannon-Aldrich combination, and no doubt they can accomplish much if they, or even a few of them, earnestly essay the task of freeing Congress from the corporation control represented by the respective managers of the two houses. But "Uncle Joe," who has been dubbed the "most persistent, unimaginative, lovable, racy, and virile of American politicians," can be deprived of the Speakership only by the pressure of constituencies upon their Congressmen. He has so remarkable a hold on the affections of those who have sat under him that if the Republicans in Congress had had a free hand to nominate their candidate for the Presidency, the honor would have gone to Mr. Cannon.

One of the first problems Mr. Taft will have to face, if elected, will be his attitude toward the dictator of the House. In a speech last week he again emphatically avowed his intention of "clinching the Roosevelt policies." He cannot begin unless Mr. Cannon permits. That eminent "standpatter" and life-long opponent of the merit system in the civil service has come to see, with Sereno E. Payne and other high-priests of protection, the handwriting on the wall, and has consented to a revision of the tariff—by himself, Mr. Payne, Mr. Dalzell, and a few other devotees of the Dingley schedules. "We cannot escape from the fact that it was no credit to the Republican party of the House that Mr. Cannon of Illinois should be one of its leaders," said Theodore Roosevelt on March 6, 1891; and the statement is even truer now than then. To believe this, one does not need to be a Republican, or even a believer in the Roosevelt policies. One can recognize that the Speaker has often been a useful brake upon unwise legislation, and yet ardently wish for a new Speaker who is less of a Czar and who has more respect for the decencies of life and the aspirations of the people.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND POLITICS.

In spite of Marconi, Wright, and Delagrange, we are reminded now and then that the world does not move so fast after all. To hear that Protestant England was much stirred by the prospect of the Catholic Host being carried through the streets of London, that this feature of the procession was virtually forbidden, and that even then the mob hooted the marching clergy—to hear this is to catch an echo from bygone centuries. Catholicism in England labors under no official threats. Catholic prelates may

openly express hope that the kingdom will yet return to the Roman fold, and they may work to that end within the legitimate sphere of missionary propaganda. But even the moderate London press was afraid that the public veneration of the Eucharist might rouse the "latent fanaticism" of London's Protestant masses. When such latent fanaticism is a disgrace both to its country and its age, it is a question whether it were not best to rouse it and dispose of it once for all. In any case, it remains a striking anomaly that Great Britain, the home of representative government, should cling to a policy of petty distrust of a large section of her people, and make her King subscribe to a coronation oath that outrages the religious feelings of 6,000,000 of his subjects in the United Kingdom.

Even in this land of toleration we are, to a certain extent, in no position to throw stones. It is not so long ago that many of us were quite sure that the Catholics were drilling at night in preparation for another St. Bartholomew. Yet it would be unfair to say that all anti-Catholic feeling in this country or in Europe is based on such mad survivals of seventeenth-century bigotry. In politics we do not now believe with the subjects of William III. of England that Rome upholds the "damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever." But we do speak nowadays of progress and reaction. And in many quarters the question is raised whether the Catholic Church stands for reaction or for progress in political and social life. In this country the question has been answered in favor of the Church. There are, to be sure, people who still profess fear of its unrivalled organization and discipline, but Methodists have little to learn from Roman Catholics in making their political influence felt. The point is that the Church has not tied up its fortunes with any one political party. Its organization and discipline are undoubtedly employed for its own interests, but people in general do not believe that such interests have wrought harm to the principles of democratic government.

Has England, therefore, any reason to fear the Catholics? The wisdom of the leaders of Catholicism may be depended upon to recognize that an alliance with the forces of reaction must prove in the end fatal to their cause. The recent history of the Church in France, as contrasted with its fortunes in other countries of Europe, offers a valuable object-lesson. In France, there can be little doubt that the Church was enlisted on the side of reaction, as we look upon it. The Third Republic never had the warm sympathies of Rome. Catholic Deputy was synonymous, and is still largely synonymous, with Orleanist Deputy, or Bonapartist, or Legitimist. In the Catholic schools there was certainly no excess of zeal in preaching loyalty to the republican régime. What the outcome has been, the world, and the Church, too, to its cost, knows. If the French government, as Rome asserts, has fallen into the hands of Freemasons and unbelievers, it is because the Church supplied its enemies with a powerful weapon against itself. In the height of the Dreyfus crisis, Waldeck-Rousseau formed his ministry of "republican concentration." Waldeck-Rousseau was no enemy of the Church, but in self-defence he was driven to enact the celebrated Associations Law of 1901, which his successor Combes was to develop into an entire code of anti-clerical legislation. Was Combes a persecutor? It may be. But the Church had been too badly tarred with the brush of anti-republicanism to expect fair treatment at the hands of men who came into power on an anti-Catholic wave. And France, whatever changes may have come over her feeling for Catholicism as a religion since the Separation Law, still dwells in mistrust of the Church militant. An appeal to the sentiment against Rome is still good for large Radical majorities.

Crippled for years to come as a political force in France, because of its reactionary tendences; an unimportant factor in Italian politics, because of its sulky refusal to compromise with national sentiment; compelled to witness in Spain the growth of Freemasonic and infidel influence, because of its opposition to progressive legislation, the Church holds a commanding position in politics in precisely those countries where it has allied itself with the cause of political and social progress. The German Centre party, the most powerful party in the empire, does not owe its prestige solely to Catholic discipline and organization. The Centre, however, has supported remedial legislation for the working classes, has organized unions of its own to combat the Socialists, has been heard in protest against colonial misgovernment and inflated militarism—has pursued its interests, in other words, by a policy which recognizes that the modern world moves towards greater democracy, and not away from it. So in the Austrian Parliament the Catholics are strong, not through the ultra-montanists who, by their silly attempts at thwarting free speech in the universities, only strengthen opposition, but through the Christian Socialists, who, with all their faults, have the common sense to recognize that Catholicism will not thrive by puling back towards mediævalism. Where the Catholic Church has interpreted its rôle as a conservative force to mean a wise conservatism that knows the signs of the times, it has prospered. Where it sets itself definitely against progress, it takes perilous chances.

A MOHAMMEDAN RENAISSANCE.

The problems that await the new régime in Turkey take on deeper significance when we bring them into connection with what is going on in Persia, in Morocco, in Egypt, and among the Mohammedan population of India. In view of the fact that nearly all of Islam is now astir with the forces of change, the question becomes not so much whether Turkey specifically or Persia specifically can adapt itself to the civilization and governmental institutions of the West, but whether the peoples of the Koran as a whole possess that fitness for progress in the Western sense which we have hitherto been inclined to deny them. We have denied them the essential qualifications for democracy because they are Orientals, and because they are Moslems. The East has hitherto meant immobility; the followers of the Prophet have been trained into unquestioning obedience. How, then, can we reconcile absolute quiescence and acquiescence with the bustle and self-assertion which is Western culture? But concerning the immobility of the Orient we have been of late vastly enlightened. Are we destined to be undeceived on the second point? Events point that way. The manner in which the Young Turks

speak of Abdul-Hamid shows no particular reverence for one who still remains the Commander of the Faithful. Morocco exchanged one Sultan for another when it grew dissatisfied with the first. The East, after all, is human, and when elemental human needs come into conflict with absolute power, the latter will yield in the Orient as it does elsewhere.

Is, then, a progressive Islam probable? In *Le Figaro* the Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, argues, *a priori*, that it is. If some thinker of the ancient world, Aristotle, for instance, were to come back to earth and were asked what he thought of the Turks, he would probably reply that of all the European peoples, the Turks seemed to him most deserving of liberty and best fitted to attain it. The old writers always maintained that liberty, or self-government based on elective principles, was possible only among a people of simple manners, moderate wealth, and a spirit of national conservatism strong enough to resist the disintegrating influence of foreign ideas. These essential virtues, says Ferrero, you find pre-eminent among the Turkish population:

> All those who know the real Turk, unspoiled and uncorrupted by the cosmopolitan and huckster atmosphere of Constantinople, have lauded his simplicity, his austere habits, his honesty, his sane regard for tradition and family. Yet those very qualities are now made the basis of European skepticism as to the future of the new Ottoman constitution. Nowadays we hold that liberty is impossible in a land where industry is undeveloped, where the railways and banks are under European management, and the low state of general culture makes the penetration of new ideas extremely difficult.

But Ferrero insists that, in view of the general *malaise* that besets civilized society, in view of the growing conviction that parliamentary institutions and representative government in general are being swamped by the vast complexity of modern life, Turkey may yet render service to the world by solving the problem of combining liberty with simplicity and content.

Such speculation, however, is no more than speculation. We cannot think of progress in the Mohammedan world as moving in other paths than those Europe has trod before. So eminent an authority as Prof. Arminius Vambéry goes much farther. He maintains that the Mohammedan peoples can work out their salvation only under European guidance. "The thing that has harmed Islam, *i. e.*, that has made it stand still and retrograde"—we quote Vambéry's "Western Culture in Eastern Lands"—"was not the spirit of its doctrine, but the tyrannical caprice of its princes." And again:

> It is due to the boundless tyranny of the Moslem rulers alone that the people of Asia have so far not attained liberty of thought. . . . The still independent Moslem countries will sooner or later have to buy their moral and material union with modern culture at the cost of their political independence, and the transit from one culture to another will have to be accomplished under foreign rule.

But Vambéry wrote this about three years ago, before the present stirring in the Mohammedan world had strongly manifested itself. Egypt was just beginning its vehement National agitation; the Mohammedans of India were quiet; above all, Persia and Turkey had not shown that constitutionalism is possible in an independent Moslem nation. As the world stands at present, it would appear that not even Morocco will have to lose its body of independence to gain the soul of Western culture. But though European domination may be avoided, European influence must play a leading rôle in the rejuvenation of Islam. In spite of Ferrero, the people of Turkey, to gain their liberty, must render themselves susceptible to foreign ideas. It was Japan's victory over Russia, and the influence of the revolution within Russia, that hastened the overturn in Persia. In Morocco Mulai Hafid may owe his elevation to his anti-foreign policy, but in the end European influence must establish itself in the last refuge of militant Islam. Turkey is fortunate in that her ruling classes are so largely Europeanized, but more in the fact that within the walls of her Parliament Christian will meet Moslem and supply that Giaour stimulus and guidance which Islam must have if it is to become a vital factor of modern life.

AN EDUCATIONAL PARADOX.

A European would be put to his wit's ends by the recent Chicago dispatch announcing that a professor of philosophy is about to exchange his university chair for one in a theological seminary, in order to enjoy greater academic freedom. "America is more topsy-turvy than China!" the bewildered foreigner might ejaculate. "A university is the very citadel of intellectual liberty; a theological school, dogma's safest stronghold." Reference to catalogues would not clear his mind. The university in question declares that it "was not established with a view of forcing on the attention of students the creed of any particular church, but for the promotion of learning under influences conducive to the formation of manly Christian character." Its charter "carefully provides that no particular religious faith shall be required of those who become students at the institution." Surely, then, if students are not to be reminded of any doctrine, their instructors cannot be expected to insinuate one into their professional utterances. In the seminary, on the other hand, teachers and learners are supposed to accept at least the broader Christian dogmas and to centre their studies about them. Can the European, noting such facts at long range, be blamed for distrusting the whole story? The paradox may well confuse even our own countrymen who have not been following contemporary tendencies in school and church. Prof. George A. Coe's reported difficulties with the Methodists at Northwestern University, and his acceptance of a chair at Union Theological Seminary, are anomalous products of two conflicting movements in the educational and religious worlds—movements which may, in the course of years, lead to still more curious situations.

The transfer of Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge, and the approaching shift of Union Theological Seminary to Morningside Heights, in this city, reflect a yearning for university affiliations, born partly of intellectual discontent and partly of necessity. Unlike the college freshman, many theological professors and most theological students have felt the power of modern science and thought, and the weakness of dogmatics, apologetics, and Hebrew grammar as defenders of their faith. Not long ago, one of the largest seminaries in the country was peremptorily ordered by its students to modernize its curriculum; and, on every hand, the demand is being made that religious opinions be left to individuals, and that the seminary teach biology, psychology, history, ethics, hygiene, and social reform. The result, at this hour, is incongruous in the extreme. While one element in the universities is crying, "Let the seminaries come to us, that we may be spiritualized!" theologi-

cal students ask for a chemical laboratory that they may be trained in modern scientific method. But the incongruity is, after all, natural. The forces of intellectual conservatism reside in the masses; they make themselves felt most acutely in the ordinary college simply because the latter is the meeting-place of culture and the Average Man. In the seminary, though, and particularly in those which have lived through an open controversy between dogma and liberalism, a handful of cultivated churchmen, half secluded and full of doubts, are seeking to square their beliefs with modern knowledge and their practices with the needs of modern life Their own perplexities and their remoteness from the unschooled laity make them liberals. No wonder, then, that a training school for Protestant ministers may welcome a philosopher obnoxious to a nominally unsectarian university.

One of these movements appears in colleges, the other in theological schools. The former, especially marked through the Middle West, has for its goal the evangelizing of the students and the creation of a "religious atmosphere" in the school. While some of the power behind this agitation is drawn from the excellent desire to improve college morals, much of it is a sharp reaction of the religious masses against the anti-dogmatic attitude of faculty members. For all his lip enthusiasm over religious and academic freedom, the ordinary church member is still prone to identify his own creed with ultimate truth, and thence to infer that professors traversing it are neither truly religious nor well informed. This reaction gathers strength through the most democratic features of our higher educational system—the admission of the "plain people" to college, and the faculty's meek deference to the opinion of sophomores, their papas, the ministers of the town, and, in the case of State universities, the politicians in the Legislature. When the child of some orthodox villager enters his freshman classroom, he begins to hear things which rudely disturb his literal belief in his creed; but he may seek peace in his own sect's "student league," which generally is under the patronage of some venerable professor. The organization is aided by funds drawn from many a little congregation anxious about the welfare of its boys and girls. Teachers are even engaged to give courses and public lectures calculated to offset the pernicious theories officially voiced on the campus. And, in more than one great Middle Western university, instructors have been openly attacked and their retirement sought. In spite of a growing academic solidarity and the spread of liberal ideas, such college denomination societies are not decreasing in number and aggressiveness even in non-sectarian institutions. A strong effort is being made to group theological schools about State universities, a result already accomplished in California. And the effort may soon succeed, thanks to a radically different trend in theological circles. This movement is the second of the two which make Professor Coe's case paradoxical.

Both parties to the paradox are inconsistent: a school which imposes no creed upon its students and professes to teach science honestly cannot rationally "make it uncomfortable" for an investigator who takes an un-Methodist view of religious conversion; neither can a theological seminary keep within the letter of the law if it promulgate facts at variance with its creed. But consistency is a lesser virtue than progress; and because the two conflicting movements are helping to bring about a better order, we cannot censure either side for its broken word. The liberalism of theologians will some day deliver the Church from empty formulas. The zeal of students' religious organizations, while sometimes harassing teachers and awakening fanaticism, will serve to diffuse the very knowledge which is now anathema and press home to college faculties their neglected responsibility for the moral education of the undergraduate. In return for this latter service, we may well afford to view tolerantly the excesses of young bigots and old.

COLLEGES AND DEMOCRACY.

With the opening of college, the "rushing" of freshmen for the Greek letter fraternities begins, and again begins the endless discussion of the ill effect of such societies in a democratic institution. The subject has even attracted the attention of foreign observers. For example, the "occasional correspondent" who has been writing an interesting series of letters from America to the London *Times*, has recently presented his views under the caption "Colleges and Democracy." After pointing out the tendency of fraternities "to emphasize social distinctions and foster cliques," he asserts that American universities are less democratic than the German, and that the greatest need in our schools of higher learning "is a purer and better democracy in which there shall be neither need nor place for the present social organizations and combinations which reproduce the class distinctions based chiefly on wealth which are arising in all parts of the country." The "occasional correspondent" maintains that the fraternities "have increased in number and strength, in spite of persistent opposition, because the colleges have failed to make proper provision for the social life of the students." He then mentions various attempts to deal with the problem, such as President Wilson's proposal for quadrangles at Princeton.

The evils of which the Englishman complains are patent; they cry aloud for remedy. Yet we are not in the least helped by confusing our terminology or ignoring underlying facts. Men frequently assume, for example, as does the writer in the London *Times*, that the theory of democracy, or of political equality, implies also social equality or equivalence. This notion, which crops up in one form or another every day, is wholly fallacious. The bootblack and his patron are political equals, but they are not social equals, unless their tastes, habits, and characters fit them to enjoy each other's society. In intelligence and breeding the bootblack may be far superior to the millionaire who tosses him a dime, and in that case the two men are plainly enough socially unequal—or dissimilar, which in practice amounts to the same thing. The Southern whites, in particular, have suffered from this fallacy of social equality. They constantly talk as if giving the ballot to the negro would make him a social equal; but nothing will make the white man and the black social equals except the common possession of such qualities as make two white men social equals. The white street-sweeper, who can vote, does not invariably marry the mayor's daughter. The confusion of our ideas is due in part to the fact that we have no official grades of society, in part to the fact that in many places, especially in the rural districts, social equality has chanced to accompany po-

litical equality. In a community where men are neither rich nor poor, neither highly educated nor very ignorant, where the population is homogeneous, social equality is inevitable. But diversification of industries, and that growth of wealth which produces wide differences of education, aptitude, and mode of life, are certain to break a town or city into social sets. This cleavage appears in the college, just as it appears in the church. Boys, like their parents, prefer to associate with those whose point of view and whose inclinations make them agreeable companions.

The distinctions are doubtless becoming sharper, especially in the big colleges. Large groups of men fall apart of their own weight, and this tendency is hastened by the very range of interest and talent that a great university attracts. The quiet, refined youth, no matter how much money he can spend, will not make his friends among the rich vulgarians. Birds of a feather will always flock together. Moreover, it is not unnatural that our colleges should be in some respects less democratic than the German. Through the public schools we draw from every stratum of our population, but from many German universities the sons of workmen are excluded, and by this very provision a certain class unity is at once established within the cloister. Nor can we say that in American colleges a common intellectual ambition must form a basis for social equality. Many of the students have no intellectual ambition whatever, and there is but small meeting-ground between them and the men who care for books. The forces, then, that tend to separate our American students into cliques are numerous and potent. The roots of this disintegration strike deep into the structure of human nature and the whole complex of our American life; and the Greek letter fraternity may often be nothing more than an outward, superficial sign of a movement that originates far below the surface.

Admitting all this, we cannot deny that in many colleges—perhaps in all—the secret societies magnify distinctions which might better be minimized, and even create divisions where none might otherwise exist. The students who follow their bent and confine their acquaintance to a narrow circle lose much that college might give them; and any agency which confirms them in this unhappy way is in so far forth destructive of the ends of liberal education. We doubt, however, whether the crushing out of the fraternities by sheer force will carry us very far toward the desired goal; for the underlying causes, which will still remain beyond reach, may easily produce other, and possibly more objectionable forms of social distinction. So far as our observation goes, one of the most effective methods of combating a spirit of petty exclusiveness is to establish such large student clubs as exist at the University of Pennsylvania, at Harvard, Brown, and elsewhere. The Harvard Union and kindred organizations provide a social centre where boys are steadily reminded that good manners, intelligence, and character are closer bonds than knowledge of some silly secret or possession of a curiously shaped pin.

THE "NOVELIZED" PLAY.

For many years our novelists have been having things their own way. The best-seller has been turned into a play to swell still further the superabundant popularity and profits. This was taking the bread out of the mouth of the professional playwright, but ours is no age of sentiment. The unfit cannot survive, and the man who thought that writing for the stage meant practising more or less the methods employed by Shakespeare, Molière, and Sardou, sat confuted when the muse of comedy in two continents assumed, for any number of hundreds of nights, the aspects of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Out of the profits of a best-seller an author might buy himself a Venetian palace and an automobile. But only dramatic rights in addition could make town and country houses and steam yachts possible. The invasion of the stage by the novelist is prompted by the same brutal passion for unlimited conquests that has made the huge industrial Trusts. It has been another phase of the great American discovery of creating dividends out of by-products. When you have spent a million dollars in advertising canned beef, you might as well go into the glue and fertilizer business. When you have sold everybody a copy of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," you can sell it to them over again in the form of a play, and once more in the form of a moving-picture show.

But now the playwright has his innings. "Novelized by Smith" is the advertising phrase of the day. Venetian palaces, automobiles, and steam yachts will now be within the reach, or at least within the legitimate aspiration, of the humblest playwright. In its very latest phase, the business of "novelizing," like many other vast industrial enterprises, has had a lowly origin. The yellow evening papers made a beginning only a few years ago, when, having turned the drama of real life into fiction on their front pages, they proceeded to turn the drama of the theatre into fiction on their "magazine" pages. The competition has gone on furiously; as many as three or four plays a month have been thrown into the ravening maw of the fiction-loving public, which has swallowed George M. Cohan's drama of the star-spangled banner and the buck-dance, together with the drama of the race-track and the Wild West, and the play that has aimed at and attained higher things. Concerning the quality of the fiction purveyed by our evening dailies little need be said. The "novelizer" not only tried to address himself to fairly elementary intelligence, but to readers who were in a hurry. His novel was not much longer than the play he dealt with. Hence it was only a question of inserting "he seized her arm violently and hissed," or "she drew herself up scornfully."

But the "novelizer," whose ambitions run beyond so many columns of newspaper copy, gives us the story in actual book form. Such a volume, gorgeously bound, profusely illustrated, now lies before us. And in the preface our author formulates his higher conception of the rewritten play. His book, he tells us, "is more than an attempt merely to 'novelize' a popular play; it is the result of a desire to translate into the form of fiction the flavor of ——'s acting and the charm of ——'s stage. It has been for both the artist and the writer a labor of love—an effort to make some grateful record of the work of a wonderful actor and to catch in print and pictures the atmosphere of a beautiful play." This conception of the art would make the "novelizer" work with the traditional methods of fiction, as our author plainly declares:

> It is the first condition of such a pious undertaking that the fiction shall stand on its own interest independent of the theatre —that it shall not attempt to reproduce the acting and the stage, but to translate

them—that it shall have its own inherent emotions and the appeal of its own art. To that end are all the differences designed which exist between this story and the play on which it has been founded. They are not differences in degree, but in kind.

We think of the "dramatized" novels that have been thrust down our throats, those dreadful things of scissors and paste that carried neither meaning nor force, nothing but a popular "star's" and a best-seller's reputation, and we welcome, vindictively, we confess, this counter-shock of intelligent invasion.

For we may note that the chances of success are far greater on the side of the "novelized" play than of the dramatized novel. In the first place, our book-plays have been for the most part dreary wastes of so many thousand words clipped out of so many tens of thousands. In the successful play, on the other hand, the "novelizer" has the immense initial advantage of a story with "go" in it. And if "go" doesn't make successful literature among us, what does? In the second place, it is a question of the wider market. The play, as a play, cannot go everywhere; even with half a dozen companies on the road, there must be a vast number of places that are never visited by theatrical companies, and there are millions of Americans who, on principle, do not go to the theatre. To them the "novelized" play should be a welcome compromise.

AN OXFORD VIEW OF THE AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS.

"Now do just tell me, Master," said a smart young lady once—so at least the story runs—to Benjamin Jowett, sometime Master of Balliol, "do just tell me. What do you really think about God?"

"My dear young lady," was the Master's characteristic reply, "that matters very little; what matters is what God thinks about me."

And there was something of Jowett's humor in the remark which a Rhodes scholar from America made to me not long since. "We seem," he said, "to have all written to the papers to tell them what we think of Oxford. Perhaps it is about time that some one told what Oxford thinks of us." Well, and perhaps it is.

It has been interesting to us in Oxford to see what Rhodes scholars have had to say. It may be that the writers have been in most cases too near the events or influences which they have been describing to see things just in their right proportions. But if so, we have been the gainers thereby, not the losers. And we cannot but be pleased at the generous appreciation which they have on the whole shown for our city and university. There has been criticism, of course, as well as appreciation. That is only natural. We expected it; and we are not afraid of it. We are only glad to think that on a balance the appreciation outweighs the criticism. From the other side, however—from the side, that is, of Oxford—less has been heard; indeed, scarcely anything. And yet there must be plenty to say. So great an experiment as that of the Rhodes scholarships cannot have been in operation for four years and more without Oxford having something to say about it, something, at any rate, to think about it. And in the Rhodes experiment the American is, after all, a large factor. Indeed, of 190 possible Rhodes scholars, just over half are American. This is an appreciable addition to a society numbering in all less than three thousand, and can hardly have failed to attract attention, stimulate curiosity, challenge criticism. And it is the purpose of this article to formulate, in so far as that is possible, public opinion in Oxford on the subject of the American Rhodes scholars; to give the upshot of the criticism to which they may have been at one time or another subjected; and to indicate the directions in which their influence is commonly supposed to tell.

Well, it may be said at once that university opinion as a whole accepts the Americans as an element of real value. It is, I suppose, undeniable—at any rate, from hearing it so often, we have come no longer to deny it—that we are, as a university, slow to welcome the larger changes. And it was not to be expected that there would not be some among us who viewed with regret the cosmopolitan expansion which has marked the last few years. For all that, among the many with whom I have spoken, few have really wished to put the clock back in this regard. Most of those whose opinion counts see in the new element a force which they would not now willingly be without. It has often been said, and with some justice, that Oxford and Cambridge have tended in the past too closely to resemble, in tone and sentiment, the schools from which they have been mainly fed; that they have not offered that variety of type, and freshness of outlook, upon which so much of the educational value of a university, as opposed to a school, depends. It may perhaps be admitted that, in our eyes at least, our English public-school boy is, at his best, an attractive type. We are frankly proud of him. But, with it all, he is essentially limited, even provincial; and we know it. He cannot but be the better, we should most of us agree, for being brought to realize that there are other ways of doing things than those to which he has been accustomed, and other points of view than those from which alone he has hitherto regarded the world and himself. It is to learn this lesson that he comes to the university. And, in point of fact, to the influence which Oxford does to-day exert upon him in this direction the Americans make no small contribution. That is one reason why they are welcome.

And the influence which they exercise is not merely fresh, and so stimulating. It is in itself healthy. The American Rhodes scholar is, as a rule, sincere and robust; he is, on the average, older than our English undergraduate; he knows better what he wants, and is more strenuous in trying to get it; he is more independent in his judgments; and he has more perspective. Doubtless, he has his own conventions and shibboleths; but, as they are different from ours, he commonly gets the credit of being less hampered by such things than we are. This may be an illusion; but it counts. One way or another he comes to be regarded—in the end by undergraduates as well as dons—as a person with stuff in him, and interesting; comes, not necessarily to be understood, but commonly to be respected; to be genuinely liked; to be, in actual fact, very welcome. There are in Oxford twenty different colleges. The accommodation at the disposal of these is strictly limited, and the competition for admission is increasing every year. Under the circumstances, it is encouraging that the colleges should continue—as with very few exceptions they do continue—to give to the Americans a generous welcome. It means, one is justified in saying, not merely that they are anxious to give Mr. Rhodes's experiment every chance—though that certainly is some part of the explanation—but also that the American element approves itself to them.

If we turn to the purely scholastic side, and ask how the American Rhodes scholars are estimated from the point of view of scholarship and mental equipment, it is not perhaps easy to arrive at a satisfactory generalization. On the whole, however, the prevailing opinion would seem to be that they have shown themselves alert and versatile, quick to take a point and alive to the interest of things, but wanting in thoroughness. To put it in its baldest form, the criticism most often heard in Oxford common rooms is that the American student, while keener, perhaps brighter even, and more generally informed, than our average undergraduate, is at the same time more often superficial, and is more easily satisfied. "They don't seem to understand," one tutor complained to me, "what it is to *get a subject up*." The explanation of this last criticism—which I give for what it may be worth—is perhaps to be found, in part at least, in the difference between the normal A.B. course in

an American college and the system which prevails here in our so-called "honor schools." In these a man cannot learn his subjects, or take his examination, in bits. He selects at the start whatever subject attracts him—history, it may be, or theology, or law, or what not—he studies it for two or three years, and he is tested at the end in a single final examination, which extends over a week and aims at covering the whole field of the subject which he professes. Whatever defects this system may have, it does at least force a man to hold things together in his head; it gives him an opportunity of getting a view of his subject as a whole; and it makes "cramming" difficult, if not impossible. If it is the case that the education in the majority of American colleges, so far at any rate as the A.B. courses are concerned, is more broken up than ours into stages and compartments, this difference may help to account for the impression which seems to prevail here that the American college man, while he is conspicuously intelligent, and knows something about a good many subjects, is deficient in grasp of any one subject, and not sufficiently exacting in his standards. American Rhodes scholars themselves have indeed before now told me that they recognize some truth in this criticism; that they have in their own cases found it difficult, on first coming here, to adjust themselves to a system which makes, so they have said, larger demands on memory and mental grasp than they have been accustomed to. It is, however, in the literary and linguistic departments that one chiefly comes across this criticism. In the departments of natural science and of law one hears it less frequently.

And there is, in spite of this criticism, and alongside of it, much sympathetic appreciation of the intellectual vitality, the acumen, the independence, which distinguish so many of the young men whom America sends us. The best tutors like to have them as pupils. It may be that they are not, as a rule, such profitable stuff from the point of view of examination results as Englishmen of the same age and ability would be; for the Americans, by reason of differences of early training, fit less easily into our traditional curriculum and system of examination. It may also be that they are capable on occasion of shocking, by their very freshness and independence, tutors who are looking for docile pupils and accepted methods. There may be moments, perhaps, when the don is tempted to think them a nuisance, and to dub them "unteachable." But if so, one may be sure that that is towards the end of term, when his work is accumulating, and his nerves wearing out. At other times he finds the virgin keenness, yes, and even the independence, of the American mind a stimulus and a refreshment. "It is a relief," said one of them in my hearing recently, "to have to do with men who know their own mind." And this is characteristic of the attitude of the great majority of Oxford teachers. They are prepared to criticise the American as a pupil—to criticise his training, his methods, even his intellectual ideals—and, when he goes too obstinately his own way, to growl a little at him; but at bottom they respect him; like him; are glad to teach him.

So far as actual results in examinations are concerned, the performance of the Americans has been very creditable. It would be pleasant to use a stronger word; but creditable is the right one. We are inclined to think of Rhodes scholars as men picked deliberately from a crowd of eager and distinguished competitors; as coming, in fact, weighted with a whole State's learning and prestige. And when we compare their ultimate performance with this somewhat fanciful picture of the conditions under which they have been selected, we feel, perhaps, at the first, just a tiny shock of disappointment. We had hoped, unreasonably, for so much more. We had pictured to ourselves nothing but First Classes. What as a fact we find, is a fair array of Firsts, a considerably longer list of Seconds, and an equally long list of Thirds. We have known even Fourths or worse. And this is all quite natural—I had almost said proper. To any one who understands the situation—understands, that is, the conditions under which American students become candidates, the conditions under which they approach their work here, and the special difficulties which hamper them—the results actually obtained are, I will not say entirely proper, but adequate and encouraging; are certainly very much better than they have the air, upon paper, of being. The chief Oxford distinctions won by American Rhodes scholars, it may be interesting to note, are as follows: One First Class in the B. C. L. examination (a rare honor); 9 First Classes in the Final Honor Schools; 7 degrees awarded for definitely post-graduate work; 2 demonstratorships at the Museum; 1 senior scholarship (corresponding to what in the States would be known as a fellowship). A careful review of these statistics prompts me to remark: first, that it would have been unreasonable at this stage to have looked for any greater success; secondly, that we shall not be content, and shall not have to be content, with this amount of success in the future; and, thirdly, that we shall never adequately gauge our real success so long as we look only to class lists and academic prizes.

And with that perhaps we may pass from the question of scholastic performance to that of the part which the American scholars play in the general life of Oxford. To what extent do they, as an element in the place, fuse with other elements? Are they genuinely absorbed, or do they remain, after all, outside the real life of the college—sympathetic, but detached? To this question there is not a straight and easy answer; for there is not unanimity among the men from whom the answer would have to come. In some cases, even in some colleges, the absorption has been more complete than in others. The fact, indeed, is—and what more natural?—that some of our scholars have found it easy to throw themselves wholeheartedly into English life, and open themselves to English friendships, while others have found it difficult. That is, however, and must remain, a matter largely of temperament. There have been, no doubt, cases in which Rhodes scholars have, for one reason or another, held unnecessarily aloof from the corporate life of their college; but these cases have been the exception. It is hardly to be expected that the Americans over here should in normal cases find their primary sympathies anywhere but among their fellow countrymen. This, however, is quite consistent with their becoming living members of the actual society in which they find themselves. The American Rhodes scholars have tried to do this; with varying measure of success, no doubt; but, on the whole, fairly and honestly. They have certainly created, and done much to maintain, a healthy public opinion amongst themselves on this question; and if in individual cases men have withdrawn themselves unduly from the ordinary college life, they have done so, not in sympathy with, but actually in the face of, the prevailing American sentiment.

Life in an Oxford college has many points at which it may well "offend" men who have been accustomed to the greater freedom of a non-residential university. It would have been but natural if Americans had kicked against many of the customs and regulations of the place. It is to their credit that in this respect there has been so little to complain of. Occasions of complaint there have been; but there might so easily have been many more. Indeed, in this as in other respects, our American scholars may be said to have "played the game" very squarely. For which, surely, we may be grateful. It would be a bad day for the Rhodes scholarships did the colleges once come to regard the Americans as material which they could not comfortably assimilate. Bad for the scholarships. Yes; and scarcely less bad for the colleges. They would be sacrificing much. They would be losing from their midst an influence which is as a breeze which a man meets upon a summer's day; which strikes

him, it may be, in its sudden freshness, almost rudely, as with a touch of early spring. He gathers, perhaps, his coat about him; but his step is lighter than before, and the streets seem less weary. "It is good," he says, "to have met the breeze." F. I. Wylie.

Oxford, August, 1908.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The late E. Dwight Church, whose death was noted in the *Nation* of September 3, began collecting rare books about thirty years ago. Works illustrated with Bewick's wood cuts first interested him, and he brought together a notable lot. From books illustrated by Bewick to those illustrated by the Cruikshanks was an easy step, and though his series is far from complete, he acquired many of the more interesting Cruikshankiana. About 1886 he began his collection of Americana, when the death of Henry Stevens afforded an opportunity to acquire some of his nuggets. Mr. Church had not begun collecting when the Brinley library was dispersed, nor was he a liberal buyer at the Barlow sale in 1890. The next year, however, he secured many of the most desirable items from those two libraries at the Brayton Ives sale, and others he acquired later when C. S. Bement of Philadelphia disposed of his Americana privately. Many of the best books in the Kalbfleisch and Lefferts libraries also found their way later into tho Church collection. It is for Americana that the Church library is chiefly distinguished. The catalogue of this portion, edited by George Watson Cole, was completed a few months ago; it is in five imperial octavo volumes, with facsimiles of practically every title-page, and with extended collations—a monument of painstaking and accurate work.

Of the seventeen known editions of Columbus's first letter, Mr. Church secured six, and all the known copies of all the others are in public libraries. There are nineteen editions of works containing the letters of Vespuccius, including a thick paper copy of the famous "Paesi Novamente Retrouvati," 1507, and a unique copy of a hitherto undescribed German edition, "Von den nüwe Insule[n] und la[n]den so yetz Kürtzliche[n] erfunden synt durch den Künig von Portugall," with the colophon dated 1505. The sets of De Bry's and of Hulsius's Voyages were brought together by Mr. Stevens. Both are fruits of a lifetime of collecting, and are probably the most complete in private hands. The small quarto Hariot of 1588, the first book in English to describe any portion of the country now the United States, one of the most interesting pieces of English Americana, is the Drake-Kalbfleisch-Lefferts copy, the only one to come upon the market in more than thirty years. Of Brereton's "Briefe and True Relation," the first book on New England, Mr. Church secured copies of both of the 1602 editions. Of the first, only two other copies are known, one from the Hardwicke collection, now in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, the other, lacking title-page, in a private library in this city. Mr. Church's second edition of Brereton is the Isham copy, entirely uncut, afterwards in the Kalbfleisch and Lefferts collections. The three little Frobishers, 1577-78, and the small book by Sir John Hawkins, 1569, bound up together by Humphrey Dyson, more than three hundred years ago, and sold at Sotheby's, London, March, 1907, are the most important recent additions to the early English voyages.

Practically all of the early printed pamphlets on Virginia, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey which have come upon the market in the past fifteen years have gone to Mr. Church. The Bay Psalm Book, 1640, the first book printed in British North America, was Bishop Hurst's copy, acquired privately from the bishop a year or two before his death. From John Boyd Thacher Mr. Church got three out of the four unique early almanacs for 1647, 1648, 1649, and 1650, printed by Stephen and Matthew Day, and offered at the Brinley sale. The Almanac for 1649 is in the Lenox Library. Of the first four New York Almanacs for 1694, 1695, 1696, and 1697 only one copy is known to be elsewhere. The recently discovered unique Massachusetts Laws of 1648, the first book printed by Samuel Green, is in the Church collection; and the first New York Laws, Bradford, 1694, the most valuable New York book, is the Vanderpoel-Thacher copy, the finest extant.

Mr. Church's Shakespeare collection is also very rich. George Daniel's copy of the "Sonnets," the most desirable of the known copies (bought at Daniel's sale in 1864 by Almon W. Griswold of New York, and one of the last books which Griswold parted with), was obtained by Mr. Church about twenty years ago and was the beginning of his pursuit in this field. The purchase of the Rowfant library, desired primarily for the Shakespeare quartos, made the Church collection, so far as rarity and condition go, the finest (with the possible exception of the Duke of Devonshire's) in private hands. The Spenser collection, though small in bulk, contains some of the choicest rarities—the first, second, third, and later editions of the "Shepherd's Calendar," as well as the exceedingly rare "Amoretti" of 1595. Of more modern authors Charles Lamb was Mr. Church's favorite, and the Lamb collection is probably the best ever brought together. Though not a buyer of manuscripts, Mr. Church has a few important items, chief among them the original draft, in Franklin's autograph, of his "Autobiography."

Most of Mr. Church's books are in excellent condition. When opportunity offered, he was generally willing to purchase the better copy and dispose of his duplicate. Thus for several years he owned the Rice-Menzies-Ives-Bement copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, one of the best specimens in America, but later he procured the Hardwicke-Kalbfleisch-Lefferts copy. Mr. Church was extremely quiet and unostentatious, and was loath to have his name appear in the newspapers. Though he disliked to show his library to the mere curiosity seeker, he was always considerate of a genuine student with a definite purpose. The present writer is indebted for many favors of this kind. His books have been frequently referred to in this column, but, at his special request, his name has seldom been mentioned.

The Ladies' Association at Mount Vernon has recently made an important addition to the collection of Washington relics there—the "Mary Washington Bible," the family Bible of Washington's parents. The book, which is well authenticated, is much worn from long usage, and the title and some other leaves are missing. The manuscript record of births and deaths, partly in the early handwriting of George Washington, is pasted down upon a leaf of text. This record begins:

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the Sixth of March 17, 30-31. George Washington Son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was Born ye 11th Day of February 17 31-2 about 10 in the Morning & was Baptised the 15th of April following Mr. Beverly Whiting & Capt. Christopher Brooks Godfathers and Mrs. Mildred Gregory Godmothers.

The latest event recorded is the death of Washington's sister Betty, who "Departed this life the 31st of March 1797 at 4 o'clock." After the death of Mary Washington the Bible passed into the possession of her daughter Betty, who had married Fielding Lewis.

Correspondence.

NEW LIGHT ON DEFOE'S LIFE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since I published in these columns my last instalment of "Bibliographical Notes on Defoe" (see the *Nation* of June 6, July 11, and August 29, 1907), I have had the opportunity, thanks to the kindness of the authorities of the Bodleian, to examine with some care sixty-six volumes of the great Nichols Collection of Newspapers. The search yielded a good deal of bibliographical information about Defoe and other writers which I hope to make use of later. Here I wish merely to note a few facts that possess interest to students of Defoe's life.

It has generally been thought that the pamphleteer's imprisonment in Newgate on account of his famous "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" stretched from February, 1703, to August, 1704. Compare, for example, the title of a chapter in one of the biographies, "In Lob's Pound (18 months)." A letter from Defoe to William Paterson, first published in 1897, made it clear, however, that the fugitive author was still at large in April, 1703, and it had before been known that on May 25 of that year the Earl of Nottingham wrote to Godolphin in order to secure the payment of the proper reward to the person on whose information Defoe had been arrested. Informers usually apply for their money not long after they become entitled to it; therefore, a search in the newspapers published shortly before May 25, 1703, would have been in order. Such a search would not, I think, have yielded many details, but it would have saved biographers from positive error. The London *Post* for May 21-24, 1703, contained the following item:

On Thursday last [the 20th.] Daniel de Foe, author of the Shortest Way with the Dissenters, for which he has ever since Absconded, and for whose apprehension a Proclamation was published, promising a Reward of 50l. was seized by 2 Messengers at a French Weaver's House in Spittlefields.

The *Post Man* for May 22-25 added the detail that, after being examined, the prisoner was committed to Newgate.

Early in November, 1703, an item occurs which would have been of considerable importance but for the publication by the Historical Manuscripts Commission of a mass of materials that threw light upon Defoe's career. Since 1897 it has been clear that Defoe was not kept in Newgate until August, 1704, but that he was at liberty some time in November, 1703. The editor of the Harley Papers did not get the matter straight in his introduction to Volume IV., but in 1902 E. S. Roscoe in his biography of Harley stated the facts correctly. There was really no excuse, however, for nearly two centuries of ignorance and for affecting comments upon the high spirit and perseverance displayed by the intrepid journalist who could found his great newspaper, the *Review*, while he was undergoing an unjust imprisonment. The slightest search of the Nichols Newspapers would have brought to light some remarks made in the Tory sheet, *Heraclitus Ridens*, for November 2-6, 1703. One of the interlocutors, *Jest*, says: "Every one is not a *Daniel de Foe* that has a Party to pay a Fine for him." *Earnest* replies:

> Now you talk of the Prophet, what's become of him? I hear that he is Bail'd out, he must have a great Interest indeed, that he could find four sufficient Bail for his good Behaviour for seven Years.

We need not assent to the conclusion of the chagrined Tory partisan that it was a good thing in those days to be a Whig; but we must certainly admit that Defoe did not spend much more than five months in Newgate. We must also admit that, if a narrower search had been made in the pages of Defoe's own organ, the *Review*, his biographers would not have kept him so long in prison. On June 3, 1704, the printer of the paper gave as an excuse for a long list of errata the fact that the editor, or author, as he was then called, was out of town. Certainly a prisoner, no matter how gifted in realistic imagination, would scarcely have ventured on such a bit of invention; and if he had been temporarily at large through the connivance of his jailers—a phenomenon not unknown in those days—it is not likely that the fact would have been advertised in his own newspaper. We may leave this topic with the remark that probably the next person who has occasion to discuss Defoe's volume on the famous storm of the end of November, 1703, will not feel it to be his duty to point out that the details of personal observation given therein must be regarded as preliminary exercises of the author's inventive faculty.

The next fact worthy of note is partly biographical, partly bibliographical. Defoe was regarded by Lee as a model of Christian charity and forbearance, but he surely had an extraordinary turn for exasperating his fellow journalists and for getting into unbecoming quarrels. One of his first squabbles was with the London *Post*, in the spring and early summer of 1704, and it began with what I cannot but regard as a barefaced attempt on his part to disown a pamphlet published over the initials "D. F." by Harris, the printer of the *Post*. Unless all signs fail, this tract, "Moderation Maintained," was Defoe's handiwork, and Harris's paper had abundant excuse for criticising him; but the important point is that within less than a year Defoe and the London *Post* were on such good terms that it was currently reported that he was writing for the paper a certain department entitled "Truth and Honesty." This report was denied in such a way as to make me suspect that it was true; at any rate, "Truth and Honesty," about the beginning of 1705, displayed a readiness to champion our Ishmaelite journalist which was very rare at that period. The question at once arises whether the practice of writing for more than one paper at a time, which Defoe carried to a fine art between 1717 and 1724, was not begun by him ten or twelve years earlier than has ever been suspected. The Harley correspondence proves that before the summer of 1714 he endeavored to ingratiate himself with one of the most hostile of all the Whig journals, the *Flying Post;* and I think it can be shown that, whenever a newspaper was violent against him, he was very likely to try, in his own words, "to take the edge off" the unfriendly sheet. It is, at least, a little curious to find him charged with doing this as early as 1704-5, but I have not sufficient confidence in my methods of stylistic analysis to affirm that precisely this and not that column of the London *Post* came from his pen. Neither am I able to bring forward irrefragable proofs that in 1711, while he was receiving Harley's bounty, he attacked his patron in the columns of a short-lived Whig newspaper, the *Protestant Post Boy;* but I can prove that this charge was made against him, and I can point to numerous issues of the paper in which his hand appears to be as clearly visible as it is in many of the articles which Lee excerpted from *Mist's* and *Applebee's*, and unhesitatingly—and in my opinion correctly—ascribed to his hero. I can prove furthermore that Defoe was charged with editing a Tory paper, the *Monitor*, a folio half-sheet, which appeared between April 22 and August 7, 1714, and has never to my knowledge been included among his journalistic experiments (cf. the *Flying Post*, June 26-29, and December 4-7, 1714). That many numbers of the *Monitor* were written by Defoe is, I think, as demonstrable by internal evidence as almost any other point in his complicated bibliography, but what I am most concerned with here is the fact that the Nichols Newspapers show that he was regarded as a very versatile and a very mercenary journalist long before the period at which he made his bargain with Lord Townshend—a bargain in my judgment quite as disgraceful to the peer as it was to the man over whose head an indictment had been hanging—to serve as a spy in the office of the Jacobite newspapers.

In the fall of 1711, Defoe was bitterly scored for his support of Harley's measures looking toward peace with France, and I have come across a curious and amusing bit of scandal which serves to show in what odium Defoe was held, and to confirm in a measure the stories he told in the *Review* about the threatening letters he received and the attempts that were made to bully him. I may observe also, that if the earlier biographers had gathered this bit of gossip they would have learned that one of Defoe's brothers-in-law bore the name of Tuffley, and that if, following out this clue, they had discovered this brother-in-law's will, they would have abandoned the notion that Defoe married a daughter of his pastor, Dr. Annesley, thus becoming a brother-in-law of John Dunton, and would have forestalled George A. Aitken in some of the most interesting of his many discoveries with regard to Defoe.

My bit of scandal relates to a quarrel which was forced upon Samuel Tuffley because Defoe in the *Review* had criticised the officers of the City Trained Band for insulting Queen Anne by ordering their men to play "The King Shall Enjoy His Own Again." I say that the quarrel was forced upon Mr. Tuffley, but I must confess that between the contradictory accounts of the affair given by the *Supplement* and the *Flying Post* it is only a very sapient or a very foolish person who will choose without misgivings. The Tory *Supplement* of September 12-14, 1711, gave its readers to understand that Mr. Tuffley challenged a certain Captain John Silk, and that in the duel that followed on the 10th, the officer disarmed his antagonist and gave him his life. The paper then asserted that Tuffley struck Silk, and for his pains was heartily threshed, and it gave as a reason for this extraordinary conduct the fact that the victorious captain would not return to the defeated party "his cowardly Weapon (a Flaming Sword, suppos'd to be his Brother Daniel's, which is daily expos'd to the great Disgrace of the Whiggish Party)."

This Tory version could not be allowed to pass uncontradicted; so the *Flying Post* for September 18-20, 1711, published a Whig account. It seemed that "one Captain S——k, a Pewterer and Muster-Master," took offence at the *Review's* reflections on the City Band, and "meeting one Mr. Tuftley, of *Kingsland*, Brother-in-law to Mr. *De Foe*, falls upon Mr. *Tuftley* with the usual High Church Dialect according to his Breeding; calling Mr. *De Foe* a great many ill names behind his Back. Mr. *Tuftley* often bid him be quiet, it was nothing to him, if he had anything to say to Mr. *De Foe*, why did he not speak it to himself, who was able enough to answer him?" Such mild replies could not turn away the muster-master's wrath. He abused the innocent brother-in-law of the provoking Daniel on at least two later occasions, on one of which he pursued his victim to Bishopsgate, "shaking his Cane at him on the open Street, Damning and Cursing, and calling Billingsgate Names." Mr. Tuffley had only his horseman's sword, and was not prepared for a duel, but his adversary forced him into a tavern, where the drinking of "3 Pints of White Wine for a Whet" resulted, alas! in the pious Daniel's representative "becoming very much Disorder'd." Whereupon the High Church champion insisted that the duel should take place immediately. So they took coach and drove to the Fields, the valiant Silk lolling out of the vehicle and making a noise in order that he might draw a crowd to witness the combat. A full description of this duel of two hundred years ago is unnecesary. Suffice it to say that the Whig paper had to admit that, Tuffley's foot slipping, Silk was able to disarm him, but it went on to show that the victor presented the victim's sword to a bystander, and bade him bear it away. This last insult was more than

even the disordered Tuffley could stand. He closed with Silk, secured the latter's cane, and broke his head with it "as he very well deserved." This is the true version of the affair, said the *Flying Post*. It is needless to add that the *Supplement* for September 24-26, 1711, while admitting that there had been some drinking, contradicted practically every statement of what it called, in the Tory fashion of the day, the *Lying Post*.

This contemptible bit of resurrected gossip illustrates well the truth that the biographer and the historian can afford to despise no source of possible information. As I have said, these newspapers of 1711 would have furnished a clue to the mystery that long surrounded Defoe's marriage, and they would, to a certain extent, have substantiated his complaints of the misusage to which he was exposed. We observe also that even the *Flying Post*, in a way, bears testimony to the fact that he was regarded as capable of defending himself, and I may state here that, although there was no more heartily despised, roundly abused, and violently threatened journalist in England during the first quarter of the eighteenth century than Daniel Defoe, I have yet to find any proof, or if my memory and my notes be not at fault, any charge that he ever suffered corporal correction at the hands of any private person. He tells us that he wore his sword for show only, and that he disdained to carry a heavy oak stick, such as his rival Tutchin brandished, and we have plain proof that he went night after night to receive his orders from Harley. But when his enemies waylaid him, they were careful to have bailiffs and constables along with them. I have a shrewd suspicion that, whatever Defoe's defects may have been, lack of physical courage was not among them. We may pass to another topic with the remark that the Tuffley-Silk duel illustrates excellently the temper and the manners of the times, as well as the difficulty the student has in threading his way through a labyrinth of charges and counter-charges.

Following my rule of confining myself to the newspapers, I shall pass over the plain proof furnished by the Harley Papers that Defoe could not have "resided" at Halifax for several months at the close of 1712—one biographer keeps him there for five months, an unconscionably long period of quiescence for so restless a genius—and I shall conclude this paper with a few remarks upon what seems to have been Defoe's second imprisonment on account of his indiscretion as a journalist-pamphleteer. The occasion was the partisan and foolish prosecution to which he was subjected in the spring of 1713, by some disgruntled Whigs, themselves under the displeasure of the government. The prosecution was based upon the supposedly treasonable character of his ironical tracts, "Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover," "And What if the Pretender should Come," and "An Answer to a Question that nobody thinks of—viz., What If the Queen should die?" but his imprisonment was the result of his having reflected—so it was averred—in two numbers of the *Review* upon the conduct of Chief Justice Parker. It is difficult to discover the reflections, and it is still harder for modern eyes to preceive why that exalted personage should have felt it necessary to defend his own or the bench's dignity in the fashion adopted. Many of the details of the prosecution of Defoe before this occasion have long been known, and many others were furnished by the Harley Papers. But with regard to his imprisonment there has been a singularly varied and a large amount of misapprehension. One latter day biographer immures Defoe in Newgate from April to November, 1713—almost seven months. Perhaps the biographer acted on the principle that, as one of his predeccssors did not mention the incarceration at all, it would be interesting to keep the journalist confined as long as possible—that is, until he was pardoned by the Queen. It might have been worth while for these more modern students to have condescended to prove that Chalmers was wrong in stating that Defoe made a proper submission, and was soon released. They might also have observed that Lee straightened matters out a bit by showing that Defoe did not have a second experience of Newgate hospitality, but underwent his second confinement—however long it lasted—in the Queen's Bench prison. Yet there was no need of relying on Chalmers or Lee. A short search in the newspapers would have brought to light this little item in the *Weekly Packet* for May 2-9, 1713:

> Mr. *de Foe* having made his Submission in Court and begged Pardon for his Offence, was fin'd but *3s. 6d.* and has given Bail for his farther appearance.

If he was sent to prison on April 22, his confinement for contempt of court cannot have lasted much over two weeks, a fact which might have been ascertained, though less definitely, from the rare last volume of the *Review* which for some years has been accessible at the British Museum.

Defoe's own explanation of the tracts he was stupidly accused of having written in the interest of the Pretender, and his description of how his enemies contrived on false pretences to extract damaging evidence against him from his printer, would have furnished interesting materials to the biographers. The expeditions made to Newington by the printer's boy and journeymen and the Lord Chief Justice's tipstaff, the choice of Saturday for the arrest, since on that day bail would be hard to secure; the procession back to London, Daniel being allowed to ride on horseback, in view of his being indisposed, and the rest following on foot, sometimes a quarter of a mile behind; scathing attacks upon George Ridpath of the *Flying Post*, one of the most virulent of his enemies, who, unlike Defoe, fled from justice, perhaps because he had no such influential patron as Harley—these and other not uninteresting details of De foe's biography have been awaiting the student for nearly two hundred years.

Returning in conclusion to the item in the *Weekly Packet*, I may say that the smallness of the fine imposed, the details given by the Harley Papers, and the probability that Defoe was needed as editor of the new paper, *Mercator*, which was soon to be published in the interest of the Bill of Commerce, tempt me to believe, not only that there was an accommodation with the court arranged through the good offices of influential parties, but that it was consummated with all the speed possible. Some day I may beg to show that there is a probability that at this crisis in his life Defoe passed for a short while into the charmed circle created by the influence of Bolingbroke; here I can only say that in the Harley-Defoe correspondence there are few more interesting letters than those in which Defoe described how his Whig enemies came to prosecute him as a Jacobite for pamphlets obviously written against the Pretender, and in which he himself outlined to Harley the clever tactics by which a trial was finally avoided. Defoe, I am afraid, was nothing like the martyr he represented himself as being—two weeks to seven months of imprisonment is a very good ratio to keep in one's mind when one is reading his "Appeal to Honour and Justice," or his eulogistic biographers—but I have at no time in the course of my investigations been tempted to believe that he was anything less than the most versatile, most energetic, and most keen-witted man of his interesting age.

W. P. TRENT.

Hermanville-sur-mer, August 28.

Notes.

The following publications of the Cambridge University Press are announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the American agents: "Principles and Method in the Study of English Literature," by William MacPherson; "The Roman Law of Slavery," by W. W. Buckland; "Reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits, Vol. VI., Sociology, Magic, and Religion of the Eastern Islanders"; "Characters and Passages from the Note Books of Samuel Butler" (Cambridge English Classics); "The English Grammar Schools to 1660: their Curriculum and Practice," by Foster Watson; "Studies in French Education from Rabelais to Rousseau," by Geraldine Hodgson; "A History of Classical Scholarship, Vols. II. and III.," by John Edwin Sandys; and "The Thoughts of Pascal," selected and translated by Moritz Kaufmann.

A new series of biographies is to be brought out in London by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, entitled Makers of National History. The object is to deal with the lives of such men as Cardinal Beaufort, Archbishop Parker, Castlereagh, and Atterbury, who have hitherto been neglected.

Andrew Lang, having cast aspersions, justifiable no doubt, right and left on Anatole France's life of Jeanne d'Arc, is now about to publish his own "Maid of France" through Longmans, Green & Co.

The fourth volume of Frederic Harrison's collected essays will be issued by the Macmillan Co. this month under the title "Realities and Ideals—Social, Political, Literary, and Artistic."

We are to have the Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce in ten octavo volumes, from the Neale Publishing Company.

Silver, Burdett & Co., have issued an enlarged edition of Prof. Charles J. Bullock's "Introduction to the Study of Economics." It contains, among other additions, a new chapter on railway transportation.

The sixth volume of the "Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States," issued by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is devoted to Massachusetts, and was prepared by

Adelaide R. Hasse of the New York Public Library. The Index is now complete for New York and New England except Connecticut, one volume being devoted to each State. This most recent quarto covers only printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, and Governors' messages, all for the period 1789-1904. A list of collected documents of Massachusetts, covering fifteen pages, precedes the topical analysis of nearly 300 pages. The work will prove of essential help to the student of various phases of industrial life, although it is far from being an exhaustive source-index; for statutes are not included. It is to be hoped that this bibliographical project will not be abandoned, as some other Carnegie bibliographies have been, for its value is largely dependent upon its being completed. At the same time one questions whether anything but the princely income of the Carnegie Institution would have allowed the prosecution of such a work. Like Dickens's old gentleman who learned the alphabet at eighty and made no further use of it, one is bound to ask in all seriousness of this bibliographical venture whether it was "worth so much to get so little."

The London Municipal Society has produced a handbook with which to equip speakers for a popular attack on Socialism, "The Case Against Socialism" (The Macmillan Co.). The title-page, while innocent of the compiler's name, boasts a "prefatory letter" by the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. The letter in question is addressed to Capt. Jessel, and is fairly comparable to the traditional commendatory letter given by President Lincoln to the book agent: "For people who like this kind of book, this is the kind of book they like." The compiler or editor of the volume has taken for his guiding principle the axiom that any stick is good enough to beat a dog, and a great many sticks of various strength serve him to thwack the socialistic Cerberus. That Socialism does not venerate the Throne, nor care for the Army, nor the State Church may be a good argument *ad hominem britannicum*, but is not very forcible outside the tight little island. Moreover, Socialism has many vulnerable points on all of which this book falls with invariable fury. One does not expect a judicial pronouncement from a campaign handbook, and in this respect the present treatise will not disappoint expectation.

"Spanish America on the Eve of Emancipation: The Southern Colonies in the Last Half-Century of their Dependence," by Prof. Bernard Moses of the University of California (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of the first indications that American scholars are beginning to make use of the great fund of valuable and hitherto untouched material which the history of Latin-American institutions offers. In one of his earlier works ("The Establishment of Spanish Rule in America," Putnam, 1898) the author presented an analysis of the conditions under which Spanish rule was established in America. In this book he gives us a sketch of social conditions in South America during the period immediately preceding the severance of relations with the mother country. The most interesting chapters are those dealing with the characteristics of the colonial city and the development of social classes under Spanish rule. Although Professor Moses does not attempt comparisons with the North American colonies, his material is so carefully and systematically marshalled that the contrasts immediately present themselves to the reader. The absence of the spirit of co-operation amongst the Spanish colonists, the endless controversies and petty jealousies which divided them into warring factions, were the fatal weaknesses of colonial society, and explain the failure of the colonists to secure a gradual recognition of their rights—thus preparing the way for self-government. The work of Professor Moses throws a flood of light on some of the weaknesses of the Latin-American peoples, and should be carefully read as an introduction to the study of Latin-American institutions.

Under the title "The Kingdom of Canada, Imperial Federation, The Colonial Conferences, The Alaska Boundary, and other Essays" (Toronto: Morang & Co.), John S. Ewart, the Canadian lawyer and publicist, has brought together in a volume of some 370 pages a number of public addresses and several essays—all devoted to the large problems of Canada's political destiny. Independence is not the goal toward which Mr. Ewart would point the way—that is to say, not independence in the sense of political separation from the British empire. Mr. Ewart's views are perhaps best summed up in his concluding address, "The Future of Canada," delivered before the Canadian Club of Ottawa:

> Canada's future will most probably be one of the five following:
> (1.) Union with the United States;
> (2.) An independent republic;
> (3.) Union with the United Kingdom;
> (4.) An independent monarchy with a Canadian King;
> (5.) An independent monarchy with the same sovereign as the United Kingdom.

While admitting the impossibility of foretelling the ultimate result, Mr. Ewart examines these choices one by one in the light of prevailing sentiment. He finally rejects the first, second, third, and fourth, and concludes that Canada is to be what the father of Confederation, Sir John Macdonald, intended it to be, "a great British monarchy in connection with the British empire, and under the British Crown, . . . recognizing the sovereign of Great Britain as its sole and only head."

In "The Later Years of Catherine de Medici" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Miss Edith Sichel has made a noteworthy addition to her group of sympathetic historical essays. The book covers the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III., with all their horrors and their imbecilities, and illustrates by abundance of citation from contemporary writers the thoughts and feelings of that strange time. Miss Sichel declares in her preface that she has detected no error in accepted dates, made no discovery of an actual fact, but there is plenty of room in the world for the kind of work that she does. She has her material well in hand and makes it serve a natural gift for the analysis of human motives. In style and general conception her book may owe something to the "Femmes de la Renaissance" of Maulde de la Clavière.

An admirable general survey of the problems involved in juvenile delinquency is given in Thomas Travis's "The Young Malefactor" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). The writer does not pretend to any great originality, either in the facts he brings together or in his theories about them. Eight main theses are defended with material known to most penologists. He finds that not more than 10 per cent. of first offenders are abnormal; that environment, particularly home life, explains the great majority of crimes; that Lombroso's theory of criminal stigmata has little or no foundation; that guidance by a strong personality in a good home is the best treatment for normal delinquents; and that sequestration under the charge of specialists is the proper course to take with the abnormal. The volume will be chiefly useful as a handbook for parents and school teachers. It contains much trustworthy information usually couched in simple, direct language, and seldom swamped under the purposeless erudition which Mr. Travis occasionally displays—as, for instance, when he devotes seven pages to an enumeration of the Hindu, Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, and Italian sources from which modern criminology has sprung.

It cannot be said that the small type and pocket size of the Universal Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are likely to draw new readers to the "Essays" of Mark Pattison, which now appear in two volumes of that edition. Yet with all Pattison's inefficiency, there is good reading here. It is, for instance, interesting to go through the essay on English religious thought in the eighteenth century with Leslie Stephen's treatise on that subject fresh in the mind. Pattison is far less brilliant than Stephen, but he goes to the heart of matters in a way that the other could never do. It would be impossible, one thinks, for Pattison to misinterpret any author so completely as Stephen does Shaftesbury. And Pattison is even better, perhaps, when he deals with the lives of the great Renaissance scholars, such as Scaliger and Huet. The volumes are disfigured by an unusual number of misprints.

Directors of psychological laboratories need to be warned against encouraging crude and worthless "original investigation" no less than directors of graduate study in philology. The immediate text for this remark is a paper from the Columbia Archives of Psychology, No. 10, "Time in English Verse Rhythm," by Dr. Warner Brown. Typical verses read by several assistants were recorded by an apparatus essentially like one of Rousselot's. On this graphic record the time-relations of syllables, as expressed in linear relations, were measured, and thereby all previous notions of English verse rhythm triumphantly proved erroneous. But the author himself points out fatal defects in the record, which does not indicate the place of the stress, and not always the division between syllables. To this must be added other serious faults of method and much confusion of mind on fundamental concepts. With a parade of accuracy in small things, essentials are treated loosely. Dr. Brown knows the work on rhythm done in psychological laboratories; what has been done elsewhere he does not know, or tosses aside. Hence he is not aware that the few grains of fact that emerge vaguely in his

measurements have been anticipated by his "unscientific" predecessors.

"The Art of Reconnaissance," by Col. D. Henderson of the English army (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), will be of small use to those who are merely cramming for examination, for there is not a numbered paragraph in the book. On the other hand, to those who are studying the subject, so far as it can be studied from texts, what Col. Henderson has to say must commend itself. Reconnaissance, of course, is as old as war itself, so that we can hardly expect anything new to be said on the subject, but Col. Henderson, who, by the way, served in South Africa as a staff officer, occasionally comes very near novelty. The virtue of the book is its shining good sense, the objective, *i. e.*, the enemy, is never lost sight of. This would seem to be an obvious matter, but for the temptation to substitute topographical for hostile information. Col. Henderson's style is notably good.

Col. G. P. Scriven has done well to bring together in "The Transmission of Military Information" (Governor's Island, N. Y., 1908) various papers published by him on the subject in the *Journal* of the Military Service Institution. His book, after an opening chapter of general scope, deals wholly with the organization of signal troops, and with the various instrumental means of transmission, both for mobile armies and for coast defence. The work is technical, but not beyond the powers of the layman, for whom indeed it should prove of interest. With a field wireless kit, Napoleon might have recalled Grouchy; and if Sadowa, but for the successful ride of a single officer, might have been a severe Prussian defeat, we may believe that in the future, the issue of a pitched battle may turn on keeping one's contacts clean.

Shaikh Muhammad Iqbal probably did not seek advice from his teacher, Prof. T. W. Arnold, before undertaking to write "The Development of Metaphysics in Persia" (London: Luzac & Co.). His effort to contribute to the history of Muslim philosophy lands him squarely between two stools. A book of less than two hundred small pages of large print, which carries the reader from pre-Zoroastrian philosophy to Bahism, can be intended only for the general reader; neither Orientalists nor philosophers could use such a brief sketch of twenty-seven centuries of speculation, whose chief results have long since been chronicled by several good writers. But the general reader who turns to Iqbal for light will enter a wilderness of stiff translations from Persian and Arabic manuscripts, faintly relieved by excerpts from standard histories. The author tries to escape censure by announcing in the introduction that "the object of this investigation is to prepare a ground-work for a future history of Persian metaphysics. Original thought cannot be expected in a review, the object of which is purely historical." But this does not excuse the insufferably dull tabulation of interesting facts. It is Iqbal's misfortune to have assumed a task requiring a combination of learning and delicate appreciation possessed, it may be, by no living man. Persian metaphysics can be interpreted only by somebody who is at once Orientalist, philosopher, and master of literary expression. The author of this booklet does not seem to be such a genius.

It is just two centuries and a quarter since the victory of John Sobieski and his German allies under the walls of Vienna (September 12, 1683) freed Europe from the terror of Turkish aggression. From that time the Ottoman Empire has been going to pieces, but one has to journey no further eastward than formerly in this part of the globe to come to the lands of Islam. In the concluding chapter of "A travers l'Autriche-Hongrie," a book of travels, by the novelist and musical critic, Georges Servières (Paris, 1908), we are told that Serayevo, the capital of Bosnia, in spite of the blocks of tall houses, electric tramways, telegraph-poles, etc., still presents from without the aspect of a Turkish city, with its "hundred slender, pointed minarets," and that the Mussulman women go about much more strictly veiled than the women of Constantinople. "Austria has had the good sense," says M. Servières, "to respect the religion of the inhabitants, which is in very great part Mohammedan."

With the appearance of the second half, from *Meistern* to *zwölf*, the second edition of Hermann Paul's "Deutsches Wörterbuch" (Halle: Max Niemeyer) has been completed. It is a solid work of 700 pages, intended "to give the different meanings of the words in their historical and psychological connection, and in the case of all words that have different meanings to exhibit the different usages and their relation to each other." This second edition is fully one-fifth larger than the first.

Arthur Bonus has supplemented his "Rätselbuch" by a second volume, "Zur Biologie des Rätsels" (Munich: Callwey). This may be regarded as an introduction to his collection of riddles. It discusses the riddle as a form of literature, its purpose, and connection with life.

Alfred H. Fried of Vienna, well known as an advocate of international peace, has just published (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), "Die Grundlagen des revolutionären Pacifismus."

The Jewish rabbi. M. Gaster of London, has published in the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, Heft 2, of the current sixty-second volume (1908) what he believes to be an ancient Hebrew recension of Joshua in a Samaritan form, which the editor secured from the Samaritan church authorities themselves. In the literary introduction Gaster insists that this is a genuine document, belonging probably to the second century before Christ, and antedating Josephus; and that both the Massoritic and the Samaritan texts of Joshua are based upon a common, very ancient original source, with which both agree almost literally. These claims, however, are finding opposition of equal vigor. Dr. G. Hölscher of the University of Halle, publishes the results of his researches in the *Allgemeine lutherische Kirchenzeitung* of Leipzig, No. 32, and asserts that both in content and form the work shows the influence of Islam and must be placed later than 1,000 after Christ; and also that the document does not even profess to be anything else than merely a Samaritan chronicle. Hölscher admits that it is the best chronicle of this kind, because it is based on the Samaritan recension of Joshua, which once actually did exist, but which has not yet been discovered.

The new series entitled Studien zur Geschichte des neueren Protestantismus, edited by H. Hoffmann and Leopold Zscharnack (Giessen: Töpelmann) begins with "Luther in den Wandlungen seiner Kirche," an instructive historical estimate of Luther by Hort Stephen, *privatdozent* in Marburg. This is not only a chapter in church history, but in the history of civilization in general, especially as Luther has been claimed by the advocates of radicalism—both in church and politics.

"Ist Gott tot? Gott? Welt? Mensch? Drei Kernfragen der Weltanschauung, naturwissenschaftlich beantwortet" (Stuttgart: Max Kielmann) is the somewhat startling title of a work recently issued by one of Germany's leading apologetical writers, the editor of *Glauben und Wissen*, Dr. E. Dennert. The purpose of the book is to answer the chief objections made by scientists to the fundamental teachings of Christianity on theology in the narrow sense of the term, cosmogony and anthropology. The author is not a theologian but a scientist.

The second and third sections (*Hefte*) of Volume I. of the new Mythologische Bibliothek, published for the Gesellschaft für vergleichende Mythenforschung (Leipzig: Hinrichs), contain a lengthy investigation by Ernst Böklen, "Adam und Kain im Lichte der vergleichenden Mythenforschung." This author, like others in this department, yields to the fascination of the moon hypothesis; Adam means red, *i. e.*, the moon; the rib of Adam is the moon crescent.

H. Bungeroth has recently published (Leipzig: G. Strübig) two works on the Apocalypse. The larger is entitled "Die Offenbarung Johannis unter dem Gesichtspunkte einer Theodicee"; and the smaller is "Schlüssel zur Offenbarung Johannis, einem Meisterwerke göttlicher Kunst, voll Trost und Kraft."

The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education will hold its annual meeting at Atlanta, Ga., November 19, 20, and 21. Among the speakers will be: Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education; the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; Andrew Carnegie, Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College; President E. A. Alderman of the University of Virginia, Mrs. Frederick Nathan of New York, vice-president of the National Consumers' League; the Hon. G. Gunby Jordan, president of the Eagle and Phenix Mills, Columbus, Ga.; John Mitchell, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor; Robert C. Ogden of New York, president of the Southern Education Board; and L. D. Harvey of Menomonie, Wis., president of the National Education Association. An exhibition of trade school work from all parts of the United States, prepared under the direction of Prof. K. G. Mathewson, president of the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, will be one of the features of the convention.

Dr. Max Falk, the Hungarian journalist and publicist, died at Budapest September 10. He was born in 1828 at Pest, and attended the university there and the Polytechnikum at Vienna. For many years he was active in journalism, as a Liberal, and

he also served as a member of the Relchstag. Among his writings are: "Die Krönung des Königs von Ungarn," "Die fürstliche Familie Esterhazy," and "M. Bachelll" (published in the twelfth German edition of Galletti's "Allgemeine Weltkunde").

The report comes by cablegram that on Tuesday of this week John Churton Collins, professor of English literature in the University of Birmingham and noted critic, was found dead in the woods near Lowestoft. Professor Collins was born in 1848, and was a Balliol College, Oxford, man. After his graduation in 1872 he took to journalism, lecturing, and essay writing, and made himself generally feared as a scourge of indolent and false writers. He was always trenchant and unsparing, and his precise memory of the substance of classical and modern literatures gave him an advantage over careless critics. On the side of constructive criticism he accomplished not so much, his chief contribution in this field being his arguments to prove that Shakespeare was far from the little-read man he is commonly held to be. His list of publications is a long one, including: "Sir Joshua Reynolds as a Portrait Painter" (1874), "Bolingbroke" and "Voltaire in England" (1886), "Study of English Literature" (1891), "Illustrations of Tennyson" (1891), "Dean Swift" (1893), "Essays and Studies" (1895), "Ephemera Critica" (1901), "Studies in Shakespeare" (1903), "Essays in Poetry and Criticism" (1905). Besides these original studies he published critical editions of Cyril Tourneur, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Robert Greene, Dryden's "Satires," Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Tennyson, More's "Utopia," and Matthew Arnold's "Merope."

ANCIENT ENGLAND.

English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Mediæval History. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.25.

This work immediately suggests two others, the same author's earlier book, "Villainage in England," and the late F. W. Maitland's "Domesday Book and Beyond." This is a broader work than Maitland's, drawing its material from all available sources, rather than from the great Exchequer volumes alone, and approaching its subject as a problem of general social conditions rather than as an interpretation of one particular group of facts. It need hardly be said, however, and it is certainly no depreciation to say, that this book lacks the humor, the constant vivacity, and the sudden flashes of illuminating insight which marked "Domesday Book and Beyond," and indeed all of Professor Maitland's work. He has lifted all subsequent writing in his field into a higher and more human plane, but none of his contemporaries or immediate successors has so far proved to be gifted in just the same way as he. The volume under review is a sort of sequel to "Villainage in England," if that term may be applied to a study of conditions that lie earlier rather than later in time. Professor Vinogradoff has been engaged for many years in the study of social conditions in mediæval England, especially as they are approached from the legal side, and these two books represent the ripened results of his study. This later work is divided into two essays, one on government and organized society, the other on the tenure and use of land, the various classes of the population, and the relations of people and land. Under these general headings are ranged some fifteen chapters of detailed investigation, with concrete summaries at the end of each section, and two admirable chapters stating his general conclusions.

The significance of the eleventh century as a period of beginnings of more settled conditions is found in the fact that it is the time of fusion of three systems of law and society, the Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Danish, and Norman-French. The first two had, it is true, been long in conjunction and partial union, but the effect of the complete Norman mastery was to combine both with the institutions now imported from abroad and to subject both to the influences of a dominant government and ruling class of foreign origin. The prominence given to the Danelaw and its distinctive customs is one of the marked characteristics of Professor Vinogradoff's book. He speaks in various forms of "a distinct stream of Scandinavian principles and practices," and of "the Saxon south, . . . and the Scandinavian north." He tells us:

> The fundamental difference between the compact estates of the south and the numerous free holdings of the Danelaw could not but exert an influence on the introduction of the feudal military system.

So in discussing legal procedure, public, private, and criminal law, the formation of gilds, sokes, and manors, military service, and many other subjects, the author constantly reverts to the differences between the law and custom of the more purely Saxon and Anglian portions of the country and of those in which Scandinavian institutions had become dominant or at least influential. Professor Vinogradoff makes numerous original contributions of fact or explanation that we cannot here discuss in detail. In general he points out that the social change brought about by the Norman conquest was a defining of vague or unsettled arrangements, a combination of men of many different degrees of freedom and status into a few legally and socially recognized classes, a frank recognition of the superiority and claims of the privileged land-holding and military class.

This author does not yield to any in his respect for the fundamental significance and cataclysmic character of the Norman Conquest. At the opening of his second chapter he begins his study of English land law with a phrase about "the general collapse of the old order in consequence of the Conquest." And yet the cumulative effect of a large number of instances in which conditions before the Conquest remain but little changed and in which changes are in the line of development rather than complete alteration, and the numerous analogies between later and earlier eleventh-century forms of social organization—all these things tend to make on the mind of the reader an impression of continuity rather than of breach of development. The fact is that the days have now passed by when the Norman Conquest could be looked upon as a single event with immediate, simple, and clear-cut effects. The crude statements that feudalism was or was not introduced into England from France, or that manors were or were not created by the Norman conquerors, or that villainage did or did not exist before the Conquest, must evidently give way to a careful investigation and measurement of just what changes were in progress on the eve of the Conquest, just what new elements were introduced at that time, and just what various effects this combination of forces produced. Moreover, all England cannot be regarded as a unit. It must be understood that each part of the country, often each shire, had its characteristic differences.

It is to this analysis that Professor Vinogradoff has now made a scholarly and important contribution. His methods are most careful, his learning wide, his spirit patient and fair, and his conclusions usually convincing. His book is not always easy reading. The matter is necessarily detailed and often technical. The use in some cases of sources belonging to a later period as parts of an argument from analogy is slightly disconcerting, or at least requires careful reading if one is to discriminate between such analogies and direct arguments. On the other hand, the book as a whole is more clearly written and more skilfully constructed than his earlier work, and the chapters which give his general surveys and conclusions are simple, concrete, and interesting. The work well fulfils the promise of its title by giving on the whole much the best account that we possess of the organization and classes of the English people in the critical eleventh century.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Testing of Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Bros.

One explores anew this latest of Mrs. Ward's "serial successes" for the secret of her immense popularity with American readers. In part it has always seemed to lie in the intensity of her Britlcism. She has Trollope's faculty of transferring us bodily and sympathetically to the gardens, the drawing-rooms, the Parliamentary hustings and lobbies of the

governing class. And we like her the better for taking her England seriously, for not being content, after our own fashion, with representing the follies and extravagances of high society. Britannia ruling the wave is always the stately figure in the background of her romance. Yet romance is the main thing with her—the interplay of human character and action as visible to an eager and sensitive mind, a feminine mind equipped with reverence, if not with humor.

Diana is another of her ardent, quivering, flame-like creatures, doomed in the nature of things to be snuffed out or to be enclosed in some dark-lantern of endurance or compromise. Her race, her parentage, her breeding, conspire to render her vulnerable, and she is wounded indeed. It is hard to be patient of her patience. The story of Griselda has always needed interpretation; surely, it was not a mere brutish and unreasoning endurance which won her back her Walter. There is something servile in Diana's allegiance to a man who has cast her off from the most sordid of motives; our respect for her is put under an almost intolerable strain. Are such people quite worth presenting to us on so large a canvas? Oliver Markham is a pusillanimous person; the best we can say for him is that he is a romantic hero of long standing. Rather than give up his inheritance, he sacrifices in cold blood the girl whom he has just induced to confess her love to him. It seems that his usefulness to his party, his future in Parliament, depend upon his securing the huge income which his mother (classic figure!) has it in her power to withhold. So he decides to take it, and the girl is permitted to remove herself from the scene, presumably with a broken heart. His falseness in love is followed by a selfish duplicity in politics; both are visited upon him in the end by an outraged constituency; and the ruin of his public career is a little theatrically sealed by means of a partisan brickbat. To him, almost on his death-bed, hastens Diana, tender and true to a degree almost distressing. She saves him in the article of death, saves him for herself; but how shall we congratulate her? He is a weakling, a traitor to whom treason is far too natural to be a matter of tragic import. As for her fidelity: it is mere pathetic fact; and however well pathetic fact may serve the purposes of realism, it cannot at all serve the purposes of romance.

Fate's a Fiddler. By Edwin George Pinkham. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The hero of this autobiography tells us that of all the books he devoured in childhood by the light of a tallow candle, "best loved and most revered" were those of "the master, Dickens." He says that he is on the whole glad to see the "very superior criticisms" of Dickens he has read in later life, for they send him flying in hunger to revel in his favorites, as if he were once more a boy in the vault under his father's bookshop. In support of this tribute he has made his book frankly in the Dickens style, a book of plot and of manners, or rather of habits; of rascals with and without good points, of madmen and lost wills, of grandiose visionaries. There walk through his pages delightfully squabbling boys, merry girls, tender women, the well-known shrivelling commercial clerk, the fairy god-father merchant. There flourish kind hearts and simple faith, comical folk, and melodramatic adventure. That the scene is America, even to Charlestown under the shadow of Bunker Hill, Swampscott, St. Louis, and the Ozark mining country, does not avail to destroy the Dickens atmosphere. A sentence describing a crowded social meeting will illustrate:

> Instant and simultaneous protest from every one that there was plenty of room, Mr. Mungiven observing, that where there was room for the heart to beat there was room enough among friends. A sentiment generally thought to be rather neatly put and highly creditable to Mr. Mungiven.

The form of the story is more than suggestive of "David Copperfield."

But the imitation is frank homage, not servility, and it would be unfair not to give the author credit for individual touches of a humor of his own and of an America presumably also his own. The hero's father, for example, objecting to his wife's naming the boy Sumner, after a rich uncle, suggests a happy compromise:

> *You* shall name the boy, my love, after your uncle, and *I* shall name him after the greatest of—er—Massachusetts' great sons,—the—er—matchless intellect which so long represented her in the—er—most august legislative body in the world, and whose recent death has left a void in the heart of the nation which even Massachusetts cannot fill!

To revive a wholesome type of story even on a reduced scale is a thankworthy deed. Mr. Pinkham has done so, and has suitably, humorously, and cleverly added of his own.

The Open Window: Tales of the Months. By "Barbara." New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the Barbara of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "People of the Whirlpool," and other books in the same amiable vein. Her pleasant humor has endeared her to many readers; she has the graceful affectionate manner of the feminine diarist, the faculty of chronicling the small beer of experience without seeming impertinent or dull. These tales, slight enough in substance, are wholesome and palatable. They bear their graceful testimony to the theory that all's well with the world, and leave one, as your work of domestic sentiment should, with a momentarily quickened sense of creature comfort.

Eine Liebesnacht. Von Maria Janitschek. Leipzig: Verlag von B. Elischer Nachfolger.

From this title one might expect to find another variation upon that old theme of intrigue, of passion, illicit or licit, which in these days is the raw material for too much of the German and other fiction. But this is far from being one of those French novels "made in Germany"; cheap and clumsy imitations of deftly wrought, abominable Gallic models. It is a serious and high-minded attempt to describe the conflict between growing Christianity and lingering and strongly rooted Paganism in the hearts of the people of Neustria and of Mercia in the sixth century—the time of the wretch Chilperic and his atrocious queen Fredegunde. The *Liebesnacht* was a night of vigil, when Soissons in its illuminated houses and in its Basilica of St. Medardus awaited the second coming of the Lord. A stubborn, self-willed heathen, Rauhulf, a man of many possessions in the nearby country, wandered into the brilliant temple; and there he was suddenly overcome by the knowledge that Christ was higher and nobler than his god Odin. From that hour his was a different life; and there followed in consequence strange changes in the linked lives of many others.

The chief figure in the tale is the fierce, wild, pure maiden Diarmon, a stray from a land unknown, grown up among free peasants in Neustria. She is a Diana of the Dark Ages, but not at all a gentle Una; in her harebrained adventures she needs no protecting lion: she defends herself with wits, tongue, teeth, and knife, all of the sharpest. Very cleverly suggested is the difference she feels between herself and her childish peasant companions, with all the sisterly affection she has for them. Beyond sisterly affection, and a liking for kindred spirits, her fierce virgin heart never goes. Man's love never touches her. As one grows to know her, one would not have this otherwise. There are other well presented characters, from the decadent Roman, Severus, to Welsh and Irish bards.

The story, which is sometimes disconnected, contains striking episodes, some of them extravagant and incredible, but happily this is a romance, not a realistic novel of commonplace life. There are some passages of dubious taste; no impurities. The style, on the whole, is simple, clear, and dignified; often with a real poetic *schwung*.

The Growth of Modern Nations: A History of the Particularist Form of Society. Translated from the French of Henri de Tourville, by M. G. Loch. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.50.

This volume contains a translation of a series of articles contributed by the late Henri de Tourville to the journal called *Science Sociale*, from February, 1897, to February, 1903, under the title of "Histoire de la formation particulariste." This title indicates very exactly the purport of M. de Tourville's contribution. The work is, in fact, an attempt to interpret history according to certain dicta laid down by what the author constantly calls "Social Science," that is, an infallible set of doctrines furnishing the key and the only key to the interpretation of the past. The point of view of this book can best be stated in the author's own words:

These records [of the past] have, as a matter of fact, preserved innumerable features of a state of society which Social Science can accurately reconstruct . . . in accordance with the unchanging laws of social transformations. In this case the procedure of verification is similar to that which enables us to recognize the existence of certain animal or vegetable species, no longer found to-day, by means of impressions left in the earth's strata. They actually did exist because they can be scientifically reconstructed according to the permanent laws of zoölogy and botany. This method of verification can be applied to history, and is one of the finest achievements of Social Science. Historical criticism may actually rescue a document from the dust of Time, may neatly prune away from it all foreign elements, and determine with certainty its growth, its date, and its place of origin; but when it is a case of extracting from that document a knowledge of the social organization to which it belongs, historical criticism is confronted by all the uncertainty and confusion arising from popular or personal notions of what society is. Historical criticism has failed to examine methodically the various forms of modern society, nor has it subjected them to "comparative anatomy," nor discovered in them "the law of the correlation of the forms of their different parts," and it has not, therefore, been able to reconstruct in a scientific manner the organism of an ancient society, by piecing together its scattered features which are to be found preserved in documents. Social Science has furnished us with *the* complete and indispensable method which historical criticism lacked.

We have no quarrel with the writer of these chapters, nor any inclination to do otherwise than read with respectful attention what he has to say, but he alienates the reader almost at once by his exaggerated claims for "Social Science" and by his foolish flings at historical scholarship. We can turn against him his own words when he writes:

Our modern savants, who have the unfortunate habit of twisting the evidence of history so as to fit in with the ideas of human society which they have formed to suit their own prejudices, have not been able to accept this fact. . . .

Not the least of the author's peculiarities is the ease with which he bends each bit of evidence to conform to his theory. As a theory there is nothing remarkable in his contention that a particularistic state of society, that is, society founded on the single family and the private and independent estate, was more stable than the patriarchal form which it overthrew; but no writer ever danced more lightly over difficult historical problems or made more unwarranted assumptions in the interest of his cause. More than that, he is seemingly ignorant of all recent historical literature. He aims his terrible battery of criticism at writers half a century old; for example, his only authorities for early English history are Thierry, Guizot, Montalembert, and Lingard. What would his brother scientists think of a palæontologist who was content with the discoveries of 1850? Quite apart from any question as to the tenableness of his views, we must lay it down as a fundamental criticism of this work that its author is ignorant of the subject, and that even the infallibility of "Social Science" cannot pronounce judgment where knowledge is wanting. In view of this fact we are the more astonished that a work of so many eccentricities in matters of detail, so many unproved assertions, and fantastic renderings of opinion should have found a translator, and much more a publisher. For those who will value what it contains, it will be, we fear, a case of the blind leading the blind and both falling into the ditch.

It is difficult to write tolerantly of some parts of this book. The chapter on the United States is childish in its ignorance. Take, for example, this account of the settlement of the colonies:

Each great group that landed in America *made its own distinct constitution*, just as each Saxon invasion did in past times. They were *all* agricultural emigrants. They went under the *direction of a lord* or one of the élite of the gentry. They founded *isolated* estates. They *appointed* an assembly. (Italics ours.).

There is scarcely a correct statement in any of these sentences, and they deserve to stand with another instructive paragraph, a little further on, which asserts that the colonies "were purposely founded independently of one another, . . . in order that each should include only persons of similar opinions: the Puritans, under Sir William Penn in Pennsylvania; the Universal Tolerants, the followers of Roger William (*sic*) in Rhode Island; the Catholic Tolerants, under Lord Baltimore in Maryland, etc." After such a series of statements may we not feel somewhat reluctant to join in the pæon of praise to "Social Science" with which the book closes:

Let us pay homage, as a finale to Social Science, which like sciences in general, enables us to grasp so firmly the admirably simple causes of the most powerful phenomena. Could Social Science have revealed anything simpler, or in a more precise manner, than the causes of greatness of the most powerful human race the world has yet seen?

Cardinal Newman and His Influence on Religious Life and Thought. By Charles Sarolea. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Notwithstanding the profound influence of Cardinal Newman on English religious life, it is a fact that he has always been regarded by the average Englishman with distrust. This is not merely because he became a Catholic, but because he seems to such an Englishman (as he seemed to Charles Kingsley) a juggler with the truth. Yes, the Briton will say, he wrote a beautiful style (that is tradition), but there was something elusive and slippery about his mind; at bottom he had no clear ideas. Now, it is curious that, as his power has waned in England, it has in France gained enormously. He is today probably the most influential religious writer in Paris, the subject of countless theses; in the opinion of leaders like Loisy, he is even the greatest Catholic theologian of the century. It is appropriate, therefore, that the writing of his life for the World's Epoch-Makers should have been entrusted to a man of Belgian, if not French, birth and training, who is now a lecturer in the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. Sarolea's work is non-partisan and shrewd. He is sufficiently acquainted with English church history to give some background to his work; he is sufficiently French to see the relation of Newman to the larger currents of thought. If his book fails—and it does, we think, in the end just fail—to be a first-rate contribution to religious history, it is owing to a weakness of psychological insight. Take his summing up of Newman's character:

Newman is an ascetic, and at the same time he is an artist, a literary epicure, appreciating beauty of style, even as in his youth he would be asked to taste and to select the vintages of his college. He is affectionate and reserved. He has the imagination of a mystic and the corrosive intellect of a skeptic. He delights in intellectual difficulties and yearns for certainty. He is sincerity incarnate, and possessed of a subtlety which the greatest casuist might have envied. He is disinterested to the verge of self-abdication, he has sacrificed everything to enter the Roman Church, and, having once entered it, he accepts twenty-five years of disgrace and suppression with admirable resignation; and at the same time he is egotistic, introspective, of an almost morbid subjectivity. He is timid and aggressive. He loves solitude, and yet no man in this century has

drawn to himself so many hearts. Indeed, after having striven for ten years to solve the riddle of the sphinx, I am inclined to admit that the riddle is insoluble, and that the safest attitude with regard to Newman is to admire without trying to understand.

That is true, no doubt, as every personality is in the end insoluble; but it should seem that an acquaintance with the saints of other times and lands would at least have made some of these apparent contradictions less peculiar to Newman. Certainly he was not the first mystic to unite the contemplative and the practical temper, subtle introspection and strong power of dominating other minds. At bottom the deficiency of Dr. Sarolea's method is just this: that, dealing with a mystic, he does not quite grasp the mystic's heart. He is able to follow Newman through his fifteen years of searching, and to exonerate him from the double-dealing that was so often cast in his teeth. Newman, he rightly says, became a Catholic because his was a soul *naturaliter catholica*. He emphasizes the importance of Newman's theory of development, and shows how naturally the Modernists, who seek to introduce into religion the conceptions of evolution, symbolism, and vital immanence, connect themselves with the author of that theory. The younger generation, he says, has turned away from the problem of Pascal and is giving its allegiance to Newman (the statement is true, with important reservations); and yet, he adds, though Newman was a Modernist unwittingly in many aspects of his teaching, he was consciously and systematically a religious reactionary. Dr. Sarolea's final judgment is that the religion of the future will read Newman's ideas in its own fashion and get from them its own inspiration, but that in reality there is in them no true foundation for the Modernist movement or the "New Theology," or for the amalgamation of these two which apparently he expects to supplant the old dogmas and reconcile the feud of Catholic and Protestant.

We are inclined to think that Dr. Sarolea's statement of this complicated relationship is correct, barring his forecast of the future, which is mere guessing. But he does not set the real nature of the underlying sympathies and antipathies in a sufficiently clear light. Pascal made a sharp distinction between the immutable infinite and the changing finite. Now, if there is any one dominant tendency in modern thought, it is the desire to solve this antinomy or to deny that any such antinomy exists. As Prof. William James remarks in a recent contribution to the *Hibbert Journal*, "the line of least resistance" leads us to believe that God is also finite like ourselves, and this is but a reflex of the popular philosophic thesis that absolute *being* is but another aspect or development of universal *becoming*. Naturally, therefore, Pascal no longer has a serious message for those who are attempting to adapt religious creeds to the new mode of thought. The theory of development, fitting so neatly with scientific evolution, is seized upon greedily by these innovators, who failed to see or who slur over the fact that Newman is still on the side of Pascal rather than of the new philosophy, that he confined his theory of development strictly to what was Pascal's world of change, and would have shrunk back in abhorrence from any hint of breaking

> . . . the pillours of Eternity,
> That is contrayr to Mutabilitie.

It is the all-absorbing consciousness of this ever-present contrast between infinite changelessness and finite change that makes the mystic, whether he be an ancient recluse in a cavern of the Himalayas or a modern priest torn between the claims of the Anglican and the Roman confession of faith. Superficially, Newman is thus a philosopher of the evolutionary school, fundamentally a mystic of the old unvarying stamp. The curious question is to know what France will do with him.

Some African Highways: A Journey of Two American Women to Uganda and the Transvaal. By Caroline Kirkland; with an introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell. Illustrated. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.50.

One of the most fascinating and unique tours in the world is described by Miss Kirkland in this book. With her mother she went to Uganda and thence, stopping at various places on the African coast, to the Transvaal. The points of interest in this journey she sketches with quick perception, and accuracy of touch; and, as she had near relatives in both countries, she gives her readers, as no chance traveller could, vivid glimpses of the lives of those pioneers who are striving to develop the resources of the Dark Continent. The picture which she draws of the rose-bowered home at Entebbe in Uganda, though not without its shadows, is so charming that one marvels at the skill with which the English turn a wilderness into an orderly, habitable place. An interesting event was a visit at Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, where Miss Kirkland was a guest of the Governor. She describes his residence as a "veritable palace out of the Arabian Nights Tales, set in the loveliest tropical garden I ever saw." The impression left by the fine roads and pretty houses in the town and its environs was of an "intensely energetic, ambitious community, whose overmastering desire is to outdo the English in their hitherto undisputed field as the world's chief colonizers." The account of her travels in the Transvaal contains little of especial interest, except that part relating to the Rand Chinese, whose condition she describes as far better than anything they had ever known in any previous condition of life. Her route homeward was by rail from Johannesburg to the Indian Ocean, and thence, with a stop at Zanzibar, to Naples, which she reached just at the beginning of the great eruption of Vesuvius in April, 1906, "our final excitement," as she calls her chapter descriptive of it. Among the noteworthy incidents of her adventurous trip was seeing from the car-window on the Uganda Railway "a huge lioness, bounding along not seventy feet away, keeping up easily with the train, which was proceeding in leisurely fashion. As she seemed so interested in us, the train drew to a standstill, and at this the lioness crouched down in a little clump of grass, her great, powerful head and shoulders in full sight of all the passengers." Miss Kirkland evidently made a special study of the sleeping-sickness, which has ravaged Uganda, and she devotes a chapter to it. The closing chapter contains useful hints to any who may be inclined to follow her steps. Lieut.-Gen. Baden-Powell contributes an appreciative "foreword."

Science.

The North-West Passage: Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship Gjöa, 1903-1907. By Roald Amundsen; with a supplement by First Lieut. Hansen; 139 illustrations and three maps. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.

It is remarkable, considering the number of large and well-appointed expeditions which have attempted to make the North-West Passage, that the problem should have been finally solved by an old Norwegian herring-boat of 47 tons burden, with a crew of seven men, including the commander. The Gjöa sailed from Christiania on June 16, 1903, with a five-year outfit—the gift largely of the present King, his father, and the Norwegian government—and in September reached a sheltered harbor in King William Land. Since one of the principal objects was to secure magnetic observations, and since this place was only ninety miles from the Magnetic Pole and particularly suited for a fixed magnetic station, an observatory was built. For nineteen months uninterrupted observations were made, the results of which it will take some years to work out in detail. Explorations were

also made for the purpose of charting the neighboring coast and islands, and sledge journeys taken, one to the Magnetic Pole and one by Lieut. Hansen with one of the crew, along the unknown eastern coast of Victoria Land, an account of which he gives in a supplement. On August 13, 1905, the Gjöa left the harbor, aptly named Gjöahavn, and by August 17 had sailed through the hitherto untraversed part of the North-West Passage. Nine days later the explorers met the first vessel coming from the west, a San Francisco whaler. A little later they established winter quarters at a harbor twenty miles east of Herschel Island, a rendezvous of the American whaling fleet. Here they made unexpectedly an important discovery, that, owing to the proximity of the Mackenzie River, "the sea-water was quite fresh, and excellent in every respect, both for drinking and cooking." During the winter Capt. Amundsen accompanied the mail-carrier to Eagle City, Alaska. As soon as the condition of the ice rendered navigation possible, sail was set and on August 31, 1906, Nome was reached. At this point the narrative ends.

The success of the expedition was due, of course, partly to the peculiar fitness of the vessel for navigating shallow waters and to an unusually favorable season, but principally to the excellence of the crew, all but one of whom had had previous experience in the Polar seas. On the eve of their departure from their prolonged winter station and when they had for more than two years shared unnumbered perils and hardships, their captain writes:

> We all knew that we were going to have a rough time of it, but the splendid relations which had always existed between us so strongly united us that, although we were only seven, we were not easily discouraged.

The devotion of the men to their duties, their geniality, their love of humor, and their making the best of everything characterize the narrative from beginning to end. The main feature of this account of their three years' experiences is its vivid and entertaining picture of life in the Polar regions, both that of the explorers and that of the Eskimos with whom they came in contact; and in this respect the book takes the lead in Arctic literature. Many of the details are exceedingly trivial, but perhaps they are all essential to a complete picture. One cannot fail, however, to enjoy every one of the numerous little pleasantries by which the wearisome monotony of the daily duties was lightened. The impression of the Eskimos left by the narrative is, on the whole favorable, as to their intelligence and trustworthiness—especially of those whom intercourse with Europeans had not demoralized. They are industrious; even "little tots of five to six years sat with their fishing lines, often through the whole night, and made very good catches, sometimes more than their own weight." Their amusements, and they are a very merry people, consist of gymnastics, in which men of all ages take part, conjuring, singing, and dancing. Of their religious belief and practices comparatively little is told, but of their customs, dress, and method of building and furnishing their snow huts the most minute details are set down.

The work of the English translator, whose name is not given, is excellent. Indeed, it is difficult to realize that the book is a translation, so easy is the style. Only one mistake, concerning which the publisher has issued a memorandum, need be noted: the statement in regard to Bellot Strait (Vol. I., p. 59), "where McClintock lay for two years waiting for a chance to get through." The translation reads: "At 8 A. M. we passed through the strait," instead of "We passed the strait," not *through*. There is a full index; the maps are good; and numerous reproductions of photographs of the crew, their vessel, native companions, and their habitations, as well as of scenery (several taken by moonlight) are impressive. The general interest in the work, it may be added, is so great that it is also being published in Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, German, and Italian. It may very likely captivate the imagination of some youthful reader as the story of Franklin did that of the author when he was a boy of eight or nine, and made the ideal of his life the accomplishment of the North-West Passage.

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons, American agents) will soon publish: "The Elementary Theory of the Symmetrical Optical Instrument," by J. G. Leathem; "Invariants of Quadratic Differential Forms," by J. Edmund Wright; "A First Course of Pure Mathematics," by G. H. Hardy; "Modern Geometry," by C. Godfrey; "Thomas Linacre," by William Osler; "Conditions of Life in the Sea; A Short Account of Quantitative Marine Biological Research," by James Johnstone.

Moffat, Yard & Co. are about to publish a volume of "Surgical Memoirs," by Dr. James G. Mumford of the Harvard Medical School. The chapters, which are for the general reader, give biographical studies of Hippocrates, Galen, Vesalius, Pare, Haller, John Hunter, Lister, Cooper, Brodie, J. C. Warren, and Bigelow.

The scope of "Biology and Its Makers," by Prof. William A. Locy (Henry Holt & Co.), is fairly indicated by the following paragraph:

> In the progress of science there is an army of observers and experimenters, each contributing his share, but the rank and file supply mainly isolated facts, while the ideas take birth in the minds of a few gifted leaders, either endowed with unusual insight, or so favored by circumstances that they reach general conclusions of importance. These advance-guards of intellectual conquest we designate as founders. What were they like in appearance? Under what conditions did they work, and what was their chief aim?

Some ten epochs of biological progress are recognized, with Aristotle, Vesalius, Harvey, Leeuwenhoek, Linnaeus, Cuvier, Von Baer, Müller, Buffon, Lamarck, and Darwin as the principal characters. Part I. treats of the sources of all biological ideas except those of organic evolution. Here we have glimpses of the lives and activities of the men who have been concerned in the study of microscopy, anatomy, physiology, embryology, heredity, and palæontology. These 340 pages are the most original and interesting portion of the volume. Whether the reader be a layman, or a college student to whom the names of Eustacius, Fallopius, and Malpighi will suggest organic structures recently dissected, or a biologist whose life-work is nearing completion, this summary of achievements will be an inspiration. One realizes as never before that, to the scientist, politics and nationality do not exist:

> Only those have produced permanent results who have interrogated nature in the spirit of devotion to truth and waited patiently for her replies. The work founded on selfish motives and vanity has sooner or later fallen by the wayside.

The numerous portraits, together with reprints of drawings and photographs of early and crude instruments, add value to the text. Part II. treats of the evolution of evolution, the rise and development of the various theories which culminated in the work of Darwin and Wallace, and the vast army of enthusiastic workers of the present day. Recent volumes, such as H. F. Osborn's "From the Greeks to Darwin" and Vernon L. Kellogg's "Darwinism To-day," have covered this same field, but Professor Locy introduces us in a charming way to the human side of the scientists. The drawback to the division into two parts is the necessity of cross-references and repetitions, for no phase of biological progress can logically be separated from the doctrine of organic evolution. At the end of the book is a well-chosen "reading list," giving, in twelve pages of fine print, several hundred accessible books and articles. There is also an excellent index.

Dr. Charles Harrington, for many years a member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School, died in London, September 11. Born in Salem, Mass., in 1856, he attended Bowdoin College, Harvard College, from which he obtained the bachelor's degree in 1878, and then the Harvard Medical School. After studying at Leipzig, Strasburg, and Munich, he returned to the Harvard Medical School, in 1883, as an assistant in chemistry. In 1906 he was appointed professor of hygiene. He had been chemist to the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, secretary of the same body, and chief of the Bureau of Milk Inspection. He had contributed articles to various medical journals, and he was author of "Practical Hygiene," which has run through several editions.

Gardner Dexter Hiscox, a writer on scientific subjects, died September 13 at East Orange, N. J. He was born in Elizabethtown, N. Y., eighty-six years ago, and although without college training had devoted his life to scientific and technical work. He was best known as the author of "Compressed Air and Its Application,"

"Modern Steam Engineering" and "Hydraulic Engineering.". He was an authority on heating and ventilating.

Drama.

MALONE SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS.

Two new publications of the Malone Society now make a record of six volumes in all for its first year of activity. One is a literal reprint, in modern type, of "The History of King Leir" from the edition of 1605. According to the Registers of the Stationers' Company there was an earlier edition of 1594, but no copy of this is now known to exist. The title page of the 1605 edition bears the words: "As it hath bene diuers and sundry times lately acted"—an attempt probably to palm the work off on the public as Shakespeare's "King Lear," which was then popular. The other volume issued by the Society is the first of its "Collections," which are to be brought out in parts with continuous pagination until enough has appeared to make a substantial volume, when preliminary matter and an index will be added. So far we have tables of matter illustrative or corrective of the earlier issue of "Wealth and Health"; a fragmentary morality, "Love Feigned and Unfeigned," discovered by Arundell Esdaile in a copy of Johannes Herolt's "Sermones Discipuli," Strassburg, 1492; a fragment of another play, "The Prodigal Son," printed probably by John or William Rastell between 1516 and 1534, and found in the binding of a Paris octavo of 1542; the chronology of "The Elizabethan Lords Chamberlain," compiled by E. K. Chambers, correcting errors in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and giving material of the first value in compiling a history of the stage; and "Dramatic Records of the City of London: The Remembrancia." This last section has a curious interest, and the material, though, of course, not hitherto unknown, has never been brought together in this convenient form. The documents are taken from a series of books in which were entered letters from the Queen's Majesty and her counsel to the Lord Mayor, with the answers. The period, with some omissions, is from 1579 to 1640, and 1660 to 1664. Here we have selected all those letters that refer to the stage or stage-players. Their almost constant theme is the disorder caused by the crowds in and about the theatres, the loose habits of the players themselves ("a very superfluous sort of men"), and the general ungodliness of all these sports, the pious court of the city seeming to have made no distinction between bear-baiting and legitimate acting. Part of one of the sturdiest protests we will quote. It was sent by the Lord Mayor to Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer, November 3, 1594, and is an appeal to prevent the erection of a new playhouse, probably the Swan, although we have no evidence that this was actually built until 1598. The writer admits that "the people must have some kind of recreation," but continues:

> Whearto may bee answeared (wch yor good L. for yor godly wisedom can far best judge of) that as honest recreation is a thing very meet for all sorts of men so no kynd of exercise beeing of ltself corrupt & prophane can well stand wth the good policie of a Christian Comon Wealth. And that tbe sayed playes (as they are handled) ar of that sort and woork that effect in such as ar present and frequent the same may soon bee decerned bv all that haue any godly vnderstanding & that obserue the fruites & effects of the same conteining nothing ells but vnchast fables, lascivious divises shifts of cozenage & matters of lyke sort. wch are so framed & represented bv them that such as resort to see & hear the same beeing of the base & refuse sort of people or such yoong genntlemen as haue small regard of credit or conscience draue the same into example of imitation & not of avoyding the sayed lewd offences. Wch may better appear by the qualitie of such as frequent the sayed playes beeing the ordinary places of meeting for all vagrant persons & maisterles men that hang about the Citie, theeues, horsestealers, whoremoongers coozeners connycatching persones practizers of treason & such other lyke whear they consort and make their matches to the great displeasure of Almightie God & the hurt and annoyance of hir Maties. people both in this Citie & other places about, wch cannot be clensed of this vngodly sort (wch by experience wee fynd to bee the very sinck & contagion not only of this Citie but of this whole Realm) so long as these playes & places of resort ar by authoritie permitted.

One sees from this how early and how common was the English prejudice against the stage, and one sees, too, the society and atmosphere in which Shakespeare grew up, and the public life which bred his public manners.

W. T. Price, possessed by the delusion that "play writing is an art in the nature of an exact science," has written and published at his own charges a book, bearing the cumbrous title "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," which he apparently believes to contain every secret necessary to the production of stage masterpieces. It is a portentous volume, remarkable for its bulk, its assurance, its habitual confusion of the obvious with the profound, and its laborious and perfectly unconscious futility. Mr. Price, it appears, has organized a school for the production of dramatists and specifies "Tbe Clansman" as one of the results of his system of tuition. This claim need not be disputed, being entirely reasonable on its face, but it is not easy to divine the motive for making it. Briefly—it would be sheer waste of time and space to try to follow Mr. Price in detail—his theory is that dramatic genius, unsupported by mastery of technical laws, is comparatively powerless to make a good play—which has a certain measure of truth in it—and that the requisite technical knowledge must be obtained by minute analysis of standard pieces in order to discover their constructive principles. As models for dissection he selects five plays, "Ingomar," "The Lady of Lyons," "Camille," "Still Waters Run Deep," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—of which only one, "Camille," is really notable for artistic composition. He quotes selected passages to prove that they were written with particular intent—which, of course, is true—and in accordance with his own prescribed order of procedure, which is not true at all, except in special instances. Undeniably there is more or less general resemblance in the main features of well-built plays belonging to the same class—in five-act tragedies, for example. But the notion that any prescribed formula can be invented to insure the best results of dramatic imagination is ridiculous. It is almost as wild as the assertion of Mr. Price that the same laws of technique are observed by Shakespeare and Ibsen. What he means, presumably, is that there are fundamental dramatic laws, of universal acceptance, which both obey. Fine technique, as everybody knows, is an art which has grown with the development of stage resources. Confidence in his judgment of it is somewhat shaken by his discovery of it in the works of Paul Potter and Bartley Campbell, mere theatrical scene-makers. But his untrustworthiness as a teacher is manifested, not so much in his exaggeration of the importance of mere mechanism as compared with that of matter—much of what he says about technique is sound enough, though tediously trite—but in his utter failure to offer any suggestions of practical value to the budding dramatist. All the real instruction in his ponderous volume could be put with better effect into a thin pamphlet for use as a primer.

The character of the Tudor Facsimile Texts (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack) has been so fully set forth in commenting on earlier issues (See the *Nation*, April 16 and June 1) that we need do no more than mention the four new volumes now published. They are all interludes, quarto volumes in black letter. The earliest in date is "The Nature of the Four Elements," author unknown, from the unique copy in the British Museum, which was printed between 1510 and 1520. "The Disobedient Child," by Thomas Ingelend, is from the copy in the British Museum dated by the Museum authorities 1570, but by the present editor "1560 or thereabouts." A copy of this rare work turned up in the Irish find of 1906, and is now held for sale by Quaritch at £284—some indication of the value of these reprints. The third play is "The Trial of Treasure," which was twice printed by Thomas Purfort in 1567, the present reprint being from the British Museum copy. The fourth is "New Custom," written to aid the Reformation, and published in 1573. Only four or five copies are known to exist, the one used for the present edition being in the British Museum. As with the earlier volumes, J. A. Herbert, of the manuscript department of the British Museum has compared these collotypes with the originals and finds them practically perfect. The photographic reproduction is in some cases slightly more blurred than the original,

but the editor, John S. Farmer, proposes to obviate this defect in future issues by using a harder paper.

Rémy de Gourmont publishes in Paris "Les plus belles pages de Cyrano de Bergerac." The book rectifies rather than corrects Rostand's legend of the man who invented prose comedy in French literature, and should remain a shining light in the constellation that reaches from Rabelais to Anatole France. In his imaginary philosophic "voyages" Cyrano showed himself a studious disciple of Descartes and Gassendi. His public life was concerned with real duels and wounds, but with neither drink nor woman. And Rostand has relighted his star.

There is little in "Jack Straw," the first comedy of the new English dramatist, W. S. Maugham, to be produced in this country, to justify the high praises bestowed upon his work in the English press. The piece tells an entertaining story, and shows a certain facility in the invention of stage situation, but the mechanism is very slovenly in places, while the dialogue, although full of the calculated humor which so readily commands the laughter of the ordinary audience, is by no means brilliant. The intrigue, however, is full of comic interest. A wandering grand duke, in pursuit of a ballet girl, masquerades as a waiter. Then a friend, who has known him in another capacity, asks him to impersonate a foreign nobleman, in order to humiliate a woman, whose vulgarity equals her vast wealth. Being in love with this person's daughter he consents, taking his own title. At a fête held in his honor, he is denounced as an impostor, and great are the confusion, wrath, and humiliation of his hostess. This is the climax of the piece, and is exceedingly effective, especially as it is interpreted at the Empire Theatre, where Miss Rose Coghlan gives a most vivid and humorous impersonation of the enraged parvenue. The play ends with the establishment of the duke's identity, and the success of his love suit. John Drew is only moderately successful as the hero, lacking the necessary youth, distinction, and romantic fervor, but he once more exhibits his skill as a finished light comedian. The play promises to be popular, but is in no sense a first-rate work.

It seems to be the general opinion of London critics that J. M. Barrie is seen at his best in his latest comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," which has recently been produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in London. In the first act old Aleck Wylie and his three sons sit up to catch a burglar, who turns out to be an ambitious young railway porter, whose only object is to study the books which the Wylies own but cannot themselves read. There is a family conclave, and finally it is agreed that the Wylies will help Shand, the porter, to complete his education on condition that he will marry Maggie Wylie at the end of five years. Shand goes ahead amazingly, enters Parliament, and is soon recognized as a coming man. But he redeems his pledge to Maggie, who is the possessor of rare humor—a quality of which he is entirely destitute—and soon proves herself of inestimable value by putting the needed spice of wit into his speeches. When he is about to become a cabinet minister, he falls in love with a fine lady, who responds to his passion, and little Maggie is temporarily neglected. But she leaves the lovers to their own devices, and Shand soon discovers that in losing his wife he would lose all. So a reconciliation is effected between them, and Maggie tells him the secret that every woman knows, namely, that Eve was made, not out of Adam's rib, but his funny-bone. Miss Hilda Trevelyan played the part of Maggie with great success. Next favorite to her was Gerald Du Maurier.

The present success in this city of F. Molnar's play, "The Devil," is a striking illustration of the value of advertising, although it does not reflect much credit upon the discrimination of the community. The piece is not distinguished in anything except its audacity in disregarding the limits of good taste. One would have to search closely, indeed, in this clumsy, juvenile attempt to enlarge upon the Faust legend, to discover any evidence of psychologic insight or any special knowledge of human nature. The whole romance—stripped of its cheap diabolic mechanism—is of the commonest and tawdriest order. Nor are the defects of the play atoned for by any special excellence of performance. On the contrary, the actors in both representations are, with one or two exceptions, of very poor quality.

H. B. Irving, has engaged the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and will begin a season there in October. His first play will be "The Lyons Mail," followed by Justin Huntly McCarthy's new piece, "Cæsar Borgia." Mr. Irving is still giving his leading feminine characters to his wife, Dorothea Baird.

"Bellamy the Magnificent" is the title of a new comedy by Roy Horniman, which Sir Charles Wyndham promises to produce very soon.

Ludwig Stahl, court actor of Dresden, has died in his fifty-third year. Among his best-known rôles were Dr. Rank in "Nora" and Fürt Schuiski in "Demetrius."

Music.

Methodik des Klavierspiels. Von Xaver Scharwenka und August Spanuth. New York: Breitkopf & Härtel.

As long ago as 1841 Liszt wrote an essay on Paganini in which he declared that with that dazzling violinist the epoch of the virtuoso had come to an end, to be superseded by that of the interpreter. The instrumental acrobat has, however, continued to exist side by side with the interpreter of the masters, but his days seem now to be numbered. The piano acrobat, in particular, can no longer hold his own with the instruments of the pianola type which enable everybody to execute the most difficult music with a smoothness he cannot hope to rival. He is perforce compelled to become an interpreter, in which capacity the mechanical instrument, in its present state of development, is still easily surpassed. The piano teacher, too, must mend his ways. It no longer suffices to teach pupils the tricks of technique; they must be initiated (as few now are) into the secret rites of the great artists who make execution a mere means to the expression of emotions.

The pianoforte "methods" of the future will be affected by the altered situation; they will give less space to five-finger exercises and more to a consideration of those things which make playing worth while. The "Methodik" of Scharwenka and Spanuth shows which way the wind is blowing. While questions of technique are by no means ignored, they are subordinated to problems of expression. The "Methodik" is obviously intended chiefly for teachers who wish to keep abreast of the times. The authors, in view of the fact that "mere technical bravura for bravura's sake scarcely finds a public any more, while, on the contrary, the mental element in piano playing is decidedly favored," take pains to indicate how the mind must be brought into play from the beginning. The engagement of a cheap, second-rate teacher for beginners may prove fatal to the pupil's chances, because, as the authors make clear (p. 125), a certain attitude of attention, of using the mind, must be taught from the very first lesson. As a matter of course, they strongly condemn the practice (though it has been sanctioned by Kalkbrenner and D'Albert) of reading a book while the fingers play their exercises. Even athletes, they point out, know that mere mechanical bending and stretching of the limbs does not strengthen the muscles, but that there must be behind each movement an intense wish to attain such a result. How much more, then, is an alert, attentive mind needed in piano playing, where the muscular movements are so much more complicated and subtle.

A poor teacher is he who does too much for his pupils. They should be accustomed, nay, forced, to use their own mind every moment. The best way to do this—and at the same time to mitigate the monotony of technical practice—is to give them a mere skeleton of the exercises, compelling them to fill out the details themselves. They should be made to try to find the correct pace for each piece unaided, to study the music away from the piano; in short, to "spiritualize the technical practice":

> If there are still persons who think that long hours of practising tend to stupefy the mind, it is because they have not learned to use the mind while exercising.

If in the vast army of players there were more who knew how to practise, more would attain to the rank of colonels and generals. The most encouraging thing about the incessant practice required by a pianist is that if he has learned his scales and passage work so thoroughly that they have become part and parcel of his muscles and nerves, he can thereafter give his attention

chiefly to the fugues of Bach, the études of Chopin, Liszt, and other masters, which entertain the mind while providing an unsurpassed sporting ground for nimble fingers.

To the uninitiated the act of producing a tone on the piano seems as simple as that of hitting a nail with a hammer; and so it is, if it is done without an admixture of brains. With brains it becomes an act so complex and subtle that it reveals the personality of the player almost as plainly as the face does. With the aid of the pedal, the correct and subtle use of which is also a function of the brain—"the study of a lifetime," as Chopin said—the modern pianist gifted with a varied touch can recall the tones of orchestral instruments and even suggest their volcanic power in combination. It was not always so. When Philip Emanuel Bach wrote his "Essay on the True Way of Playing the Piano" (1753) he devoted nearly one-half of it to what were called *Manieren*, that is, ornaments. These ornaments were needed as a substitute for the fulness of tone which the tinkling instruments of that time lacked. As the pianos improved, the tone grew not only fuller, but louder or softer, as desired. And this brings us to what is perhaps the most suggestive and important section of the book we are reviewing. The authors emphatically repudiate the notion so often advanced that the increasing loudness of modern music is an indication of the coarsening of taste. It is just the other way. The greater the tone volume of an instrument, the greater also are the possibilities of shading; and in the utilization of these infinite gradations of tone lies one of the greatest advances of modern music over that of the centuries preceding the nineteenth. On this subject the authors discourse eloquently and persuasively, as also on the corresponding change which has taken place in the utilizing by modern composers and players of the infinite gradations and modifications of tempo. The often misrepresented tempo rubato is not sufficiently discussed; nor is the magic of the pedal. But apart from that, we have nothing but the highest praise for the volume.

The Metropolitan Opera House will open November 16 with a performance of "Aïda." The season will last twenty weeks. The new operas will be D'Albert's "Tiefland," in German; Catalani's "La Wally," Puccini's "Le Villi," and Tchaikovsky's "La Dame di Picche" in Italian; Laparra's "Habanera," in French; and Smetana's "Die Verkaufte Braut," in German. The revivals will be Massenet's "Manon," in French, and Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" and Verdi's "Falstaff," in Italian. In addition it is also the intention of the management to give grand opera in English. For this purpose the sole rights have been secured to Frederick S. Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," Engelbert Humperdinck's "Children of the King," and Carl Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth." During the year there will be special performances on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, consisting principally of revivals of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner. Parsifal will also have two or three representations. Gustav Mahler and Alfred Hertz will again head the list of conductors. In addition, Arturo Toscanini of the Teatro alla Scala, in Milan, has been engaged, and Francesco Spetrino of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. The orchestra will be enlarged by the addition of fifty-five musicians to the already established organization of seventy-five players. Jules Speck, for many years the stage director of the Grand Opera in Paris, will have charge of the French and Italian operas; Anton Schertel of the German operas. The singers are:

Sopranos—Ester Adaberto, Frances Alda, Emmy Destinn, Emma Eames, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Fornia, Olive Fremstad, Johanna Gadski, Bernice James, Felicie Kaschowska, Marie Mattfeld, Berta Morena, Marie Rappold, Marcella Sembrich, Lenora Sparkes.

Mezzo-sopranos and contraltos — Clara Boehm, Marianne Flahaut, Maria Gay, Louise Homer, Helen Mapleson, Matja van Niessen-Stone, Mary Ranzenberg, Henrietta Wakefield, Paula Woehning.

Tenors—Angelo Bada, Julius Bayer, Alessandro Bonci, Alois Burgstaller, Carl Burrian, Enrico Caruso, Stephen Delwary, Rinaldo Grassi, Carl Jörn, Walter Koch, Riccardo Martin, Ariodante Quarti, Albert Reiss, Erik Schmedes, Giuseppe Tecchi.

Baritones—Pasquale Amato, Bernard Beque, Giuseppe Campanari, Otto Goritz, Fritz Feinhals, Eduardo Missiano, Adolph Muhlmann, Jean Note, Antonio Scotti, Walter Soomer.

Bassos—Paul Ananian, Robert Blass, Enzo Bozzano, Adamo Didur, Allen Hinckley, Conretto Paterna, Giulio Rossi, Erik Schubert, Herbert Waterous, Herbert Witherspoon.

The season at the Manhattan Opera House, under the management of Oscar Hammerstein, will open November 9, with "La Tosca." Mr. Hammerstein promises to produce the following operas:

In French—"Salome," "Thaïs," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Les Contes d'Hoffman," "Grisélidis," "Princesse d'Auberge," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Manon," "Samson et Dalila," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," "Faust" and "Carmen."

In Italian—"Othello," "Falstaff," "Aïda," "Les Huguenots," "The North Star," "Dolores," "Siberia," "Andrea Chenier," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "La Sonnambula," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Barber of Seville," "La Bohême," "La Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," "Linda di Chamounix," "A Masked Ball," "Il Trovatore," "Ernani," "Crispino e la Comare," "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The full list of the singers as announced in the prospectus is:

Sopranos—Melba, Tetrazzini, Garden, Labia, Espinasse, Agostinelli, Tancreda, Trentini, Ponezano, Zepilli, Severina, Koèlling, and Eva Campanini-Tetrazzini.

Mezzo-sopranos and contraltos—Gerville-Réache, Doria, and Mariska-Aldrich.

Tenors—Zenatello, Dalmores, Taccani, Vallés, Colombini, Paroli, Venturini, and Montanari.

Baritones—Renaud, Sammarco, Gilbert, Dufranne, Perier, Polese, and Crabbe.

Bassos—Arimondi, Vieulle, and de Segurola.

Signor Cleofonte Campanini will again be in charge of the productions, and will have the same assistants as last season—Parelli and Charlier. On the first night "La Tosca" will serve to introduce to the New York public Mme. Labia, who has made such a hit in "Das Tiefland" in Berlin. Mlle. Gerville-Réache will be the Dalila and M. Dalmores the Samson in the first production on November 11, of Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila." For this event Mr. Hammerstein promises the full choral strength of both the Manhattan and the new Philadelphia Opera House, with an augmented orchestra of 100. A production which is certain to be of interest is that of Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Mary Garden in the title part originally arranged for a tenor, and with Renaud, Gilibert, and Hector Dufranne as the three monks. Besides the operas in which she was heard last season, Mme. Tetrazzini will sing in "The North Star," "The Barber of Seville," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "La Sonnambula." About the middle of December Mme. Melba will appear as Desdemona in "Otello." Zenatello will sing the title rôle, and Renaud will make his first appearance in New York as Iago.

Herman Klein has arranged an elaborate series of concerts at the Deutsches Theater in this city, beginning October 4, and ending March 21. Thirty-one singers have been engaged, twenty-two pianists, eleven solo violinists, eight solo 'cellists, and the Adamowski, the New York, and the Maud Powell trios; and the Altschuler-Bernstein, the Flonzaley, the Hugo Herrman, the Lekeu, the Olive Mead, and the Schubert quartets. Among the pianists will be Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Miss Augusta Cottlow, Mr. and Mrs. Josef Lhévinne, and Mme. Antoinette Szumowska. The violinists include: Timothée Adamowski, Willy Hess, Miss Olive Mead, Mme. Maud Powell, and Mr. and Mrs. Petschnikoff and Albert Spalding.

Sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts have been planned for the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, and the eight evening concerts will be given on Tuesdays instead of Saturdays. There will also be a Beethoven cycle on six Thursdays, beginning February 4. The nine symphonies will be played. The hundredth birthday of Mendelssohn will be celebrated January 30 and February 3.

Plans for the fifty-first annual festival of the Worcester, Mass., Musical Association in Mechanics Hall, September 28 to October 2, are completed. The choral works to be presented are Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," and Sir Edward Elgar's dramatic cantata "Caractacus." Among the artists engaged are: Soprano, Mme. Jeanne Jomelli; mezzo-soprano, Miss Lilla Ormond; contralto, Mme. Louise Homer; tenors, George Hamlin and Daniel Beddoe; baritones, Emilio de Gorgoza and Reinald Warrenrath; bass, Frederic Martin; pianist, Miss Augusta Cottlow; violincellist, Miss May Mukle. Franz Kneisel will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of sixty pieces, and Dr. Arthur Mees will conduct the choral works.

Max Fielder, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will bring from Hamburg several musical novelties, among which is an overture by Max Reger, which will be performed for the first time in this country by the Boston Orchestra.

Louis Varney, a composer of comic operas, has died in Paris at the age of sixty-four. He studied with his father, Pierre-Josepb-Alphonse Varney, also a composer, who set to music the "Cbant des Girondins," by Dumas. The younger Varney began his career in 1876, and since then he has been very prolific. His best known work is probably "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent." His three-act operetta, "Les Forains" (Paris, 1894) was given at Vienna as "Olympia" (1895) and at Berlin as "Die Gaukler" (1895). Other productions of his are "Le Pompier de service" (1897) and "Les Demoiselles des Saint-Cyriens" (1898).

Justin Clérice, the French composer of light operas and ballets, died at Toulouse September 10. He was born in Buenos Ayres in 1863 and studied at tbe Conservatoire de Paris. He composed "Le Meunier d'Alcala" (1887), "Figarella" (1887), "M. Huchot" (1889), "Au Pays noir" (1891), "Les Hussards" (1894), "Pbrynette" (1895), "Léda" (1896), "Vercingétorix" (1900), "Fête à Rome" (1900), "Les Petites vestales" (1901), "Ordre de l'empereur" (1903), "Au Temps jadis" (1905), "Mimosa" (1905), "Les Filles Jackson & Cie," (1906), and "Timbre d'or (1906).

Art.

Historic Houses and Their Gardens. Edited by Charles Francis Osborne. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $6.

This work, comprising chapters by many authors, offers a variety that is almost magazine-like. Not only are examples presented from the ends of the earth—India and Spain, England and Mississippi—but the points of view are widely different. The limitations of the title also permit the history of old families and the entertaining gossip which goes so naturally with the pictures of palaces in P. H. Ditchfield's articles.

It is curious to note how these old buildings lead the observer to history, whether he be writer or reader. It is this suggestion, and the perception that the charm of old places is a subtle product of time and growth, that brings one to a better understanding of their art. The greatest value of such a work as this lies, indeed, in an aspect of its subject which is almost incidental. The demand for these books upon houses and gardens comes from people who are interested in the old art, because they are ambitious for new efforts. They want to make houses and gardens of their own, and are not so much concerned with the family records of the Verneys or of Philip II. of Spain as they are with the marvellous expression which, in the course of years, perhaps centuries, of construction and reconstruction, such old families managed to procure for their thoughts and feelings. These desires of the reader are recognized by Frank Miles Day in an interesting introduction. He goes directly to the theory of the garden, and points out in these illustrations certain valuable principles. The relations between house and garden are, in fact, well exemplified here; and some of the chapters deal very helpfully with the problem both of things to be expressed and methods of expression. Anne H. Dyer, for example, in describing the Iris Garden at Horikiri, gives an excellent comment upon what she terms the "significance" of the garden and of the expression of that significance in conventional terms. The articles by E. B. Havell upon the gardens of the Taj Mahal and Indian gardens, and that by A. D. F. Hamlin upon ancient Roman country houses are notes by expert observers of garden art. The "Gardens of the Villa Lante," by George Walter Dawson, is also a good description fortified by intelligent comment, in which the art of garden-making is well distinguished from imitation of nature. There are thus scattered through the volume many welcome suggestions; and the appreciative reader may find in this rather bewildering abundance material for deductions which a work of narrower scope would not afford. The use of terraces and steps, shelters and balustrades, pools, fountains, and conventional walks, brilliant color in artificial groups contrasted with masses of simple natural foliage; above all, the need of ideas and of symbolic expression of them—all these things, illustrated in a variety of examples, will appeal to the reader who can draw inferences.

Some of the articles which do not involve the problems of the garden are also noteworthy. Even when the mansion or palace may be too exceptional to serve as a precedent, the matter may still be stimulating. The illustrations are half-tones, which make no pretence to artistic value of their own, but which are the most sympathetic and suitable means of illustrating this subject.

Charles H. Caffin has done a very good piece of work in his "Cbild's Guide to Pictures" (The Baker & Taylor Co.). It is an attempt to explain the artist's point of view—what he means by composition, tone, values, etc.—what he is really trying to do apart from the illustration of a subject. And this attempt, in spite of an imperfect sympathy with the more formal side of art as compared with its picturesque qualities, is so well carried out that one feels inclined to advise Mr. Caffin to submit his book to some slight revision—relieving it of an occasional air of condescension which reminds one of the "now my dear children" of tbe Sunday school superintendent—and address it to an older audience which might well profit by a study of it. There are few adults, not professional artists or closely associated with art, who know all that Mr. Caffin tells the children—few that would not find tbeir appreciation of the real qualities of painting stimulated and clarified by close attention to what be has to say. Of such slight defects as we have observed we shall note but a single case, where the fault is presumably that of the publisher ratber than tbe author. It is a pity that Mr. Caffin's very intelligent and appreciative remarks on Millet's Sower should be illustrated by a reproduction not of the painting, but of a drawing or pastel wbich differs widely from the definitive composition. The discrepancies are sure to puzzle all but the initiated.

The latest issue of George Newnes's series of Drawings of the Masters (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) is devoted to "The Drawings of Rembrandt." Tbe fifty-one plates are well reproduced and well selected, though, of course, one misses many old favorites. Plate vi., in which a Raising of Lazarus has been scrawled over and altered into an Entombment bas a special interest. Here we bave one vision of the great seer superimposed upon and obliterating another. Another drawing that has been much altered in the course of execution, though without change of subject, is that reproduced in Plate xxix., and bere called, we know not on what authority, Christ Restoring Sight. Assuredly it represents Job and his Friends, and it has been published under that title. It is much to be regretted tbat no indication is given of the whereabouts of the originals—a negligence that makes identification difficult and sometimes renders it uncertain whetber the drawing reproduced is the same as that mentioned in the text by Malcolm Bell, especially as he deals with the general subject ratber tban witb particular designs.

"Die Kleinmeister," by Hans Wolfgang Singer, is the latest addition to tbe Künstler-Monographien, edited by H. Knackfuss (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing).

The four pictures bequeatbed by tbe late Martin Colnaghi to the National Gallery of London are now in place: Tbe Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Antbony of Padua, signed and dated "Lorenzo Lotto 1521"; Philip Wouwerman's Tbe Bobemians, which fetched £105 at the Pourtalès sale in 1826; Gainsborough's Tbe Bridge; and Aart van der Neer's Dawn. Mr. Colnagbi left an estate tbe personalty of which is valued at £79,880. The residue of his property goes to his wife, and on her death to the National Gallery—for purchasing pictures with tbe income.

A number of pictures from tbe collection of the late Charles Drouet have by his bequest gone to the art galleries of Paris. Tbe Louvre bas received Murillo's Le Prisonnier, five landscapes by Constable, six by Turner, a Venice scene by Bonington, and various Japanese works. The Luxembourg gets a Whistler and a Carolus Duran; the Print Department of the Bibliotbèque Nationale, bis portrait *à l'eau-forte* by Wbistler; and the École Nationale des Beaux-Arts, bis collection of drawings by old masters.

Raphael's Transfiguration has been removed from its place in tbe Vatican Pinacoteca, wbere it was placed by Pope Pius VII. in 1815, to the fine suite of rooms recently set aside by the present Pope to be used as a new gallery. Heretofore not more than fifty visitors were admitted:

at once to see the masterpiece in its cramped quarters. It is now in an excellent position.

Archibald D. Reid, Scotch painter of landscapes and portraits, has died at the age of sixty-four. His art education was at the Royal Scottish Academy and under Julien in Paris.

Prof. Lodovico Seitz, director of the Vatican museums, died at Albano, September 10.

Finance.

THE DECLINE IN THE COST OF LIVING.

On July 1, 1897, average prices of commodities touched the lowest figure of our times; on June 1, 1907, they touched the highest figure. The London *Economist's* "index number" for the one date was 1,885; for the other, 2,601. The "index number" for September 1 was 2,168, and a moment's comparison will reveal the fact that in the fifteen months since June, last year, more than half of the average enhancement of values since 1897 has been cut off.

This somewhat sensational result may possibly appear more important than it actually is; for the September "index number," although much lower than that of June, last year, is nevertheless no lower than that of as recent a date as midsummer, 1905, and represents a much higher level of prices than had prevailed before that time. In other words, any study of decline in commodity prices, since the reaction of 1907, must take into account the abnormal rise during the era of speculation which began in the middle of 1905 and did not culminate until early in 1907. It has often been pointed out that the advance in average prices, in that two-year period of extravagant living and turbulent markets, was as great as in the whole of the eight-year period which preceded. In this respect, the rise after the middle of 1905 resembles the similar rise in the two-year interval just before the panics of 1873 and 1857. On both those occasions, as in the case of 1907, it was rash speculation in the necessaries of life, undue pressure upon consumers, and consequent exhaustion of capital resources, which brought about financial collapse and widespread industrial readjustment. People who nowadays talk, as E. H. Harriman has lately been doing in his speeches on the Pacific Coast, about the "senseless panic of last October," and who explain that the foolishness of a few bank depositors was the only cause of it, merely display their own ignorance of economic law.

But whether the decline in prices since June of 1907 be regarded as a setback in a prolonged and general movement towards higher cost of living, or whether it merely means that the bubble of industrial inflation is pricked, the essential fact remains that this month's "index number" showed reduction, in the forty-seven commodities from which it is compiled, of 14 per cent. from September, 1907, and of nearly 17 per cent. from the June maximum of that year. Yet most people will ask whether cost of living, to the average man, has declined as much as that. The average man, except where he is buying less in quantity, finds household expenses very close to what they were a year ago.

But if this is so, then what becomes of the 14 per cent. decrease? The answer is, that prices have fallen in lines of merchandise of which the average consumer purchases little, and have not declined at all in lines where he buys much. At present iron is 21 per cent. below last September; tin, 20 per cent.; copper, 25 per cent. But these commodities do not figure largely in monthly household bills. Flour, however, is nearly 9 per cent. higher than a year ago this month; beef nearly 25 per cent.; corn, 31 per cent.; and even oats sell only a trifle below the abnormally high price of last September. Clearly, the bills of the householder will be affected more by a change in price of these food products than of the basic metals. Cheap copper may help an electrical factory or a street railway enterprise, and cheap iron may make construction of bridges or machinery or city buildings much easier. But the plain consumer benefits only indirectly.

The reason why the food-products referred to, and with them meats and vegetables in general, have actually advanced while commodity values as a whole have been falling rapidly, is plain enough. Despite the inflation of commercial markets in 1905 and 1906, the world produced such unprecedented cereal crops that in that direction the rise was at least arrested. Since 1906, however, nature has not been kind to us. The world's yield of wheat in 1907, for instance, was nearly 10 per cent. short of 1906, and was much the smallest harvest in five years. The abnormal weather which brought about these conditions affected nearly all other food products; the result was not only a higher range of prices for such commodities during 1907, but so scanty a supply is left over from last year, that only a very abundant yield in 1908 could have sufficed to restore equilibrium. Instead of such ample yield, the whole world's wheat crop is now estimated as smaller even than that of 1907. Of the prime necessities of life, almost the only one the price of which has followed that of the raw materials of the metal trades is cotton and cotton goods. Cotton sells to-day on the open market more than 25 per cent. lower than a year ago; print cloth, the basic fabric of the trade, is lower by 40 per cent., and wholesale dry goods merchants have for months been reporting cuts of 25 to 50 per cent. in the price of dry goods generally. How much of this reduction has been allowed to filter through to the buyer of clothing for himself and family is a question which perhaps the autumn trade at the department stores will answer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alcott, Louisa M.: Spinning Wheel Stories. Silver Pitchers. Proverb Stories. Garland for Girls. Illustrated by Ethel Pennewill Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Auerbach's Brigitta. Edited by J. Howard Gore. Ginn. 40 cents.

Barnes-Grundy, Mabel. Hilary on Her Own. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Bain, F. W. An Incarnation of the Snow. Translated from the Original Manuscript. Putnams.

Brevard, Caroline Mays. Literature of the South. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Brighenti, Eliseo. Crestomazia Neoellenica. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Bullock, Charles Jesse. Introduction to the Study of Economics. Silver, Burdett.

California Earthquake of April 18, 1906. Report of the Earthquake Investigation Commission. Vol. I., Parts I. and II. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Carrel, Frederic. The Methods of Mr. Ames. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Illustrated by Millicent Sowerby. Duffield. $1.25.

Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of Roman Villas. (The Renaissance). Putnams.

Coerne, Louis Adolphe. The Evolution of Modern Orchestration. Macmillan. $3.00 net.

Corelli, Marie. Holy Orders: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Coulton, G. G. Chaucer and His England. Putnams.

Cowden-Clarke, Mary. Shakespeare Proverbs or the Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet. Collected into a Modern Instance. Putnams.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908

The Week.

In the West, Mr. Bryan was at pains to prove that he was Mr. Roosevelt's sole heir. In the East, he is now arguing that the inheritance is not worth having. "What has the President done?" was the note to which Mr. Bryan tuned his Buffalo speech of Monday. Has he imprisoned a "Trust magnate"? Has he "disturbed the Steel Trust"? Has he "done anything to punish the Standard Oil"? Can he, in short, "escape his own record"? Mr. Bryan apparently foresees the answer and the inference. If *he* is sent to the White House, "Trust magnates" will languish in chains, and no Trusts as yet "undisturbed" will be allowed to rest in fancied security. How will he do this with a necessarily hostile Senate? First, by that simple and easy plan of prohibiting corporations from controlling more than 50 per cent. of the country's output; second, by showing triumphantly, to the Republican Senate, that "'Shall the people rule?' is declared by our platform to be the overshadowing issue in this campaign." No Senate, he argues, would dare to defeat a measure that was so urged. This strikes us as mere buncombe, and the only really significant thing about it is Bryan's plain declaration of his own intended rôle as the arch-agitator. President Roosevelt, it seems, has done nothing at all; and to the best of his ability Mr. Bryan undermines ex-Secretary Olney's argument that, whatever happens, the Republican Senate will stand in the way of Bryan's schemes.

Richard Olney's statement on the issues of the campaign, in the New York *World* of September 17, is largely an argument that the reckless and radical policies of the Republican party call for rebuke, and for the transfer of power to the Democrats. On this proposition, taken alone, we hardly need say that Mr. Olney's reasoning is strong. But when he affirms that the defeat of Mr. Taft and the election of Mr. Bryan would "do much toward bringing to their senses the ultra-radical elements of both parties," we wholly fail to follow him. Mr. Olney himself has no little trouble with Bryan's personality, and all that he is able to say regarding that agile candidate is in the nature of apology for radicalism. Of Mr. Bryan's ardent championship of the immunity of labor unions from the legal responsibility incurred by other people, Mr. Olney remarks:

> It is not unthinkable that Mr. Bryan's habits, training, and career have not qualified him to wisely estimate the true place and the vital importance of the injunction power as vested in English and American courts.

Of the government ownership fad, we are told that Bryan's declaration of 1906 has "the redeeming feature of demonstrating that Bryan at least has the courage of his convictions"—a statement, by the way, which must have been written before the candidate's recent effort to get away from his earlier position by declaring that he never meant to take it. The gist of the whole argument, as regards the Democratic nominee, is that circumstances will probably so far chain him down, in case of his election, that he can do no harm. This argument, of which one hears much, does not impress us. To elect a dangerous man to the highest office because we will somehow be able to check his activities, is not to apply the rules of common sense. Mr. Olney, a stanch defender of sound money, has no word to say on Bryan's past vagaries on that subject. For ourselves, we regard that part of Bryan's history as fundamentally important. Increased production of gold may well have obliterated free coinage of silver as a practical issue, but it does not obliterate the mental qualities which have led Mr. Bryan into vehement support of this and nearly every other unsound theory of the currency. With what Mr. Olney has to say on the desirability of a check to one-party domination in the United States, we are cordially in agreement. The Opposition party, however, is bound to propose a safe and proper candidate as the alternative to such domination.

Mr. Bryan, in his statement at Philadelphia last week, failed to give that full and frank declaration of the new Bryan's attitude on the old Bryan's economic vagaries which the occasion seems to require. Does Mr. Bryan still hold, for instance, his former belief in free coinage of silver whenever political sentiment seems to favor it? We cannot tell. "The money question," Mr. Bryan says, "has been taken out of politics because of the unexpected discoveries of gold." What seems to rankle particularly, however, is not the charge of silence on his old beliefs, but the charge of shiftiness. Mr. Taft "accuses me," the interview proceeds, "of being changeable and abandoning issues," a phrase which suggests government ownership of railways. On this, we are informed, the new Bryan and the old Bryan are one. Neither wanted it. "I do not desire government ownership"; all that Mr. Bryan ever said was that "government ownership will follow if the railways prevent regulation." Is it so? Who was it, then, that declared in Madison Square Garden, on August 30, 1906, "I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials"—adding, by way of broader elucidation, "I prefer to see only the trunk lines operated by the Federal government and the local lines by the several State governments"? If this was the language of a statesman shaken with regret at a catastrophe which he felt himself helpless to avert, one must admit that the words were singularly ill chosen.

Mr. Taft's excellent address to the negroes in Cincinnati last week will win him many votes. He is indubitably friendly to the colored people, but he has lately been put in what he regards as a false position toward them. Although his friends have declared that he was not in sympathy with the President's injustice to the three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, accused at Brownsville, and the story has been industriously circulated among the negroes that he would have resigned from the Cabinet in consequence of it but for his duty to the Philippines and Cuba, his lips have, owing to his loyalty to President Roosevelt, been sealed on that point. Mr. Taft has been unfortunate, too, in some of his utterances, as on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Tuskegee,

when he appeared to approve of the nullification of the war-time amendments; and elsewhere when he committed himself so thoroughly to industrial training for the blacks and opposed their higher education—a position hateful to those who rightly refuse to accept any limitations on the intellectual aspirations of the race. On that question Mr. Taft has seen the light, and he manfully admitted his error last week. Furthermore, Mr. Taft pointed out that the best cure for race barbarism, whether North or South, is enforcement of law and the punishment of guilty officials who permit the flouting of justice. As to mob crimes, Judge Taft spoke in the following vigorous fashion:

> I don't know that the race bitterness is any stronger to-day than it ever was. For a length of time it seems to be altogether abated, and then there will be an outbreak, a mob will be formed, developing the most fiendisb cruelty, manifesting itself in the blindest and most unreasonable assaults upon perfectly innocent people simply because of tbeir color. It is only fair to say that such brutish exbibitions are not confined to any one section. It is impossible to read accounts of this sort without baving one's blood boil with indignation that tbere can reside in the human breast such a savage and beastly impulse and motive.

Did any one ever hear anything like this from Mr. Bryan's lips? No; the Southern delegations have made that impossible.

At the same time, we are not without sympathy for the general principles avowed by those colored men, like Prof. W. E. B. DuBois and the Rev. J. M. Waldron, who have announced their intention of voting for Mr. Bryan. They argue with much force that the political solidarity of any race or group of citizens is harmful to them; and that the division of the negro vote would be an advantage to the political parties as well as to the negro. The fact that the negroes have heretofore voted blindly, in a mass, for the Republican ticket has led that organization to look with indifference upon their wrongs. There have even been symptoms of late that the leaders were beholding with calmness the ousting of the negro from portions of the Republican party in the South. Many times, we believe, the negro would have done better for himself in the South had he on local and State issues abandoned precedent and voted for high-minded Democratic nominees. In Ohio and parts of the Middle West negroes hold the balance of power. If they but learn to vote for men who best live up to their ideals and carry out promises, they will have taken a long step forward politically. Yet admitting that a division of the negro vote may be desirable, we cannot see that the national Democratic party offers at present any strong inducements to the negroes.

Alton B. Parker, at the New York State Democratic Convention last week, exposed the weak joint in James S. Sherman's armor. In the days when nobody dreamed that Sherman could ever aspire to any place higher than a seat in the House of Representatives—that is, in 1906—he was chairman of the Congressional Committee. One of his chief duties was to raise funds, and, "as had his predecessors of old," he went down "into Wall Street to get the money with which to 'influence' the doubtful districts." In fine, Mr. Sherman was the chief "fat-fryer" in 1906. But the business of fat-frying has fallen on evil days, and the men who were formerly engaged in it are no longer regarded as disinterested patriots. The revelations as to the extent to which the insurance companies and other large corporations contributed to the support of parties and received their money's worth in the form of legislation have filled voters with a profound disgust at the partnership between finance and politics. Mr. Sherman, of course, is no worse than others of the school to which he belongs; but if the Democrats care to dwell on this aspect of his career, they can turn votes from the Republican ticket, especially in the West, where radicalism is strong, and in those parts of the East where the feeling of hostility to capital runs high.

Lieut.-Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler's qualifications for the Governorship of New York are largely negative. He is of good family, education, and instincts; he is not unpopular, but he is inclined to be unstable. He has held aloof from the bosses; in his present inconspicuous office he has been free from offensive partisanship. After all, however, he is an untried young man, whose good intentions must be balanced against a record and a personality like those of Gov. Hughes. Mr. Chanler will make a good fight, because even negative virtues will be welcomed by many Democrats who had expected the worst at the hands of Murphy and Conners. Reëstablished harmony in the Democratic party, as opposed to a certain amount of lingering anti-Hughes sentiment among the little Republican bosses, will also help him. Over Mr. Chanler's probable running-mates we can rise to no particular height of enthusiasm or disapproval. An emphatic exception, however, is Comptroller Martin H. Glynn, whose record is one of commendable zeal and effectiveness. No one who votes for Hughes should hesitate to support Glynn against Mr. Barnes's man, Charles H. Gaus.

While Americans are absorbed in the progress and future of the Panama Canal, European newspapers are giving serious thought to Mexico's interoceanic Tehuantepec railway, which, after a year of limited service for American traffic, is thrown open this month to international trade. The success of this line will, it is confidently asserted, measure, in some degree, that which the Panama Canal may attain; and there seem to be good reasons for this belief. The road, which is more than 500 miles north of Colon, connects the new Atlantic port, Puerto Mexico, with Salina Cruz, on the Pacific. It is less than 200 miles long, and the terminals are equipped with the best facilities for docking and loading. English, German, and American steamship lines already touch at the two ports, and the Hamburg-American Line has just begun sending fast passenger steamers to Puerto Mexico. Nobody supposes that the railway will prove a serious rival to the "big ditch" at the Isthmus; for the cost of breaking and making cargo is too great. But any considerable tonnage over its tracks during the next five years will augur well for that day when the first steamer voyages from Colon to Panama.

When British and German workingmen join in a demonstration of international good-will as on Sunday at Berlin, they do more to reassure the friends of peace than Kaiser's or Chancellor's oft-expressed vows of pacific aspiration. For there is never an Imperial statement in favor of international amity without its discouraging qualification. Yes, we want peace, but you must not touch our national honor or our legiti-

mate ambitions; you must not interfere with our high mission of civilizing the world, or with our future upon the seas. But the workingmen of England and of Germany, as of every other country on earth, know that such stirring labels as national honor, legitimate aspiration, and civilizing missions are likely to describe lust of Imperialism and passion for conquest. National dignity too often is synonymous with the dignity and interests of a ruling military caste, and too infrequently with the desires and interests of those who do the work of the world and pay the cost of its wars. We are not sanguine enough to believe that English or German politicians have lost their skill in creating artificial crises, or beclouding the minds of reasonable men with the fumes of a false "patriotism." But every interchange of friendship between the peace-loving masses of England and Germany must make it harder for the politicians to play their game.

It must be irritating to the German Chancellor to see the statistics of German colonization laid bare before the world in the cold type of such a publication as the Statesman's Year-Book. We are told that in the year 1907 the total number of persons who emigrated from Germany to Africa was 37. Germany thus presents the strange spectacle of a great empire reaching out for distant colonies while its teeming population clings with extraordinary tenacity to the fatherland. The influx to the United States sank to small proportions in the early part of the last decade, and even our years of unexampled prosperity failed to swell the tide. In the article "Brasilien," in the last edition of "Meyers Konversations-Lexikon," there is a survey of the flourishing German colonies in Brazil, whose population is put down at nearly half a million. But the emigration from Germany to that republic has come almost to an end, the annual figures having dwindled from over 5,000 in 1890 and 807 in 1902 to 167 in 1907. Nor does Argentina, with its boundless opportunities, lure the Teuton to make his abode under the southern constellations. If the extent of the emigration from a country be taken as a gauge of the contentment prevailing there, then the barometer afforded by German statistics indicates a remarkably equable condition of the public mind in the Empire and a satisfaction with the existing order which would appear to border on stolidity. In the years 1902 to 1907 the average number of emigrants was only 31,000, the greatest deflection from the average not exceeding 5,000. With a population of over 60,000,000 crowded into an area smaller than that of Texas, the German Empire at the present day is actually gaining more by immigration than it loses by emigration.

Maltreatment of soldiers by officers is not a specialty of the German army, but the cases there are numerous and are frequently serious enough to be brought before the military courts. In course of a recent trial in Berlin four officers were indicted for brutal conduct toward privates, leading in several cases to suicide. The soldiers are not only injured bodily by being hit with sticks and butts of rifles, but are made to perform degrading and nauseating acts, some of them too disgusting to be specified. Punishments are inflicted by officers who lack legal authority, and threats of violence are used against those who complain or turn informers. The discipline, at the same time, is so strict that any resistance on the part of the victims can be treated as mutiny. Col. Gädke expresses the opinion that this state of affairs, which is most pronounced in the Prussian army, is a survival among the officers of the feeling prevalent in the eighteenth century, when the mercenaries were the lowest social dregs, and Frederick the Great was right in saying that the soldier should fear his officer more than the enemy. According to a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, there have been thirty trials within the year of officers and warrant officers for grave cases of abuse. Some officers were accused of 229, 280, and 600 instances of brutality. The *Zeitung* complains, too, that in a considerable number of the cases the sentences bestowed were inadequate. Writing in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, Lieut.-Gen. von Litzmann declares emphatically that these tortures must be stopped, even if the sentences of wrong-doers have to be largely increased.

The misfortunes of Russia continue. Four years and three years ago it was war; three years and two years ago it was revolution; last year it was famine; now it is cholera. If you count in the loss of the flower of her eldest born whom she has sent to the scaffold, the mines, and the prison cell, the deliverance of Russia, if it ever comes, will be at an appalling price of blood. It is this loss of her ablest men that the plague-stricken country may soon come to regret. Should the cholera spread from the towns into the open country, it will find a fearful harvest. The Zemstvos, or provincial councils, which in previous epidemics did valiant work among the peasants, are now crippled and in incapable hands. The Zemstvo doctors and nurses constituted an important element in the revolutionary army; large numbers of them are dead, in exile, or in confinement. Inexperienced hands will have to carry on the work under the supervision of stupid and reactionary Zemstvo officials and government agents. In the cities the prisons are fearfully overcrowded; already typhoid epidemics have stirred to anxiety even the conscience of the government. What would happen if the cholera infection should penetrate to the prisons may easily be conjectured.

The distinction between home rule and autonomy which John Redmond would draw is hard to grasp, unless by autonomy the leader of the Irish Nationalist party means a gradual advance towards self-government for Ireland in contradistinction to the sharp governmental revolution we associate with the term Home Rule. Whether or not the process known as "devolution" will bring Home Rule to Ireland as soon as Mr. Redmond thinks—in the present generation—his cheerful testimony to the improvement in Ireland's economic condition shows that the primary sources of Irish discontent are steadily being exhausted. Land legislation is finally coming within sight of its goal—the transfer of the Irish soil to the Irish peasant; and the future of the island must come to be more and more in the hands of her own people. Emigration is still a heavy drain on the supply of labor. The population is still dwindling. But it is not to be supposed that the habit of expatriation, greatly accentuated during the last seventy years and more, shall disappear at once. The New Ireland, as Sydney Brooks calls it, is the problem of its youngest generation.

SENATOR FORAKER AND THE STANDARD OIL.

The letters from John D. Archbold to Senator Foraker which William R. Hearst read at Columbus, Ohio, and at St. Louis are thus far the sensation of the campaign. The final effect of these revelations it is impossible to foretell, but one or two results are apparent.

The first is that Senator Foraker must retire from politics. No explanation which he can offer will dispel the belief that he used his position as Senator to advance the interests of the Standard Oil Company. When the first batch of letters was published, he asserted:

> The employment had no reference whatever to anything pending in Congress or to anything in which the Federal government had the slightest interest.

But this defence is clearly enough destroyed by one of the later letters:

> 26 Broadway, Feb. 25, 1902.
>
> MY DEAR SENATOR: I venture to write you a word regarding the bill introduced by Senator Jones of Arkansas, known as "S. 649," intended to amend the act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies, introduced by him Dec. 4. It really seems as though this bill was very unnecessarily severe and even vicious.
>
> Is it not much better to test the application of the Sherman Act before resorting to a measure of this kind? I hope you will feel so about it, and I will be greatly pleased to have a word from you on the subject. The bill is, I believe, still in the committee. With kind regards I am, very truly yours, JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.
>
> Hon. J. B. Foraker, Washington, D. C.

It was only a month earlier—January 27, to be exact—that Mr. Archbold had written:

> MY DEAR SENATOR: Responding to your favor of the 25th, it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit for $50,000 per our understanding. Your letter states the conditions correctly, and I trust the transaction will be successfully consummated.

This $50,000, Mr. Foraker assures us, was a loan, subsequently returned, to enable Mr. Foraker and his friends to purchase the *Ohio State Journal*. "I applied to a number of friends," says Mr. Foraker, "to see if they would not make up the balance of the amount. Among others I applied to the Standard Oil Company." This statement may satisfy Mr. Foraker and his personal adherents, but, politically, it cannot help him in the least. Whether this $50,000, and the $29,500 which preceded it, were loans, legal retainers, or gifts outright, is all one so far as Mr. Foraker's constituents are concerned. In the interest of the Standard Oil Company he was watching, and apparently influencing, legislation at Columbus and Washington; at any rate, he was rendering services and at the same time was receiving thousands of dollars of pay from the Standard Oil and was borrowing thousands more. It is inconceivable that the electorate of Ohio will condone this, the very essence of political corruption.

The downfall of Foraker, one of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio, would seem bound to damage the national and State tickets there. The Democrats have nominated a strong man for Governor, Judson Harmon; and if copies of the letters of Mr. Archbold to Foraker are put into the hands of every voter, and if the campaign is in other ways conducted with ability, there will be no difficulty in making it appear that the Foraker-Cox wing of the organization has been subservient to the Standard Oil. The troubles of the Republicans will be much increased if Mr. Foraker adheres to his present intention of trying for reëlection to the Senate. Unless he gives way and a candidate free from all taint comes forward, the Republicans will justly be accused of participating in, or at least pardoning, his iniquities.

The injury to Mr. Taft in Ohio and, indeed, throughout the rest of the country will, of course, be lessened by the fact that he and President Roosevelt have for some time been hostile to Foraker; the policies which they have urged have been those which Mr. Foraker has most bitterly combated; and the nomination of Mr. Taft was obviously a defeat for the Republican "reactionaries"—the faction of which Foraker is one of the chieftains. These points are presented with great force in the statement which the President gave out Monday evening. The Archbold letters are there seized upon and displayed as overwhelming evidence that Foraker's opposition to the President's policies—and therefore Mr. Taft's policies—has been a piece of shameless insincerity, inspired and paid for by Standard Oil malice. Thus it is inevitable that, with considerable masses of voters, East and West, the motives of Mr. Foraker and of those Senators and Representatives who have fought the President at Washington will be pretty thoroughly discredited. However genuine and disinterested the conservatism of these persons, they will be suspected. On the other hand, the President and his followers loom up larger than ever as the only relentless enemies of the Standard Oil and other wicked corporations. And this impression is heightened by the letter from Mr. Taft which the President quotes. Mr. Taft's declaration, so long ago as July, 1907, that he did not care for the Presidency if it had "to come by compromise with Senator Foraker or any one else in a matter of principle," and that Mr. Foraker had "opposed the vital policies" of the Administration—all this is bound to increase the respect for Mr. Taft's wisdom and courage. It will also strengthen him in those very radical States—like Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas—where there have been doubts as to the completeness of Mr. Taft's devotion to the Roosevelt programme. In fine, the letters which have undone Foraker will, in many parts of the country, be a certificate of character for Mr. Taft.

The one embarrassment is the rather ostentatious reconciliation a few days ago between Taft and Foraker. That Mr. Taft's handshaking and his promise to speak from the same platform with Mr. Foraker were anything more than an attempt to patch up between the quarrelling Republicans of Ohio a *modus vivendi* till after election is improbable. Nevertheless Mr. Taft must now bitterly regret that he even seemed to meet Mr. Foraker half-way. The maintenance of his former attitude of aloofness would have been far more dignified, and, as the event proves, profitable. For even in politics the man who sticks rigidly for high principles and is not afraid of making and keeping enemies is often the one who wins the fight.

MR. TAFT AND HIS RELIGION.

The Democrats in the Middle West, it is increasingly apparent, are basing some of their high hopes on the quiet effort to stir up orthodox church-members against Mr. Taft because he is a Unitarian. The attack of the Methodists upon Mr. Cannon is an open appeal to their preachers to denounce from their pulpits the course of the Speaker; against Mr. Taft the movement is more insidious. It is a whispering campaign, accompanied by ardent personal appeals

not to let high heaven witness the seating in the White House of a man who denies the divine parentage of Jesus.

Nor is this dissatisfaction with Mr. Taft confined to the Methodists. Adherents of other evangelical denominations are becoming uneasy because — curiously enough—Mr. Taft is believed to be too friendly with Rome. It is remembered that as Governor-General of the Philippines he dealt with many questions in a way highly satisfactory to the Vatican, and that the purchase of the Catholic lands in the archipelago was on terms far more acceptable to the Church than to the Filipinos who had directed their successful revolution quite as much against the friars as against the Spanish authorities. Then, too, by Mr. Roosevelt's direction, Mr. Taft actually went to Rome in violation of all American precedents, to negotiate direct with the Vatican about these very lands. It is further recalled that Mr. Roosevelt was unfortunately involved in the attempt to obtain a cardinal's hat for Archbishop Ireland. For this the President, a spoiled darling, was readily forgiven; but the fear now expressed, honestly or dishonestly, is that Mr. Taft has been so long in training under his political creator as to make it likely that he, too, will appoint a Catholic to his Cabinet and adopt Mr. Roosevelt's methods of capturing Catholic votes. The fact is, however, that the Catholic interest in Mr. Roosevelt was due quite as much to the popular enthusiasm for his personality and the flattery of his attentions to Catholic authorities as to anything done for the Church itself. And the same thing may be said of his success in securing many Hebrew votes. Has he not a Straus as well as a Bonaparte in his Cabinet, and has he not recognized in innumerable ways the important position now occupied by Hebrews in our financial, political, and social life? If Mr. Taft is to be under suspicion because of Mr. Roosevelt's friendliness to Catholics, he should also be watched because the President is hail-fellow with the Jews.

But this argument is obviously too insincere and far-fetched to be worth elaborate refutation, though, unhappily, it is likely to catch the evangelical groundlings and no-popery fanatics of all kinds. The simple truth is that, with the glamour of Mr. Roosevelt's personality removed from the centre of the stage, men of all faiths are going to vote, as before, with less regard to the candidate as an individual and more for the things he stands for. This change we count, in general, a great gain. We look, however, with unmixed regret upon the entrance of the Methodists as a body into politics, whether their objective be a legislative barnacle, like Speaker Cannon, or any one else. Every one knows what an outcry would arise if the Catholic Church gave orders to its priests to read from their pulpits a flaming attack upon the most powerful official of the government next to the President. The best policy for all the sects and for the country itself is to avoid the use of ecclesiastical machinery for political propaganda.

As for Mr. Taft, since this is not the day of the fagot or the rack, we believe that, on the whole, the attempt to attack him because of his religion will react to his advantage. The facts about Mr. Taft's personal life are all known; there is not a shadow on it anywhere, not even the breath of a suspicion that he has ever been other than a clean-minded, clean-living American gentleman. He has put service to the state far above the pursuit of the almighty dollar; he has never attempted to conceal his beliefs, or to shift the responsibility for them, and he has, therefore, even won the unbounded respect of those who differ from him radically on political questions. The example of his upright life is of enormous benefit to the youth of the nation whether he has attended church four times a year or forty. This is no age to proscribe a man because he has played golf on Sunday, or because he believes in the religion of Emerson, of Channing, of Theodore Parker—in fine, because he is a member of a sect which has supplied leaders for all the great humanitarian movements of the last century. The mere effort to appeal to prejudice and bigotry will rally men to his side, if the matter interests them at all.

THE INSATIABLE ARMY.

With Congress nearly three months away and a Presidential campaign absorbing the country, the insatiable army boomers are already planning next winter's raid upon the Treasury. The Secretary of War is to ask for at last ten new regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and several companies of coast artillery; and it is hinted that President Roosevelt will make the same demand in his annual message. One hundred thousand men is the minimum strength desired, and the President is to prove that we must have this number in order to relieve our infantry, now compelled to spend too much time in Cuba and the Philippines, and in order to man the new coast defences at Manila and Honolulu. Even the present craze for aeronautics is to be a pretext for more soldiers: Congress is to hear that the Signal Corps, which deals with aeroplanes and balloons, must forthwith have more men and money.

Still another reason for more regiments is the already threatening block in promotions. The sudden expansion of the army in 1898 and 1901, and again in 1907, brought into service many young men who have gone ahead rapidly, not only because of the new regiments created, but because of the passing of the entire generation of civil war veterans who at the outbreak of the war with Spain filled the grades from major up. About 68 per cent. of our officers have had less than ten years' service, and with the older men retired, they see approaching the same block in promotion which resulted from filling the regular army with young men in 1866. In the infantry there is only one retirement for age between now and September, 1911; in the field artillery, none until 1913; and in the cavalry but two between now and 1912. Here is at once a plausible reason why more places should be created—to stimulate the flow of promotions. President Roosevelt can become as eloquent on the necessity of young colonels and majors and captains as he can about the crime of having admirals over fifty and battleship commanders above forty-six.

But this is not all. Nearly 600 officers are absent from their regiments or corps as recruiting officers, teachers, or students at West Point and the various graduate schools; instructors of the Cuban troops; officers of the Philippine Scouts and the Porto Rico regiment; members of the General Staff; attachés and students with foreign armies; employees of the Panama Canal Commission, etc. Beyond doubt, the discipline of the army and its efficiency suffer by reason of this absenteeism. Hence Con-

gress will be urged to provide 600 additional officers.

And finally there is the pay-roll. Last winter the army received 10 per cent. more pay for officers and 15 per cent. for the men—the first increase in forty years. But that is declared to be not enough. The two officers who lobbied this bill through Congress complain because the law of last winter did not provide automatic increase of pay for length of service in the case of officers above the rank of captain, and did not satisfy other minor demands.

Ordinarily, in times of business depression, it would seem to be the duty of Congress to curtail its expenses for military and naval purposes, particularly when there is not a cloud upon the horizon. It might be thought, too, when this peace-loving republic is devoting 70 per cent. of its outlay to army, navy, and pensions, that sacrifice would be sufficient. But no; the way to the Treasury has been thrown open to army and navy since 1898, and there is no disposition to let the path remain unused. Where is the thing to end? Mr. Taft seems not to understand the danger of these tendencies. He echoes glibly some of the military clap-trap of Mr. Roosevelt. Bryan has stood at times for the old American principles, only to weaken his position by donning a colonel's uniform in 1898, then by asserting that the army was increased in order to overawe the workingman, and now, by falling in with the mania for a big navy and by declaring through the Democratic platform that we must have an "adequate navy"—without, of course, defining "adequate." Nevertheless, here is an issue which must soon force itself on the public—our national balance-sheet will do that.

THE MODERATE SOCIALISTS.

Because the congress of German Socialists at Nuremberg was sharply divided on a question of parliamentary tactics, we are hardly warranted in looking upon the controversy as a "split" within the Social-Democratic party. Socialist congresses in Germany have quarrelled sharply before this, and gone their way in unity and peace. It will take time to disrupt the marvellous discipline of the German Socialists. The authority of old and tried leaders like Bebel, Singer, and Kautsky can be depended upon to prevail against radical innovations in party principles or practice; but it is no auspicious sign for the future that congress after congress of German Socialists should have to deal with such innovations and heresies. Evidently, the demand, within the party, for a policy that shall go beyond mere protest and criticism is growing. The elements that stand for compromise refuse to be silenced. The Revisionists, among whom Eduard Bernstein was most prominent, wished to modify the Marxian theory so as to make room within the Socialist party for other classes than the urban workingmen. That was a number of years ago, and Revisionism was placed under the official ban. But under another form the idea has again come up for consideration. The question under debate last week was whether Socialist Deputies in the various German legislatures shall continue to vote "No" on all government revenue measures. The Socialists of Baden and Bavaria have recently made a sharp departure by supporting the budgets of their respective governments; and for this Bebel has bitterly arraigned them.

The issue over which battle was joined at Nuremberg confronts the Socialists of every other country in which they have developed strength, including our own. It is natural that the younger generations of Socialism should chafe at the rôle of inactivity to which the orthodox tactics of the older leaders would confine them. The younger element finds it hard that a great party should hold its soul in patient expectation of a decisive victory that may not come for a half-century, when minor triumphs may be gained from day to day. The veterans, on the other hand, are sensitive to the dangers of compromise. Once you start on that facile descent, you will compromise and compromise till you land in the Avernus of middle-class log-rolling politics. Thus the Baden Socialists argued that by voting this year's budget they prevented the Clerical Centre from seizing control of the government. But to Bebel, Centre, Liberal, and Radical bear no different connotation. They are all a bourgeois, "reactionary mass."

Yet even Bebel has been forced at times to recognize the argument from expediency. Three years ago, when the example of Russia had made the hotheads among the German Socialists eager for a general strike which should break the power of conservatism in Prussia, Bebel fought with all his might against a measure which he believed would lead to civil war and repression. More recently, for the sake of expediency, he has declared that in case of war with France he is ready to march with gun and knapsack to the defence of the German frontier. Once you permit expediency to modify the rigor of revealed Socialist doctrine, the moderate faction cannot see why expediency should not be pleaded in behalf of a policy of gradual progress towards the ideal. There can be little doubt, then, that, as the old leaders pass away, in Germany as elsewhere, the tendency towards compromise in tactics, both in and out of the political sphere, must become accentuated. In Great Britain, for example, the veteran Hyndman still holds aloft the banner of uncompromising, revolutionary Socialism. But just one man of Hyndman's way of thinking, Victor Grayson, has succeeded in winning a seat in Parliament. The Independent Labor Party, which counts among its fifty-four members in the House of Commons a considerable number of Socialists, owes its strength to its latitudinarian spirit. Its founders were wise enough to see that if the trade unions were not ready for Socialism, they must be dealt with patiently, and not scolded and alienated.

The Socialist movement in this country is growing conspicuously susceptible to the advantages of compromise. The old revolutionary theory is still upheld by the Socialist Labor Party under the leadership of the veteran Daniel De Leon. To him the ancient law still holds; who is not with him is against him. The trade union that refuses to enlist under the banner of Socialism is as reactionary an institution as the Steel Trust. But the Socialist Labor party is a dwindling faction, and De Leon's would seem to be a lost cause. Aggressive and successful Socialism is represented by the Socialist Party, whose leaders have held an open ear to the counsels of expediency. Their platforms have been framed with a view to the needs of possible converts. At their conventions they have discussed such things as farmers' planks and other planks that might please. Toward the trade unions the Socialist Party has pur-

sued a policy of amiable expectancy, and for their benefit has pronounced, though in somewhat roundabout form, for the restriction of Asiatic immigration—strange action for a party based on the principles of human brotherhood! Above all, students of Socialism have only to consider how impossible such a movement as the Christian Socialist agitation, of which we hear so much now, would have been thought only ten years ago, to see how conciliatory is the attitude of our present-day followers of Karl Marx.

HEROIC COUPLETS REVIVED.

Blackwood's Magazine, which manages to combine bad politics and good literature, gives fourteen pages of its September issue to the first canto of "The Hop Garden," a Modern Georgic by W. J. Courthope, sometime professor of poetry at Oxford, author of a "History of English Poetry," a "Life of Pope," and editor of Pope's works. The titles are not superfluous, for the poem is patently an attempt to eschew modern modes and revive the manner of a past school in which the writer is a recognized authority. The metre is the closed heroic couplet of Pope, and the substance might be described as a compound of Pope's satirical vein, of John Philips's "rustic pipe," and Goldsmith's mellow complaint. Professor Courthope is not afraid to introduce the details of planting the hop and of curing its diseases, and he makes astonishingly good reading of them. But the burden of his song is the decay that has crept over the fields of his native Kent. He recalls the days of his boyhood, when every dale was a busy farm, and when on every side might be seen columns of smoke rising from the oasts, or houses for drying the hops. But now—

Vain dream! their ancient haunts my eyes behold;
I breathe the airs, I tread the paths of old;
But when recording Memory paints anew
Her former scenes—alas! how changed the view!
Why rise no clustered poles, the hamlet's boast?
Why glows no furnace in th' untended oast?
Where are the village bands, whose cheerful din
At sunset babbled round the canvas bin?
All, all are gone! With furrows half effaced,
The garden's soil extends a brambled waste;
To the gay hum of busy life succeeds
A mournful hush, and in the neighboring meads
His scant and wandering flock a single shepherd feeds.

That has not quite the rare Virgilian note of "The Deserted Village"—what living poet can hope to catch that vanished charm?—but when he passes to satire Professor Courthope comes nearer to his model. Free trade, to this rhyming statesman's mind, is the ogre that has devoured the bloom of the fields, and free trade is possible because the "Sovereign Number" are the prey of avaricious money-makers and shifty politicians:

Mark, then, what gifts advance the "statesman's" aim—
A courtier's soul; perhaps a noble name;
A front unused to blush; a brain whose wit
Can shift the shoe the winning side to fit.
Among his peers a bully bold and loud;
Pert to his betters; cringing to the crowd;
With twenty baits he'll catch one huckster's vote,
And turn with equal ease his phrase and coat.
Blamed for his shifts, opinion he outlords,
Or slimes his treachery o'er with canting words:
So eels, pursued, by swimming top the flood,
Or through the bottom crawl in native mud.
Before the expectant audience next he stands,
Crooks the bent knee, and waves obsequious hands;
The platform sweats with promises and tropes,
And lies as numerous as his hearers' hopes;
To win the doubtful seat he'll stake his soul;
If lost—No matter! he must head the poll.

Horrid politics, but good verse. Indeed, the chief interest of the poem is its conscious effort to revert to a rhythmical form which has scarcely been heard seriously in England since the great invasion of the romanticists under Wordsworth and Coleridge. There is something in this closed couplet that has always raised a tempest of revolt in the romantic mind, and the history of English poetry might be epitomized in its varying fortunes. Mediævalism passed away and the Renaissance entered England with its adoption by Chaucer. With the inspiration, and too often the license, of the Elizabethans, it was abandoned for the greater variety of the stanza, or was broken up by making the pauses of the sense fall in different places from the rhythmical pauses. Daniel found the recurring pairs of rhyme "tiresome and unpleasing" because "they run on with a sound of one nature and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it." As a reaction the couplet came into favor again after the metaphysical writers had reduced the Elizabethan wit to a kind of drunken preciosity. It suited the eighteenth century poets, who valued restraint and form more than originality, and who dreaded enthusiasm more than dulness. But even Cowper, who used the measure in his "Table Talk" with consummate skill, felt the beginnings of revolt against this

Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme,

The nineteenth century brought in outrageous rebellion in literature as in other things. Keats uses the couplet, but in such a way (in his earlier years, at least; he learnt better with experience), that the rhymes are scarcely felt in the long flow of the paragraph. Leigh Hunt expresses his pleasure in "seeing all the reigning poets, without exception, break up their own heroic couplets into freer modulation." Byron tried in vain to stem the tide of license. For a hundred years the heroic couplet of Pope and Johnson and Goldsmith has sounded to our ears as a clockwork tintinnabulum. Lowell likened it to the two sticks rubbed together by a savage to strike fire.

Well, our own romantic age, like the Elizabethan, has dripped to the lees. We have the language of the gods, but we speak it with an earthly accent. Our enthusiasm sounds thin and shrill; our words seem an echo; we say that poetry is dead—or, more probably, "has slumped." Even in so skilled a writer as Stephen Phillips one rather admires the jugglery of his muse than rises with the beating of her wings. One feels a lack of reality, a note of inveracity, in his work, as in that of all the romantic lingerers into the present. They are not in touch with the forces that are impelling the age. And the question arises—it has been asked in these columns before now—whether the prosperity of verse does not lie for us in a frank acceptance of these facts and in a return to the form and, with the necessary modification of new ideas, to the manner of an age which could offer brave substitutes for the airier inspiration it lacked. There is a rich field open for the satirist who will train him-

self in the school of Dryden and Pope. The homely virtues of life and the pathos of life's regret may still be sung by one who has caught the touch of Goldsmith. There is more promise today for one who will sing the industry of the farms than for one who seeks to prolong Wordsworth's priestly communion with nature. It is because Professor Courthope has produced a measurably successful and deliberately intended revival of this sort that his "Hop Garden" is notable in the poetry of the day.

FRENCH HISTORICAL BOOKS.

PARIS, September 12.

Under the head of history should be ranked "Boccace," by an authority on the Italian Renaissance, E. Rodocanachi. He follows Boccacio as an individual, emotional lover, light—too light—story-teller, winding up religious and mystic; and also as the poet and prose writer of his race, the moralist of his time and a man of politics—all which was not contradictory in that blessed age. A power of evolving contemporary documents beyond all warrant of known reality is the reproach cast up against Anatole France for his "Jeanne d'Arc." Among the countless critics excited by the book, Achille Luchaire may be noted, and P. H. Dunand, who has delivered his attack in three separate pamphlets. M. Luchaire has brought to a close a work of his own, which would have been enough for the lifetime of many historians, with the fifth volume of his "Innocent III." It treats of the kings who made themselves vassals of the Holy See, France remaining the only exception in Western Europe. The subject has not the same popular interest as Joan of Arc, and, evidently, it is not handled with the same mastery of style which Anatole France brings from his romances; but the great Pope marks a turning point in the world's history, and M. Luchaire's volumes represent the latest results of research at first hand Their fulness of material the German Hurter was unable to command seventy years ago. Hurter was so enchanted with his Pope that he turned Catholic; M. Luchaire, who has been a *collaborateur* of Professor Lavisse for mediæval epochs, might well be, from his writing, a liberal Catholic—or perhaps it would be better to say a conservative positivist.

In his episodes of the Thirty Years' War the Vicomte de Noailles publishes a volume, "Bernard de Saxe-Weimar (1604-1639)," which has all but an actual interest for our day. It narrates the "reunion" of Alsace with France. Alfred Rébelliau, librarian of the Institut de France, and lecturer on "religious ideas and literature from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century" in the University of Paris, digs deeper the groove of erudition, which he began some years ago, by a documentary work of prime importance—"La Compagnie secrète du Saint-Sacrement." It contains the letters sent from the group of Paris to that of Marseilles from the year 1639 to 1662. These "companions," who, according to divers sympathies, have been ranked by historians among saints or assassins, turn out to be citizens devoted to their religion in an age when citizens still believed. Their reputation in history is partly responsible for the ill fame of "La Congrégation," which founders of the Third Republic like Henri Brisson have cleverly turned against "les congrégations" or religious communities of monks and nuns—quite another thing. Professor Rébelliau is apparently of Protestant antecedents; but his documents show off their writers to advantage in comparison with what has become official French history. Prince Emmanuel de Broglie's "Tourville" (1642-1701) is a solid historical book on Louis the Fourteenth's great sailor, whose picturesque flights in every European water were not without influence on universal history.

In a volume of miscellanies, "Esquisses et récits," by the new Academician, the Marquis de Ségur, further material is given to judge of that society of the eighteenth century from which Mrs. Humphry Ward transplanted her "Lady Rose's Daughter" into modern England. It explains, finally, the family relations of Madame du Deffand. There is also an interesting description of the education of women in that century of courtiers and philosophers. Mention may also be made here of the official publication by the Ministry of Public Instruction of unpublished documents on the economical history of the French Revolution. The present volume of the immense collection contains 766 pages, embracing two cantons of the district of Alençon (1788—Year IV., or 1796). The decision of Prince Murat to publish letters and documents in his possession has come as an agreeable surprise to historical students, and may well furnish new material of importance. The first volume, "Lettres et documents pour servir à l'histoire de Joachim Murat (1767-1815)," with an introduction and notes by Paul Le Brethon of the National Library, comprises letters of youth and of the early campaigns in Italy and Egypt. "Le Tribunal révolutionnaire," by G. Lenôtre, is, like all the readable and reliable works of this expert, a realistic transcript of the day's doings of the infamous Fouquier-Tinville while sending the victims of the Terror to the guillotine. The unpublished documents, the plans and details of buildings, and the particulars of all these judicial murders in the name of liberty will forever make it difficult to accept the Revolution *en bloc*. The difficulty is heightened by equally authentic work on precisely those opponents of revolution who are commonly supposed to have partly justified its excesses—"Les Emigrés à cocarde noire," by R. Bittard des Portes. This tells the life and sufferings of the honest rank and file that followed princes and nobles to exile and war in England, Belgium, Holland, and back to the French coast at Quiberon, sorely tried by the worn-out aristocracy of officers to whom they were faithful. The unpublished documents of "Fraternité révolutionnaire," by P. Bliard, have pathetic narratives of the death of Louis XVI., of liberty trees, of Lucile Desmoulins, and other victims of *doctrinaires* leading a criminal crowd.

The "Mémoires inédits de Mademoiselle George," the theatrical star, published by P. A. Cheramy from the original manuscript, are of lighter stuff, and throw us literally into the arms of Napoleon—no ideologue he, but with his own will and judgment as the ultimate base of morals. Albert Schuermans's "Itinéraire général de Napoléon Ier" is sufficiently characterized by Henry Houssaye, a competent judge, in the preface: "Of all the books published about Napoleon for twenty years, I hardly know one more useful, more interesting, and, of its kind, better made." Frédéric Masson publishes a third volume of his series, "Jadis et aujourd'hui"—miscellanies mainly occupied with the Revolution of Napoleon, making the twelfth volume of the Napoleonic works which have brought him into the French Academy. Gen. Désiré Chlapowski's "Mémoires sur les guerres de Napoléon (1806-1813)," as published by his son, now appear in French. Their Polish author fought with the conqueror until he found out that nothing was to be hoped for his hapless country, ground between the nether and the upper millstone. "L'Archichancellier Cambacérès (1753-1824)," by Pierre Vialles, gives from unpublished documents the career of one with whom both Revolution and Napoleon had to count, and who outlived both.

"L'Europe et la restauration des Bourbons (1814-1818)," by Pierre Rain, also makes use of much unpublished material concerning the first years of the restored Bourbons, when they showed their own incompetence to deal with the new world in which they found themselves, while their followers were for a great part frankly unworthy. The "Table analytique alphabétique" of the twelve-volumed Socialist History of France from 1789 to 1900, edited by M. Jaurès, is a complete reference book to that Revolutionary "encyclopædia of men and things (Socialist) of the nine-

teenth century." In the name of the Revolution, also, is published the third volume of the complete works of Bakunin, founder of Anarchy. It contains "L'Empire knouto-germanique et la révolution sociale," published by him in 1871, and still earlier "philosophical considerations on the divine phantom, the real world and man," edited with notes by James Guillaume, who was a disciple of the prophet. This is the thirty-ninth volume of the Bibliothèque Sociologique Internationale.

Less theoretical, more actual, is the sixth and final volume of Joseph Reinach's "Histoire de l'Affaire Dreyfus," entirely devoted to the revision of the case by the Court of Cassation. The book is, perhaps, as complete as is possible at present; and, in spite of the inevitably partisan quality of the author, it is laboriously frank, even to disconcerting admissions in regard to the conduct of the Affair, which was built up on the Case. Of absolutely contemporary history, "La Vie politique dans les deux mondes (1906-1907)" is the first volume of an annual series. Its importance may be judged from its appearing under the direction of Achille Viallate, with the help of other professors of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. Those for whom the dark and mysterious have charms when considering the play of the world may find entertainment, passing instruction even, in "Le Drame maçonnique" by Copin-Albancelli. The author asserts that twenty years of research make him competent to expose Freemasonry—"the occult power against France"—in its origin and aim and in its "veritable organism unsuspected unto this day." The competence is of graduates in the school of Edouard Drumont. "Sur le Pré," by Rouzier-Dorcières, represents the historical affairs of a very limited and fast disappearing set of what used to be known as the Boulevard. It is made up of reminiscences of the duels—more than two hundred—in which the author played some part. The preface is appropriately furnished by the comedy writer, Georges Courteline. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Willis Cooke's "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is prepared upon the same general plan as the same author's "Bibliography of James Russell Lowell" (see the *Nation* of December 6, 1906, p. 485). The alphabetical list of single titles giving the place and date of first appearance and subsequent reprints, fills fifty pages. This is followed by the chronological list of separate works, with their various editions; lists of works edited by Emerson; collected works; volumes of selections, or compilations containing poems or essays by him; biographies, notices, poems addressed to Emerson, etc. From the point of view of the collector of first editions it is unfortunate that there is no list of books and pamphlets such as make up a set of first editions—a shortcoming that has been pointed out in notices of the earlier volumes of the series. In the description of the first edition of the First Series of "Essays," 1841, Mr. Cooke says: "The first issue has the words 'First Series' on the back." This is an unfortunate slip. There was no necessity of so designating the volume until a Second Series was under way; and the earliest issue is without the words "First Series." In the list of books containing contributions we fail to find "The Pioneer," a compilation edited by Edward Clapp, jr., Lynn, Mass., 1846. Here first appears in book-form one of Emerson's best known poems, "Each and All." It had come out in the *Western Messenger* (Cincinnati) for February, 1839. In his note to that interesting volume "Over-Songs," four poems by Emerson, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, and Lucy Larcom, privately printed for George M. Ide of Taunton, Mass., as a wedding gift to Mrs. Henry Morton Lovering, Mr. Cooke says "Only 5 copies were printed." This may be true, but in a letter laid in the only copy which has ever been offered at public auction, (first in the Roos sale, 1897, and again in the Arnold sale, 1901), Mr. Lovering said:

I think but eight or ten copies were printed, a copy for each of the authors, and one beautifully bound is in my wife's possession. I say I think this was the limit of the edition though I am not positive.

Emerson's obituary notice of Thoreau, as published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* May 8, 1862, and now reprinted on pages 120-122 of the "Bibliography" will be read with interest by all admirers of Thoreau. The volume is made more useful by having a fuller index than the earlier volumes of the series.

The *Nation* for June 11, described Part i. of an early American edition of Dickens's "Pictures from Italy," issued by Putnam in 1846, under the title "Travelling Letters"; and the surmise was made that no more than that first part was issued in that form. William C. Lane, librarian of Harvard, informs us that his library possesses also a Part ii., paged in continuation of the first part, from 23 to 48, and containing Letters 4 to 7.

On September 30 and October 1, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell a large collection of books consigned from England, including some notable lots, among them a set of the Delphine Classics, 187 vols., on large and thick paper; *Notes and Queries*, complete to June, 1908, in 123 vols., with six (out of nine) index volumes; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from its beginning in 1731 to 1850, 190 vols. Among books likely to interest collectors are some first editions of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Stevenson, and other modern writers, including a set of the Waverley Novels, 74 vols., all first editions excepting the three great rarities "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and the first series of "Tales of My Landlord"; books from the Elzevir and Foulis presses; several old English Bibles (mostly imperfect); a considerable collection of American maps and some Americana.

Correspondence.

A QUESTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wonder if any of your readers can enlighten me as to the authorship of a pamphlet entitled:

A | Vindication | of the | Stage, | With the Usefulness and Advantages | of | Dramatick Representations, | In Answer to | Mr. Collier's Late Book, Entituled | *A View of the Prophaness and Immorality*, &c. | *In a Letter To a Friend* | [Motto in Latin] | London: | Printed for *Joseph Wild*, at the Sign of the *Elephant* at | *Charing-Cross*. mdcxcviii.

This is one of the many pamphlets provoked by Collier's "Short View," 1698. In R. W. Lowe's "Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature," 1888, this pamphlet is listed without any assignment of authorship. Edmund Gosse's "Life of William Congreve," London, 1888, contains in the third chapter, which deals with the Collier controversy, the following passage (p. 113):

Gildon promised that when he had leisure he would write "A Vindication of the Stage." The very interesting tract, however, which was published under that title on the 17th of May is from a very different and, no doubt, a far more accomplished hand than his. There exists, I believe, not even a tradition which connects this pamphlet with any known name. I have little hesitation, however, in attributing it to Wycherley.

Mr. Gosse then gives his reasons for the attribution, reasons which, the candid reader must admit, are far from cogent. This conjecture by Gosse is mentioned in passing in the article on Wycherley in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

My question is whether Gildon has ever been seriously considered as the author of this pamphlet. In (April, according to Gosse) 1698, he published a play:

Phaeton: | or | The Fatal Divorce. | a | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. | in *Imitation of the* Antients, | *With some Reflections in a Book call'd, a Short View of the Immorality Profaneness of the English Stage.*

The passage in the preface to which Mr. Gosse refers was as follows:

I have no Room in this Place to shew all the Abuses and Absurdities this Author is guilty of, but I reserve most of them for a work I have long design'd, and which I resolve to conclude some time this summer in Vindication of the Stage, *&c.*

At the end of Gildon's preface is another passage which may afford some light:

Which I desire he may do before I publish mine in Vindication of the *Stage* against Mr. *Pryn* and Mr. *Collier;* in which I question not, but I shall make evident that the Wit of Man can invent no way so efficacious, as Drammatick Poetry, to advance *Virtue* and *Wisdom*, and the Supream duty of an *English man* (next the Love of God which is always Supream) the Love of our Country, a Lesson I shall particularly Recommend the *Stage* for to Mr. *Collier.*

The coincidence of title, of course, proves nothing by itself, but "A Vindication" and the preface to "Phaeton" have several points in common: both emphasize Collier's charge as to blasphemy and answer it with some particularity; both point out that when Congreve's lover, Valentine, says he is truth, the fact that there is a similar phrase in the Bible does not make the utterance blasphemy. But it must be con-

fessed that most of the replies to Collier run over a beaten track and touch upon the same or similar matters. "A Vindication," however, does lay much stress on the argument that dramatic poetry advances virtue and wisdom, and the remarks under this head conclude (p. 27) with the sentence:

Thus seeing of what Worth and Value *Drammatick Poetry* is, for forming our Manners and regulating our Lives, besides the great Delight and Pleasure it affords us, I think I need not urge much more for its Recommendation.

But any determination of the authorship of "A Vindication" is impossible without a close study of the writings of Gildon, Wycherley, and perhaps other authors of the period. To most of us Gildon is only a name in the "Dunciad." Have any of your readers that detailed knowledge which will solve my doubts? X.

New York, September 18.

MY FAVORITE BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on August 27, "Their Favorite Book," leads me to believe that my own personal experience, which has been, I hope, unusual, may interest your readers. A student and teacher of literature most of my life, I have a first-hand knowledge of a considerable part of the literature of four languages. In English, I am fairly familiar with the principal writings from Beowulf to those of Bernard Shaw. For ten years, however, I have been an invalid—cut off for the most part from ordinary activities. Seldom able to leave my home, and seeing but few people, I pass much of my time in solitude and so am thrown almost wholly upon my own resources. Under these circumstances books are my chief recourse. Perhaps it would be rash to assert that my tastes are not in some degree morbid, yet they are fairly comprehensive. I enjoy the best English and German love-songs, which some of my more sophisticated friends call silly. I have recently found amusement in "The Day of the Dog," and interest in the "House of Mirth"; I can kill time, when it seems to deserve killing, by reading "The House of a Thousand Candles." So I feel that my taste and judgment are still fairly sound.

Under these conditions, which approach quite too near those of the desert island, who are my favorite authors? After doing my best to estimate the facts correctly, I am convinced that Shakespeare and Milton are more to me that any other—yes, than all other authors combined. They satisfy most completely my varying moods. Fortunately, I am so familiar with their works that I do not have to read them, but can recall characters, scenes, and passages almost at will; and the same is true of several other writers. So as I sit alone, Sir Toby and Jaques are my club companions. In my happier moments, Perdita and Florizel, Rosalind and Orlando, and the cheerful pictures from "L'Allegro" serve as a perpetual delight. In my more serious moods, when the harder problems of human conduct perplex me, Shakespeare and Milton give more help toward a solution satisfactory to myself than any other writers I know. Where else is there so wise a criticism of life? Where else such high standards for human action? In Brutus, in Hamlet as I conceive him, in Cordelia, and in the Lady in "Comus." I find incentives toward the highest things of which man is capable. If the burden of life becomes too heavy, I gain courage never to submit or yield from Samson Agonistes and Satan, who to me is a literary—not a theological character. And in the deep despondency of my broken and blasted life. I find nowhere more solace than in the passage of "Lycidas" beginning, "Alas! what boots it." These two authors, therefore, are my chief sources of pleasure, of intellectual interest, of endurance, and of consolation. They respond to my best moods and contribute to my sorest needs. How should they not be my favorites?

I think I notice, too, that in my weaker moments I turn to other writers. When, in rebellious moods, I abandon my best ideals to revel in the worse things of life; when I consciously strive to make the worse appear the better reason; when I feel contempt rather than respect for mankind, I find plenty of food for this bitter fancy in "Vanity Fair," "Faust," "Manfred," "Don Juan," and "Maud," not to mention innumerable others. Perhaps Chaucer's good-natured ridicule will bring me back to my better self; for in Chaucer, as in Shakespeare and Milton, things are generally valued at their real worth.

Asked why I value Milton and Shakespeare more highly than you seem to think most people do, I should say that it is probably because I know them better. The casual reader or playgoer knows little more of the great dramatist than may be learned from Lamb's "Tales." I have studied my favorites until their works are pregnant with what seems to me deep meaning. It matters little whether I have got this meaning from the works, or have read it into them; for me the meaning is there. Moreover, I have reflected on this meaning until it seems of almost world-wide application.

So, persuaded by my own experience, I hold with Matthew Arnold that he who seeks the most and best from literature will find it only in the works of the greatest authors. If he fall to find it, is it not largely his own fault? T. W. Cowgill.

Reno, Nev., September 7.

MORE OKLAHOMA REFORMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The other States of the Union profess to furnish free tuition, collegiate as well as primary and secondary; but it has remained for the aggressive new State of Oklahoma to throw open the doors of her colleges and normal schools without any distinction between residents of the State and visitors from outside, and absolutely without a cent of charge to students in any form—no incidental fee, no guarantee fee, no library fee, no laboratory fee, and most startling of all, no charge for individual instruction in music, vocal or instrumental.

All of these State schools have elaborately constituted departments of music, with faculties decidedly better trained than the average of their colleagues in other departments; and the placing of music on the free list, a plan put into operation for the first time with the beginning of the current school year, is an opportunity which students are taking advantage of with great enthusiasm. At the Southwestern Normal School, for example, with five teachers in the music department, out of a faculty totalling some twenty-five, every music-teacher has every period of his day filled, and the waiting list is appalling in length, while the teachers in the Normal School proper are very indifferently patronized. Time only will show whether it is practicable for an institution to furnish gratuitous individual instruction.

R. T. House.

Weatherford, Okla.

THE MEANING OF "CHAUFFEUR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not know who originated the title of "chauffeur" as applied to the driver of an automobile. The name is certainly appropriate, and the chauffeurs of the present day possess the qualities which made their prototypes famous. Balzac, in "L'Envers de l'histoire contemporaine," says:

Here you will need a few words of explanation as to an association which made a great noise in its day. I mean that of the raiders known as the chauffeurs. These brigands pervaded all the western provinces. Nocturnal raids were frequent. These bands of destroyers were the terrors of the country. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that in some departments the arm of justice was practically paralyzed.

The modern chauffeurs certainly equal or excel their predecessors, and the arm of justice is still paralyzed.

Geo. A. Torrey.

Boston, September 10.

THE SPRINGFIELD RIOT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The action of the grand jury in laying the blame for the riot at Springfield, Ill., so largely on the local police force is about as reasonable as to lay the blame for the loss of a battle on the private soldier. The question of leadership is ignored. While it is true that most policemen, when put to the test, are physically brave, they are not political philosophers or stern moralists. Directly or indirectly, they are instructed what to see and hear and what not to see or hear—the penalty for indiscreet use of eyes and ears, for misplaced inquisitiveness, or reforming zeal, being dismissal or banishment to undesirable posts. In most American cities of the Springfield type, the local police force is dominated by the politician, or, to be more accurate, by the saloon-keeper-politician-gambler.

The so-called "sporting" element is generally disproportionately large in every State capital. Staid, respectable burghers from country towns, as pointed out inimitably by George Ade in his "Fables," are prone to be a bit skittish when away from the trammels of home life. Being lawmakers, they regard themselves as above and beyond the law—it is really too much to expect the same man to make and obey laws. Besides, the king can do no wrong. Consequently, Policeman X., who may be a very decent sort of fellow, with a wife and family to support, naturally hesitates about

raiding a certain back room, in spite of ocular and auricular proof that a "little game" is going on there. Nor would it do to be too "brash" about "pulling" a house; you never know whom you might drag out to light. And it would be gross discourtesy to disturb influential legislators who might be enjoying themselves, however boisterously, in a saloon after legal hours of closing. The pay of legislators is small, but for those who like to play the rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde there is the lobbyist who is ever ready to replenish depleted pocketbooks. The net result is that an unusually large and rapacious horde of idle, ignorant, and vicious characters, ruled and supported by the sporting bosses, control the police, paralyze their efficiency, and corrupt their sense of duty.

Now, the lower one goes in the social scale the fiercer the spirit of envy and malice against those who are more fortunate. This fact Mr. Hearst appreciates, and he harps on that string. If the successful person, who has raised himself to comparative comfort by his own self-denial and thrift, happens to be of another race—a black or a yellow man—the rage of the unthrifty, lazy, and vicious white knows no bounds. His impulse is to crush his alien rival by physical means—or, in plain language, to murder him at the first opportunity. The negro, on the other hand, it must be confessed, displays little tact in his emancipated position of legal equality with the white man; in too many cases, especially where the blacks are in a numerical majority, he is prone to show that he regards himself as even a little better than the white man, especially in public places; while his beastly proclivities, when under the influence of liquor, alarm and horrify whites of every class Add to all this the fact that, in common opinion at least, our criminal procedure is slow, uncertain, antiquated, and absurdly lenient towards the criminal—and we have all the necessary ingredients for a tremendous social explosion.

The ultimate cause of the Springfield riot is, in my opinion, race antipathy. The immediate cause was bad municipal government. But if we probe a little further, we shall find that the cause of bad government is our practice of reposing too much political power in unfit hands—the vicious, unproductive, incapable rabble.

VERAX.

Chicago, September 17.

MR. BRYAN AS A TARIFF REFORMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am much surprised to note in the *Nation* of August 27, p. 173, the editorial statement that Mr. Bryan "never cared about tariff reform." As a resident of Nebraska for several years, I was in a position to observe Mr. Bryan's early career at close range, and I should say that during those years he appeared—I do not assume to fathom the secret inclinations of his heart—to be profoundly interested in tariff reform, almost to the exclusion of all other political topics. Perhaps this country has never seen a more signal victory, won through the personal appeal of a single individual, on any political battlefield than that in which he converted an adverse majority of nearly 6,000 into a majority of about that number in his favor, the issue being the tariff question to the almost entire exclusion of every other. And has it been forgotten that he made a speech in Congress upon the tariff question in 1892 which was pronounced by the New York *Times* the ablest which had been delivered for many years—an opinion in which there was quite general concurrence? Is it not possibly a little hypercritical to say that he has not understood the subject, in view of the cant and platitudes that have been heard on the floor of Congress and from candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in treating of the tariff? One does not need to be versed in the whole field of political economy in order to demonstrate the iniquities of our present system. Whatever Mr. Bryan's qualifications, few men have ever spoken more effectively on the subject to the average voter.

Equally ill-considered, as it seems to me, are your comments upon the inconstancy and inconsistency of Bryan. On the other hand, his self-sufficiency and extraordinary tenacity of purpose seem to many to be serious defects. We would hardly speak of Cleveland's inconstancy because he treated the financial question as of supreme importance when he called the special session in 1893. And in 1896 the financial question seemed to be of supreme importance. Bryan's contention for free silver was largely on the ground that it would add substantially to the volume of the currency; as that volume has increased, through other causes, far beyond his dreams, it would be absurd, from his point of view, to deem it still a leading issue.

You also say that real tariff revision will not come until the people are indignant. Are they to show their indignation by voting the Republican ticket when, with the new and sinister phrase about "a reasonable profit to the American producer" in its platform and in the speech of acceptance of its candidate, it proclaims the obligation of the nation to guarantee success to a privileged class? In connection with the promise of the Republican candidate to call a special session of Congress in the event of his election, you appropriately comment on the slow progress which could be made in enacting tariff laws, but you do not speak of the fact that there is no promise of real revision. We can easily picture to ourselves the smile of derision on the face of Speaker Cannon when that message is received—or any other similar message during the next four years. It will then be said as the American *Economist* says now, that there is not "a word or syllable in this tariff plank that tends to furnish the slightest crumb of comfort" to the advocates of "tariff revision downward."

The bogey of Bryanism may furnish motives for voting for Taft, but there can be nothing more fatuous than to expect tariff reform after we have solemnly decided to waive it for the present.

FRANK W. LEWIS.

Worcester, Mass., September 18.

A STATEMENT FROM PROFESSOR COE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial article "An Educational Paradox," in your issue of September 17, is based upon a misapprehension as to facts. I am having no difficulty "with the Methodists at Northwestern University," and I have never had any. During the seventeen years that I have been a member of the Northwestern faculty I have never been conscious of any inclination on the part of its administrative authorities to restrict my freedom of speech. I have uttered my views frankly and fully, and without rebuke. As far as I know, there has been no attempt even to influence by utterances. Nor is there any difficulty of any other kind between myself and any person or persons connected with the university.

I assume that you have relied for your facts upon an article in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, or else upon a condensation of it that was sent out, as I suppose, by the Associated Press. The criticisms there referred to as having been passed upon an article of mine that touches upon the subject of conversion were not made within university circles at all, but by certain clergymen at a camp meeting. Such criticisms do not in any manner affect my relations to Northwestern University or my plans for the future.

At Northwestern there are no such "student leagues" as you describe, nor are such activities as you ascribe to these leagues practised by any other group or organization.

Your article, therefore, does injustice to the university, and, I believe, to American higher education in general. When academic freedom is really denied or endangered, I trust that you will raise your voice. But in this case fair play demands that you do what you can to counteract the injurious impression that your article fosters.

I may add that the report that I have accepted a chair in Union Theological Seminary is unauthorized and untrue. It subjects me, and no doubt the authorities of Union Theological Seminary, to annoyance that seems scarcely deserved.

GEORGE A. COE.

Evanston, Ill., September 19.

[We regret that the widely published report that Professor Coe was to leave Northwestern and come to the Union Theological Seminary should have misled us. We did not, however, say that he had been criticised by the authorities of the institution; our point was that attacks from outside ministers, the fathers of students, and others of the clientèle of a university might make a professor feel freer to speak his mind in a theological seminary.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Among the books on the autumn list of the Century Co. are: "Egypt and Its Monuments," by Robert Hichens; "The Red City," a continuation of "Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "The Book of the Pearl," by G. F. Kunz and C. H. Stevenson; "Whistler in Venice," by O. H. Bacher; "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught," by C. C. Nott; "The World I Live In," by Helen Keller; "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill"; "The American College," by Abraham Flexner; and "The Age of Mental Virility," by W. A. N. Dorland.

From the Macmillan Company we are to have several books of considerable importance: "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," 2 vols., by Dr. James Gairdner; "The Ancient Greek Historians," by Prof. John Bury; "The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-1814," by J. W. Fortescue; "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by W. Warde Fowler; and "William Morris" (English Men of Letters), by Alfred Noyes.

The third, and concluding, part of Molmenti's monumental history of Venice is soon to be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. in two volumes. The translation, as of the four earlier volumes, is by Horatio F. Brown.

Harpers announce a volume of critical essays on "Magazine Writing and the New Literature," by Henry Mills Alden, who has been editor of *Harper's Monthly* for forty years. No doubt he has gathered together a number of the papers that have appeared in the "Editor's Study."

Two new volumes, promised by the Oxford University Press, will be a welcome addition to the Library of Prose and Poetry: "Selected Poems of William Barnes," edited and annotated by Thomas Hardy, and "Selected Poems of John Clare," edited by Arthur Symons.

Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota, has three new books—essays, verse, and fiction—to be published by Little, Brown & Co. The novel, called "Three of a Kind," comes out this week.

Small, Maynard & Co. have taken over the edition de luxe of "The Poems of Madison Cawein," in five volumes with an introduction by Edmund Gosse.

Richmond, Va., is planning again to start the great magazine of the South. A charter has been granted to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which expects to begin in January.

"Wycliffe and the Lollards," by J. C. Carrick, one of the volumes of The World's Epochmakers (Charles Scribner's Sons), is another series book and a typical specimen. We are reminded of certain other biographies in which the puzzle was to find the name of the person whose life was being described. In this volume of three hundred pages it would be a generous estimate to say that one-third of the space is given to Wycliffe and the Lollards. The rest is filled with grand generalizations, analogies, more or less fanciful, and long historical, literary, topographical, and other digressions, which display the author's encyclopædic knowledge, but do not advance the reader's acquaintance with his nominal subject. A great part of this apparatus is devoted to showing up the scandals, past and present, of the Romish Church, an ungrateful task at best, and one which, after all, does not materially illumine the career of John Wycliffe. Mr. Carrick seems to have read Lechler's "Life of Wicliffe," and to have drawn liberally from it, but otherwise we get hardly an indication as to his sources of information. There is nothing to show that he has read anything of Wycliffe's writing in the original or given any serious thought to following out the tangled thread of his theological argument. To this slipshod method as to material corresponds an equally careless presentation. Apparently no adequate proof-reading was thought of—otherwise we could hardly explain the frequency of repetition of incidents and phrases and the continual employment of school-boy English. A slovenly index forms a worthy conclusion to a book which has no real reason for being.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain has continued its calendar of the manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormonde by the issue of the nfth volume of the New Series, covering the correspondence of the first duke for the years 1679 to 1681. The Ormonde papers at Kilkenny Castle were among the first of the private collections to be taken up by the commission, but no attempt at a systematic calendaring was made until the New Series was inaugurated in 1902, since which time the work has gone steadily forward. Carte in his life of Ormonde made extensive use of the duke's earlier letters, but dealt less liberally with the period of the present volume. The editors have therefore felt themselves justified in including elaborate extracts from the papers of these two years. As readers of Carte's biography are aware the period is not one of special importance in the crowded life of the illustrious cavalier, and it cannot be said that the material here noted is of striking significance, either for English or for Irish history. Details of Irish government, comments on politics and political intrigues in England, gossip of a sporting character from Newmarket and elsewhere, private happenings in the lives of Ormonde and his friends, and references to the careers of his sons, particularly of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, whose premature death in 1680 was generally deplored, make up the bulk of the volume. The principal topic of political interest is the Exclusion Bill, and we get frequent glimpses of two men, intimately associated with that piece of legislation, the Duke of York and the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose careers are of importance in our colonial history. A few details are given also of the early history of Richard Earl of Bellomont, when simply Capt. Richard Coote. The correspondence in general is distinctly entertaining, but does not go deeply into affairs of any great moment.

"Essays in Municipal Administration," by John A. Fairlie (The Macmillan Co.), consists of various essays and addresses which the author has produced since 1898. In general it is a servicable and informing compend, touching various phases of city history, organization, and administration. Departing somewhat from the author's grouping of the various articles, we may classify them under three heads. There is first a series which discusses mainly the organization, actual or ideal, of American cities; second, a descriptive series, devoted chiefly to certain important chapters in municipal experimentation; last, a somewhat impressionistic lot of sketches of municipal conditions abroad. The third lot is least in value. They offer the observations of an intelligent traveller who has made a recent tour of British and Continental cities, and who records his impressions of the general character of urban life, government, and activities, without taking the time to confirm by minute inquiry the views obtained by a necessarily rapid survey. The second group recounts with accuracy and fairness such important pieces of municipal history as the street railway struggle in Chicago and the municipalization of electric lighting in Detroit. Especially useful is the essay "Revenue Systems of American and Foreign Cities"—the joint work of the author and Prof. Charles E. Merriam. The first lot of essays, confined mainly to the problem of the organization of American cities and their relation to the State government, conveys no small amount of carefully collected information. In our judgment, however, it fails in not positing more definitely some tangible and specific goal to be aimed at. If Professor Fairlie would take up the cudgels for or against the programme of the National Municipal League, for instance, or would propound some clear-cut plan for the betterment of our "one conspicuous failure," he would contribute more to the end all lovers of good city government have at heart. H. J. Ford's courageous diagnosis, that the organic defect in our municipal organization lies in the almost total disconnection of the executive and legislative departments, and his remedy—"to give the executive complete legislative initiative, with the right to demand a vote on proposed measures"—are mentioned (p. 23) but passed by without acceptance or rejection. We have seemingly progressed far enough in the matter of city government by trial and error to formulate a working hypothesis, and to test the hypothesis and its legitimate deductions in a more free-handed way than Professor Fairlie seems to approve of.

To the long list of books for which cheapened processes of color printing are chiefly responsible may be added: "The Tower of London," painted by John Fulleylove, R. I., and described by Arthur Poyser (The Macmillan Co.). The text, beautifully printed on thick paper with wide margins, consists of an historical sketch, and then descriptions of walks through the Tower, round the Tower, about Tower Hill, and Allhallows Barking by the Tower. This part of the work is competently done, but without special distinction of style. The pictures are pretty, fortunately in rather subdued colors, but without notable excellence. Any one who has visited the Tower will enjoy refreshing his recollection by looking at them and dipping into the text.

In these days when so many bookish essays are written by thin-blooded ladies and painful male egotists, one feels a distinct relief in perusing the "social and comfortable" discourses of "De Quibus" by William H. Taylor (Richmond: The Bell Book and Stationery Co.). Dr. Taylor writes not out of a library, but out of his own experiences as a quondam pedagogue, on "Old-Time Schooling"; as a Confederate surgeon, on personal reminiscences of the civil war; as a practising physician, on "Our Noble Profession"; as a professor in the Medical College of Virginia, on "Science and the Soul," "The Occult," "Radium," etc.; as coroner of the city of Richmond, on "The Burial of Ophelia"; as an impregnable old bachelor, on "Woman." On this last subject it must be confessed that he is guilty of bad taste in combining a medical and Schopenhauerian form of cynicism with squashiness. In philosophy and religion Dr. Taylor was an unaggressive skeptic till the "insolent attempt of ecclesiasticism to revive its defunct authority over science" put him at odds with the

"mediæval village" of Richmond. His political sympathies are loyally Southern; he hopes that some Milton will write an "Apotheosis of Rebellion." In education he is a devoted champion of the sciences, and he resents the fact that "with the majority of people the ideal man of learning is one who has swamped his brain amid the soggy lumber that has drifted down to us out of the smash-up of antiquity." Yet withal one feels that he is a humane man; he has a good fund of humor and anecdote, considerable power of phrase-making, and an easy, readable style, rising now and then to whimsical pathos and even eloquence.

"The Last of the Plainsmen," by Zane Grey (The Outing Co.), is professedly an attempt to give the reader a realistic impression of "Buffalo Jones," known to readers of Western border literature for his efforts to preserve the American bison from extinction and for his service as warden in the Yellowstone National Park. With little but a book knowledge of the life into which he was plunging, Mr. Grey visited Jones on his buffalo ranch on the northern rim of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and accompanied him on a hunting trip, the object of which was the capture of living specimens of cougar, or mountain lion. Of course the camera was along, but since the author appears to have been as much of a novice in its use for such purposes as in other experiences of the expedition, his illustrations are but a tame accompaniment to his text. As to the latter, cougar hunting on the confines of the Arizona Grand Cañon is so full of possibilities that one feels cautious about charging exaggeration, though Professor James's "will to believe" needs occasionally to be called into vigorous action. The air of hero worship which marks the author's whole treatment of Jones is so pronounced that one can hardly read without suspecting an unconscious over-coloring. Mr. Grey is never dull in his narrative, but one tires of the undue straining after verbal effect in the descriptive bits with which his story is interlarded.

One of the last of Prof. Friedrich Paulsen's articles is in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin, No. 33, entitled "Eine neue deutsche Universität im Osten." It is an earnest plea for the transformation of the present Akademie in Posen into a full university. It is of interest to see that Paulsen deplores the growth of such "monster universities," as he terms Berlin, Munich, and Leipzig, and hopes that such a new institution in Posen will relieve particularly Berlin. He is convinced that such a university would do for German culture in Poland what Strasburg has done in Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. Paulsen declares that it is high time to establish more universities in Germany, as there has been only one new one since the war with France, although the population of the country has increased fully 70 per cent. since that time.

A new quarterly, *Zeitschrift für Politik*, is being published by Carl Heymann of Berlin, and edited by Prof. Richard Schmidt of Freiburg-im-B., and Dr. Adolf Grabowsky of Berlin.

Peter Rosegger's new work, "Volksreden über Fragen und Klagen, Zagen und Wagen der Zeit" (Berlin: W. E. Kantorowicz), is a collection of sixteen addresses on some of the problems and perplexities of the times. He discusses, for example, the Catholic Church of the future, the education of girls, and militarism.

"Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts und der Gegenwart," by E. Engel (Leipzig: F. Tempsky & G. Freitag), a substantial volume of 528 pages, with seventy-six illustrations and reproductions of twenty manuscripts, is really a separate edition of the third and concluding volume of the author's larger work, "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von den Anfängen, bis zur Gegenwart," which, originally published in 1906, has recently reached its third edition.

The Neue Leipziger Klassiker Ausgaben (Leipzig: M. Hesse) contain at a low price leading classics, edited by recognized scholars. Lately there have been issued the Select Works of Matthias Claudius, one large volume edited by Dr. G. Behrmann; Select Works of Dante, 4 volumes, edited by R. Zoozmann; Complete Works of Ferdinand Freiligrath, 10 volumes, edited by L. Schröder; the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" of the Grimm brothers, edited by H. Wolgast; Select Works of Karl Simrock, 10 volumes, edited by G. Klee.

The publication house of Eugen Diederichs, Jena, has established a special department for the literature of Modernism. German translations of the writings of several French and Italian Modernists have already appeared. A series of brochures by German scholars, advocating reformed Catholicism, is also announced.

"Anticlericus: Eine Laientheologie auf geschichtlicher Grundlage, by Friedrich Andersen (Schleswig: Begas), is a solid volume of more than six hundred pages, in which the author, a pastor in Flensburg, and confessedly a convert of Chamberlain's "Grundlagen des 19. Jahrhunderts," outdoes his master in his radical views of modern religious problems. He finds in the Christianity of history practically only a *pia fraus* of the clergy; and his appeal is for a deliverance of the Church from the Judaistic spirit that has corrupted the original Christianity of the Founder.

The latest volume in the series Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) is by Dr. I. Benzinger, now engaged in research in Jerusalem. "Wie wurden die Juden das Volk des Gesetzes?" The purpose is to answer the question as to how the Israelites came into possession of their highly developed legal system. Dr. Benzinger answers this question with constant references to the results of archæological investigation in Babylon.

F. Heman, in his "Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes seit der Zerstörung Jerusalems" (Kalw and Stuttgart: Vereinsbuchhandlung), furnishes in a single volume of 600 pages an ample account of the Jews, with more details than most compendious histories. The work is characterized by an earnest effort at impartiality. In an introductory chapter the author describes the history of Oriental Judaism down to the times of Islam. Then come two chapters on the Judaism of the Occident; one on the Jews and Islam, and another, naturally much longer, on the Jews in Spain under Arabian and Christian supremacy; then separate chapters on the Jews in France, England, Italy, Germany, Poland; a comprehensive chapter on the Jews of the East; and two chapters on the Jews of modern times.

H. Böhmer, in "Die Jesuiten" (Leipzig: Teubner), depicts in outline, but vividly and on the basis of independent sources, the story of the founder and of the organization of the Jesuit order, of its rapid growth in all Europe, its subsequent decay, and its reëstablishment and present influence at the Vatican.

Among recent Lutherana mention should be made of E. Lessing's "Martin Luther als deutscher Klassiker" (Hamburg: Verlag der deutschen Dichter-Gedächtnis-Stiftung), a selection from Luther's poetical compositions and most popular prose writings; R. Neubauer's "Martin Luther: Eine Auswahl aus seinen Schriften in alter Sprachform, nebst Einleitungen und Erläuterungen," in two volumes (Halle: Waisenhaus). This latter work is especially valuable to the student of Luther's language.

The Amtskalender für evangelische Geistliche, by Pastor J. Schneider, of Elberfeld, a standard work containing detailed information regarding the Protestant churches of Germany, has just made its appearance for the year 1909—the thirty-sixth volume of this annual (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann).

Stockholms Dagblad for August 23 is a "Swedish-American number," and contains several articles about the Swedes in this country. Among them is a symposium by several Americans of Swedish descent in reply to the question addressed to them by the editor of the paper: "How can Swedish culture best be retained among the Swedes in America, and how can the tie between them and the land of their ancestors be strengthened?" Among those whose replies have been published are Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell, ex-Gov. Lind of Minnesota, Dr. E. Norelius, president of the Augustana Synod; Dr. J. A. Enander, editor of *Hemlandet* in Chicago, and J. O. E. Trotz of the American Steel and Wire Company, Worcester, Mass. Nearly all the writers agree that Swedish culture as such cannot have any future among immigrants from Sweden, because most of them do not belong to the cultivated classes, and the culture which they, especially the younger generation, derive here, is American. The object of the emigrant from Sweden is to better his economic condition, and this he will do most successfully if he regards himself simply as an American citizen, and lets his earlier associations take the second place. Among the proposed means of bringing about a closer connection between the Swedes in America and in Sweden we notice warmer encouragement of the Swedish press in America, especially on the cultural side; exchange of professors between Swedish and American universities; a further development of the Swedish singing societies; visits by prominent Swedes to this country, both for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with conditions here and of lecturing among the Swedish settlements, and greater political and religious liberty in Sweden.

H. Aschehoug & Co. of Christania, Norway, have just sent out the first two fascicles of an illustrated history of Norway from the oldest prehistoric times to the year 1905, in a treatise that promises to

be at the same time popular and authoritative. The work, which has been under preparation for several years, has been entrusted to six of the foremost historical scholars of the country: A. Bugge, A. Taranger, G. Nielsen, and J. E. Sars, all professors in the university. E. Hertzberg, chief archivarist of the kingdom, and O. A. Johnson, one of the most promising of the younger historians. The publishers promise that the work, which will comprise six volumes (about 5,000 pages), will be completed in about five years.

The Deichmanske Bibliothek in Christiania has issued the first instalment of a Norwegian "Poole," covering over 4,000 articles on Norwegian topography in seventy-five periodicals, arranged alphabetically under names of localities. It is the intention of the librarian, Haakon Nyhuus, to issue at least one more part, containing articles on biography in the same, and perhaps a few more periodicals. For the preparation of the whole index he looks rightly to coöperation of all the larger Norwegian libraries.

The Imperial Academy of Science in St. Petersburg has decided to issue in parts appearing at irregular intervals an Encyclopædia of Slavic Philology in the Russian language, under the editorship of Prof. V. Jagic. There will be in all five or six large volumes. A beginning has been made with Part xii., containing a sketch of Russian literature from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, by Prof. E. Budde. Parts i. and ii. are promised for the near future. The Voss Sortiment Buchhandlung of Leipzig is the agent for Western Europe.

F. H. M. Blaydes, the well-known classical scholar, has died at Southsea, England, in his ninetieth year. Dr. Blaydes edited the entire works of Aristophanes, with Latin notes, besides editing plays of the tragedians, and publishing volumes of "Adversaria." He treated his texts with a free hand, after the manner of scholars of his day.

Prof. Charles Wesley Bishell, professor of the history of theology at Boston University School of Theology since 1895, and assistant dean since 1904, died at Salisbury, Mass., September 21. Born in Pennsylvania in 1850, he studied both in America and Europe in preparation for the Methodist ministry. For a number of years he held pastorates. Among his writings are: "The History of Christianity (1891), "The Official Recognition of Women in the Church" (1892), "The Higher Criticism" (1893), "The Foundations of Christian Faith" (1899), and "The Child as God's Child" (1904).

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

A History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman. Vol. III. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.

Professor Oman's ubiquity is amazing. In the brief interval of less than five years which has elapsed since the publication of the second volume of his "Peninsular War," he has given us a portly work of over 500 pages on fifteenth-century England, a special treatise on the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, a brilliantly witty scene (in verse) in the Oxford Historical Pageant, not to speak of countless reviews and minor articles. He has also made considerable progress with his volume on Anglo-Saxon England, the first of the set of six comprised in the collaborate history of that country which has been appearing since 1905 under his own general editorship. And now comes the third instalment of his *magnum opus*, covering the sixteen crucial months of the Peninsular War, from Talavera to Santarem (August, 1809-December, 1810)—a reminder that the author is quite as much at home in the nineteenth century as in the Middle Ages, on the Continent as in England, and, furthermore, that he is preëminently a military rather than a narrative or constitutional historian. In his inaugural lecture at the time of his election to the Chichele professorship in 1906, and elsewhere, Professor Oman has laid down certain fundamental maxims for historians: They should work, perpetually work, cram every spare minute with work; they can find their best recreation in a change of work; though they must never cease to strive for absolute accuracy, they must not shrink from production for fear of inevitable errors of detail. His most hostile critic will scarcely venture to deny that he has practised what he preached, though there are many who feel that his marvellous fecundity has been purchased at great sacrifice of the complementary virtues of scholarly care and deliberation.

However that may be, it is fair to say that evidences of undue haste and superficiality are unusually few in the present volume. They crop out occasionally in careless phraseology. The splendid description of the lines of Torres Vedras, for example, is marred by a most bewildering use of the terms "secondary" and "second" line of defence, to denote the outer or northernmost works from Alhandra to the Zizandre, and the next line, further south from Quintella to the Sao Lourenço, which protected the final semi-circular entrenchment at St. Julians and Oyeras. This confusion in the account of the lines is, moreover, considerably increased by inaccurate and self-contradictory statements in regard to the eight sections into which they were subdivided.

Such instances of careless use of words are, however, comparatively rare; and, what is more to the point, the evidences of painstaking and thorough research and of sane and unbiassed judgment are clear on every page. The author has not only studied the standard authorities, both in manuscript and type, with unwearied diligence; he has also tapped three sources hitherto unknown—the private papers of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, quartermaster-general of the Portuguese army under Marshal Beresford; the correspondence of Nicholas Trant and John Wilson, two enterprising leaders in the Portuguese campaign, to whom was entrusted the important task of cutting off Masséna's communications with Spain and France; and the letters of Gen. John Gaspar Le Marchant, who fell at Salamanca. Furthermore, he has twice visited in person the scenes he describes, and is therefore able to furnish many topographical details of the highest value. His judgments on isolated battles and campaigns have been, and doubtless will continue to be, called in question by military critics, but there can be little doubt that the justice of his verdicts, taken as a whole, will be confirmed. Certainly, their sanity, breadth, and freedom from prejudice will command general respect. To French foe and much traduced Spanish and Portuguese ally he is alike unvaryingly fair. The faults of the Napoleonic strategy, the impossibility of dealing with the Spanish problem *de loin* without a single commander-in-chief on the spot, and the hopeless difficulties which stared the different heads of the six military governments in the face, are vividly portrayed (the story of Foy's two interviews with Napoleon at Paris on November 21 and 24, 1810, pp. 456-61, is a case in point); and many previous hostile verdicts on the generalship (not the character) of Masséna and of some of his colleagues have in consequence been considerably modified. The importance and value of the aid of the Spanish and Portuguese levies are correctly estimated and frankly acknowledged: if indocile and hard to coöperate with, they were certainly heroic, both in bearing the stress of actual battle and in suffering necessary privation and desolation of house and home in the intervals. Even the lines of Torres Vedras would not have saved Portugal and Europe from the domination of Napoleon, had they not been supplemented by systematic ravaging of the country about Masséna's camp, and by surrounding the French army with a light screen of irregular troops, which cut its communications, and prevented its foraging far afield. Of these two indispensable supplementary measures, Portugal endured the one, and undertook the other, and by so doing turned the tide. These facts have never before been fairly recognized by English historians, who almost without exception have blindly followed and shared the prejudices of Napier. In the preface to his first volume Professor Oman observed the striking similarity between the position and value of this great writer's "History of the Peninsular War" and those of Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion." It is high time, and only fair to Professor Oman to remark, that, if his book continues as it has begun, it promises to bear to the former work, at least as far as the military side of the subject is concerned, a relation similar

to that which Gardiner's "History of England" occupies to the latter.

The events recorded in the present volume form not only the central crisis of the Peninsular war, but also the turning-point of the entire Napoleonic struggle:

> The high-water mark of French conquest in Europe was reached on the knoll by Sobral (the nearest Masséna got to piercing the Lines of Torres Vedras) on the wet and gusty 14th of October, 1810. (P. 436.)

The retreat which began a month later did not end till French soil was reached in 1814—indeed, in a larger sense, it did not end till Waterloo. On the Portuguese campaign, therefore, Professor Oman has concentrated his best efforts—the other operations in northern, eastern, and southern Spain are properly treated as mere side-issues of the great contest. Even in his account of these the careful reader will discover a deal of new information, as well as considerable revision of older verdicts. The story of the heroic defence of Gerona by Alvarez (whom Professor Oman places in some respects above Palafox) is particularly fresh and valuable. The description of the political situation and of the Cortes of Cadiz leaves something to be desired, and more might have been said concerning the effect of the creation of the six military governments in arousing the Spanish patriots to renewed efforts to expel the invaders; but, as Professor Oman's history is essentially military, one must not complain of omissions of this sort. Certainly the treatment of the central drama—the Wellington-Masséna duel in Portugal—could scarcely be improved, and only in matters of detail. Every page, from Junot's preliminary movements about Astorga, through the great columnar attack at Bussaco and the long wait before the lines, to the retreat and deadlock at Santarem is vivid and thrillingly interesting, and deserves to be ranked with the very best work that military historians have ever produced.

It seems ungracious to close a review of this able and brilliant volume with a complaint about the index, more especially as Professor Oman tells us in his preface that it was done by another as a labor of love. But it is impossible to deny, and really only fair to Professor Oman to add, that it is utterly inadequate, and, like all inadequate indexes, in some respects worse than no index at all, because it naturally leads the unsuspecting reader to the very erroneous conclusion that the omission from it of the name of a place or person indicates that that place or person is not dealt with in the body of the work. Certainly, such an assumption would be exceedingly rash in this particular case. It is to be earnestly hoped that, when Professor Oman's last volume is completed, an index to the entire set may be prepared which will be worthy of the author and his great subject.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Land of the Living. By Maude Radford Warren. New York: Harper & Bros.

Into the oft-told tale of ward politics in Chicago the author has infused some new effects by making it at the same time a study of two phases of the Celtic nature—the idealizing and the domineering. Not only are there a dreamer and a boss, but to a certain extent the boss is a dreamer; and though he recognizes the futility of visions in practical politics, he sets his affections on a boy who is a thoroughgoing idealist. The heroine, too, an impoverished Irish aristocrat, unites an intelligent interest in politics with the standards of a visionary. The reformer, Irish as well, has both dreams and ambitions; but he falls so easily, so abruptly, and before such clumsy temptations, that he can hardly be counted a success as either a reformer or a race-study. Wexford County, more or less remotely, furnishes these four characters; Chicago the remainder. Among the latter stands prominent a stenographer, who, threatening to be like many another slangy girl of fiction, rises to a heroic height before we have done with her.

If the hero and heroine were not steadfast in lofty ideals, the author might be thought to hold a brief for machine politics. Her vulgar millionaire is made to say: "There never was a reformer yet that wasn't an inverted boss." But, on the other hand, the dreamer's dreams come true.

The Four Philanthropists. By Edgar Jepson. New York: Cupples & Leon Co.

A bit of whimsical extravagance in the vein which Stevenson struck with his Suicide Club—if, indeed, it does not lead back to De Quincey and Swift, or farther. Three men about town, about London, that is, and a young girl whom one of them succors in distress and subsequently passes off as his sister, constitute themselve a General Philanthropic Removing Company. The object of the company is to "remove" as many Enemies of Humanity as possible, and incidently to secure subscriptions for a children's hospital in which one of their number, the bland chronicler himself, is interested. The chief means they plan to employ are a sand-bag and a "portable lethal chamber," or noose-bag, to be loaded with chloroform and clapped over the head of the given enemy. The reasoning by which this band of amateur thugs, blackmailers, and kidnappers justify their operations is ingenious and entertaining. Their plans do not altogether succeed; in fact, they fail to remove any one, in the most thoroughgoing sense. But the wages of their activity, such as it is, suffice to endow the hospital, and the enterprise is abandoned to the satisfaction of all concerned. The narrative is well-sustained, and, with its avoidance of mere facetiousness, is a bit of agreeable fooling.

Brunhilda of Orr's Island. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A small salt aquarelle of Maine, expanded into scenic dimensions by the help of landscape, athletics, and love-making, with a contrasting touch of New York and the world of fashion. The padding has accomplished its work, and the result is an amiable little story which in shunning depth has also escaped sentimentality. Innocuousness having fallen largely into desuetude, a story all tidiness is acceptable. The author's touch is prettily light and swift, bearing down most heavily, perhaps, in his humorous moments. But who would be harsh with the dispenser of an hour's salt and piny joys spent in the society of an ardent yachtsman, an island houri, an old tar, and other amphibians?

The Wayfarers. By Mary Stewart Cutting. New York: The McClure Co.

Mrs. Cutting's short stories, pleasing as they have been, hardly prepare one for the sustained interest of this novel—her first, we believe. It is not by any means a closely constructed work. A hundred details have no bearing on the main plan. These must be taken on their own merits—and they have them—of insight, of humor, of pungency. Where so much is faithful to life one need not ask that all shall be structural. It is a story of human relations; and the minutiæ which Mrs. Cutting's eye and understanding have conveyed to her deft hand lend it variety, if not continuity. It concerns an upright and affectionate man involved in business responsibilities; his adoring wife, seen at first in the critical time of "drifting to a place among the great and terrible company of nerve-centred people"; seen at last resisting self-pity, for "she knew now that madness lay that way." Parallel and equally prominent runs the story of a young girl's growth through a series of well-meant mistakes. Readers will be glad to find all ending well after tribulation and pain, with a margin of charity for the defeated.

Theodosia's false lights are wonderfully well elaborated. First, the poor fellow who falls by the way—no deliberate sinner, but one who had "been brought up in one of those small, dull country towns in which all too many of the cleanly, white, God-fearing houses have no home in them for a boy and his friends." And, second, the good-natured, rich, lumpish vulgarian. The true prince is perhaps rather femininely virile,

rather motivelessly self-denying. The world has perhaps not seen him, but it would be glad to. Throughout, with the difficulties that beset both men and women, the intimacy, the possibility of the fight and the fighters, make it a book of close appeal to those who study life and to those who live.

The Statue. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

What consideration can have led Mr. Phillpotts to connect his name with a story of this order is a puzzle. As soon expect a Hardy to collaborate with a Haggard, or a James with a Conan Doyle. Mr. Bennett may be recalled as the author of an extravagant tale called "Hugo" (reviewed in these columns January 17, 1907, p. 61), a figment as ingeniously absurd as anything since Stockton. "The Statue" is equally ingenious, but not intentionally absurd. There is no discoverable trace of Mr. Phillpotts in either plot or workmanship. It is the kind of thing the cheap magazines print—a tale of murder and supposed mystery, with suitable embellishment of "love interest." It cannot be said that the mystery is particularly enthralling. The experienced reader of detective fiction will very early discern the rat in the arras. The false scents provided are but faint; and the real question is not Who killed Cock Robin? but Why did Cock Robin build the enormous statue upon whose steps he chanced to be killed? The disclosure produces a thrill hardly adequate to the machinery. The love element is neither more nor less forced than is common in stories of the kind. There is no person in the story who impresses one as anything more than a cog in the rather ineffective machine.

Captain Spink, and Other Sea Comedies. By Morley Roberts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

High slangmaster of the seas Mr. Roberts may be called. And there is, no doubt, a Mesopotamian blessedness in reading of ship-owners who are balmy on the crumpet; of second-best men in the port watch engaged in putting a new seizing on the foot-rope of the starboard yardarm of the fore-t'gall'n' yard; of yarn spinners that 'ave the undiluted to tell the 'ole man surprising tales. Glorying in such "undiluted," the happy reader feels a good deal like the mate in a cyclone—"as if I were screwed up in a four-hundred-gallon tank, about a quarter full of salt water, and sent over Niagara."

It is not only in marine argot, however, that one may admiringly wallow. There are depths and breadths of device that are alluring, once one is launched. The start is a little reluctant, it may be. The first two of the seven stories catch and clog a little on their own humorousness. But with the Adonis captain who sailed to South America to avoid entangling alliances, off we go, skimming merrily over deep seas of invention. Aged Skipper Brodie's revenge for being treated as aged, Younger Skipper Pasco's desire to add experience to his academic knowledge of cyclones, the yachting German prince's misadventures through disregarding the weather, leave one at last in a mood for more, a clear case of endurance blossoming into embrace.

My Day and Generation. By Clark E. Carr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3 net.

Clark E. Carr of Illinois, whose seventy years of life extend from Andrew Jackson's administration to the present moment, gives in "My Day and Generation" reminiscences of the men and events that have touched him personally during an active career. Though attaining himself no great eminence, his position admitted him to intimacy with many of the great figures of his time and gave him a part in important movements. During the Civil War he was an energetic upholder of the cause of the Union. Soon after he saw under favorable circumstances the inchoate States of the Pacific slope. In the Reconstruction period he was close to the men who were in the foreground. Appointed later envoy to Denmark, his contacts with great European personages were interesting. He rendered a marked service at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

In the frank and graphic series of sketches, presented with no undue self-obtrusion, we have as the earliest a glimpse of Martin Van Buren, whom Mr. Carr encountered while studying law at Albany, N. Y., in 1857. The worn-out statesman is effectively presented in a few telling sentences. Less fortunate is the reference to Millard Fillmore, an amiable and useful man in his day, who has had hard measure from fate. Our author was familiar with Lincoln from the time of his first emergence from obscurity, and some of his reminiscences are well worth recording. As a delegate to the Baltimore Convention in 1864, when Lincoln was renominated, Mr. Carr was cognizant of a shrewd bit of manœuvring on Lincoln's part through which his party became effectively consolidated—a fine illustration of the President's political astuteness. As regards less eminent figures of the war-time, the notices of Ben Wade, and of Robert G. Ingersoll, changing as a young man from a Douglas Democrat into a strong Republican, are interesting. The most thrilling incident of the special session of Congress in 1861 was the denunciation of John C. Breckenridge by Edward D. Baker, in the Senate. This memorable scene Mr. Carr witnessed from the gallery, and now portrays vividly.

Among post-bellum memories may be mentioned in particular the picture of Benjamin F. Butler, whom Mr. Carr beheld in one day address the Supreme Court in an important case, and denounce with all his acrid power, in the House of Representatives, the men involved in the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal. Garfield inquired excitedly if it was intended to include him in the arraignment. "We speak only good of the dead," snarled Butler, and hurried on rough-shod in his diatribe. An hour or two later in the Court of the District of Columbia, Mr. Carr heard him eloquently defend a man accused of murder, and in the evening round out his day's work by entertaining at a reception in his great house on Capitol Hill with all grace and suavity the notabilities of Washington. This book also throws light on a pleasanter figure, hardly yet estimated at his true value, Rutherford B. Hayes, to whom, as it happened, in 1876, Mr. Carr carried the first authentic news of the action in that critical moment of the electoral commission. Our author delineates in a way especially engaging his relations with the King and Queen of Denmark and their royal and imperial children of England, Russia, and Greece, his position as envoy opening a door for him into august circles. It was not a small service that, as promoter of the "Corn Kitchen" at Paris in 1900, he helped Europe to the knowledge of a valuable food, and America to a good market for a great product.

While Mr. Carr's relations are sometimes scrappy, sometimes tell too little and sometimes too much, they are worth reading, and will be resorted to hereafter by historians on the lookout for character and color.

Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890. By C. R. L. F. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

In the winter of 1890 Mr. Gladstone paid a week's visit to All Souls College, Oxford. Records and memories of the impression he made on the fellows, his hosts, have been collected by one of them (doubtless Charles R. L. Fletcher, the historian) who describes himself as "an intolerant Tory and strong Erastian." Tory and Erastian indeed is the atmosphere of the All Souls common-room, and Mr. Gladstone's presence there is a theme for comedy. Mallock should have described it, in the vein of "The New Republic." Among C. R. L. F.'s collaborators are A. D. G., H. H. H., W. R. A., T. H. W., C. W. O., and A. C. H., who may be identified as Arthur D. Godley, the spiritual successor of Calverley; the Rev. Herbert H. Henson, now the distinguished Canon of St. Margaret's; Sir William R. Anson, warden of All Souls;

T. T. Warren, president of Magdalen; Charles W. Oman; and the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam. On none of these gentlemen was the humor of the situation lost, but for their manner of presentation they chose, perhaps inevitably, a half-hearted Boswellianism which balances between suavity in the text and derision in the notes. If we can imagine Boswell become a self-conscious Oxford don, extremely afraid of his eminent friend and yet privately aware of being better informed than he on all topics, we should have had a document like the present, instead of his masterpiece.

It must be frankly said that, with all its enthusiastic acknowledgment of Mr. Gladstone's charm, of his grand manner, his kindness, and simplicity, the book gives strongly the impression of his failing powers, his tendency to talk about what he did not understand, and the inconsistency of a man fundamentally conservative, but driven by circumstances to a liberal policy. Every one who talked with him felt that in returning to Oxford he had unconsciously reverted to the Toryism of his youth:

> It was the chairman of the "Liberal Three Hundred" to whom he said, "I am sure, Sir William, your memory will bear me out in saying that a valuable element was lost to our social life with the disappearance of our noblemen and gentlemen-commoners." He said in my hearing much the same thing to A. H. H. [Arthur Henry Hardinge], who tells me that, when he afterwards mentioned the fact to the late Lord Palmerston, that statesman drily remarked: "When these privileged persons existed, Mr. Gladstone was always urging their abolition."

It pleased the dons, while it staggered them, to hear Gladstone say that in 1830 the Constitution was incapable of improvement and had been but injured by the Reform Bill of 1832; that he disapproved strongly of schemes for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church; and that the Russian ambition to possess Constantinople was "regrettable cupidity." But they wriggled with embarrassment and throttled the desire to set him right when he declared that doctors' fees were not recoverable by law, that Merivale was the authority of the day on Roman history, and that Liddell and Scott give no meaning for πυλάρτης. And the voice of the maiden lady who lurks in the breast of every true don is heard in this comment:

> There is great mobility and play of face, as well as of gesture with the hands, which he is fond of bringing down plump on the table to emphasize a point (not good for our table, which is a very old, thin bit of the finest mahogany).

It cannot be said that any remarkable utterance of the great man is set down in these pages. Good-humored anecdotes, not very racy, of men he had known, reminiscence of the Oxford of his youth, and the like made up the bulk of his table-talk. When there was the remotest chance of rousing the lion, his interlocutors huddled like sheep before him:

> Of course, nobody dared to draw him on politics. . . . Somebody was rash enough to suggest that recent events were not encouraging to capitalists in that country [Ireland]; for a moment the speaker was conscious of being transfixed by a terrible eye; it was only for a moment, but one had the sense of potential annihilation.

The public has lost great store of entertainment because in all that group of scholars there was not one with the heroic Boswell's indifference to "annihilation."

Enterprise and the Productive Process: A Theory of Economic Productivity Presented from the Point of View of the Entrepreneur, and Based upon Definitions, Secured through Deduction, of the Scope and Fundamental Terms of the Science of Economics. By Frederick Barnard Hawley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

It would be hard to mention another work that has appeared within the past three or four years which is freighted with more solid thinking upon economic fundamentals. And this general verdict must be rendered, although dissent be registered upon the proposed transformation of economics advocated by Mr. Hawley. The author has hitherto been known chiefly as the originator and expounder of the Risk Theory of Profits. That theory is evidently the germ from which the present system grew. The validity—at least the qualified validity—of the Risk Theory may be conceded without committing one to making profit the pivot around which the whole economic universe must turn. Economists at one time did not distinguish between the capitalist and the enterpriser. But since Gen. Francis A. Walker's day the function of the capitalist, who owns productive property which he puts at the disposal of the enterpriser, has been sharply contrasted to the specialized work of the enterpriser, who controls the capital which he borrows and with it directs the labor of the operative. But economists are not yet agreed on the distinctive character of the enterpriser's function. That he is a director of men and of processes, and in that capacity receives the equivalent of the wages of superintendence, is admitted. Some contend that in the long run, and apart from a fortuitously favorable market price for his product, the wages of superintendence exhaust his remuneration. Others allow that all but the marginal (or least efficient) enterprisers get something beyond wages of superintendence, in so far as by superior ingenuity in combining labor and materials, and by saving of waste, the more competent enterprisers reduce cost below that of the less efficient competitors who are able to continue producing. Hawley contends that the essential task of the enterpriser, as an *enterpriser*, is distinct from both functions just mentioned; that every undertaking involves a risk wholly distinct from the capitalist's who lends in a risky venture and recoups himself by an interest rate which includes insurance; that this distinct risk is essentially a speculation as to the salability of the product. Profits, therefore, according to Mr. Hawley, are properly the remuneration for the assumption of this peculiar risk. To the extent that his theory posits this particular kind of risk, and insists that there must be a reward for its assumption we give hearty assent. Mr. Hawley is entitled to the credit of disentangling this species of industrial risk from other risks, and of insisting upon its essential import in the theory of profits.

But, unfortunately, as we think, the author of the present volume is not content to set forth with cogency his theory of profits, first expounded by him in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. He must reshape the entire *corpus economicum*. And this attempt must be pronounced decidedly infelicitous. Despite his very logical analysis of method and his proper insistence on the superiority of the deductive process where it is available, he defines economics in a way that narrowly confines its range to an analysis of production motived by the expectation of profit. All other methods of seeking a livelihood are relegated summarily to a non-economic limbo. Thus we read:

> The influences which make men powerful, skilful, energetic, lead them to be frugal, enable them to detect unappropriated opportunities, or to become more venturesome, are individualistic, and belong to the study of character, and are useful to economics only as data (p. 284).

Not content with this artificial delimitation of economics, he contrives a terminology absolutely new as regards cardinal terms. Capital is defined as "a fund of unexpended power of purchasing, consisting of a mere claim on wealth in general" (p. 287), and it "cannot be what it is invested in" (p. 183). It is true that capital has been so variously defined that, as Senior said long ago, "it may be doubtful whether it have any generally received meaning." But there is no "inherent absurdity," as Mr. Hawley imagines, in capital's being what it is invested in, except for those who adopt Mr. Hawley's newly contrived definition of capital.

The basic objection to this new schematization of economics, however, is that it proceeds from a profit-seeking type of industry as the tap-root of economic conceptions and analyses. The

true and ultimate source, we believe, must be sought in what is unfortunately termed consumption; that is, in the desires and impulses to enjoy wealth which prompt to every species of economic activity, and which are the ultimate ground of the value-making processes which regulate economic life. To seek the fountain of industrial life in a type, even a dominant type, of production is to begin too far down stream. The true sources lie in the psychological region of individual desire, not in the lower table-lands of associated production.

The Twentieth Century American. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The title of Mr. Robinson's book might lead the intending reader to imagine that he had another volume of observations and impressions, obviously by an Englishman, of contemporary Americans and their ways; and the subtitle—"A Comparative Study of the Peoples of the Two Great Anglo-Saxon Nations"—looks in the same direction. Only remotely, however, does either part of the title describe the book. What Mr. Robinson gives us is an elaborate plea, novel and interesting, if not wholly convincing, for an Anglo-American alliance. Such an alliance, a natural outgrowth of the inherent likeness of the two peoples, would, he believes, insure beyond peradventure the peace of the world. No single Power, nor any combination of Powers, would dare risk a war with the combined forces of Great Britain and the United States, or venture to disregard a clear expression of their joint opinion; while Germany, which Mr. Robinson bluntly declares to be the greatest menace to international peace, particularly in Europe, would be effectually curbed.

The observations on the resemblances and dissimilarities of the English and American characters, offered in defence of this thesis, are often acute and striking. Convinced as he is that an alliance would be welcomed by England if only the United States would cordially suggest it, Mr. Robinson devotes himself, not to a traveller's description of what he has seen or experienced, nor yet to an *a priori* appraisal of American achievements and ideals, but to a discussion of the differences and misunderstandings which alone, in his judgment, prevent the speedy consummation of political union. For one thing, he warns his countrymen that New York city is not the United States, nor even in any degree typical of the country at large; but that, if one is to understand the characteristics of the American people, the West, the Pacific Coast, the South, and the country as well as the city, must be included in the survey. Especially good is his exposition of American energy and aggressiveness as only the inevitable outgrowth of successful struggle with nature on a vast scale—a success which engenders the confident belief, so rasping to Europeans, that Americans are always right, and can do whatever they choose. If the pages devoted to some of the peculiarities of American politics, especially such as arise from the Federal system and the lack of a responsible ministry, seem relatively trite, it is rather because essentially the same thing has so often been said than because what is said is not to the point.

So well does Mr. Robinson balance praise and reproof that one is continually speculating as to which party will, in the end, hold vantage of the other. He certainly does not spare his own countrymen, however graciously he may deal with their insularities and complacencies; yet none the less does he lay his finger on tender spots in the American body. It is not comforting, for example, to be told again in this day of our greatness that it is the United States, and not England, that has been isolated; that England, facing for centuries a hostile Continent and absorbed in the civilization of remote and widely scattered possessions, has failed to understand the United States, not because it was hostile to us, but because we were until lately quite outside the main current of the world's progress, and England did not need to know either what we were like or what we were doing. It is not a compliment to our intelligence as a singularly well-read and much-travelled people to be told that Englishmen are still sincerely and irrevocably attached to monarchy; that the English peerage, into whose ranks American women show such fatal readiness to marry, is not chiefly compounded of bankrupts and *roués;* that the Englishman's attitude towards women is quite as chivalrous as is that of the American; that the climate of England is at least as tolerable as that, say, of Chicago or Pittsburgh, not to mention Buffalo; or that Englishmen really have a sense of humor, notwithstanding their helplessness in the face of American dialect.

On the other hand, certain important affairs of the moment have seemed to Mr. Robinson to exhibit American fibre at its best. The painful revelations of financial crookedness and soullessness which the past few years have brought do not shake his faith in the fundamental soundness of American business life. In more than one place he points out that the great and permanent successes in the business world are not achieved by false practices, but by integrity, and that individual and corporate dishonesty passes out as economic maturity comes in. For President Roosevelt's service in stimulating the sense of private and public justice, as for his courage in attacking the evil rich, there is merited praise; and even American diplomacy, that *bête noire* of European critics, is kindly dealt with.

No summary of leading points can do justice to Mr. Robinson's book, or go further than suggest the scope and variety of the topics on which he touches. The volume must be read to be appreciated, and it ought to be widely read and attentively pondered. As to the desirability of an Anglo-American alliance, the reviewer, pending the reappearance of the question as an issue in American politics, refrains from expressing an opinion, and the more readily because a decision at this point can in no way impair, if indeed it can affect, the worth of Mr. Robinson's general observations. That such an alliance would be vastly more natural than most political partnerships, and that it would be a mighty earnest of the world's peace, may cheerfully be admitted. But as a contribution to good understanding between two peoples whose resemblances are quite as fundamental as their differences, and who ought, therefore, whatever their formal diplomatic relations, to attack harmoniously the problems of world politics, Mr. Robinson's work is cordially welcome. If, as our author repeatedly warns us, war between the United States and Great Britain might easily break out, and with a certainty of popularity in this country wholly irrespective of the merits of the controversy; or if the United States, because of its power and aggressive activity, is itself peculiarly exposed to the fascination of foreign war, any one who, knowing the two English-speaking peoples well, helps to link them more closely in spiritual bonds, renders the execution of a more formal compact the less necessary, if not the less advisable.

Science.

THE TORRICELLI CELEBRATION AT FAENZA.

FLORENCE, September 10.

On October 15 three hundred years will have passed since, in the little town of Faenza, in the Romagna, Evangelista Torricelli was born. At an early age he showed an unusual aptitude for all mathematical and scientific studies. His youth fell in the period when Galileo was at the height of his fame and the scientist's theories on force and motion engaged Torricelli's attention. They led to his writing a treatise on the theme, which, communicated to Galileo, so excited him, blind and broken though he was, that he could not rest until brought into direct relationship with the younger man. It was decided to call Torricelli to Florence; and for three months, that

is, until Galileo's death, the two, master and pupil, lived in the closest intimacy and exchanged their scientific views and theories. In having Torricelli to continue his work, Galileo felt that his labors would not perish with him; and when Galileo died, the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II., with that intuition for genius that distinguished the Medici, nominated Torricelli his philosopher and mathematician extraordinary in Galileo's place. For six years, until his early death at the age of thirty-nine, he filled this place, justifying the anagram of the epoch:

> En virescit Galilæus alter
> Evangelista Torricelli.

It was he who solved two questions that agitated the scientific thought of the seventeenth century—the horror of nature for a vacuum and the weight of the air. He invented the barometer, still sometimes called the Torricellian tube; he effected the quadrature of the cycloid; he discovered fundamental principles of hydromechanics; he greatly improved the telescopes and microscopes Galileo had invented. No wonder a city is proud to have given him birth. Wherefore, Faenza has inaugurated a Torricelli Exhibition to celebrate this third centenary.

This exhibition may be said to consist of two sections: a scientific and an artistic. In the scientific, careful facsimiles of those of Torricelli's instruments that have survived are shown; for Florence, which owns the originals, remembering the sad fate that overtook Volta's originals at the Exhibition of Como, where they were burned, refused to let them leave her Physical Museum. At Faenza are also shown all instruments, ancient and modern, bearing on cognate themes, including daily demonstrations of the flight of birds, and of the applicability of their methods to the flight of man. As is well known, the Italians are pastmasters in the making of instruments of precision. The delicacy of some of these appliances is marvellous to behold. It seems incredible that human hands could have shaped them. A reconstruction based on Torricelli's written instructions has been made of his famous hygrometer. Eight large diagrams lucidly set forth even to the most unlearned the value of Torricelli's chief inventions in the field of mechanics and geometry, as well as those illustrating the novel methods whereby he converted what was a malarious waste into the fertile Val di Chiana. There is, further, a large exhibit of lenses dating from early times to the more perfect present.

Many of his autograph letters and writings are on view also, as well as a most important correspondence exchanged with a French mathematician of the epoch, unearthed by chance not long ago at an antiquary's in Berlin. For years Italy has proposed to issue his collected works, a vast undertaking, which political and financial obstacles have hitherto hindered. Now these writings are about to be published.

In the artistic department Faenza has naturally remembered how she bestowed the generic name of fayence on pottery, how she is the ancient mother *ad esercitium figuli super rotam.* This second section is obviously the more popular. Here Faenza has been able to show that, as in all Italy to-day, new life pulsates in her veins; that she no longer needs to exist only on the memory of her past glories, but tries, and with success, to emulate them in the present by revived artistic energies. For Faenza has never lost the art of throwing the potter's clay; and of late years, thanks first to copying her former output, then to striking out on new lines, her wares are as much sought after and esteemed as of yore. The exhibition is housed in a number of pavilions erected of white staff and effectively decorated with inlet of pottery. One of these is devoted to the exhibit of Fratelli Minardi, the ablest Faentine potters of to-day. Besides showing what they can do in choice as well as common productions, they also show how it is done. Visitors can watch the successive processes of working the rude clay into terracotta, majolica, and porcelain. Especially interesting is the firm's own pottery museum, transplanted here for the nonce, the museum where the workmen learn to reverence and imitate the old. Here are on view authentic specimens of the *grafitti a stecco* of the fifteenth century, attractive in their primitive simplicity; the famous intense blue of Faenza; the light hued, graceful, Raffaelesque arabesques; phosphorescent metallic lustres, and all else that distinguished Faenza's wares.

Some of the exhibitors are not Faentines, though Faenza has inspired them. One of the more notable is Cacciapuoti, the Neapolitan modeller, who has abandoned all the shapes and themes traditional to majolica and created new types, casting aside the conventionalized treatments of flora and fauna, and reproducing man and beast, flower and fruit with accurate realism. More faithful to the old traditions, and to my mind more agreeable, are the labors of the Chini workshop, decorative and sober. Many of these pottery works are run by the workmen themselves on cooperative principles, presided over by some capable artist. This, too, is significant for the new Italy. A particularly interesting exhibit is that of a private gentleman who, on cleaning out a well on his estate recently, found in strata a complete collection of Faenza ware from its earliest attempts until the early nineteenth century, when the workshops were for a period but slightly productive. Many specimens are even not much broken; all serve to reconstruct the history of the industry; many are of quaint shapes and designs of which examples are lacking. Z.

The thanks of the public, and especially of scientific men, are due the Royal Society of London for undertaking the preparation of a "Subject Index" of all scientific papers published in course of the century 1800-1900. The work will comprise seventeen volumes, following the classification adopted in the "International Catalogue of Scientific Literature." The first instalment, "Pure Mathematics" (Cambridge: University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons, American agents), has just appeared. Some notion of the modern activity in this most ancient and fundamental of the sciences is evident in the fact that this volume of nearly 700 large compactly printed pages contains only abbreviated titles. The number of papers listed is 38,743; the number of journals represented is 700, a large ratio of them being devoted exclusively to mathematics. As for applied mathematics, that will compose a large part of the volumes devoted to mechanics, astronomy, and physics. In so vast an enterprise errors are unavoidable. In this case we look in vain for the *Bulletin* of the American Mathematical Society in the list of serials, though the contents of that journal are listed. The utility of the volume will be great, and will be enhanced when the twelve volumes of the "Catalogue of Authors" (1800-1883) shall be extended to 1900, a work now in course of preparation.

In June, 1907, appeared the first number of a new ornithological publication, *British Birds*, edited by H. F. Witherby and W. P. Pycraft, well-known English ornithologists. Volume I. of this periodical has just been republished in book form, with a special preface and index. The interest is not so limited as the title would indicate; for many of the articles are of general value to workers in this field of science. Among the more noteworthy articles are "Nestling Birds and Some of the Problems They Present," "Wind and Flight," "A Study of the Home Life of the Osprey," "Breeding Habits of the Rednecked Phalarope," "Wood Pigeon Diphtheria," and "Evolution of Birds' Nests." The volume is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs from living birds.

Dr. H. Albert has just published his "Medizinisches Literatur- und Schriftsteller Vademecum, 1907-8" (Hamburg: Francke & Scheibner). It contains in alphabetical order the names of modern medical writers and their publications; a catalogue of all universities with medical faculties, together with institutes. learned societies, etc.; a list of medical journals, annual reports, etc., and medical publication houses. The author announces that in the near future he will publish a "Medizinisches Literaturlexikon."

F. Kynaston Barnes, formerly assistant constructor of the British navy and surveyor of dockyards, has died in his eighty-first year. He was the author of many papers in the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, one of the authors of "Shipbuilding," and joint editor for a number of years, with Lord Brassey, of

The Naval Annual. He was also the inventor of what is known as "Barnes's method" of calculating the stability of ships, and was the designer of the Nile and the Trafalgar.

Drama.

Faust: Freely adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In adapting "Faust" to the English stage, our authors have had to face not only the ordinary difficulties of the translator, but also the task of contracting a huge amorphous poem into a single unified play. It is true that the second difficulty has lightened the first. Their necessary and avowed freedom in handling the material has made it easier to avoid the awkward half-translations that commonly leave such work neither quite one language nor the other. In mere style and rhythm and facility Messrs. Phillips and Carr (though in these matters we presume the work to be almost entirely Mr. Phillips's) have thus been able to produce the best version in English of Goethe's work. The very opening of the Prologue with the chorus of the archangels—

> The sun his ancient music makes,
> Rolling amid the rival spheres;
> Still his predestined course he takes
> In thunder speed throughout the years—

compares favorably with Shelley's translation, chiefly because Shelley vitiated the rhythm with the excessive romantic *enjambement* affected by his school. And from these stanzas to the conclusion of the drama we have not observed a single line that does not read as if thought and word had sprung together in the same writer's mind. This is not to say, of course, that the power of Goethe has passed into his imitators. The hardest task of a translator is to preserve the full effect of the original while using the same economy of means. Almost always it seems necessary in transferring an idea or emotion from one tongue to another to elaborate the medium; and Mr. Phillips has not always risen superior to this difficulty. Thus Goethe's famous line,

> Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!

must take on the sentimental epithet "old" and a needless metaphor:

> The old tear starts! Earth has her child again.

Yet if the simplicity of the original is lost, there is still no specific mark of translation; the idea might very well have been originally so expressed by an English poet. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Phillips's originality is even too marked. It is a kind of betrayal—*traduttore traditore*—to father upon Goethe such purely Phillipsian modes as

> Man writhes to glory, but through pain of error. . . .

or

> Pure from the world, and pacing lawns of peace. . . .

or

> And fevered Chaos with his blistering stars.

The condensation and adaptation of the poem to a workable drama have been skilfully managed, though not always to our taste. It was to be expected that the writer of "Ulysses" and "Nero" would take full advantage of the spectacular opportunities of "Faust," and, in fact, mechanical changes were required in the theatre in which Beerbohm Tree stages the play, in order to accommodate Mr. Phillips's exuberant vision. Even the Brocken scene has not frightened him; rather, he has developed it so as to exhaust all the resources of stage thunder, calcium lights, and flying scenery. There is a little too much of this sort of hocus-pocus in the original, but description of melodramatic landscape and actual representation are two different things, and the excess of Mr. Phillips's phantasmagoria will almost certainly detract from the seriousness of the play.

The human interest for these spectacular effects is furnished by Faust's philosophical despair and his seduction of Gretchen. The translators have apparently felt the incongruity of these two motives, and have sought to introduce a balance by cutting down the first scenes to a rapid summary of Faust's doubt, his vain call upon the Earth-Spirit, the inspiration of the Easter choruses, the sudden appearance of Mephistopheles after a direct call upon the Spirit of Chaos and Evil (more suggestive of Marlowe than of Goethe), the signing of the compact, and the dialogue with Wagner. The scenes in Auerbach's Keller and without the walls are shrewdly brought together, and the character of Valentine emphasized. Dramatically, the most important addition is the part played by the Witch. In the cave scene, for the goblet that restores Faust to youth she exacts of Mephistopheles a promise of payment to be settled on Walpurgis night. When that night arrives Mephistopheles calls on the Witch to evoke before Faust visions of beauty which will wean him of his remorse for Margaret:

> *Witch.* Master, pay me then!
> 'Twas on the Brocken I should claim my fee;
> So stood our bargain.
> *Mephistopheles.* Would'st thou threaten me?
> I'll pay thee naught till I shall pay thee all.
> *Witch.* [Aside.] Then ere night ends I'll earn my fee in full,
> And trick thee with a vision fair and foul
> That shall affright ye both.
> . . . . . .
> [*The vision of Helen of Troy is gradually revealed.*]
>
> *Chorus.*
> Once more upon the purple main
> That scudding sail doth bear her home,
> Troy's cindered towns are fired again,
> And flare across the crimsoned foam.
>
> *Mephistopheles.* See how they press around her, all her train,
> She for whose lips the world was drenched in blood,
> Yet note that changeless beauty bears no trace
> Of all her countless slain.
> *Faust.* Helen?
> *Mephistopheles.* Ay, Helen,
> My loyal subject Queen who shattered Troy,
> And dyed the Ægean with a Tyrian stain.
> *Faust.* Draw closer, closer, till I touch those lips.
> *Mephistopheles.* Nay! wait awhile! I know an Orient bough
> Whereon there hangs a riper, ruddier fruit
> Embrowned by Egypt's sun. Lead on, sweet hag!
> The feast is not half served.
> *Witch.* [From her cauldron.] Nay, Sire, there is more,
> As thou shalt learn before the cauldron cools.

The vision of Cleopatra follows, and after that Messalina, and then the witch's revenge—"During the Chorus the lonely figure of Margaret is revealed with chains about her wrists, her dead child lying at her feet." And Faust, at that sight, breaks the spell of false beauty and of wit:

> Those eyes are turned upon me! Margaret, stay!
> Across the gulf of Hell I'll fly to thee.
> Go, bear me to that prison where she lies,
> Her anguish is my anguish, all her sin
> Is mine to suffer, aye, or mine to cure.

It is an effective scene, made out of the spoils of Goethe's Walpurgisnacht (with echoes from the second part of "Faust") Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," and Shakespeare's "Macbeth." It has its justification also in so far as it brings some dramatic unity into the plot. There is a confusion of motives in the new play, as there is in the original; but the Brocken scene gives emphasis to Faust's sin as a betrayal of the emotions, and to his salvation as the result of following the same emotions through to self-abnegation, and thus introduces a kind of completeness into the action of the First Part without the long evolution of the Second Part. It is a curious point, showing how the translators were led to adopt this by dramatic instinct rather than by philosophical grasp of the subject, that, in the famous speech of Faust to Margaret on the nature of God, they should obscure, or practically omit, Goethe's climax: "Gefühl ist Alles—feeling is all." That is the romantic clue which Goethe lost in later parts of the play, and only partly recovered in the final deification of the *Ewig-Weibliche*. The thesis is something more than disputable, but once given, should be maintained. It is regrettable that the present adapters have thought it necessary to conclude the

prison scene with a spectacular exhibition (rather cheaply put together from the conclusion of the Second Part) of Margaret in heaven, with Faust borne upward by angels to her feet. We think the Devil has some right on his side when he exclaims—and his words close the drama—against Goethe and against Messrs. Phillips and Carr:

I will the evil, I achieve the good.

For, after all, Faust's salvation was cheaply won.

Upon the stately mausoleum raised by the followers of Délia Bacon over the remains of the sonneteering Lord Verulam, autbor of the "Novum Organum," "Maxims of the Law," "Romeo and Juliet," and otber trifles, G. G. Greenwood lays a new brick in the form of a bandsome stout volume entitled "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" (John Lane Co.). Himself a lawyer and an M.P., Mr. Greenwood naturally feels great respect for opinions from tbe bench; the authorities wbich be cites most gravely are those eminent English scbolars Judge Webb, Judge Holmes, and Judge Stotsenburg. Witb something of legal astuteness he writes from tbe outset "Shakespeare" when he is speaking of tbe dramatist and "Shakspere" wben be is speaking of the man from Stratford. With the artful iteration of De Foe in establisbing the apparition of Mrs. Veal be constantly refers to "Shakspere" as a tbieving, illiterate rustic, and to "Shakespeare" as a man of profound learning and polite culture. In every contemporary reference to the genius of "Shakespeare" be detects a covert wink—half London seems to bave conspired to keep Bacon's great secret. Ben Jonson was in it; otherwise it is impossible to reconcile his conversations witb Drummond and his lines prefixed to the First Folio. Occasionally Mr. Greenwood is a little too literal-minded; quoting Jonson's lines to the effect that he would not as Cbaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont to move over to make room in their monument for Shakespeare, Mr. Greenwood says this "was very sensible on Jonson's part, seeing that Shakespeare was not buried in Westminster Abbey, as Basse seems to have thought be was, or was to be, for otberwise there is no sense in his allusions." From tbis point of view there was no sense in tbem anyway; for how could tbe poet expect Chaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont to move, being, as they indubitably were, dead? But on the wbole, we do not see why this book sbould be treated with tbe petulance and temper of which Mr. Greenwood complains in tbe "Stratfordians." It must have been good fun to write—no labors are pleasanter than those of the amateur scholar—and approached in suitable mood, it is certainly good fun to read. Furthermore, if tbe Baconians were not lured on by the "Great Mystery" they might know even less about Shakespeare and bis friends than they actually do. Finally, tbis book is more or less valuable as a specimen of a myth in the making.

Not much is to be said in favor of "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlbut, which was presented in the Stuyvesant Tbeatre on Tuesday evening. It is difficult to understand how a manager of David Belasco's experience and professed artistic ambitions could have discerned any solid merit in a piece so crude and violent, both in conception and execution. He was attracted, perhaps, by the theme—the possibility of a man being both rich and honest—whicb doubtless is not devoid of contemporaneous significance or point; but not much is to be gained by an illustration at once so pretentious and feeble. Actually tbe piece is ordinary melodrama, made up of the usual ingredients of sentiment and sensation, but so unskilfully compounded that the thrills and tbe pathos fail equally to produce illusion. Small respect is paid to reason or likelihood, and by neglecting these, two or three isolated situations are secured which indisputably possess a degree of stage effectiveness for unsophisticated spectators; and it is upon tbe support of this somewhat numerous body that the piece must depend. Miss Blancbe Bates plays tbe central character with considerable melodramatic, but not much sympathetic, power.

The most important incident of the week in New York for intelligent playgoers will be the presentation of Percy Mackaye's new comedy, "Mater," in the Savoy Theatre, on Friday afternoon. In the present instance, be bas laid aside—only temporarily, let us hope—all poetic pretension and written a modern play in simple prose. His story deals with tbe political ambitions of a young man and the effect of bis motber's influence upon his efforts to realize them. The mother will be played by Isabel Irving, and other leading characters have been assigned to Cbarles A. Stephenson, John Junior, and Frederick Lewis.

The New German Theatre in this city will be opened in October with Wildenbruch's "Die Rabensteinerin," a play wbicb will be seen later in Englisb under the title "The Executioner." Later Emanuel Reicher, a prominent German interpreter of Ibsen, will be seen at tbis bouse in "Rosmersholm," "The Master Builder," and "John Gabriel Borkman."

The German Tbeatre, in Irving Place, will open under its new director, Otto Weil, on October 1, with "Husarenfieber," a comedy by Kadelburg and Skowronnek, which in the last two seasons has made tbe round of tbe important theatres in Germany and Austria.

It is evident tbat tbe inherent improbabilities in tbe story of W. J. Locke's "Idols" are even more difficult of acceptance when offered upon the stage tban tbey are in the book. The piece, made by the autbor and Roy Horniman, wbich bas just been produced in the London Garrick Tbeatre, appears to be nothing better than lurid sentimental melodrama. That tbe trial scene, very well managed, provides a strong theatrical effect, or rather a series of effects, wbich is likely to attract the crowd, all critics seem agreed.

Wilfred T. Coleby's new play, in which Miss Lena Ashwell makes her reappearance at the London Kingsway, on October 9, bears the somewbat enigmatical title "Tbe Swayboat." The cast includes Miss Kate Rorke, Mrs. Frances Ivor, and Norman McKinnel.

Music.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its twenty-eighth season in Boston with a public rehearsal on October 9, and a concert on October 10. It will give twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts in Boston; ten concerts in New York; eight in Cambridge; five each in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; tbree each in Providence and Hartford; and one each in Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus, and Rochester. The dates of the Thursday evening concerts in New York are November 5, December 3, January 7, February 18, and Marcb 18; the dates of the Saturday matinées, November 7, December 5, January 9, February 20, and March 20.

The Russian Symphony Orcbestra will give only four concerts tbis season at Carnegie Hall, on November 12, December 10, January 14, and February 11. Among tbe soloists engaged are Miscba Elman and Alexander Petschnikoff, tbe Russian violinists, and Josef Lbévinne, the pianist.

Paderewski will arrive in tbis country in January, and will make, all told, about thirty appearances, about half of them witb orchestras. He will play seven or eight times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the only orcbestra witb whicb be will play in the East. He will play also with the Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul orchestras, and probably witb others. He will give not more than one recital in eacb of tbe cities he visits, and bis tour will be confined to the larger cities east of the Mississippi. He will bring with bim his symphony, of whicb so mucb is expected. It was promised for two years ago, but was not finisbed. According to an agreement of long standing, it will have its very first production in Boston by tbe Boston Symphony Orcbestra.

Remarkably ambitious are the plans of tbe "Volksoper," wbich competes in Vienna witb tbe Imperial Opera. In addition to Lortzing and Mozart cycles, there are to be three series of performances illustrating the development of German, Italian, and Frencb opera. There will also be performed at tbe Volksoper no fewer than eight operas new to the Viennese: Isidore de Lara's "Messalina," Leo Blech's "Versiegelt," Lafite's "Das kalte Herz," Bela von Ujj's "Der Müller und sein Kind," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," Miualowich's "Elaine," Smetana's "Zwei Wittwen," and Dvorák's "Russalka."

From Biarritz comes tbe report of tbe deatb on September 20 of Pablo Sarasate, one of the master violinists of bis period. He was born at Pampeluna, Spain, March 10, 1844. At an early age he went to France, and entered tbe Paris Conservatoire, wbere he became the favorite pupil of Delphin Alard, tbe foremost of French players, and under him gained the first prizes for solfeggio and violin. He then entered Reber's barmony class, and secured a *premier accessit* in 1859; but soon after relinquished the study of composition for the more tempting career of concert player. His beautiful tone, named "pure gold" for its unequalled quality, his retentive memory and brilliant execution, added to the singularity of his

appearance, insured his success in Paris, the French provinces, and the Peninsula. The Spaniards naturally honored an artist who was their own countryman, but Sarasate was ambitious for world honors, and after making his way through Europe, from the remotest corner of Portugal to Norway, and from London to Moscow, he visited America, North and South. Everywhere his triumph was complete. His répertoire was varied, and included the works of both classics and moderns. Among the latter his favorites were Max Bruch, Saint-Saëns, and Lalo.

Art.

THE CASE OF ENGLISH PAINTING.

If a picture dealer were asked what was the most important event of the last fifteen years, he would say the revival of the early English school. After a period of relative neglect the canvases of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney have led the market. Even the mezzotints after their portraits bring hundreds of pounds; and the portraits of Raeburn and Lawrence keep commercial pace with those of the leaders of the school. Meanwhile criticism has confirmed the taste of the market-place. We have had such definitive studies as Sir Walter Armstrong's biographies of the famous portraitists and of Turner, and as C. J. Holmes's "Constable," not to mention a host of minor English works or the often suggestive contributions of French and German critics. And if one needed additional testimony to the popularity of the school it might be found in the abundance of forgeries in the salesrooms.

In view of this popularity, the critic might ask first; What is there in us that craves the English school of painting? Next: Are these pictures worthy of this admiration? But before attempting an answer we must get rid of the fiction of a unitary English school. Sweeping aside the abortive beginnings of mediæval miniaturists, the imported face painters from Holbein to Kneller, and the Tudor and Jacobean offshoots from Dutch portraiture, the English school as a subject of general significance begins with Hogarth and presents at least three widely different aspects: First we have Hogarth himself, whether in genre or portraiture, a Briton of the Britons. Nothing connects him with the group whom he disdainfully called the "portrait manufacturers." For strangely unlike reasons, he is as isolated as Blake. The time was too finical to accept his raciness except as humble folk found it made for edification. The second group consists of the elegant portraitists under the leadership, acknowledged or unacknowledged, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is they that have so completely imposed themselves upon modern taste that when one cites the English school without qualification, they are meant. The third group would include the landscapists from Gainsborough and Richard Wilson to Constable and Turner. Here, evidently, would be need of reclassification into fantastic and realistic painters, with Turner and Constable as the contrasting types. Within this classification we have only two really contentious points, Sir Joshua and Turner. No one, I think, will deny the importance of Hogarth and Constable, though naturally their rating on an European scale is still tentative. But on what we think of Sir Joshua, the most conservative of portrait painters, and of Turner, the most anarchical of landscapists, depends our whole attitude towards the English school. In fact, pretty much everything pivots on Sir Joshua. If he was not a great painter, great as measured with the greatest, then the English school of painting sinks into relative insignificance, and the task of criticism is to detect the few isolated geniuses that flourished in spite of unfavorable surroundings. A thoughtful German critic, Julius Meier-Graefe,* brings at least clear convictions on this matter. He asserts, and gives ingenious reasons for his opinion, that no English painters deserve the name of great except Hogarth and Constable.

Whistler, it will be recalled, limited that distinction to the older painter. It is one of the curiosities of criticism that it has taken more than a century to discover that Hogarth was not merely a most diverting caricaturist and illustrator, but one of the finest technicians that ever held brush. For lightness and brilliancy of execution The Shrimp Girl is a marvel worthy to hang by The Gypsy of Frans Hals. And the English portrait is far more significant, being a vivid generalization of the London lass—an epitome of an entire level of a civilization. The more sober portraits, such as that of himself with a bulldog and of his sister, need fear no company. One may pass from them in the National Gallery, to Moroni, Champaigne, Bellini, or even Jan van Eyck, without taking back a whit of the first enthusiasm. Again, the little narrative series, particularly Marriage à la Mode, are models of the painter's craft. Before one begins to be interested in the anecdote, one is captured by the beauty of the scene as such—the proportions and airiness of the interiors, the harmonious disposition of the numerous figures, the pervading charm of a color gay, rich, and masterfully applied with a full and accurate brush. And yet these pictures are, to boot, among the world's best illustrations, considered merely as graphic narratives. The originality and the extent of his accomplishment can hardly be overestimated. The history of art finds few parallels for it. In a single lifetime he compassed pretty much everything that Dutch art, excluding Rembrandt, effected in the three generations from Old Brueghel to Terburg. He is as racy of London as Albrecht Dürer of Nuremburg.

It is a temptation to follow Meier-Graefe in using Hogarth as a club for Sir Joshua, but a president of the Royal Academy, an admirable, great gentleman, a most resourceful and influential painter, deserves to be freed from painful comparisons. On the plus side there is much to be said for Sir Joshua. Technically, he had talent enough for three or four great painters, as such repute went in his time. We may not complain that he drank a little from many cups: from Rembrandt and Correggio, even more from Van Dyck and Van Dyck's greater model, Titian. But, when all is said, his brush has a sparkle and felicity all its own. His workmanship is extraordinarily varied. He understands the heavy falls of satins, and the buoyancy of filmy scarves. He commands a peculiarly vibrating crimson, and invents a delicious silvery blue in flesh tones. Only the very greatest executants have excelled him in freshness and variety of his method. Why, then, isn't he a great painter?

"Sir Joshua had everything but humanity," writes Meier-Graefe, and, properly interpreted, this seems to strike the cardinal defect of his art. Why does a likeness of a great lady by Sir Joshua fetch ten times the price of that of her spouse, painted at the same time, and presumably with equal ability? Because it is prettier, of course. A good reason and a bad one. Even trade makes no such childish distinction between the "fine and superfine" of Titian, Rubens, or Velasquez. The prettiness of Sir Joshua represents, unhappily, no discerning study of the individual woman. He has not had the patience or the capacity to catch the gesture and expression that are hers and hers alone. Instead he sees an obvious picturesque (not pictorial, mind you) opportunity in the graceful creature, poses her, and begins to paint. Then his ingenuity

**William Hogarth.* Von Julius Meier-Graefe. [Klassische Illustratoren, No. 2.] Munich and Leipzig: R. Piper & Co.

Die Grossen Engländer. Von Julius Meier-Graefe. Munich and Leipzig: R. Piper & Co.

These well printed and illustrated volumes abound in critical ideas agreeably and trenchantly expressed. Many critics will disagree with Herr Meier-Graefe in his particular judgments. We find, for example, his attitude towards Turner on the whole grudging, and his strictures upon Whistler's portrait of his mother curiously sophistical. But he always gives his reasons and conducts his arguments with persuasive dignity. The two books constitute a survey of the main figures in British painting from Hogarth to Constable, with Whistler—is he really of the English, or of any school?—thrown in for good measure. Many readers will regret the omissions, but this collection of essays should not be judged as a manual. Constable occupies the lion's share of the space, and we have read nothing better about him.

comes to the rescue of the theme. Its colors gleam in shadow, its golden whites fairly glow. Vague trees repeat the swing of the slender figure, vaguer park contours reinforce her crooked finger—like slow music emphasizing the pathos of a melodrama. The result is infinitely seductive. It requires a severe resolution to withstand so appealing a falsity. Yet it remains a concocted thing, a thing never conceived pictorially. Sir Joshua *quâ* artist is a great showman, and little more. Like a clever theatrical manager, he knows the points of his figurantes—not their real points, but those that will strike the crowd when glimpsed beyond a gilded frame. If you would know the difference between a dazzling confection and a real portrait, pass from a Sir Joshua to a Bronzino. Even a Nattier will do, for, with a far smaller gift, he took his frivolous world seriously, and his work has documentary value. Sir Joshua's is deceptive at nearly every point. Yes, he lacked humanity. There is more real femininity in the little canvas by Gainsborough of his two daughters, in a mere sketch of a girl's head by Constable which hangs near at South Kensington, than in Sir Joshua's entire *œuvre*. "His gowns are so fine," says Meier-Graefe, "that one would gladly own them without the woman."

Unless we have done Sir Joshua grave injustice, how little there is to say for the Opies, Beecheys, Coteses, Hoppners; for the sentimentalist Romney, with his slender gift as a painter; for the specious superficialities of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, had it not been for the abysses of high Victorian portraiture, would seem the very negation of sound and fine painting! The syrupy current of the age was almost irresistible. Yet there is Raeburn, a fine, austere workman, a conscientious observer. With no pretensions whatever to greatness, his modest excellence need not fear the best company. He is real. So, of course, is Gainsborough, and criticism of his work remains one of the most delicate of problems. He is charming enough to make the inspired homilist John Ruskin forget both himself and his principles. He is prettier than Sir Joshua, but with a prettiness long meditated and transformed into beauty. With the amiable shortcomings of the amateur, which he always remained at heart, he had the amateur's refined audacities. He painted what seems beyond paint. These are not pictures, one is tempted to say, but the fragrance of so many English women and Suffolk landscapes. To ask whether he be great or not may seem a superfluous and injurious question. Instead of trying to answer it, then, let me ask one or two others that should be clarifying. In the great gallery at Hertford House, where hang, also, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Hals, do his admittedly greatest portraits seem a little thin? Do we unconsciously associate him, not with our admirations, but with our affections for such painters as Lorenzo Lotto or Moretto of Brescia? Finally, is not his peculiar aroma conveyed by certain pictures still more thoughtfully conceived and exquisitely painted by one Watteau? Possibly these are unfair questions. Let us admit, instead, how poor the courtly school of England would seem without the gracious presence of this poet-painter. Again, in landscape Gainsborough has a place all his own. Admit the obvious conventionality of his arrangements—always the bright central space shading out into surrounding shadow—concede the small range of his palette, his formulas for trees and rocks, and he remains one of the most interesting figures of the century. Only Canaletto and Guardi, whom we may fairly reckon with the landscapists, seem plainly his superiors. His mood is unique. There breathes a poetry through his best landscapes that relates him with Corot. The confrontation is instructive and a little damaging for Gainsborough. We note once more the difference between the inspired amateur and the trained artist.

How say anything just about Turner? He provokes not admirations, but passions. He worked in an atmosphere of mystification. Then came Ruskin to cloud the whole issue by lauding as a humble realist the greatest fantastic of his time, and one of the most impressive of all times. There were several Turners, and none of them is negligible: Turner the faithful, rather timid portraitist of English landscape; Turner the stupendous delineator of the "Liber Studiorum"; Turner the magical creator of the panoramic vignettes in watercolor; Turner the too conscious emulator of the classicalities of Claude; finally, the reallest of all, Turner the sun-worshipper. Though this imposing and varied metempsychosis, he was always progressing. His brush learned new audacities, his palette rejected all colors less transparent than those of the sky and clouds. No landscape painter before him, and few since, have amassed such extravagance of technical means, such knowledge of the possibilities of glazed, broken, or juxtaposed colors. His painting is still, in spite of the damage most of his canvases have suffered, a sort of repertory of impossibilities fairly compassed. Yet as time goes by and his discoveries become part of the common stock, it is possible that Turner may come to seem, as he did to his contemporaries, more bizarre and portentous than great. The material and the energy of greatness were unquestionably in him, but he never attained the culture and self-restraint that usually accompany great craftsmanship. His sense of ends was ever deficient. One perceives his lack of centrality in the casualness of his compositions, in his tendency to spoil fine pictures by introducing too many objects. He seldom knew when to let a painting alone. Such masterpieces as the Fighting Temeraire and Rain, Steam, and Speed are exceptional. In his remote dusty house he seems to have encouraged a sort of youthful auto-intoxication at an age when the great masters have learned the wisdom of renunciation. Claude, with the paucity of his technical resources and his anæmic workmanship is unquestionably both the greater soul and the greater artist. Yet Turner needs no regrets, even if there is a certain pathos in the dispersion and frequent stultification of his great abilities. It should be glory enough for him, when most of his painting has perished, and the remnant looks as odd as most Victorian sublimities are surely doomed to look—it will be glory enough for Turner to have it said that he was a mighty conqueror and subjected to the art of painting the recalcitrant kingdoms of the air.

The most central figure in the art of the last century was a miller's son, who rarely left his native Suffolk, finding material for a busy lifework in a few square miles of meadow, coppice, and river. He marked even more curiously the sun-shot and water-soaked clouds—the constant element of novelty in this apparent monotony. Concerning himself little with the work or opinion of others, he produced with joyous patience an infinity of oil sketches which constitute a prophecy of all the possibilities of landscape painting, and numerous large pictures which are a sort of standard for the normal practice of this art. No one could be more single-minded than John Constable, more sturdily English. No air of a genius or citizen of the world was his. His accomplishment was so unobtrusively fine that an age keyed up to Lawrence and Turner barely heeded it. But across the water certain striving young Frenchmen saw that it was the earnest of a new art. Constable's position and peculiar excellences are so thoroughly understood at last, even in his England, that a comprehensive criticism would be superfluous. Let us say that he is a painter's painter, as Spenser is a poet's poet. In both there are *longueurs* and occasional monotonies that repel one who approaches these artists with romantic expectancies. With Spenser you must give yourself willingly to the verse, and with Constable, too, unless you perceive the extraordinary beauty of his handling, you will come off ill. Except Hogarth, he is about the only English painter who felt in paint strongly and habitually. Others mastered it for purposes of display, but he, so pale was his life otherwise, found in the manipulation of the brush his chief emotional outlet. He depended upon no exceptional or hallucinatory moods. Na-

ture found him always ready to pay her homage with a beautiful arrangement of lines, masses, and textures, and the instinct to color a canvas richly at once drove him back to her, the great collaborator. His paint has an Ariel-like gleam and iridescence, but it flows at the bidding of a master intelligence that has formulated true symbols, and simple ones for complicated and baffling appearances. We have to use a term that has become cant—he effected a true synthesis. When he sketches a thicket, his method is not that of a nurseryman, but of a god. You see no bushes planted, but from the first stroke of the brush a mass of paint that is beginning to mean thicket to the eye. Constable is the Masaccio of landscape painting, an epitome of sound practice, as Turner is of alluring and rather dubious *tours-de-force*. It will be years yet before the value of his painting as a school can be fully absorbed and exhausted. Even the impressionists have gone much less far beyond him than it seems. His ultimate position as an artist it seems foolish to predict. It is possible that, like many pioneers, his fame may remain while his work dwindles a little. We are now in the flush of rediscovery. Perhaps the future may hold that he painted no landscapes quite so fine and satisfying as a half-dozen by Rousseau. If so, the defect will be rather national than personal. No English painter of the time, and especially no painter of landscape, could conceivably command the architectonic sense that presupposes a long artistic tradition. If posterity judges Rousseau at his rare best, possibly the smaller historic figure, but the greater artist, it will be Poussin that makes the difference. In composition Constable seems merely adequate, and sooner or later his painting will have to compete with landscapes that in this cardinal point are superlative.

About Blake, I should rather say nothing. No moderate statement of his merits can possibly content either the worshippers or the mockers. For England he seems to me a profoundly significant and valuable figure. His life is an eloquent protest against a kind of half-commercial snobbism that has been the bane of British art. As a decorative book illustrator, his achievement is prodigious. "Songs of Innocence" and the Prophetic Books go far to redeem artistically the entire Georgian age. Yet imagine a representative group of Blake's finest designs transferred to the Louvre or the Uffizi, and I fear that, as their eccentricity increased, their impressiveness would diminish. In fact, to be a convinced visionary and to invent a new grammar of expression are rôles quite incompatible. One cannot make a Michelangelo in a single lifetime. Such an apparition implies a previous Giotto, Masaccio, and Signorelli. Blake's rupture with his age, then, if personally commendable, became as much his weakness as his strength. He has the untutored sublimities and tendernesses of some preacher in the wilderness. There is something divine in his imperfection. But to deny imperfection would be absurd.

It is evidently too early to estimate the worth of the Pre-Raphaelites and of Watts. They still mean so much to us, that we cannot hope to set them advisedly in a just historic perspective. Unless I have gravely misunderstood the painters briefly considered in this essay, we should be very cautious, if we would use the measured language of criticism, in speaking of great painters in England. Hogarth, and more doubtfully Constable, alone seem to deserve this distinction. But happily we find many delightful talents, and an occasional genius so great that we are little inclined to dwell upon its blemishes.

One might ask why a nation that has been prolific in every other kind of genius should have produced so little in the graphic and plastic arts? Why should England, with on the whole greater enlightenment and prosperity, and an evidently greater stock of talent, fall behind Holland and Spain in this regard? Of course, any real answer to such a question would involve another essay. Here I may say that the causes seem complex. Undoubtedly, the break with the Middle Ages through the Reformation counts for much. Yet it may be doubted if the English Middle Ages gave any great promise of a developed art. Art after Tudor times never corresponded to the taste or needs of England generally. From the first the English painter of parts had hard work to be his own master. Unsustained by the popular enthusiasm that made Italian painting, he was forced to minister to the fixed and narrow tastes of lordly patrons. From the houses of Stuart and Hanover little salutary was to be expected. Furthermore, the English artist was dazzled by the success of the imported court painters from Van Dyck down, and tempted not to live as an artist, but as a great merchant whose staple happened to be his own pictures. There was too rarely any steadying effect from public commissions for mural painting. In the absence of such opportunities the inducement was great to stick to paying portraiture, or to venture only in the field of obvious anecdote, or facile patriotism. English art in short was corrupted at its sources, being ever an object of luxury, a perfunctory appurtenance of wealth and social state. To-day the attitude of the English patron towards art has not been one of humility but of pride, and this complacency has been so tyrannical that many great talents have given the pathetic spectacle of gladly condescending to delight the casual curiosity of the least artistic people in the world. While these conditions, which show some signs of generalizing themselves in our new plutocratic civilization, hold in England, sporadic manifestations of genius in painting may fairly be expected, but nothing like a great and consecutive art.

M.

Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower (Hammerfield, Penshurst, Kent) requests the loan of letters referring to John Flaxman, whose life he is writing.

Museums have not yet solved their problem as the libraries have, within a generation, solved theirs. They commonly come to contain so many things that they are visited mainly as collections, as shows *en masse*, and but little for the sake of the separate object. The trees are not seen for the forest; yet the trees are the things worth seeing. Every aid in breaking up this habit of gallery visiting and in forming the habit of object visiting is to be welcomed. Such has always been the avowed purpose of the Handbook of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, of which a third edition has just been issued. This purpose explains the novel form of the book, which is not a running account of galleries or collections or arts with occasional illustrations—but a series of notes, from a sentence to a page long, generally bearing upon an individual object illustrated on the same page or opposite. That this method responds to a latent wish among those who make most use of such literature has been indicated by the praise the book has received. Hitherto it has had no imitators, but they are surely to be expected and invited. In the present edition the book preserves its attractive and compact form—about the size of a Baedeker and equally easy to consult.

In the restoration of Santa Croce, Florence, triforium windows, one with the original glass, have been discovered and will be reopened. The roof has been redecorated after the old design, and tests here and there on the side walls have shown that they were once entirely covered with fresco paintings. A more important change is the taking down of Donatello's statue of St. Louis from the niche which it has occupied for fifty years. Originally it stood high on the façade, and was little thought of. Vasari writes that Donatello, being reproached with its blockishness, answered: "It was done on purpose, for he being a king was a blockhead to become a friar." The anecdote may be true. If so, it was the artist's little joke, for the St. Louis turns out to be one of Donatello's most serene creations—a thing quite worthy to stand beside the beautiful Annunciation in this church. The St. Louis will be set up in a good light in the sacristy.

A well preserved fresco by Tiepolo, on an allegorical subject, has been discovered under the ceiling of the Palazzo Grassi in Venice.

Excavations in the island of Cephalonia have resulted in the discovery of no less than thirty-two tombs of the "Mycenæan" period, containing terra-cotta vases, bronze nails, weapons, and some gold ornaments.

Further excavations are contemplated in other parts of the island.

Paris is to have another art society, the Société internationale de la Gravure originale en Noir, whose first Salon will be given November 25, at 43 Boulevard Malesherbes.

A fire on September 17 in McCoy Hall of Johns Hopkins University destroyed, among other things, a valuable collection of papyri and archæological specimens from Thebes and Memphis, and seriously damaged a Roman and Hellenic collection, which included Roman jewels from Herculaneum.

Giovanni Fattori, the animal and battle painter, has died at Florence, in his eighty-fourth year.

Finance.

THE "ELECTION SCARE" ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

That the often-predicted and long-delayed "election scare" has arrived on the Stock Exchange, has been unanimously admitted since last week Tuesday. In the intervening period, declines of 5 points or more in prices have been numerous. Taking the five stocks on which activity has converged throughout the season, the decline of the week ran to 14 points in St. Paul, 12 in Great Northern, 16½ in Reading, 13¾ in Southern Pacific, and 18 in Union Pacific. For the heavy selling which accompanied this break, no other reason was assigned in Wall Street than an "election scare."

Now, it is true that so abrupt a discovery of its own state of mind by the Stock Exchange has in it something of the artificial. The performance is not in all respects convincing when, during three weeks or more, a market with its hand on its own pulse asks mildly, "Am I frightened?" answers with some perplexity, "Apparently I am not," and then, of a sudden, cries out to the surrounding observers, "Aha! At last I am alarmed." One must admit that this is not exactly the way in which acute misgiving usually manifests itself. But, on the other hand, it has been a matter of constant comment, since the nominations in early summer, that the absence, not only of actual political misgivings, but of any spirit of financial caution looking to a possible turn of events in Mr. Bryan's favor, was something unusual in the markets of a Presidential year. There were no "political scares" in 1904 or 1892, because every well-informed man knew what was bound to happen; there was none in 1888, because the financial community was equally willing to see either candidate elected. But 1900 saw the September stock market upset by repeated "scares" regarding the possible success of Mr. Bryan, and in the prevalent doubt on the very eve of the November vote, money went up to 25 per cent. because lenders did not wish to take chances. The 1896 campaign was marked by a prolonged and excessively violent "election scare" on the Stock Exchange, with an overwhelming drop in prices up to the middle of August, and with an unbroken succession of reports, from the Middle West particularly, that Bryan was "making unexpected inroads" on the Republican preserves, and that the East was "indulging in foolish overconfidence." The visitor from Iowa, Illinois, or Ohio, who had found every man that he met in those localities about to vote for Bryan, was a daily factor in the affairs of Wall Street. On the day before election, call money rose in the Stock Exchange to 96 per cent., and a long line formed before the Sub-Treasury's redemption window to get gold for legal tender notes. These were no doubt occasions when an issue of the greatest magnitude was at stake in the campaign; nobody knew into what condition our finances would be plunged if Bryan were elected. But "election scares" were not confined to years of the currency dispute. Even the really prosperous year 1880 was marked by a sweeping break of 10 to 25 per cent. in prices, which did not end until the "October elections" in the doubtful States—an institution since abolished—removed all doubt regarding the national election.

Precedent, in other words, favored a season of election scares this year. Yet not only did no scare occur until last week, but in the main prices were pushed higher and higher, quite as if no sign of political uncertainty existed. It was the vote of Maine, in its State election of last Monday, which apparently woke the market up. That Maine should have performed this office was not in all respects surprising. It is true, as any political expert will inform inquirers, that Maine's "September vote" in a Presidential year is no such faithful forecast as Vermont's; that Maine went against the Republican State ticket two months before the sweeping Republican victory of 1880, and gave a "record" Republican plurality in the year of Mr. Cleveland's first election. All this was true, and was announced before last Monday's vote. But the news that the Maine Republican plurality had fallen to 7,700, as against 27,000 in September, 1904, and 12,500 even in the vote before Mr. Cleveland's second election, was startling. Explanations that the "local option" plank of the Maine Democratic platform did the job, and reminders that Vermont's plurality of 29,000 was well above the line which favored Democratic chances, failed to silence the popular inference. The "election scare" began. If the Maine plurality had not so unexpectedly provoked it, something else would certainly have done so—the "Foraker letters," for example, which did, in fact, have much to do with the severity of the break in prices.

Now that politics has been fairly injected as a disturbing influence into the autumn markets, it is in order to inquire, first, how much if any further the depression incident to the scare should go; next, what would happen in the conceivable event of Mr. Bryan's election. Neither question admits of a ready answer. The stock market, taken by itself, has so confirmed a habit of "discounting" once and for all its expectations, that one might expect the process of readjustment to the new doubts and misgivings to be soon accomplished. Precisely as evidence that "Bryan's strength is underestimated" was pressed upon the market at its recent high figures, so a severe decline is rather likely to be followed by testimony that we have been overestimating this strength. If this were not to happen—if testimony to a "growing Bryan movement" were to increase rather than diminish—then there will be considerable anxious scanning of the financial horizon between now and November.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Charles F. Physics for Secondary Schools. American Book Co. $1.20.

Adventures of a Nice Young Man. By Aix. Duffield. $1.50.

Altsheler, Joseph A. The Forest Runners: A Story of the Great War Trail in Early Kentucky. Appleton. $1.50.

Andrews, Eliza Francis. The War Time Journal of a Georgia Girl 1864-1865. Appleton. $2.50 net.

Arnold, Hans. Fritz auf Ferien. Edited by May Thomas. American Book Co. 30 cts.

Bailey, L. H., and Coleman, Walter M. First Course in Biology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Bailey, L. H. The State and the Farmer. Macmillan.

Barbour Ralph Henry. Forward Pass: A Story of the "New Football." Appleton. $1.50.

Belgium. Painted by Amédée Forestier; Text by George W. T. Omond. Macmillan. $6 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Long Odds. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Bruce, H. Addington. Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters. Moffat. $1.25 net.

Brudno, Ezra S. The Tether. Lippincott.

Campbell, R. J. Thursday Mornings at the City Temple. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Camp, Walter. The Substitute: A Football Story. Appleton. $1.50.

Financial.

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Children's Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.
Clark, L. Pierce. Neurological and Mental Diagnosis: A Manual of Methods. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Conversationaliste Français, Le. For helping to teach French. Philadelphia: Edward Roth.
Duncan, Norman. Every Man for Himself. Harper.
Dwiggins, Clare Victor. Toasts. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 35 cents.
Eddy, Arthur Jerome. Ganton & Co.: A Story of Chicago Commercial and Social Life. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Egerton, Hugh E. Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. V. Canada—Part II. Historical. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Ellis, Edward S. Arizona Series: Off the Reservation; Trailing Geronimo; The Round Up. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Ellis, Edward S. Fire, Snow and Water or Life in the Lone Land. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Ellis, Edward S. The Phantom Auto. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Enriquez, Rafael De Zayas. Porfirio Díaz. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Fiction Catalog. A Selected List Cataloged by Author and Title with Annotations. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman. Lippincott.
Frank, Henry. Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.00.
Freemantle, Elizabeth. The One and I. Philadephia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Frenssen, Gustav. Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa. Translated by Margaret May Ward. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.
Great American Lawyers: History of the Legal Profession in America. Vol. I. Edited by William Draper Lewis. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Grubb, Edward Authority and the Light Within. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 80 cents net.
Handbook of the Museum of Fine Arts. Boston.
Hanus, Paul R. Beginnings in Industrial Education and other Educational Discussions. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XIX. Cambridge: Harvard University.
Herbert Auberon. The Voluntaryist Creed. Henry Frowde.
Hurlburt's Handy Bible Encyclopedia. Edited by Jesse Lyman Hurlburt. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3.
Hurlburt, Jesse Lyman, Editor. Lives of Our Presidents; Stories of Great Americans; Story of Jesus. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents each.
International Encyclopædia of Prose and Poetical Quotations from the Literature of the World. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $5.
Ives, Ella Gilbert. Out-Door Music: Songs of Birds, Trees, Flowers, The Road, Love, Religion. Boston: Arakelyan Press.
Johnson, Hugh S. Williams of West Point. Appleton. $1.50.
Jones, Arthur Gordon. Amazing Adventures of an Inventor: Being a Partial Account of the Life of Alfred Ingleson, Esq., the American Nonpareil. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Jones, Clarence Miller. From Rime to Reason, or The Great San Francisco Earthquake Rhythmically, Orchestically, and Logically Considered. Privately Printed.
Kaye-Smith, Sheila. The Tramping Methodist. London: George Bell & Sons.
Kennedy, Sara Beaumont. Told in a Little Boy's Pocket. Moffat. 75 cents.
King, Henry Churchill. The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life. The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. And So They Were Married. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Launspach, Charles W. L. State and Family in Early Rome. London: George Bell & Sons.
Le Bon, Gustave. The Evolution of Forces. Appleton.
Lee, Edwin. A Text-Book of Experimental Chemistry for Students of General Inorganic Chemistry. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1.50 net.
Lee, Frank T. Sidelights on the Bible. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.00 net.
Lemaître, Jules. Contes Extraits de Myrrha. Edited by E. Rivillé-Rensch. D. C. Heath. 30 cts.
Lyman, Katherine. The Lost Angel. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
McIsaac, Isabel. Hygiene for Nurses. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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Marriott, Crittenden. Uncle Sam's Business: Told for Young Americans. Harper. $1.25.
Mayo, Margaret. Polly of the Circus. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Molière. Translated by Curtis Hidden Page, with an Introduction by Brander Matthews. 2 vols. Putnam.
Molnar, Ferenc. The Devil. Adapted by Oliver Herford. Mitchell Kennerley.
Montgomery, Harry Earl. Vital American Problems. Putnams.
Norman, Mrs. George(Mrs. George Blount). Sylvia in Society. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Paton, Lewis Bayles. Jerusalem in Bible Times. University of Chicago Press.
Peple, Edward. The Spitfire. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and J. V. McFall. Moffat. $1.50.
Persius and Juvenal. Satires. Edited by S. G. Owen. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Phillips, David Graham. The Worth of a Woman: A Play in Four Acts. Followed by a Point of Law: A Dramatic Incident. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Poincaré, Lucien. The New Physics and Its Evolution. Appleton.
Rayon. Fads or Facts? Chicago: M. S. Publishing Co..
Robins, Elizabeth. The Mills of the Gods. Moffat. $1.00.
Scott, Walter Dill. Psychology of Advertising. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.00 net.
Scull, David. Union with God in Thought and Faith. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.00 net.
Seaver, Robert. Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candlestick-Maker: Being Sundry Amusing and Instructive Verses for both Old and Young. Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents net.
Seawell, Mollie Elliot. The Imprisoned Midshipmen. Appleton. $1.25.
Selected Essays of Seneca and the Satire on the Deification of Claudius. With Introduction and Notes by Allan P. Ball. Macmillan. 60 cts. net.
Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Introduction and Notes by Henry Norman Hudson, edited and revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black. Boston: Ginn.
Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. Extempore Speaking for School and College. Boston: Ginn. $1.00.
Skotlands Rimur: Icelandic Ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy. Ed. by W. A. Craigie. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Smith, Harry James. Amédée's Sons. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.
Smith, William Wye. Selected Poems. Toronto: William Briggs.
Standard Domestic Science Cook Book. Compiled by William H. Lee and Jennie A. Hansey. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
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Tappan, Eva March. Letters from Colonial Children. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.
Thieme, Hugo P., and Effinger, John R. French Grammar, with Exercises and Supplementary Reading. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Travers, Libbie Miller. The Honor of a Lee. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.50.
Universal Self-Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Based upon the solid foundation laid by Noah Webster and other lexicographers, thoroughly modernized by Charles Morris. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.75.
Vaughan, Owen (Owen Rhoscomyl). Vronina. Dodd Mead & Co. $1.50.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Testing of Diana Mallory. Harper's. $1.50.
What is Truth? By L. B. London: Elliot Stock.
Williamson, W. H. The Prince's Marriage. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Yorkshire. Painted and Described by Gordon Home. Macmillan. $6 net.

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The Week.

Webster began his reply to Hayne with a demand that the real question before the Senate be read. Similarly, it is high time that the attention of the American people were recalled to the true issues before them. For the past two weeks the air has been shaken with explosions and outcries, but their relevance would be hard to make out. Whether Roosevelt or Bryan be the greater master of abuse and insinuation, may be a very important matter, as between them, but the voters are not to pass upon that question. They are not even going into the booths to declare that they think Haskell a villain, and Du Pont a man tainted with wealth. If this Presidential election is to be a thing for grown men and not children, better arguments than sound and fury must be used. Gov. Hughes, in his Youngstown speech, and again Monday at Indianapolis, went to the heart of the business in his keen analysis of Mr. Bryan's character and political record. Mr. Taft, too, has of late been devoting more energy to this topic. It is the vital one. The question is if we have any way of judging a man's future, except by his past, and whether flightiness and demagoguery can develop overnight into steadiness and sagacious statesmanship.

Gov. Haskell, bowing perforce to the present demand for immaculate virtue in everybody who has to do with politics, has resigned as treasurer of the Democratic Committee. It is not for such a man to handle campaign subscriptions from the pure in heart. To match this act of compelled abnegation, the Republican Committee sacrifices the chairman of its speakers' bureau. Gen. Du Pont has discovered, with the aid of broad hints from Washington, that one connected with a Trust which the government is at the moment suing, is not fit to supply the demand for orators in the rural districts. In the midst of such an explosion of morality in politics it is grand to live, but where is this process of purification to stop? Already it is intimated that Mr. Bryan will call for the resignation of the Republican treasurer also, since Mr. Sheldon is supposed to have looked upon more than one Trust when it was red. President Roosevelt would doubtless sacrifice him without the flicker of an eye-lid. But if this thing goes on, who will be left to manage the campaign? Certainly not Mr. Roosevelt, for a man shown to have been in secret cahoots with Harriman four years ago should have nothing to do with a political canvass in which only saints are to be allowed to engage. For our part, we know of nobody really good enough to conduct this campaign, since we do not live in the days of St. Francis or St. Elizabeth.

The last batch of Archbold letters which Mr. Hearst has produced is somewhat less sensational than those involving Senator Foraker, but only because Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina has been somewhat less prominent than Foraker. It is plain enough that he, too, was seeking the favor of the wicked corporation; he could "beat Tillman if properly and generously supported." But the hero of this whole correspondence thus far has been Representative Joseph C. Sibley of Pennsylvania. He appeared in the letters first published, and he now comes up again—always the assiduous tout of the Standard Oil. He boasted to Mr. Archbold that he had told the President "some plain, if unpalatable, truths" about the political effects of an appeal to the "rabble." He wrote to Mr. Archbold that Senator B[ailey] of Texas was "wholly and unalterably opposed to the President's and Garfield's policy vs. corporations," and was "prepared to make a great fight" against these "vicious principles." Sibley therefore tried to arrange a meeting between Mr. Archbold and Senator Bailey—a "great man," who "at the proper time" would be a "tower of strength." And, finally, Sibley wished to borrow $1,000 of the accommodating Mr. Archbold for a Republican Senator who "would do anything in the world that is right for his friends if ever needed." "Do you want to make the investment?" said Mr. Sibley. We do not know whether Mr. Archbold wanted to do so or not; but it is evident, as Mr. Rockefeller says in the *World's Work* for October, that the Standard Oil finds it "well-nigh impossible to restrain this occasional man who is over-zealous for his own or his company's advancement." Both Mr. Archbold and Representative Sibley seem to have been quite unrestrained. It is pleasant, too, to note that the Standard Oil is strictly non-partisan. As the late Jay Gould once said of the Erie, it is Democratic in Democratic districts and Republican in Republican.

Senator Foraker's long statement helps him but little. No one has supposed that he vulgarly took bribes—$14,500 for this vote and $15,000 for that. But he is an old enough hand in politics, State and national, to know exactly what the Standard Oil Company is and what he has been doing in the galley with it. He cannot plead ignorance as to the kind of favors which the Standard Oil has been asking of politicians of both parties, in Legislature and Congress. He must have understood its desire to enlist the interest of influential men like himself. He cannot pretend to any superhuman virtue that would enable him to separate Foraker the Senator from Foraker the attorney. His mind is not provided with watertight compartments. Moreover, the letters of Mr. Archbold show that the Standard Oil was desirous of securing Mr. Foraker's backing or opposition, as the case might be, for certain measures and policies. It was therefore grossly improper for him to accept retainers from the Standard Oil and to borrow $50,000 from it. The newspaper for which that money was to be paid was bound to be an organ of both Foraker and the Standard Oil. The long and short of the matter is that Mr. Foraker made himself a political agent of the Standard Oil.

What did the President mean in his denunciation of Foraker, by speaking of the "great and sinister moneyed interests, which have shown such hostility to the Administration," as being now opposed to Taft? We have not heard that any of the Trusts or large corporations have come out for Bryan. If the President has information that they are se-

cretly striving to defeat Taft, let us have it by all means; the fact would be of incalculable benefit to Mr. Taft. Or is the President's only proof of this opposition of the Trusts the extraordinary leanness of the Republican treasury? It has been printed and not denied that the fund is now only $300,000, in striking contrast to the $3,000,000 in hand at this period in 1904. If the President is worried by this ingratitude, and by the refusal of the corporation officers he has attacked to bombard Mr. Sheldon with checks, the country may well rejoice that this poverty gives the best prospect of an honest election that we have had in a life-time. There will be no buying of voters in blocks of five in Indiana, no purchase of lukewarm Republican voters in this State. The result should throw an interesting light on past history and afford some better data than are now available for estimating the extent to which Republican corruption funds have helped to buy recent elections.

Both the great parties are in flux; they are visibly breaking up. In 1884, with the first great bolt from the Republican ranks, independent voting was denounced as little short of treason to the flag. Even those who conceded the unfitness of Blaine for the Presidency felt that only a national emergency should excuse the repudiation of partisan ties. But the change in twenty-four years has been very great. Among intelligent men it is now hard to find one who will vote for a party merely because he or his father has always voted for it. And whereas in 1884 and 1888 and 1892 it was a single issue which led men to change their politics, there is to-day a complexity of motives. No better proof of this truth could be obtained than the explanations commonly given for the preference for this candidate or the other. One man approves Mr. Taft's stand toward labor. That is the paramount issue; and Mr. Taft's frank opposition to class legislation for workingmen must be supported. The next man has chosen Taft because of fear lest there may be a business cataclysm if Mr. Bryan is elected. A third voter will plump for Taft because of the vacancies on the Supreme Bench to be filled by the next President. The dyed-in-the-wool protectionists care for nothing but their own hobby, and are for Taft and tariff revision by its friends. Others have decided to work for Taft because he is such a refreshing contrast to Roosevelt; and, on the contrary, hundreds of thousands are cheering for Taft because he is so like Roosevelt in his beliefs and his opposition to the "predatory rich." Some men have gone over to Taft merely because of his experience as an administrator. Part of Wall Street will vote for Taft because it believes him at heart a "reactionary," or, at least, the less of two evils.

On the other hand, an astonishing number of intelligent citizens are backing Bryan "because he ought to have a chance after trying three times," or because they think he is a good fellow who has been kept down long enough. Violent radicals and some free traders are, of course, on his side. Extreme anti-imperialists are attracted by Bryan's professions of anti-imperialism. Many farmers actually believe that Bryan is Roosevelt's heir; while the thousands who think that the Pope at Rome is aiming to control the Presidency and subvert our liberties are, if we may believe the *Appeal to Reason* (of Girard, Kansas), working for Bryan. The men who regard safeguarding of bank deposits as the chief reform to be accomplished are enthusiastic for the Democracy, as are those benighted beings who always vote against the party in whose administration hard times have occurred. In short, there is no overshadowing issue to compel any one to lay aside his pet "greatest-evil-before-the-country."

Gov. Hughes's speech of acceptance is a clear and impressive summary of the policies and achievements of his Administration. He riddles the silly Democratic complaint of "governing the State by commission," and shows that some of the most important commissions were recommended by Democratic Governors and created by Democratic Administrations. Most of what he says covers ground that is familiar to all who have watched the course of recent legislation at Albany. His most significant remarks come at the end of his speech, where he goes distinctly beyond his party platform in advocating reform of the primaries and an improved ballot. The convention at Saratoga intended a slap at the Governor in declaring against any change which should make it more difficult for the voter to exercise his right on election day—that is, more difficult to vote, at the boss's wish, the straight ticket. But Gov. Hughes replies that the Massachusetts ballot, as it is sometimes called, will not make it more difficult for the voter to designate "the candidate whom he wishes to support," which is, after all, the essential thing. The passage is worth quoting in full:

> I have recommended the adoption of a simplified form of ballot, without the party column, in which the names of candidates for the respective offices shall appear but once grouped under the names of the offices. I do not regard such a form of ballot as rendering it more difficult for the voter to exercise his constitutional privilege of designating upon the ballot the candidate whom he wishes to support. On the contrary, such a ballot would have the advantage, not only of giving him this opportunity, but of encouraging the nomination of candidates who would not suffer by reason of separate consideration.

Still more notable is Mr. Hughes's argument for a direct mandatory primary. This reform promises to do more than any other one thing to curb the power of the bosses—especially when popular feeling is roused. It is for this very reason that the New York bosses oppose the direct primary and its leading champion.

The Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers' Convention at Denver has adopted a resolution strongly condemning the plan of guaranteeing bank deposits as "economically unsound in principle, confiscatory in form, and inimical to the best interests of depositors, stockholders, and borrowers," and "a specious form of paternalism and Socialism" which "would discourage individual initiative" and "tend to encourage speculation and undue expansion of credit." Every one of these allegations we believe to be strictly true. They do not dispose at once of the popular favor in which the expedient is held in certain parts of the country, only because it presents a plausible and insidiously contrived form of Socialism. No one can blame the ignorant depositor, who has lost money by a bank failure or who feared the loss of it last November, for looking with favor on a scheme to tax all banking institutions, sound and unsound, in order to insure him against future loss. Yet this guarantee plan involves insurance pure and simple, undertaken without the slightest

reference to the well-known and fundamental principle of insurance, that the premium should be fixed and allotted according to the risk. In operation a year ago, the compulsory guarantee would have insured depositors in Charles W. Morse's chain of banks equally with depositors in the Chemical National, and at exactly the same ratio of assessment on the banks concerned. It would thus, necessarily, remove one of the chief grounds of doubt and suspicion which prevent the depositor from yielding to the seductive offers of an unsound and mismanaged institution.

The Liberal defeat at Newcastle may or may not have been the outcome of Catholic resentment at Mr. Asquith's action with regard to the recent Eucharistic Congress. But if the Newcastle seat had to be lost, the Ministry may not be averse to having people find the reason in Catholic animosity. Such a belief would be sure to rally militant Protestant opinion to the government, and more than make up the possible damage from Irish defection in doubtful English constituencies. Regrettable though the fact may be, the storm aroused by the proposed procession of the Sacrament has shown that the sectarian spirit must still be reckoned with in England. Even before the Newcastle election, Mr. Asquith was accused of having made a bid for heartier Nonconformist support. This entire stirring up of religious passions is particularly unfortunate, because it comes at an era of denominational good feeling. The Catholics in Ireland have just received the university they have so long been demanding, and the different churches have been coming into agreement on the education question in England. But the old evil notoriously dies hard.

In its latest pronouncement on Morocco, German diplomacy has lived up to its reputation for spasmodic action. Having startled France with what seemed a direct challenge to a dispute, Germany has now startled her again with the effusive tone of its reply to the joint Franco-Spanish note concerning Mulai-Hafid. Of course, there is no reason why Germany should not be effusively amicable, since that would be no bar to an imperial declaration to-morrow that "Germany's rights must not be infringed upon"—with a rattle of the sabre and a dark look across the Rhine. But since acts count for more than words, after all, we must take it that Germany will not bite and will content itself with a warning growl now and then. Against a special position for France in Morocco, the Emperor still protests. But such ambitions France has, officially, disavowed. So the case stands where it stood in Morocco before the tribesmen raided Casablanca a year ago; only the Sultan is changed. The international police are to be organized, the international bank will lend the Sultan money; and France, because of her claims for reimbursement in connection with Casablanca and the fighting that followed, has, if anything, a stronger grip than ever on the Sultan's affairs.

Cable companies have forwarded a summary of Count Okuma's recent newspaper article. This Japanese Hobson's high-flown talk about his country's urgent need of a larger and better navy does not represent the aspirations of either the government or any considerable fraction of the people; and, coming at the very moment when Japan is being driven to economize in deadly earnest, even to the point of deferring an international exposition, this demand for the mastery of the Pacific sounds worse than farcical. We should not, however, criticise Okuma too harshly; for he has been stirred by President Roosevelt's prophecy that the United States will be the future owner of the Pacific. The mote in the Asiatic imperialist's eye is but a splinter of the Big Stick in our own.

The International Moral Education Congress met in London last week, to discuss not merely the whole problem of moral education, but to bring about, if possible, the establishment of an international moral education journal and an international bureau or clearing-house for the arousing of interest in the ethical aspect of education. The movement is wholly free from sectarian bias and influence, but its promoters, have not, of course, excluded the religious or philosophical points of view. Its organizers are simply grappling with the problem of supplementing the teachings of home and church in such a way as to make the ordinary school course produce greater moral results. We Americans, at least, cannot neglect the efforts of those who are trying to graduate girls and boys not only as masters of the three Rs, but of themselves. We have not only to train our native stock, but to make the children of aliens into useful citizens. The common theory as to this moral instruction is summed up by Rabbi Hirschberg of Milwaukee:

> There is a large fund of ethical judgments which we all hold in common, a whole host of things upon which we have all come to agree, as the right, the true, the good, the benevolent things for us to do in certain circumstances and relationships, as moral beings. And these things, I hold, teachers in our public schools can teach, wholly apart from any belief and any theory they may have as to whence mankind has come into the knowledge of them, and whence it has derived the authority for doing them.

It is plain that personal morality is the first requisite for imparting moral instruction, and that in matters of this kind the effect of example is a thousand times more potent than the reiteration of precepts. Indeed, it is probable that the most useful instruction in morals—the real basis of all true education—may be given indirectly in the way of casual comment and explanation rather than by formal lesson. *Abeunt studia in mores.*

Mr. Carnegie's latest benefaction, the pension fund for Scotch heroes, widens somewhat the circle of life-savers privileged to receive a reward. But, if the ironmaster aspires to touch with his bounty every brave soul who delivers others from peril at great personal risk, we fear that he will have to part with all his worldly goods and live in a tub. There are the physicians, for instance; we believe the trustees of the fund have not attempted to honor every man who, for the sake of his fellows, has invited death in bacteriological laboratory and lazar-house. And yet the medical profession harbors the majority of our habitual heroes. Russia's cholera epidemic ought not to be needed to keep this fact alive in our thoughts. Fully conscious of the risks he is incurring, and yet accepting them day in, day out, the physician exhibits courage of a finer type than that of the boy who plunges, without a moment's thought, into the surf to rescue a drowning man. We may admire the boy's act, praise it, and even reward it. But we ought to call it instinct rather than heroism.

MR. TAFT ON THE ISSUES.

Mr. Taft has at length taken the stump in person, and his two extended speeches at Chicago and Cincinnati, last week, with his briefer speeches on the way, mark the real beginning of his campaign. These utterances will be received with mingled feelings. What Mr. Taft said at Chicago on the boycott, the injunction, and government ownership of railways is worthy of his record and his high repute as a judge, and is a fit reply to the demagogism of Mr. Bryan and his platform. The note of sincerity and courage is what the voters want, and it sounds clearly in the language with which Mr. Taft confronts the demands of the labor agitators and of Mr. Bryan for immunity from the responsibilities of the ordinary citizen:

> The owner of a business, whether railroad business or any other, is entitled to be protected in his pursuit of it and to immunity from unlawful injury to it. To take away from him the remedy by injunction which has always been his, merely because it sometimes leads to the punishment without a trial by jury of those who violate the injunction, is to introduce into the law class legislation in favor of employees and laboring men, and it is to take them out of the ordinary operation of civil remedies because they are laborers. I say that that kind of class legislation is pernicious.

These are statesmanlike words; not less so, because Mr. Taft was well aware that members of labor unions were in his audience. Of the boycotting of all firms which should do business with a concern involved in a labor dispute, Mr. Taft spoke at Chicago, in no uncertain language: "No more cruel instrument of tyranny was ever adopted than this 'secondary boycott.'" He reiterated his own previous opinion from the bench: "A secondary boycott is an unlawful injury, whether it is perpetrated by laboring men or otherwise; . . . that is the law to-day, and it ought to be the law." As to government ownership, Mr. Taft is equally explicit:

> I am unalterably opposed to it. It would place too vast a power in the control of the President. It would lead to a management of railroads not nearly so effective as that which we have under private ownership, and it would involve the government in an enormous debt. It would make railroad employees government servants, and would subject them to the dangers of political supervision in a way that certainly would be most inimical to their interests.

Endorsing as we do these courageous declarations on two important issues of the campaign, we have the deeper regret at the tactless and foolish manner in which Mr. Taft, in his principal Indiana speech on the way to Chicago, dealt with the tariff. Time was when intelligent men of a strong protectionist bias found it possible to contend that the Wilson tariff caused the panic of 1893, and to threaten the people with "another panic" in the event of another bill for reducing the tariff. That time is now long past, not only because the foolish assertion has been met and exploded scores of times since it was first developed by the sophistry of John Sherman, but because, within twelve months, reasoning men of all classes have had the opportunity of discovering what causes financial panics and what does not. Mr. Taft asserted in his Indiana speech:

> The certainty that the bill was going to pass, after Democratic success in November, precipitated a panic out of a clear sky, and the subsequent passage of the bill prostrated all industries and brought about four years memorable in the history of this country as the worst financial disaster it has ever seen.

Now, Mr. Taft must know, or if he does not, he ought to know, that the panic of 1893 was not "out of the clear sky," but was so distinctly foreshadowed, by causes having not the remotest relation to the tariff, that no financial disaster in our history was so little a matter of surprise. Mr. Taft should be aware that the collapse of the government gold reserve and of the public revenue—two main causes of the subsequent apprehension—had begun, in formidable shape, before Mr. Cleveland's election in 1892. Mr. Taft ought to remember, if he read the newspapers of that period, that nobody, even among the Republicans, assigned the tariff controversy as a cause for the wreck of public credit which began in the last months of the Harrison administration. The overwhelming issue was the maintenance of the standard of value. If Mr. Taft is so forgetful as to imagine that the "subsequent passage of the bill prostrated all industries," some better-informed man ought to explain to him that the depth of industrial depression, after the credit panic of 1893, was reached in the first six months of 1894, and that the Wilson tariff did not even pass the Senate until July. Mr. Taft goes so far, in fact, as to quote with seeming approval Mr. Cleveland's denunciation of the Wilson bill amendments as a "perfidy and a dishonor." Does he by any chance recall that the celebrated letter of July 19, 1894, to which he is referring, was written specifically to denounce the failure of the amended bill to provide for free raw materials, and the Senate's questionable dealing with the sugar duties?

We should not grant even this much of serious consideration to the subject, and should dismiss it as mere foolish perversion of history, but for the grave results for which Mr. Taft must look in his own campaign, if he indulges in this kind of talk. Surely, no public man can expect to win the support of the old-time Cleveland Democrats—on whose votes the election may possibly depend—by resorting to the hackneyed and worn-out arguments of the dyed-in-the-wool protectionists of a dozen years ago. Mr. Roosevelt long since abandoned childishness of that sort; Mr. McKinley himself repudiated it outright in his second term, and called for tariff reduction. Does Mr. Taft imagine that its recrudescence now will be tolerated? Or, if he does, what sort of light does he suppose such speeches will cast on his own pledges regarding "tariff revision by its friends"? It is not too late to inject some intelligent management into this campaign, to save it from a place in political tradition as a campaign of blunders.

THE PRESIDENT STUMPING.

Mr. Bryan stated the exact truth on Saturday, when he said that it was "a violation of the obligation that the President owes to the whole people to use an office that belongs to the whole people as a party asset for the advancement of a personal friend and political protégé." This fact was dimly recognized by Mr. Roosevelt himself when he caused it be known that he would not take the stump for Taft, as such a course would be improper. But now he has taken the stump in front of the White House and daily excoriates Mr. Bryan and exalts himself, with incidentally a kind word for Mr. Taft.

Whatever the merits of the controversy raging between the President and Mr. Bryan, whatever the political effect of Mr. Roosevelt's rushing into the fray, the spectacle of the Chief Magistrate engaging in a verbal brawl is one which the people ought not to be compelled to witness. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, was born to defy precedents. He breaks conventions as Samson his green withes.

But sober citizens cannot help asking if some way may not be found to stay his hand. They do not wish the head of the state to go about hitting at other heads with a club. They feel that he is impairing both his official and his personal prestige by adopting the rough-and-ready methods of a partisan campaigner, snatching eagerly at newspaper clippings as if they were evidence, stooping to any sophistry to score a point on his adversary, and involving not only himself but the Presidency in a violent altercation, with the lie passed back and forth freely. We can but hope, therefore, that when Mr. Bryan rejoins, as he infallibly will, the President can be persuaded to keep silent. Some one ought to read to him Tennyson's lines:

> Surely, after all,
> The noblest answer unto such
> Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

If one could pardon Mr. Roosevelt for dragging the Presidency into vulgar squabbles, it would still be hard to admit the relevancy or force of much in his latest outbreak. In continuing to attack Governor Haskell at such length, he but slays the slain. Haskell is out of it; but we suppose that the President had accumulated so much good ammunition that he could not refrain from firing it off, even though he was shooting at a dead man.

The really critical part of Mr. Roosevelt's latest letter is where he attempts to answer Bryan's searching questions about the secret visits from Harriman in 1904, with the large money contributions made by that gentleman to debauch the vote of New York in Roosevelt's interest, and about the President's giving his assent to the Steel Corporation's swallowing a competitor. Now, in effect, the only reply the President makes is to say: "I am a good man and a lofty patriot. Therefore, whatever I do is right in itself and for the best interests of the country. It is true that I promised not to prosecute the Steel Trust for making a combination in restraint of trade, but by no other means could the financial panic have been stayed. It is true that I accepted money from Harriman, and from insurance companies and Trusts, but in no other way could the country have been given the blessing of an all-wise and impeccable President." One has but to imagine the boot on the other foot—to suppose it was Bryan whom Gary and Frick had visited to secure immunity for the Steel Trust, that it was Bryan who had requested Harriman to come and see him as a fellow "practical man," and who had accepted $260,000 from Harriman to aid in his election—to realize how Mr. Roosevelt's trenchant weapon would have cut through all the sophistries which he now weaves in his own defence. He was asked what the effect would have been of publishing his letters to Harriman in 1904. His reply is that he is against making public campaign contributions in advance of the election, because to do so would be to "create a false impression" that the candidate would be loyal to those who had aided him; and that if Harriman's contribution to the Roosevelt campaign of 1904 had been known, it would have been made the basis of "an insincere and untruthful argument." This from the blunt and forthright Roosevelt! It is too painfully like the elastic politician who wrote to Harriman in 1904: "If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble, why, of course, give up the visit for the time being." Fancy such a letter from Bryan to Harriman, and the great play that Roosevelt would make of it!

Judge Taft was asked in Minneapolis if he approved of President Roosevelt's course in going out day after day to smite Bryan. The Republican candidate declined to answer. We suppose it is one of those things in his relations with Roosevelt which he admits to his friends are "exceedingly embarrassing" but which he has "got to stand." He must see that the President's dash for the front of the stage has shoved Taft himself far over to the wings. If this keeps on, people will be in danger of forgetting exactly who is the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Judge Taft's dignity, as well as that of the Presidential office, requires that Mr. Roosevelt should leave off these recurrent shoutings, and let the nominee of the party speak for himself.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Lord Tweedmouth's final retirement from the English Cabinet, primarily for being too friendly a correspondent of Kaiser Wilhelm, is one proof more of the persistent bad feeling between England and Germany. This, unhappily, has to be accepted as a fixed fact. It colors the press of each country; it embarrasses every form of intercourse between Germans and English; it affects their diplomacy; it shapes their policy. The more statesmen and rulers endeavor to remove or minimize this hostile sentiment, the more plainly is its existence put in evidence. King Edward may embrace the Kaiser, but the people behind them are as far as possible from falling on each other's necks. At the very moment when the English Chancellor of the Exchequer was making his good-natured and friendly speech in Hamburg, the book-shops of that city were displaying an alarmist brochure, "Die Engländer kommen: Ueberfall von Hamburg." This was, no doubt, a mischievous publication, but its account of the destruction of the German fleet by the English, and the landing of 150,000 men to capture Hamburg, shows the preoccupation of animosity which prevails. The English are equally irritable and obsessed on the subject of the designs of Germany. Nothing but a kind of brooding over possibilities that runs into hysteria could account for the absurd outcry at the time the German torpedo-boat put into an English port near the fleet manœuvres. Excitable Frenchmen, with their readiness to cry out "Traitor" or "Spy," could hardly have equalled the sedate English, on that occasion. Such incidents could occur only when there is settled distrust between two nations.

The causes of such a state of international prejudice and antagonism are not of a day, nor are they simple. The difficulty is one partly of manners. Englishment have, traditionally, an enormous talent for making themselves hated, and during the past twenty years they have given Germany the full benefit of it. That "moral censorship" which Lord Rosebery has said that England is so ready to exercise over the Continent, has been extended over Germany with peculiar rigor and offensiveness. And the Germans, on their side, have not been blameless. German official manners are not exactly ingratiating. Bismarck set the fashion of diplomacy booted and spurred, and the trouble has been that his smaller successors have too often attempted to stamp about in his rough Prussian fashion, but without his vigor or effectiveness. There is an evident feeling in Germany that she has not of recent years been so successful

or respected in diplomacy as she should like to be; and this sentiment is like a goad to a man of Von Bülow's stamp, pricking him forward to rashnesses like his Morocco note of last August. An accumulation of these annoyances on both sides tends to irritate and inflame, though no real provocation be intended.

A deeper reason for Anglo-German misunderstandings and jealousies lies in commercial rivalry, and in the supposed necessity of promoting or at least protecting trade by armaments. Germany has made great and rapid strides along the industrial path. Almost without harbors though she is, she has built up large merchant fleets and developed a vast sea-borne commerce. Along with this mercantile strength on the ocean, she is entitled, according to the accepted canons, to a navy commensurate with her growing trade and her closer and more important relations with distant parts of the world. But this application of the established doctrine of England, some Englishmen are not willing to allow Germany to make. "We cannot see," said one English member of Parliament, in all gravity, "what Germany wants with battleships except to threaten us." This is the sore spot. At the very point where German ambitions are at present the highest, England's opposition is felt to be the most intense. A common expression among Germans is that England is not content to see Germany reap the legitimate fruits of skill and energy. It was probably a settled resentment of this, more than any desire for war, which led the German government to reject in advance of the Hague Congress the proposals of the English Ministry for a limitation on the building of warships.

The fact that both nations are strong, yet are unable to match strength with strength, seems to add exasperation to the ill-feeling. Germany believes that she has a splendid and unrivalled instrument of war in her army. Yet she cannot use it against England. The English fleet is with reason believed to be the strongest in the world, yet it would not enable England to grapple with Germany on land. The whale cannot fight the bear, nor the bear the whale. This is lucky for the peace of the world. Bismarck said that cold water was the most peace-preserving of the elements; and the strip of cold water between England and Germany is a confirmation of the saying.

Yet the mutual suspicion and dislike remain. The efforts of enlightened men in either nation to bring about more friendly relations have really had but slight effect upon the masses. In the minds of the generalty, the smouldering animosity seems to close observers to strengthen with every year. Germany as such, hates England, and England as such hates Germany. Much as we must deplore the fact, we cannot blink it. Anglo-German relations are almost continuously tense. We do not say that a war is thought of, or is at all conceivable, on any ground of difference that now exists; but such an inflamed and embittered feeling between two nations is always dangerous. If there is any way of subduing or removing it, the statesmen responsible to the two peoples ought not to lose a day in setting about it.

The public attitude of the monarchs of the two lands has been all that the most ardent lover of peace could expect. The Kaiser's long visit to England, last year, was a marked token of friendliness; and King Edward is to make a stay in Germany the coming winter which will be fully as significant. But it is, after all, policy, and not the friendship of kings and emperors, that makes for secure peace. As Dr. Theodor Barth pointed out at the Free Trade Congress in London this summer, English fiscal policy is a strong bond of good relations with Germany. So long as a Liberal Ministry is in power, Germans will know that whatever measures may be taken to keep the English navy far stronger than their own, nothing will be done to deprive German trade of equal opportunities in all parts of the English possessions. Should a protectionist government take office in England, and add discriminating tariff laws to the other causes of German irritation, one could but tremble for the result. Meanwhile, the golden hour should be seized to establish an Anglo-German *entente* covering equitable trade relations, and, if possible, an agreement respecting the size of war fleets. The German government might be ready now to listen more tolerantly to offers along this line than when Prince Bülow declared so categorically last year that Germany could find no "formula" in accordance with which armaments might be limited. He may find a financial formula now. The Imperial Government is so heavily in debt, and is so embarrassed in looking about for new taxes, that it might welcome a plan that would at once assure peace and permit the naval budget to be cut down. The *Kreuz-Zeitung* has lately intimated that this might be done. In that case, the very exacerbation of opinion which now divides Germany from England, might lead up to a friendly settlement embodying once more Cobden's ideal of retrenchment, free trade, and peace.

MEDICINE'S LOSSES AND GAINS.

Last week an international conference on tuberculosis was opened at Philadelphia. This week the Congress on Tuberculosis for which delegates have come from every corner of the globe, is meeting at Washington. Apparently, the doctors are not quite convinced by Christian Science argument that their trade is a swindle, or at best a delusion of which practitioner and patient are alike the victims. We say this with no desire to be ironical. But it is hard to do away with the general impression that the various schools of mind cure have been carrying on a winning fight against the orthodox medical creed. It is an impression founded on the growing number of "spiritual healers," on the prominence given to their views by the press, on the notable converts they make from time to time, and last, but not least, on the fact that the established religious denominations are finding it necessary to meet the competition of the new propaganda by establishing spiritual clinics and sanitaria of their own. The medical reformers have cited eminent scientific opinion in their own behalf. Prof. William Osler, for instance, has been quoted as maintaining that practically our entire pharmacopœia might be discarded without appreciable loss to the world's health. And we of the laity, who are generally the slaves of experts in every field, and especially in the field of the sensational, have fallen into the habit of looking upon doctors rather superciliously.

For the new scientists—if we grant them the use of that term—have this enormous advantage: When they assail the doctors, they appeal to an instinct that probably goes back to the time when the first broken bone was set and the first epileptic was cured by medi-

cine men who beat kettle-drums, blew horns, and made horrible faces. The human mind has always felt the anomaly of giving the mastery over life and death into the hands of men who are apparently no better than ourselves, and often, as the Irishman believed, worse. Add to this the fact that the medicine-men were the first scientists, that scientists are historically regarded as pretending to greater knowledge than they possess, and that the world avenges its chronic subjection to scientific authority by occasional saturnalia of distrust and abuse, and we find it natural enough that Molière's skeptic, who needed all his strength to bear up under his ailment without loading himself with drugs, is as real now as he was two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not matter that Molière's Doctor Diafoirus refused to believe in the circulation of the blood, and that we have attained a knowledge of nerve tissue and germ-plasms. The case still stands that life is our fundamental possession and that doctors often try to save life and fail. Hence the movement away from medical science *cum* medicine, as the English would say.

What has made the revolt against the doctors all the more impressive is that sedition has been strongest among those whom we are beginning to call our upper classes. The Christian Scientists are a prosperous denomination, and they draw their recruits largely from the old native stock. As to why this should be so opinions would differ. The Christian Scientists might assert that with a higher degree of intelligence comes quicker insight into the futilities and pretensions of the doctors. The doctors might retort that only the well-to-do can afford to suffer from neurosis, with which the new religion most successfully deals. But in any event, the class-distinction we have pointed out would hold; and about it the doctor, if he be not too much out of temper, might build up a powerful argument against the general belief concerning the decline of the old medicines. He might show that for every follower the orthodox medical science loses, it makes a dozen converts among the immigrant millions who come to us bearing the ailments of the Old World. Our hospitals, clinics, and social settlements report no particular apathy in our tenement districts. The Sicilian peasant in New York prays less to his images and goes more often to the free dispensary. The Slavs and Levantines give up amulets and simples for expert medical advice. The Jews of the East Side have called in the doctors whom in poverty-stricken Russia they could not afford to consult. Our physician might, therefore, formulate this striking anomaly: While medical science is winning over millions of our foreign-born from superstitious practices to the methods of scientific healing, the native-born are drifting away from real science into what the doctors describe as superstition.

But the case may be made much stronger still. In view of such successful effort as medical science is making against tuberculosis and other diseases, it would be absurd to maintain that medicine is being discredited as a science or an art. The campaigns against yellow fever, cholera, malaria, the sleeping sickness, and plague, are campaigns in which hundreds of thousands of lives and great portions of the world's area have been and are being won. That the fight is largely one of prevention, sanitation, housing, and feeding, and not of drugs, makes it no less a fight of strictly medical science against disease. Only the fanatic would now assert that medicine is synonymous with Molière's clysters, leeches, emetics, potions, and Latin rigmarole.

THE READING OF CHILDREN.

Considering the number of children who have been in the world at one time or another, it is surprising that so little organized attention has been given to their reading. A collection of bulletins from public libraries reveals the fact that juvenile readers first gained official recognition less than two decades ago. Previous to that time boys and girls under twelve or fourteen were frequently barred from the people's books as irresponsible nuisances. Of course, they always had access to the dull and pious slush of the Sunday School library; but excepting that treacle diet their intellectual fare was much neglected. In this field the *laissez-faire* doctrine has always been popular. "Give a young girl," said one who knew much of books but little of girls, "the run of a good old-fashioned English library and she will find her proper food." To say nothing of the fact that good old-fashioned libraries are not to be found in every five-room flat, this easy counsel is fraudulent. Some girls, like Elizabeth Barrett—later the pedantic Mrs. Browning—are doubtless born in dark blue stockings. But put a fresh-hearted, right-minded ten-year-old child among the frowning tomes of Hooker, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Fielding, and the rest, and it is as much at a loss for nourishment as if settled among the megalithic relics of Stonehenge. Furthermore, if that child demands of the regular denizen of the good old-fashioned library "something to read," the chances are that this literary authority will be unable to mention among his two or three thousand volumes one book that is suitable.

The fact is that most parents, educated or uneducated, are hopelessly incompetent to minister to the intellectual recreation of their children. In the first place, they do not give the subject serious thought, and they fail to keep in touch with the "movement" in the world of juvenile letters. With all the talk among elders of the Augustan, Romantic, and Realistic Ages, no one has appeared to recognize any corresponding development of taste in boys and girls. Otherwise why should Johnnie have to read "Pilgrim's Progress," when his father is absorbed in "The Jungle"; or Mary, "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," when her mother is gusting "The Fruit of the Tree"? Partly because Mary's mother and John's father would be put to it to name half a dozen good children's books written within the last ten years. Partly also, because the average parents, especially fathers, are, in relation to their offspring, prigs. Possibly, the father still chuckles over "Tom Sawyer" and "The Story of a Bad Boy," but for his own son, he feels that mischief needs no artificial prompting, and besides he is probably conniving at the aspiring mother's plan for a Fauntleroy-Chesterfield. Embarrassed by this hypocritic virtue, it is no wonder that, generally speaking, parents flee in terror from the intimacies of their children. Though childless, Samuel Johnson was in some ways a typical parent. Every one will remember his dismay when Boswell, whimsically inspired, asked him what he would do if shut up in a castle with a new-born infant. "Why, sir," was his first reply, "I should not much like my company." Then when relentlessly pursued by his

biographer, "I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." From the thought of intellectual association with the young child he withdrew abashed.

In a field where a universal doctor like Johnson, who rose in the morning prepared to set people right all day, could get no farther than a warm-water bath, there must still be room for original research. That we are now a little lower than the angels instead of being a little higher than the apes is due, as John Fiske pointed out, to the prolongation, in our branch of the simian family, of the period of childhood. Yet the possibilities of that rich tract of time between the cradle and the high-school are only beginning to be realized. The public libraries have already done a noble work with inadequate means in setting apart rooms, selecting books, and studying and guiding the juvenile taste. That these children's books often constitute 40 to 50 per cent. of the entire circulation justifies the endeavor; and no one can say how many idle hands have been prevented from hiring out to Satan by the occupation of the heads. But unless we wish with Plato to surrender our young to the rearing of the state, we should not rest there. So much could be done by the independent effort of every child-rearing family! Every nursery could easily be turned into an experimental laboratory. Every household should possess, in addition to Hesiod, the Koran and the ninety-eight other "best books," a hundred irresistibly bound volumes, copiously illustrated, chosen after diligent investigation for the use of the youngest generation. The children should have free access to the shelves, and should be scientifically observed. With a little patience, statistics could be gathered which would enable the future historian of "Juvenile English Literature" to rank authors in the temple of fame, determine classics, and speak intelligently of literary taste previous to the twelfth year. At present the whole field is a mediæval morass.

It is comparatively easy to say what works should not be in the child's bookcase. They may be divided into three classes: First, all those books read by show-boys and infant wonders and mentioned in their biographies—those, for example, read by that dry little pundit, John Stuart Mill, who began Greek at three and by the time he was eight knew more of the classics than most college presidents. Youths in short trousers who read Gibbon, Hume, and Herbert Spencer are not to be trusted nor imitated. Such boys dolorously leap-frog their youth and stale their maturity before its time. Equally pernicious in a different way are the works of the prolific and mechanical authors who show their unfitness for producing juvenile literature by the absolute ease with which they turn out fifty or one hundred volumes of it. Nearly all of this work is unscrupulous shoddy, as harmful to boy as to man. A good book for children cannot be made like a roll of dry goods; it calls for a mature, grave, and resourceful head that writes with the simplicity of Solomon. The third class is the most damnable of all—that engendered in the mind of snobs whose sub-titles always run "For the Little Ones," an almost certain sign that the book should be burnt by the common hangman. An excellent illustration is afforded by the "Child's Keepsake: A Book of Original Poems for the Young," published in Boston, 1854. The intolerable condescension of the author, representative of the period, is clearly brought out in the first lines of the first poem:

> My dear little readers, the moment you look
> At the pictures and poems contained in this book,
> You'll see 'tis a volume intended for you,
> To guide your young hearts to the good and the true.

What are the hundred best books it is impossible in the present state of our knowledge even to suggest. One fundamental principle, however, may be enunciated: The best children's books may be read with equal, if modified, pleasure by adults. In spite of new-fangled faddists, there has never been published a more wholesome and stimulating book for old and young, a book containing a more suggestive and splendidly diversified picture of life than "Mother Goose." From the gnomic terseness of

> He that would thrive
> Must rise at five

to the wild note of Byronic revolt in

> A frog he would a-wooing go
> *Whether his mother would let him or no*

there is not a line which does not conduce to virtue, wisdom, or delight—or to the three in one. If the *quod semper, quod ubique* test is of any value, "Mother Goose" must be reckoned with the immortals. By such touchstones we must proceed in our task of selection. Next to "Mother Goose" are to be esteemed the various beast fables and epics, and, in short, all the work of the nature-fakers from Pliny to Long—on such stuff, the infant Shakespeare fattened. Of much merit also are the chromatic fairy tales, and, for those who are equal to the terrors of the Queen of Hearts, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." For serious works we may include "Evangeline" and the "Birds' Christmas Carol"—but one should not sadden children often. On the workshop shelf—every boy should have a workshop—there should be a half-dozen books telling how to make things such as boats, sleds, and traps. For girls Louisa May Alcott's works seem perdurable classics. Finally, a boy had better never have been born than not to have fingered the fowling pieces and powder horns of Crusoe—than not to have known the imaginative deliciousness of dried goat's flesh and tortoise eggs.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

Oxford, September 19.

Perhaps the most significant features of the Third International Congress for the History of Religions were: First that it was held in Oxford; and second, the list of members—about six hundred—comprised representatives of all phases of religious thought. The spirit of the Congress was one of the broadest tolerance in combination with a remarkably earnest disposition to discuss frankly problems of historic or archæological interest, as well as those which have a distinct bearing on present religious conditions. These Congresses are an outgrowth of the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1893. Instead of attempting a repetition of that experiment, which would have been of doubtful value, it was resolved in connection with the French Exposition of 1900 to hold a Congress of students interested in the history of religions. The undertaking proved sufficiently successful to warrant the holding of a second one in Basel in 1904.

The choice of Oxford for the third Congress was particularly happy. Whether judged from the point of view of membership, which was almost twice as large as at Basel, or from the character of the 140 papers presented, or from the arrangements for the com-

fort and pleasure of those in attendance, the congress was a perfect success. Two new features were added: The one an addition of a section for Method and Scope of the History of Religion; the other a series of addresses by the presidents of the nine sections, intended to furnish a survey of work done within the respective divisions or a discussion of problems of a more general character. The nine sections of which the congress was thus composed were: (1) Religions of the Lower Culture; (2) China and Japan; (3) Egyptian Religion; (4) The Semitic Religions; (5) India and Iran; (6) Greeks and Romans; (7) Germans, Celts, and Slavs; (8) Christian Religion; (9) Method and Scope of the History of Religion. The presiding officers were: E. S. Hartland, H. A. Giles (Cambridge), Flinders Petrie (London), Morris Jastrow, jr. (Philadelphia), T. W. Rhys Davids (Manchester), Salomon Reinach (Paris), Sir John Rhys (Oxford), the Rev. William Sanday (Oxford), and Count Goblet d'Alviella (Brussels). The sessions were held September 15 to 18.

The address of the president of the congress, Sir Alfred C. Lyall, was an able presentation of the contrast between the Christian and Islamic attitude towards the problem of Church and State, on the one side, and that of Buddhism and Hinduism on the other. Classing the two former as the religions of the West, he traced the development in both, of the doctrine that the state was bound to enforce orthodoxy, unity of creed being regarded as essential to national unity; whereas in the religions of the East, religious despotism in the sense of the legal establishment of one faith or worship to the exclusion of others, is unknown to history; and this despite the fact that in the region covered by Buddhism and Brahmanism political despotism has prevailed immemorially. While the governments have been absolute and personal, the religions have been popular and democratic. Even in China, where the ritual code is incorporated into the statute-books and promulgated with imperial sanction, the government formally recognizes three denominations. Religious wars, *i. e.*, wars caused by the conflict of militant faiths, were unknown in eastern Asia until Islam invaded India. Coming to modern times, Sir Alfred dwelt on the significance of the fact that the theory that a state was bound to propagate the religion it professes is gradually being abandoned in countries where Christianity holds sway, whereas in Mohammedan kingdoms, as in Turkey, the notion still survives. The movement towards constitutional reforms in Mohammedan Asia may lead to tolerance resembling that of European states. The speaker closed by pointing out that the reconciliation of civil with religious liberty is one of the most arduous of the many problems that confront European dominion in Asia.

One of the most notable of the presidential addresses was that of Prof. Flinders Petrie, whose survey of the various aspects of the Egyptian religion was a masterpiece. Taking up in succession the theologic, funerary, magical, popular, tribal, psychological, and personal phases of the religion, he pointed out how, in accord with the temple architecture, which was copied from the structure of the house, the temple ritual was a transfer to the statue of the god of the daily service rendered to a great *seigneur* in Egypt. The fire was lighted, a lamp carried to the god, incense burnt, food offered, the god was washed, perfumed, anointed, and decorated—in short, the daily routine of a servant towards his master was carried out. The most suggestive part of the address was the closing division in which he traced the development of the "Logos" doctrine in Egypt from the sixth century, B. C., in which the first definite traces appear, down to Philo Judæus, about 40 A. D. In Hermetic documents of the fourth century, B. C., we already find the thought of the "Logos" as the creative word of God strikingly developed and hailed as "Son of God."

The addresses of Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania and of Prof. Rhys Davids of Manchester University, as presidents of the fourth and fifth sections, respectively, represented an endeavor to cover in a rapid survey the more important results of recent researches within their respective fields—the Semitic Religions and the Religions of India and Iran. Professor Jastrow took a definite stand against the extremes to which theories and theses, in themselves valuable and containing much truth, were being pushed by their advocates. To this category belongs the astral-mythological key with which Messrs. Winckler and Jeremias propose to unlock the intricacies of ancient civilizations. The theory, however, rests on a substantial basis, which should not be lost sight of by those who are unable to follow its advocates to the full length. Prof. Rhys Davids made special reference to the valuable series of publications being issued through the cooperation of various scholars under the able editorship of Prof. Charles R. Lanman of Harvard University. The briefest of the presidential addresses was that of Salomon Reinach, which, however, enjoyed the distinction also of being the most incisive. Instead of attempting a report on the progress of scientific study of the Greek and Roman religions since 1904, M. Reinach contented himself with pointing out certain tendencies in this field of research. While admitting that the so-called anthropological school has steadily gained ground, different systems based on euhemerism, on ancestor-worship, on solar and astrological myths, in order to account for the phenomena of religion, can by no means be considered as discarded. Setting forth recent contributions to the history and scope of astrology in ancient religions, M. Reinach suggested that we have perhaps dwelt too exclusively on the earthly and psychological elements of cult and myth, and that it may be well for us to turn our eyes once more to the starry heavens, though warning against hasty and immature conclusions is here also in order.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Sir John Rhys's address as president of the section on the Religions of the Celts, Germans, and Slavs, was that which dealt with the old Celtic hero-god Lug, traces of whose wanderings in Great Britain and on the Continent Professor Rhys found in such place names as Leyden (=Lugdunum Batavorum), Lyons, Ludgate, and even London. Count Goblet d'Alviella gave an admirable summary of the part played in the study of religion by ethnography, folklore, prehistoric archæology, philology, and psychology, and sociology. As he is a veteran in the study of the phenomena of religion, his warning against the attempt to explain everything in religion through the study of primitive culture was, perhaps, the most striking feature of the address. As a proof of the growing interest in the historical study of religions, he instanced the fact that there are now about twenty-five chairs especially devoted to the subject at universities in Europe and America Even in so "orthodox" a centre as Bavaria, the government has recently transformed into a course for the history of religion, a "theological" chair whose occupant was accused of Modernism.

In addition to the presidential addresses, most of which were delivered in general sessions, a selection of the papers was made for presentation at sessions of the combined sections. The address of Arthur J. Evans, the explorer of Crete, on "New Lights on the Creed and Sanctuaries of Minoan Crete," was one of the most notable. Among the important results of Mr. Evans's most recent researches was the increasing evidence of the aniconic character of the main objects in the Cretan cult, which consisted either of natural objects as stones, peaks, and trees; or of artificial symbols, as pillars, cones, obelisks, the double axe, and also the cross, which in its simple form—and probably at its origin a four-rayed star—had been found in the oldest stratum of the Cretan excavations. By the side of these objects, however, occur representations of deities, painted designs, or engravings on signets, as well as images of clay

faience or metal. The main divinity appears to have been a goddess, as in general goddesses in Crete take precedence of the gods. Most remarkable among images of deities was a goddess with snakes entwined about her arms as a symbol of her chthonic associations, while the dove, which also occurs as one of her symbols, points, on the other hand, to her celestial attributes. On a signet ring, the goddess was represented as coming in a barque from across the sea, an important indication of the importation of the cult. The dog was one of her symbols and this, as well as other facts, suggested parallels, if not a direct connection, with various Semitic goddesses.

Prof. Percy Gardner's significant paper on Greek influences in the religious art of Northern India suggested new avenues of archæological research. It was supplemented by a series of lantern slides to illustrate the main characteristics of Buddhistic religious art, which were explained by Professor A. A. Macdonell of Oxford. The religious architecture of India was divided by Professor Macdonell into three periods, relic mounds, churches, and monasteries. From being at first low and dome-shaped, the relic mounds gradually grew to be more like towers, and finally into the shape of the Chinese pagodas. On the other hand, the cave churches with their naves and side aisles bore a striking resemblance to the Christian churches, even to the relic mound, which took the position of the altar. In connection with these two papers, Prof. Flinders Petrie showed pictures of images and other objects which were found in the course of last year's excavations at Memphis, and which, dating from c. 200 B. C., pointed decidedly to India as their origin. The proof thus furnished of an early connection between Egypt and India would account for the ascetic tendencies, including the establishment of monasteries, in the later periods of Egyptian history.

Two of the general papers—those of Prof. C. von. Orelli of Basel and of Prof. R. C. H. Charles of Oxford—bore on Old Testament and New Testament problems. The former, choosing as his topic "Religious Wisdom as Cultivated in Ancient Israel in Common with Neighboring Peoples," showed that the books of Proverbs, Job, and Ecclesiastes illustrated the form of thought that the Hebrews shared with their neighbors. It is on this basis that we must explain the references to the "Wisdom of Edom." found in the prophets Jeremiah and Obadiah; nor is it necessary to assume Greek influence in accounting for the philosophy and general spirit pervading the "Wisdom" literature of the Old Testament. The practical character of this literature and the gnomic form point to a Semitic origin; and although there are striking similarities between the Old Testament proverbs and specimens in the literary remains of ancient Egypt, Professor von Orelli was not inclined to recognize any direct Egyptian influence, but rather to find the missing link uniting the two in the much earlier and much more unsophisticated "Wisdom of Edom" and the "Sons of the East," *i. e.*, the nomadic tribes of Arabia and Syria. Quite different is the later "Wisdom" literature, as illustrated in Ecclesiasticus or the Sayings of Ben-Sira, which is distinctively an outcome of Jewish thought. Professor Charles took up the doctrine of man's forgiveness of wrongs as set forth in the Old Testament, in the Apocrypha, and the New Testament. Contrary to the opinion currently held in wide circles, Dr. Charles showed that the New Testament view of forgiveness was not a new departure, but represented merely the further development of thoughts clearly expressed in the Psalms, though by the side of survivals of the earlier view, which favored a *quid pro quo* for wrongs and injuries. The manner in which the New Testament view was approached in the Jewish Apocrypha furnished a further proof that the later Judaism was proceeding in the direction which found a more definite expression in certain sayings in the New Testament.

Of the sectional meetings, two were held daily during the four days of the congress; and it is, of course, impossible to convey more than a general impression of the papers read. A paper of more than ordinary interest in the Egyptian section was read by Miss M. A. Murray of London on "The Position of Women in Early Egyptian Ritual." She showed that from the time of the fourth dynasty down to Ptolemaic times women held priestly offices. In the Pyramid period women held office in the cult of the dead king, but this custom did not continue. Under the Ptolemies the chief sanctuary of every province had its high-priestess, as well as its high-priest. An early goddess of war, known as Neith, and identified by the Greeks with Athene, was served entirely by women in the old kingdom, while, curiously enough, another goddess, Hegt, worshipped as a frog and symbolizing the goddess of birth, had only male priests in attendance on her.

In the Semitic section mention should be made of Dr. J. G. Frazer's "Notes on Hebrew Folk-Lore." One of these notes furnished an explanation of the Hebrew word for widow, which means "the silent one." Dr. Frazer instanced numerous examples from various parts of the world of the custom prevailing among primitive peoples, obliging a widow to refrain from all speaking for a period after her husband's death, varying from a few months to several years. The reason for the strange custom was the fear lest by speaking the widow might invoke the spirit of her dead husband to the injury of the tribe. Professor Jastrow's paper on "Hepatoscopy and Astrology Among the Babylonians and Assyrians," was an endeavor to show that, while hepatoscopy, or divination of the future through the liver of the sacrificial animal, represented an outcome of popular beliefs, astrology was the outcome of early "scientific" speculation on the relationship between the phenomena of the heavens and occurrences on earth. A young scholar, Dr. Robert Eisler, from Austria, read two most suggestive papers, one on the "Origin of Eucharist," the other on the "Orpheus Cult." He offered a new explanation for the term "Orpheus," which he took to be an ancient Lycian word meaning "fisher," or, in a more general sense, "hunter." The Orpheus cult was originally a "fish" cult, and the music of Orpheus was intended as a means of attracting the "fish," and subsequently of animals in general. The "fish," which plays such a prominent rôle as a symbol of Jesus, Dr. Eisler would connect with the same cycle of ideas and beliefs. Jesus and his followers, as "fishers of men," represent an adaptation of an ancient rite connected with a fish cult. Connecting the three stories in the gospels associated with the institution of the Eucharist, (a) the Lord's supper with the paschal lamb, bread, and wine, (b) the feeding of the multitudes with loaves and fishes, and (c) the miracle at the shore of Lake Tiberias, and mentioning the roast fish and the bread, Dr. Eisler strongly maintained that the "bread"—in Hebrew, *lehem*—was identical with "fish," just as the Phœnician god Dagon was both a "fish" and a "corn-god." Since *lehem* besides meaning "fish" and "bread," also equals "spirit" or "breath," the further conclusion was drawn that all three symbols—fish, loaves, and lamb—were ultimately identical, and that the final source of the Eucharist was an ancient widespread rite connected with a water cult of some kind. In the Indian section Professor Lanman of Harvard gave an account of Buddhaghosa, whom he called the "St. Augustine of the Orient," and whose work, the "Way of Purity," was an elaborate and systematic treatise in Pali upon Buddhism, written in Ceylon about 410 A. D.

A suggestive paper was that of Dr. Nathan Soderblom of Upsala University, on "Holy Triads." Distinguishing between polytheistic and non-polytheistic triads, he placed in the first group cosmical triads of synchronous or successive divine rulers; the mythological triads, father, mother, and son; the hierarchic and intercessional triads, and the like. Dr. Soderblom maintained that the Christian triad, Father, Son, and Spirit, does not belong to any of these types, but has its illustrative analogy in the Buddhist conception of

Buddha, Dhamma, Sanga. Such a triad is characteristic of historical and revealed or "founded" religions, and is the outcome of the historical fact of (1) "the revealer" (Buddha, Christ), (2) of his revelation (the doctrine of salvation, the heavenly Father), and (3) of its result, "the new life." This triad, it was argued, is inherent in all founded religions, although it has been expressed in a tripartite formula in Buddhism and Christianity only. While in both these religions, the three-headed formula has given rise to metaphysical speculation, in its origin it is not due to speculation or to the holiness of the number three, but to the essential character of a founded religion.

Prof. Arthur Titius of Göttingen advocated the appointment of an international commission to gather the material for the study of rites and beliefs among primitive people. Another suggestion was the need of a school for training men in the principles of comparative religion, which was brought forward by Dr. Louis H. Jordan from Canada. It is, perhaps, too early for these congresses to take up definite projects, but it is to be hoped that as a result of the stimulus given to the study of religions, practical steps may at a future congress be taken to promote the investigation of important problems, which can be solved only through the coöperation of scholars, working in various fields.

At the closing session, an International Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the next congress, the place to be left to this committee. The American members are Profs. George F. Moore of Harvard and Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. It is likely that either Hamburg or Brussels will be chosen for 1912. Owing to the unexpectedly large membership, the Oxford Committee will have enough funds to publish many of the papers in full and others in copious abstract.

M. J., JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Forty years ago Henry G. Bohn, in his revision of Lowndes's "Manual," described eight different title-pages for the first edition of "Paradise Lost," and other writers have followed him. Marshall C. Lefferts, who gave special attention to the bibliography of Milton, and the result of whose studies is embodied in the Collations of the Grolier Club, came to the conclusion that Bohn's fourth and fifth title-pages never existed; and more recently W. E. Baxter, an English author, in an article on "Paradise Lost," published the same conclusion. It is somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to see that Dr. G. C. Williamson, in the Catalogue of the Milton Exhibition, held at Christ's College, Cambridge, in July, describes eight title-pages, though, as he reproduces only six, he is apparently unable to discover copies of the two missing forms. Of the six varieties known to collectors, two are dated 1667, two 1668, and two 1669. The form generally described as the first has the name "John Milton" in large italic capitals, measuring more than three-sixteenths of an inch in height. Dr. Williamson's facsimile, which is full size, and is supposed to be photographic, does not contain the large period or full stop at the end of the first line. If this is a faithful reproduction, it shows an earlier form not hitherto identified. It is more likely, however, that this period was accidentally cut away in "routing out" the plate. This is a not infrequent fault of zinc etchings, which, though photographic, cannot always be trusted. In the second title-page, also dated 1667, the author's name is in much smaller italic capitals, measuring scarcely one-eighth of an inch. In both titles line 6 is "By John Milton." In the third title, this line is changed to "The Author J. M.," and the date is 1668. Dr. Williamson describes the fourth title as identical with the third, "but with some slight variations in the size of the type and a full stop after the word 'books.'" This variation was not mentioned by Bohn, but was described by Prof. David Masson. Mr. Lefferts, however, calls this merely a variation of the third title. Masson and Williamson's fifth title (the fourth of Bohn and most other writers) has in place of the license a fleur-de-lis ornament of four lines under the author's name, and a different imprint. Instead of "Printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker," this, and all later forms read, "Printed by S. Simmons." Bohn's fifth title has three asterisks before and three after the author's name. As this form has not been seen in recent years, it probably never existed. The asterisks may have been put in with a pen in the copy which he saw. His sixth is the "same as the fifth, excepting that there are no stars on the title-page." This makes it identical with his fourth. His seventh and eighth titles (actually, probably, the fifth and sixth) bear the date 1669; one has a period after "Books," and the word "Angel" in the imprint in Roman letters; while the other has no point after "Books" and "Angel" is in italics.

The Grolier Club of this city is preparing an exhibition for December, in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of Milton's birth, December 9, 1608. There will be first editions of all of the printed books, and several books from Milton's library. There will not be the interesting paintings, drawings, and miniatures which were included in the Cambridge exhibition, but the committee has already secured a greater number of engraved portraits.

The Harvard Library has received as a gift from Alfred Mitchell of New London an interesting volume of early New England sermons. The book is thus described in the *Harvard University Gazette:*

Of the seventeen pamphlets contained in the volume, six were printed in Cambridge, between 1667 and 1682, and eight in Boston, between 1678 and 1686. Among the authors were three presidents of Harvard College—Leonard Hoar, Urian Oakes, and Increase Mather, as well as Samuel Willard, who bore the title of vice-president from 1700 to 1707. Five of them were, at one time or another, Boston ministers—John Cotton, Samuel Mather, Increase Mather, Thomas Thacher, and Samuel Willard—while Thomas Shepard and Urian Oakes were settled in Cambridge, Hugh Peters in Salem, Richard Mather in Dorchester, and William Adams in Dedham. Seven of the authors were graduates of Harvard College; namely, Samuel Mather, 1643; Urian Oakes, 1649; Leonard Hoar, 1650; Increase Mather and Eleazar Mather, 1656; Samuel Willard, 1659; and William Adams, 1671. Six of them were also fellows of the college at different times.

Several of the pamphlets bear the autograph of William Adams, who graduated from the college in 1671, and was afterwards settled at Dedham, where he died in 1685. An inscription on the pamphlet, "God's Terrible Voice in the City of London, wherein you have the Narration of the Two late dreadful Judgements of Plague and Fire inflicted by the Lord upon that City," shows that it was bought of the printer, Samuel Green, February 29, 1667, at which time Adams was a freshman in college. The volume was bound in its present form by William Adams's son, Elipbalet Adams (Harvard College, 1694), who was ordained pastor of the First Church of New London about 1708. At his death his library was bought by Nathaniel Shaw, a wealthy parishioner, from whom it passed through his granddaughter, Polly Shaw, to her husband, Ephraim Woodbridge, the seventh pastor of the same church. Mr. Mitchell, who gives the book to the Harvard Library, is a great-grandson of Ephraim Woodridge. It would probably be difficult to find in the College Library another volume containing so many early New England publications of extreme rarity.

Correspondence.

CORRALLING THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the rather amusing questions which certain German papers have been discussing of late is the imaginary Isolation of Germany, but this particular topic is now giving way to a more serious, not to say more pathetic one, namely, the so-called *Einkreisung Deutschlands*, or the Corralling of Germany. For, after all, complaints of isolation and loneliness, whether real or feigned, sound pusillanimous, especially when indulged in by jingoes, who are proud of carrying a chip on their shoulder. Hence the Fatherland is no longer represented as left out in the cold and starving for lack of friends, but as surrounded and threatened by all sorts of foes and bogeys from whom some of the most excited alarmists see no escape, except by taking to a "Zeppelin" and dropping bombs from above. Meanwhile temperate Germans, as well as sober foreigners, stand by once more, wondering how all this loud talk about being corralled can have arisen and what it will end in. When thoroughly sifted, the complaints of German chauvinists and jingoes amount simply to the well-known cry of the pouting schoolboy: "I won't play, because the others don't like me!" And as a matter of fact, the playmates in the neighboring yards are not over-fond of the poor, disgruntled chap; but why they are not, he is neither told, nor does he care to inquire; all he insists on is that they are "down on him."

What, then, is there about Germany and the Germans as we bave known them, say, since the eighties of the last century, that has turned the respect and admiration of so many foreigners into indifference and even dislike? It would be strange, indeed, if this change of feeling were solely due to envy or jealousy; neither is proof lacking that such is not the case. Thus, the German

army that won the battles of the Franco-Prussian war is still admitted to be a model of its kind. In the sciences, pure and applied; in manufactures and inventions; in most industries and trades, Germany is still teaching the world what thorough training can accomplish with natural resources much smaller than those of many another country. Her great municipalities are visited and studied by numerous Americans who come to blush at the shame of their own city governments, and depart to apply newly-learned lessons of reform. In short, there is scarcely a field of human activity cultivated in Germany of which the fruits are not shared and also gratefully acknowledged by foreigners.

But—and this is probably one of the less obvious causes of the growing dissatisfaction with German civilization as we see it developing—in the reconstruction of the present empire, with Prussia for its chief architect, much more of the rotten mediæval timber was retained than the strain of modern equipments will allow. Not that this wrong-headed conservatism was the fault of Prussia alone, for the reconstruction, we must remember, took place in an age when all Germany became wildly enthusiastic over the past and finally went into a violent historical fever, which other nations either did not succumb to or soon threw off again. Any man with but a modicum of intelligence was at that time, and in the opinion of many he is still, nothing if not historical, or, as the misnomer ran, evolutionary. Specialists in history and philology had set the pace; others quickly followed—economists, naturalists, teachers in high schools and grammar schools, politicians, reformers, and journalists—all were told, on pain of being ousted from their guild, that they must look upon life, not *sub specie æternitatis*, but through the dim glasses of the past. Only what had been (so it was said) could ever furnish the clue to that which was to be; everything else was forthwith condemned as "historically unjustified" and as of no value for future progress. In fact, Germany's idealism, which in the darkest period of her political degradation under the first Napoleon did hitch her wagon to a star, has so long been digging among the ruins of bygone ages that it is itself fast becoming a matter of mere historic interest. An exaggerated worship of the past has enthralled the idealist and made him forget that ideals are neither of Time nor of Place, and may even require an occasional, resolute break with the past. How, then, can any unprejudiced observer of German life blame Americans or other foreigners for doubting that those shackles of Time will ever be loosened by a power like Prussia, whose very name has come to stand for reaction of the worst sort?

Far more patent, though hardly less baleful, than the effects of the *furor historicus* on the natural growth of German idealism have been those of an excessive militarism on German life in general. Here, too, a fair-minded critic will not forget what Germany owes to the Prussians. It was only through their inborn love of order and system, their keen sense of duty towards the state, and their devotion to national ideals that all the different tribes could be united in the hour of need. Nevertheless, it is one thing to inculcate elementary lessons of order, duty, and loyalty to one's clan; but it is a very different thing to prepare a people for self-government and for the broader patriotism that takes due account of the stirrings of international brotherhood. And in the teaching of these higher lessons, Prussian militarism has thus far miserably failed, as all militarism is doomed to fail. Its main structure is that of a mechanism, which can never perform the work of a living organism. Its ultimate tendencies are towards the establishment of rank, caste, grades, petty distinctions, millinery shows, superciliousness of conduct on the part of superiors, and servility on the part of inferiors—in short, towards foibles and vices which soon counteract its undoubted virtues and which, in spite of all the denials of military enthusiasts, are becoming painfully evident in the civic and social life of Germany.

If corroboration or proof were needed for the correctness of such harsh criticism as this, when advanced by foreigners, it could be adduced from writings and utterances of Germans whose patriotism has never been questioned, save by those who drown all criticism whatsoever with cries of "My country, right or wrong!" It is therefore both superfluous and useless to refer or even allude to men like Barth and Naumann, for they, too, have long been classed with the *Nörgler*, or chronic grumblers, and charged with the heinous crime of balking the final and complete Borussification of Germany. As for the masses and their numerous factions—away they march to drum and fife, now singing the praises of their imperial captain and leader, who is leading them the Lord knows whither, and then again chuckling and going into hysterics over Capt. Voigt of Köpenick fame, but failing withal to profit from the striking resemblance of counterfeit and original. It is a spectacle as sad as it is amusing.

And now, without further considering the effects of a decadent idealism and a rampant militarism on school and church, on elections and freedom of speech, and on the attitude of Germany in questions of international import, such as the peace movement and kindred reforms, let us ask why the Germans think themselves corralled, and who it is that is coralling them. The answer is not far to seek: Prussia, martial and aristocratic old Prussia, has done for Germany all that she could do. Her mission is ended, and to look for a modern Prussia seems hopeless. There are none so badly corralled as those who for years have been ensconcing themselves behind fences and pickets of their own erection. Nor are the Germans the only people guilty of such foolish doings and imaginings. We Americans, too, have our tariff barriers, and we have heard our Hobsons crying aloud from the Pacific to the Atlantic for more forts and bigger battleships to keep us from being corralled by the Japanese. Let us admit all this frankly, lest we seem partial or patronizing in our reflections on the affairs of others. But none the less is the pity that the Germans lack the saving sense of humor which would easily make them see that the corralled and the corraller are one. With respect to this insight, it would seem, we have the advantage of them, and there can be no doubt that we owe it mainly to our habit of now and then taking counsel of democracy. X.

En route in Germany, September 7.

"BRITISH" AND "ENGLISH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interesting letter on the date of Shakespeare's "Lear," in the *Nation* for September 3, your correspondent, Prof. Roland G. Usher, remarks, "The word 'British-man' for 'Englishman,' on which Malone relied, cannot be earlier than March, 1603."

Too much importance has been given to this word "British" as an evidence of date. It is true that Edgar's words, "I smell the blood of a British man," occur in Harvey, Nash, and elsewhere, with "English," instead of "British." But the choice of "British" in "King Lear" has nothing to do with King James or his accession. It is the result of Shakespeare's oft-denied historical sense. In "King Lear" and "Cymbeline"—the two Shakespearean plays based on legendary British history—the dramatist consistently employs the terms "Britain," "Britons," and "British." These words (except "Britain") occur in no other plays; "English" and "England," on the other hand, are absent from these two plays, except for a single "English" (Lear iv., 6, 275) in the folio, supplanting "British" in the quartos, probably by a printer's blunder. All the major sources of "King Lear"—Holinshed. "The Faerie Queene," and "The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir and His Three Daughters"—are consistent in the use of "British." Shakespeare, in spite of the anachronisms with which the play swarms, is true to history in this regard, and, in the scrap put into Edgar's mouth, altered (if he did alter) "Englishman" to "British man" for the sake of consistency, not in deference to King James. The passage is accordingly without significance as an evidence of date. Frank H. Chase.

Beloit College, September 17.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You said recently, "The Standard Oil is the most hated of all the Trusts." The majority of us are Republicans, and we vote for the tariff that makes Trusts possible. Such a tariff our national platform demands, and our candidate for the Presidency approves. Mr. Taft even intimates that some schedules must be "revised upwards," and that, over and above this, a "reasonable profit" must be provided for. Profit on the tariff the consumer must pay, as a matter of course; but the new doctrine that the government must make provision for such payment shows how considerate Mr. Taft is of the interests of the Trusts. You are supporting Mr. Taft; yet when he is President, the Standard Oil will continue to charge us from 30 to 50 per cent. for light more than it will charge foreigners. We shall pay for sugar about twice the price paid in England. Our steel producers will charge our railways $28 a ton for rails which they will sell to Mexican and Canadian roads, that ours must compete with, for $17. They will charge the American shipbuilder $55 a ton for steel plates which they sell to the English or any other builder for $35. This policy Mr. Taft advocates; yet he has the support of the *Nation*, and will probably be elected. How,

then, can we maintain that the Trusts are hated? JOHN GAMBLE.

Haywards, Cal., September 12.

A SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO GERMAN GRAMMARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Let me use your columns for calling attention to a serious defect in all German grammars—all at least within my reach. One of the stock rules for gender is that mouns ending in -ei, -heit, -in. -keit, -schaft, -ung are feminine. To save the beginner trouble it would be well to note:

(1.) That Ei "egg" is neuter.

(2.) That "Schaft," in the sense of an upright piece, a column, the "shaft" of a spear or arrow, is masculine. (The phrase "Der Säulenschaft . . . klingt" occurs in "Faust" II., 1835). Also that "Petschaft," seal, (of Slavic origin) is neuter.

(3.) That the termination -in is twofold. In such doublets as König, Königin; Graf, Gräfin; Koch, Köchin, it denotes of course a feminine noun. But why overlook the fact that there is another (accented) -in used in hundreds and thousands of scientific terms, all of which are neuter? I will mention only five, any one of which may be a stumbling block to the ordinary reader: "Alizarin," "Anilin," "Morphin," "Quinin," "Strychnin."

J. M. HART.

Cornell University, September 18.

Notes.

The autumn list of the American Unitarian Association contains the following titles: "Captain Thomas A. Scott," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "The Higher Sacrifice," by David Starr Jordan; "The Sea of Faith," by Milton Reed; "Paul," by W. Wrede; "Sons of the Puritans," by various authors; "The Church of To-day," by J. H. Crooker; Theodore Parker's Works, Vols. IV., V., and VI.; "A Book of Prayers," by C. G. Ames; "Where the Light Dwelleth," and "Some Memories," by Robert Collyer.

The autumn announcements of B. W. Huebsch include: "The Spy," by Maxim Gorky, authorized translation by Thomas Seltzer; "Art and the Human Spirit," by E. H. Griggs; "Self-Measurement," by William De Witt Hyde; "With the Battle Fleet," by Franklin Matthews; "Product and Climax," by Prof. S. N. Patten; "The Development of Christianity," by Otto Pfleiderer, authorized translation by D. A. Huebsch; "The Commonwealth of Man," by Nathaniel Schmidt; and "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism," by John Spargo.

Ouida's posthumous novel, "Helianthus," is to be published by the Macmillan Company this month. Most of the story had been put in type and read in proof by the author before her death.

The Revell Company will soon have ready the life and addresses of "John Jasper," the colored preacher of Richmond, famous for his saying: "The sun do move."

Robert R. Risk is soon to publish, through John Smith & Son of Glasgow, "America at College, as Seen by a Scots Graduate."

After the two recent lives of the Pretender, James III., we are to have "The Early History of the Tories, from the Accession of Charles II. to the Death of William III.," by C. B. Roylance Kent (published by Smith & Elder). There is manifestly a curious and widespread revival of interest in the Tory tragedy.

"The Campaign Text Book of the Democratic Party" for 1908 comes to us from the National Committee—a pamphlet of some 300 pages. It needs no criticism in these columns.

Two more volumes, containing "Sense and Sensibility," have been issued in the pretty set of Jane Austen, being published by Duffield & Co., in St. Martin's Illustrated Library of Standard Authors (see the *Nation* of September 10, p. 232). R. Brimley Johnson contributes a brief bibliographical note. The colored pictures by A. Wallis Mills are spirited and amusing, but they only tend to convince us that no one but a genius can illustrate Jane Austen.

Edward Carpenter's "Sketches from Life in Town and Country" (The Macmillan Co.) makes one wish that its author had settled down years ago to steady, artistic production, instead of scattering his energies in preaching, lecturing, market-gardening, and sandal-making, in socialistic meetings, street-corner speeches, and calls on Walt Whitman. For when he reflects on "civilization, its cause and cure," he is a petulant child with the temper of the older Ruskin, and his mouth echoing Rousellian fallacies. What undoes the social philosopher makes the artist: when he sets quietly to work depicting the lives of the humble which have appealed to his imagination—the Derbyshire peasant, the village lover, the slum family, the guests at a country public house, a "Saxon" household—he reveals a certain talent of his own, albeit slightly reminiscent of Thomas Hardy; and his Arcadian dream of the past and the future casts a pleasing glamour over the sordid present. Representative of the spirit of this whole book is the tale of Indian life, "Narayan." Two Indian lads grow weary of the peaceful monotony of village life on the mountainside under the tamarind trees among the white jessamines, and go down into Bombay to explore the civilization made by the English. In the big cotton mill where they find work, one of them, while cleaning the bearings of the driving shaft, is caught in the machinery, spun round and round, and dropped to the floor horribly mangled—such is the civilization of the English. Interesting also is an account of the international social congress at Paris, 1889, with pen portraits of Bebel, Cipriani, William Morris, and other distinguished leaders. The volume closes with a handful of poems, including a sonnet of farewell to the "Muse of Measured Verse."

The forthcoming edition of Anatole France's works in English, of which "The Garden of Epicurus," translated by Alfred Allinson (John Lane Co.), has just appeared, is to be deprecated only on the ground that it partly removes one of the great incentives to study French. For in the life and writings of this seductive man of letters, the subtlest flower of French culture since Renan, converge the intellectual currents of this century. It is therefore to English readers an advantage to meet him in a book which opens at once a central point of view over his forty years of literary activity. The "'Garden of Epicurus," published in 1895 in its author's fifty-first year, is neither a system of philosophy nor a praise of earthly pleasures; it is a collection of *causeries* and *pensées* on love, death, science, poetry, etc., by a man of erudition who writes like an exquisite amateur for a circle of friends. In this volume are included also a discourse "On Nunneries," "How I Discoursed One Night, with an Apparition on the First Origins of the Alphabet," "Careers for Women," "Miracle," "Card Houses," "In the Elysian Fields," "Aristos and Polyphilos on the Language of Metaphysics," and "The Priory." The book is not what Arnold would have called "tonic"—indeed Paul Desjardins calls its author a barren figtree. M. France's note is that of cheerful melancholy and ironic resignation. He has lost faith in scientific progress and represents almost the ultimate limit of skepticism. There is a bound set to evolution: at last the sun will blacken like an ember in the grate; the earth will freeze from rind to core and the last man, returned to the barbarism of the cave-dwellers, will freeze wretchedly at the bottom of a mine. What purpose then is served by the miserable race of men—*qui sait?* Yet there are compensations, of which the chief is intellectual curiosity quietly inquiring its way amid the eternal flux of phenomena; and there are duties of which the chief is pity for all the manifold suffering of men. All Philistines who abuse the name of Epicurus should be forced to read Lucretius and—Anatole France. The format of this limited edition of 500 copies is eminently satisfactory; the typography, paper, and binding are of excellent quality. The translation of France's Attic prose should not be difficult, but here and there the easy grace of the original becomes a shade awkward in the English, or even false to the spirit of the French. For example "But by that time our planet will be very old and coming near the *goal of its fortunes*" has by no means the connotation of "Mais alors notre planète sera bien vieille et touchera aux termes de ses destins." Such slips are perhaps venial in an otherwise fairly adequate rendering. A note on the original date and place of publication would contribute to the value of these volumes.

"In the Track of R. L. Stevenson," by J. A. Hammerton (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is, as title suggests, a parasitic growth, and a fairly heavy one, upon the "Travels with a Donkey" and "An Inland Voyage." Mr. Hammerton also tracks Daudet and S. R. Crockett through some interesting and comparatively little explored parts of France. He informs us, furthermore, that this fat volume is "but a very little sheaf from the occasional writings of its author on his wayfarings in old France"—so that if we want more of the same, we know where to send. The book is copiously illustrated from small and generally indistinct photographs of places and persons mentioned by Stevenson, together with many others not so mentioned. The only portions of the text of much interest are the extensive quotations from "R. L. S."; the summaries of "R. L. S." are not so entertaining. Mr. Hammerton made numerous inquiries for recollections of his illustrious predecessor, but in most cases with

no success. On one occasion he noted a canal-boat plastered with foreign advertisements, only one being of local origin—"a circumstance that would, we may be sure," he says, "have drawn from Stevenson some pages of gay philosophy." That fairly lets the cat out of Mr. Hammerton's bag; alas, neither Scotch whiskey nor English soap nor heaven above nor earth beneath elicits any "gay philosophy" from him. He eats his supper and goes to bed mounts his bicycle and dismounts again, describes in pedestrian fashion this thing and that; but when all is said and done it is perhaps wiser for a writer who has no ideas not to follow too hard on the heels of one who has.

Roger Boutet de Monvel has written an entertaining brief account of "Beau Brummel and His Times" (Lippincott), to which Mary Craven has contributed a chapter on "Dress and the Dandies." Whether the work was originally written in French we do not know. There are no signs of the translator's hand, but the point of view is French—which adds another touch of interest, if that is possible after Chateaubriand's "Mémoires" and Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Dandysme"—and the last years of Brummel's life at Calais and Caen seem to be nearer to the author than the years of prosperity in England. It is a strange mingling of comedy and tragedy, this story of the Regent's friend, the bully of society, the *arbiter elegantiarum*, and then the broken-down exile, brave against all his enemies save disease and death, who have their way with him in the end as with all the princes and beauties sung by Villon and the other poets. The story is too well known to need expatiation here. It is only necessary to say that the portrait is lightly etched by M. Boutet de Monvel, and that the familiar anecdotes are always interesting.

The "Builders of United Italy" (Henry Holt & Co.) whom Rupert S. Holland has chosen to describe are Alfieri, Manzoni, Gioberti, Manin, Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. His purpose is to give a popular, but not flimsy, biography of these men, and to make their lives serve as an outline of the history of the Risorgimento. In both purposes he merits commendation. The general reader, who will find his profit here, can hardly fail to be so stimulated that he will go on to seek a wider acquaintance with this fascinating period. For Mr. Holland has caught the enthusiasm without which no historian can either sympathize with or describe the spirit that upheld the Italians in their struggles for freedom and independence. He has a pleasant talent for narration, and as a specimen of his ability to summarize without allowing essentials to evaporate we may mention his account of the preliminaries of the war of 1859. He skilfully avoids repetition. Each sketch has a portrait of its subject.

The John Lane Co. has brought out another of Edward Frazer's interesting historical sketches of the British navy. In "The Londons of the British Fleet" he makes a fresh appeal to the enthusiasm of his countrymen through well-written accounts of the six naval vessels which have borne the name London, from the time of Oliver Cromwell to Edward VII. Incidentally, there are woven into the thread of his story many bits of fact and gossip which throw light on naval life and manners. The book is popular in style and purpose, a fact which possibly explains its lack of references to the authorities upon which its statements are based. Nevertheless, the volume is eminently readable and instructive.

In these days of the wholesome "nearer-to-nature" movement there is room for such a manual as Oliver Kemp's "Wilderness Homes; A Book of the Log Cabin" (The Outing Publishing Co.). Mr. Kemp wisely confines his instructions to the building of log cabins of the simpler kind, leaving to the architect the ornate and elaborate structures known in the Adirondacks as "camps." His book may be recommended to those who contemplate the building of forest homes, as it is practical in character and sound in its advice. The actual use of the axe cannot be taught by books, but the author might have devoted more space to the art of axemanship, if only to encourage the jaded city man to take up this delightful and wholesome exercise. The most serious defect of the manual is its omission of all mention of skylight windows, which are easy to put into the roof and often transform a badly lighted and worse ventilated cabin into an abode of cheeriness and out-of-door freshness. No one-story cabin that is permanently occupied should be without one. Mr. Kemp's book contains no index.

"In the Woods and on the Shore," by Richard D. Ware (L. C. Page & Co.), is a collection of eleven tales of shooting at large and small game, written in a pleasing style by a hunter of experience. The photographic illustrations are more satisfactory than the rather careless drawings of Mr. Bull. One of Mr. Ware's chapters, called "The Hunt," is written in blank verse, and suggests that prose is his more natural medium.

One is disposed to open a volume on "Paul the Mystic," with the expectation of finding a religious treatise quite out of the ordinary. To a writer who is himself a mystic the subject offers superb possibilities. The mighty spirit of Paul, confined so long in the narrow dogmatism of Pharisaism, found in the warmth and freedom of the faith of the Nazarene encouragements to sublime flights. In the immediate realization of divine things few have surpassed him, and one who had insight to pierce through the eager controversialist and busy man of affairs to the religious poet and seer revealed in the loftier passages of his letters would produce a religious classic of the first order. Unfortunately the author of the present volume, James M. Campbell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is not a mystic. He is an evangelical of the informed and tolerant type, and he anaylzes Paul, first as a mystic, then a religious mystic, then as an evangelical mystic, but cabined as closely in a system of doctrine as Moody or Spurgeon. Dr. Campbell is anxious to convince his readers that Paul nourished his piety by regular exercises and steadfast adherence to the articles of a well-established creed. The free and mighty spirit emboldened to frequent perception of truths not lawful to analyze is quite beyond the author's reach. Such a writer may convey much information on Paul the missionary, or even Paul the maker of dogma, but he cannot deal successfully with Paul the mystic. Dr. Campbell, however, has called attention to an attractive theme, and a side of the character of Paul which has been too much neglected.

A new English edition of the "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche" is in preparation, and the first volume indicates that it will be a useful work. The title is "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, Embracing Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology, and Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Biography from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (Funk & Wagnalls Co. Vol. I. Aachen-Basilians). Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson is editor-in-chief, and he has the assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, and a large number of department editors and collaborators. The recent third edition of Hauck's "Realencyklopädie" forms the basis of the work, but the German articles have been rewritten, revised, and considerably condensed. A large number of contributions on subjects of importance to English readers have been added. In completeness and thoroughness this work far excels the earlier editions of Schaff-Herzog; especially in historical and biographical subjects the treatment is more adequate. The articles vary greatly in merit, and it is sometimes difficult to account for the proportionate space assigned to different subjects, as, for example, twenty careful pages devoted to Africa, a topic in which the religious interest is remote, but only a column to Aristotle and his far-reaching influence on Christian theology and the life of the Church. The treatment of the principal characters in early and mediæval ecclesiastical history is excellent. The same can hardly be said of the Biblical titles, to which insufficient space has been accorded. The point of view of the editors is tolerant, fair, and modern, but no ray of modern light is discernible in Prof. B. B. Warfield's essays on Agnosticism, Apologetics, Atonement, etc. Dogmatic theology seems to be the field in which all recent encyclopædias are weak and unsatisfactory. On the other hand, high praise must be given to the bibliographies prepared by Mr. Gilmore. These are thorough, judicious, and carefully arranged, and in themselves render this encyclopædia valuable to any library.

A second volume has been published of the collection of biographies of prominent characters in the history of the church, edited by Prof. B. Bess of Halle, under the title "Unsere religiösen Erzieher" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer). It contains a study of Luther, by Prof. Th. Kolde of Erlangen; of Zwingli, by A. Baur, Weinsberg; Calvin, by the editor; Spener, by P. Grünberg, Strasburg; Goethe and Schiller, by K. Sell, Bonn; Schleiermacher, by O. Kirn, Leipzig; and Bismarck, by O. Baumgarten, Kiel. There is added a *Schlusswort* by Prof. W. Herrmann, Marburg, entitled "Die Religion der Erzieher."

A good specimen of modern Catholic scholarship is the extensive discussion of the authenticity and age of the Epistle of Jude, published by Friederich Maier, in the

Biblische Studien (edited by Prof. O. Bardenhewer of Munich), Vol. XI., Heft1 and 2, In this painstaking work of nearly two hundred pages the conservative view is maintained, with a constant reference to the position of modern critics. An equally characteristic expression of Catholic scholarship is the recent apologetical volume of Prof. A. Seitz of the University of Munich, "Das Evangelium vom Gottessohn" (Freiburg-im-B.: Heder). The author devotes some five hundred pages to defending the divinity of Christ.

Prof. R. Seeberg, one of the leading conservative members of the Berlin theological faculty, has just published (Leipzig: A. Deichert) a collection of Abhandlungen und Vorträge, under the title "Zur systematische Theologie," to constitute the second volume of the series Aus Religion und Geschichte. These discussions are all on burning religious questions.

The Gesellschaft zur Förderung der Wissenschaft des Judentums has, through its commission, consisting of W. Bacher, M. Braun, and D. Simonsen, with the coöperation of J. Guttmann, published the first volume of what promises to be the standard biography of the great Jewish scholar of the Middle Ages—theologian, philosopher, and physician—Maimonides. The work entitled "Moses ben Maimon: Sein Leben, seine Werke und sein Einfluss" (Leipzig: Fock) is thus far a collection of twelve papers by eleven writers, among them Ph. Bloch, H. Cohen, J. Pagels, B. Zeimlich (since deceased), A. Schwarz, J. Friedländer, and F. Rosenthal. The chief fault of this volume is that it lacks unity, as there is little connection between the various papers.

M. A. Schmitz du Moulin, originally a Roman Catholic, but for some time now an adherent of Mohammedanism, is, with the customary zeal of a convert, publishing through the Teutonia Verlag, Leipzig, a series of books intended to make Islam palatable to Western folk. His "Geist des Orients," "Das Wesen des Islam," and "Modernes Heidentum" have lately been followed by "Die Wahrheit über orientalisches Frauenleben" and "Die Urheimat unserer Väter," all volumes of two or three hundred pages or more. The books are not without merit, for the author is evidently a scholar, but in the nature of the case his panegyrics of the Turks and the Moslem Orient are in the nature of an apologia.

"Die Friedensfahrt deutscher Kirchenmänner nach England" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), by Prof. W. Bornemann of Frankfurt-a-M., is an interesting account of the journey to England made by prominent churchmen of Germany last spring in the interest of international peace.

Arthur Bonus has published the third part of his "Isländerbuch" (Munich: G. D. W. Callwey). He discusses among other things the importance of old Icelandic prose literature and its effect upon Ibsen. Some translations are added, the work of Andrew Heusler. Literary notes on the three volumes conclude this book.

H. Schroeder's "Aufnahme und Studium an den Universitäten Deutschlands" (Halle: Waisenhaus) is a valuable compilation of the regulations that prevail at the different German universities with reference to admission of students, courses of studies, and the like. The data are taken from official sources, and are particularly full in their information as to rights of women at these institutions.

An excellent permanent record of the recent celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Jena, has been prepared by Ernst Borkowsky, a volume of 287 pages, "Das alte Jena und seine Universität" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The 107 illustrations are chiefly portraits of famous professors.

The University of Leipzig will celebrate its five-hundredth anniversary, July 28 to 31, 1909. The principal exercises will be on July 29, when a public service will be held, followed by an address by the King of Saxony as the Rector Magnificentissimus of the University. For the great *Kommers* on July 30 the city will supply a monster tent on the Messplatz, capable of accommodating ten thousand participants. The King himself will act as presiding officer of the *Kommers*.

With the publication of Vol. XII., 1908, No. 3, Dr. J. M. Paton retires from the editorial board of the *American Journal of Archæology*. The business management will hereafter be in charge of Prof. Mitchell Carroll of the George Washington University; the departments of news and bibliography will be conducted by Prof. William N. Bates of No. 220 St. Mark's Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

News comes by cable that Prof. Ernest Francisco Fenollosa has died just as he was to sail for this country. Professor Fenollosa was born at Salem, Mass., in 1853, and was educated at Harvard. From 1878 to 1880 he occupied the chair of political economy and philosophy in the Tokio University, and from 1880 to 1886 the chair of philosophy and logic. Other positions kept him in Japan until 1890, making him an authority on Japanese art and literature. From 1890 to 1896 he used this knowledge as curator of the department of Oriental art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His publications include "East and West" and "The Discovery of America, and Other Poems" (1893), and "An Outline History of Ukiyo-Ye" (1902).

Frank Parsons, lecturer on law at Boston University since 1892, died at Boston September 26. He was born at Mount Holly, N. J., in 1854, and in 1873 graduated in the mathematical and engineering course at Cornell. Later he studied law and became a text writer for Little, Brown & Co. He also lectured publicly on economics and sociology, and taught history and political science in the Kansas Agricultural College, as well as in Ruskin University, Missouri. Among his writings are "The World's Best Books" (1892), "Our Country's Need" (1894), "The Drift of Our Time" (1898), "Rational Money" (1899), "The New Political Economy" (1899), "The Power of the Ideal" (1899), "The City for the People" (1900), "Direct Legislation" (1900), "The Bondage of Cities" (1900), "The Story of New Zealand" (1904), "The Heart of the Railroad Problem" (1906), and "The Railways, the Trusts, and the People" (1906).

The death is announced of Mrs. Adeline Kingscote, better known as the novelist "Lucas Cleeve." Her stories, beginning in 1895, came out with astonishing rapidity, and for their plots she drew upon her knowledge as a linguist and her large experience as a traveller.

Alex. Freytag von Loringhoven has died at Weimar in his sixtieth year. Among his many novels and dramas may be mentioned "Am Strande," "Erlebnisse aus dem deutsch-französischen Kriege," "Skizzen und Humoresken," "Aus der Hexenzeit," "Nerven."

Jadwiga Luszczewska, the Polish poetess whose death was reported last week, was born in Warsaw in 1830. As a child she displayed remarkable powers of improvisation. Later, under the pseudonym "Deotyma," she wrote successful poetic narratives and epic verse. Some of her poems appeared in various collections, of which the more prominent are: "Improwizacye i poezye" (Warsaw, 1854 and 1858. 2 vols.), and "Polska w piesni" (Poland in Song, 1859-87). A drama entitled "Mieczislaw," and an epic, "Sobieski vor Wien," came from her pen. Her novels and stories are strongly marked by their poetic language; they are "Na rozdrozu" (At the Parting of the Ways, 1876), "Kryz and otchlania" (The Cross above the Chasm, 1878), and "Branki w Jasyrze" (The Prisoners in Jassyr, 1890). The last named is her most noteworthy prose, a work in three volumes.

IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES.

Calendar of State Papers: Colonial Series, America and West Indies, 1699. Preserved by His Majesty's Public Record Office; edited by Cecil Headlam. London: Printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

The issue of a Calendar for the Colonial State Papers of 1699 will be welcomed by all persons who take an interest in the history of the colonial period of the United States. By the bounty of the British government, similar Calendars have been issued at intervals since 1860. The earlier volumes were edited by Noel Sainsbury, long identified with the Public Record Office; on his death, the work was carried on by J. W. Fortescue; on his appointment as King's Librarian at Windsor Castle, the task has been taken up by Cecil Headlam of Magdalen College, Oxford, whose wide reading, extensive travels, and literary culture are observable in the composition of his preface to the volume just issued. Besides documents of the year 1699, the present volume includes addenda embracing the period from 1621 to 1698; the papers in question were, from various causes, overlooked when previous Calendars were being prepared.

Those who are interested in the family history of America will find in this Calendar names very familiar in their respective States. Thus, there is a list of the principal officers of militia for the several counties of Virginia, appointed by the Governor on June 3:

Henrico County—William Byrd, colonel and commander-in-chief; William Randolph, lieutenant-colonel.

Surrey County—Benjamin Harrison, colonel and commander-in-chief.

Norfolk—Lenwell Mason, colonel and commander-in-chief.

Warwick—Miles Cary, lieutenant-colonel and commander-in-chief; William Cary, major.

Lancaster—Robert Carter, colonel and commander-in-chief; Joseph Ball, lieutenant-colonel.

Westmoreland—Richard Lea, colonel and commander-in-chief.

Stafford—George Mason, colonel and commander-in-chief.

In Massachusetts, among justices appointed on July 17, are Wait Winthrop and Samuel Sewall, to the Superior Court; and, to Inferior Courts, Elisha Hutchinson, James Russell, John Hathorne, Daniel Peirce, William Peperel, Joseph Hawley, Joseph Parsons, William Bradford, Nathaniel Thomas, John Wadsworth, Barnabas Lothrop, James Allen, John Coffin, James Coffin, and John Gardner. In the General Assembly of New York appear the names of J. de Peyster, Abraham Gouverneur, K. Van Renselaer, Gabriel Ludlow (clerk of the Assembly), and Thomas Morgan.

But the outstanding character disclosed by the Calendar is Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont in the Peerage of Ireland, who was Governor of New York and New England (excepting Rhode Island and Connecticut). He justified by his conduct the character of an "honest and intrepid man," as William III. had described him. Being "perpetually in business from five in the morning till ten at night," he might be regarded as rivalling in hard work the celebrated Marquess of Dalhousie, who, when Governor-General of India, was said to write sixty minutes to the hour. With the high ideas of a real statesman, he would recognize no "English party" in New York, saying: "I discourage all I can these distinctions of Dutch and English." Bellomont deserves to rank with Wellesley, Dufferin, Macartney, Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir George Bowen, and other Irishmen who have proved among the most successful of proconsuls within the British Empire. His correspondence with the home authorities would justify publication in book form; for his pungent, forcible dispatches make racy reading.

Bellomont was commissioner with the special object of suppressing piracy and illegal trading—a Herculean task, in view of the attitude of the colonists. With rare exceptions, the officials whose duty required them to assist in enforcing the laws, were in league with the smugglers. Mr. Headlam describes the difficulties of the Governor, as thus surrounded by disloyal and incapable officers. He had to rely upon indifferent collectors; an ignorant and incompetent, if not dishonest Attorney-General; and a Clerk of Assembly who had been convicted of coining. "The very soul of government went upon crutches," for those who practised at the bar, from the Chief Justice downwards, had been soldiers or dancing masters. The colonists joined in evading the restrictions of the laws of trade and navigation. Writing from New York Bellomont characterized piracy and unlawful trade as "the beloved twins of the marchands of his place." In 1699, John Townsend, the customs officer at Oyster Bay, "where great quantities of goods are run," resigned within a month, under threat of being knocked on the head. Although a lieutenant of one of the companies was offered the post, with a salary of £100 a year, New York money, with a couple of horses and a man to attend him; yet he, "though accounted a brisk man and ready to starve for want of his pay and subsistences," told Bellomont in plain terms he "thought it too hazardous an undertaking." Bellomont reported that the inhabitants of Long Island (then Nassau Island) were unruly; "and to mend the matter there are several pirates settled among 'em, who, to be sure, will eg 'em on to do mischief." In Philadelphia, as Mr. Headlam observes, the principle of brotherly love seems to have been extended principally towards pirates. Even those who had been arrested were allowed out on bail, and walked "the street with their pockets full of gold." They were constant companions of those high in the government; they freely marketed prohibited goods; and they threatened the lives of the King's collectors, who, in a population of "non-jurors, quakers, and ill-affected Scotchmen," despaired of bringing any offenders to justice. In pursuance of a strong representation from the Council of Trade and Plantations, the Lieutenant-Governor, Col. William Markham, was removed from office, for conniving at illegal trade, and for receiving presents from pirates, and for protecting them.

It would require a separate article to deal thoroughly with the details of piracy (which, as we have just seen, was almost inextricably bound up with smuggling), and with the case of Capt. Kidd, in particular, as set forth in the Calendar for 1699. On the conclusion of peace, by the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, many privateersmen were thrown out of employment. Some of these took to piracy for a time, as a modern insurance director is said to have reformed by turning burglar. Frequent instances occurred of seamen seizing their ships and turning pirates. Towns on the coast were not safe from raids. As for the officials, Gov. Fletcher, Bellomont's predecessor in New York, explained his intimacy with the pirate Tew as proceeding from the pleasantness of Tew's conversation, and a desire to reclaim him from an ill habit he had got of swearing. Regarding Capt. Kidd, whose name has long been synonymous with piracy, Bellomont found himself in a strange position. Before his appointment as Governor, Bellomont had been mainly instrumental in getting Kidd a commission for the suppression of piracy. This he had done on the recommendation of Robert Livingstone, who believed in Kidd's special fitness for the service. A syndicate was formed to fit out the Adventure, with a stock of £6,000. Of this sum, one-fifth was subscribed by Livingstone and Kidd, and four-fifths by Bellomont and others, among them Somers, the Lord Chancellor; Orford, First Lord of the Admiralty; Romney, Secretary of State, and the Duke of Shrewsbury, one of the Lords Justices. It was after Bellomont had assumed his office as Governor that he received the exasperating intelligence that Kidd had turned pirate. Kidd, alleging his innocence, endeavored to extract a promise of pardon before landing at Boston; and at the same time he tried to bribe Bellomont by presents of jewels and ingots to Lady Bellomont. The Governor promised Kidd pardon if he should prove "as innocent as he pretended to be." In July, 1699, Bellomont had the satisfaction of clapping the adventurous sea-rover into the Boston jail, but the arrest was made only when Kidd "looked as if he was upon the wing." Kidd maintained that his wrongdoing had been forced upon him by his crew, and that other things, wherein his conduct had been impugned, had been done by virtue of his commission. He was sent to England in 1700, and on May 23 he was hanged at Execution Dock, after a trial that was not fair.

Among other matters that occupied the attention of the colonists in 1699 was the case of Harvard College. Bellomont refused to assent to a bill, already twice rejected, which contained a clause excluding members of the Church of England from the government of Harvard. What he called the "sour part of the Council" would not hear of his proposal to apply to the King for a charter to incorporate the college, which was left without a constitution by the abrogation of the charter of the colony. As a makeshift, it was decided that the government of the college should be carried on by the members of the late corporation. During a week's stay at Rhode Island, a community of "Quakers and demi-Quakers," Bellomont collected "matter enough to prove that government the most irregular and illegal in their administration that ever any English government was." On their side, the Rhode Islanders, who notoriously connived at piracy and illegal trade, held the English government to be "little better than slavery." There is also a considerable amount of material relating to the affairs of New Hampshire, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina; and in his preface, to which this notice is much indebted for details of the contents of the Calendar, Mr. Headlam has treated of papers relating to Newfoundland, Ber-

muda, and the West Indian colonies. This Calendar also contains a number of facts regarding the feckless attempt of the Scottish nation to found their colony of Caledonia at Darien.

Among the Addenda is an account of Barbados in 1669. The Assemblies of Nevis and Antigua objected to billet soldiers quartered amongst them; and they anticipated the Declaration of Independence in this regard, by urging that "free quarters were an abomination to the King, and contrary to the fundamental liberties of the people." In Montserrat, a negro convicted of theft to the value of twelve pence was condemned to be hanged and his quarters set up on poles in public places; while another negro, convicted of having absented himself from his master's service for over three months, was condemned to be broken to pieces, and afterwards his limbs and body to be burnt. After noting these atrocities, Mr. Headlam finds a slight tendency towards humanity in the decision of the delegates of Maryland to omit a clause in a bill for cutting off the noses or ears of negroes.

CURRENT FICTION.

Lewis Rand. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Johnston has a wide circle of admirers, among whom a new book from her pen is warmly welcomed; but of all her novels "Lewis Rand" has the best right to be regarded as a literary event. It is by no means light reading; not a book to be skimmed. And yet, even if one boggles at philosophy and political economy in a novel, one is not likely to lay this volume down unfinished. The story is notable for a deepening of thought and maturity of analysis that are almost startling in comparison with its predecessors. In some ways the hand is easy to trace—notably in the descriptions of the forest, and also, be it confessed, in a certain cumbrousness of mechanical elaboration—a labored suspense that clogs the movement. At first the heroine, Jacqueline, seems only another example of Miss Johnston's favorite type, the Stooping Lady—a new edition of Jocelyn and Patricia; but Jacqueline develops a dignity and a power of her own as the action progresses to the final—shall we say tragedy or apotheosis?

The bare outline of the story suggests "Quisanté." Lewis Rand is a lad of plain birth and turbulent blood; by inheritance and by training, or the lack of it, his ethical sense is awry. His wife, outcast from her family and its traditions for his sake, trusts him to be loyal to the high ideals he enunciates, and her trust is betrayed. In a fit of blind rage he commits murder, and goes out from the place of his crime to construct an effective alibi. What is to accomplish the redemption of such a man? His love for a woman? He confesses his crime to Jacqueline, who urges submission to punishment as the only expiation. His whole being rebels, but to prove his love for her he consents to give himself up. This is the point where it would have been easy to fall short; but, with fine insight, Jacqueline is swept up to spiritual heights. She will not accept the sacrifice, made for her; she stands beside her husband, conceals her knowledge of his guilt, and watches in agony as he fights the great battle of his soul. The struggle is long, but ends in high victory. Lewis Rand gives himself up to justice, not for the sake of any human creature, but to satisfy the imperious demands of his own awakened consciousness of right—"he said he must have sleep."

This is the mere sketch of the story; the background is well wrought, and the host of minor characters play their parts well. The portraits of Jefferson and old Major Edward are drawn with an especially convincing touch. Above all the sub-motives, however, rises the vital theme—the triumph of character over temperament. The keynote of the book is sounded in one sentence: "It is strange what pain we grow to call Victory."

A Commentary. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Galsworthy's animating motive, a desire to puncture the thoughtless complacency of the comfortable classes, has produced in this volume of organically related sketches a work of original distinction. In his novel, "The Island Pharisees," the same motive tended rather to provoke irritation at the author and his unsatisfactory hero than at the conditions in society which displeased them. Here Mr. Galsworthy's method is different and decidedly more effective: instead of forcing the reader to look at the world through the eyes of an unconvincing crank, he breaks a number of stained-glass windows and bids the smug, contented citizen look for himself. The result is a series of little pictures, or idylls, strangely disquieting, of misery and comfort, satiric, ironic, tragic. The chapters bear such captions as "Old Age," "Fear," "Fashion," "Sport," "Justice"; but these abstractions are the shadows cast by characters of flesh and blood. As "The Man with a Hoe" becomes "Man with a Hoe," so the carefully particularized individuals of these sketches expand gigantically into types. James White and his wife, upward of seventy, dying of cold and starvation in their attic, willing to work but preferring death to the workhouse, become symbolic of helpless and abandoned senility. It is a common theme, but uncommonly executed with an imaginative and poetical quality reminding one of Maeterlinck's "The Blind" and "The Intruder," and with a repetition and parallelism in style suggesting the direct influence of the Belgian dramatist. For the ignorant, the infirm, the vicious Mr. Galsworthy has no maudlin sympathy—only a bitter compassion. But against the comfortably respectable man who settles into his family, business, and social circle as into the land the Lord his God has given him, the shafts of Mr. Galsworthy's satire are keen. His social sense is, like Tolstoy's, painfully acute; it is outraged by the thought that there is any happiness in a society where there is so much misery. He is sure that there can be no honest happiness for those who have eyes to see; and his endeavor to remove scales from blind eyes bears every mark of sincerity. It is unusual for a book of such intense social purpose to have such genuine artistic merit.

By Right of Purchase. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The title of this melodramatic work alludes to an arrangement by which Carrie Denham, an English girl of good blood but of disreputably extravagant and indigent family, becomes the wife of Charley Leland, a young Canadian wheat-grower on a vast scale. At first sight the hero and heroine are strongly attracted to each other; but just as soon as the able young man marries her, thus saving her from the clutches of Aylmer, a "coarsely fleshy man of the cities," and carries her to his prairie home, she becomes an unaccountable prig, spends the evening in full dress, and for several months keeps her husband at more than arm's length. During this long period of probation Charley exercises a splendid self-restraint, frequently mentioned with admiration by the author, and habitually addresses her, after the manner of kings and Christopher Sly, as "Madam." After Leland has suffered much from the malice of whiskey-runners, prairie fires, and a falling wheat market, his wife, of course, begins to appreciate him; the whiskey-runners are driven out, the fires are extinguished, and wheat goes up at a bound. The return of Mrs. Leland to a decent frame of mind and the triumphant moment of her career is presented in the flaming frontispiece, where she is seen driving up to the edge of the prairie fire with a team of plunging horses to bring the thirsty fire-fighters a barrel of water. The characterization is of the crudest simplicity. Every time that Charley appears we are asked to note his "bronzed face," his "spare form," and his "quiet, simmering temper." Carrie is identified again and again by her "pride of station," which is manifested "languidly" and "coldly." All this is gruel of

the sort proverbially relished in the boarding-school.

Heartbreak Hill: A Comedy Romance. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. New York: Duffield & Co.

A writer of such stories as Mr. Vielé's earlier "Inn of the Silver Moon" and the present book is a public benefactor. On wholly different lines from its cherished predecessor, "Heartbreak Hill" shows much of the same quality. The merry twinkle, the iridescent coloring, are here, and withal so is the ingenuity in inventing a tangle. The actual, the fanciful, the fantastic, the human, and the elf-like join hands in song and dance. The pivot of the story is a hill jointly owned by two cousins. The revolving circles whirl as far away as Wall Street, financial conspiracies, motor cars—even painless dental parlors. And yet, we say it boldly, the quality of the book is that of the *fabliau*. The incredulous of this seemingly absurd statement have only to apply the simple test of reading. They will find a something mediævally Gallic in the touch, turning America into No Man's Land, reality into soap-bubbles; a something not quite comedy, romance, tale, or fable, but tincture of all.

The City of Genoa. By Robert W. Carden; with 12 illustrations in color by William Parkinson, and 20 other illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.

The past decade has witnessed the publication of a vast number of books on Italian subjects, the majority of which are useless to the serious student; but it has also produced a few works of sterling merit, and among these latter Mr. Carden's "City of Genoa" should find an honored place. If it cannot take rank with such masterpieces as G. G. Coulton's "From St. Francis to Dante" or E. G. Gardner's "St. Catherine of Siena," it is easily in the same class with Miss C. M. Ady's admirable monograph on the Sforza, and, in many respects, compares not unfavorably with even so excellent a piece of work as Prof. Langton Douglas's "History of Siena."

Mr. Carden possesses in no small measure those indispensable requisites of the historian, impartiality and accuracy. His style is generally direct and vigorous. He is master of the difficult art of adequate condensation, and it is clear that he has spared neither time nor labor. We have, therefore, no sort of quarrel with his facts, which, as far as we have been able to verify them, appear to be thoroughly trustworthy. Such fault as we have to find is with his manner of stating them. Thus we read (pp. 3 and 4) that in the eleventh century, "S. Remo and Ceriana had already become feuds of the Church." What will the ordinary reader make of this? The context may possibly put him upon inquiry, but we are afraid that he will be more than likely to imagine that the reference is to the Church of Rome, the Papacy, and he must read on for well-nigh eighty pages before it dawns upon him that the Bishops of Genoa possessed temporal as well as spiritual authority, and that "the church" in question is, in fact, the Church of Genoa. So, too, we are told (p. 7) that, in 1147, "sixty thousand *marabottini* were sent from Almeria." The context affords us no assistance, and the unfortunate reader who is ignorant of the nomenclature of mediæval Italian coins will be compelled to wait for an explanation till he reaches page 105. If the word *marabottino* appeared in the index with a reference to both passages, this annoyance might be obviated. But such is not the case.

Perhaps, however, the weakest point in the book is to be found in the fact that Mr. Carden studies his Genoa, as it were, in a vacuum, and rarely draws an analogy from the history of other communes. The supersession of the episcopal rule by that of the consuls, and the subsequent removal of the consuls to make way for the Potestà, were steps in an evolution which was common to nearly all the city-states of Italy; and this should have been noted. The main interest of Genoese history is to be found in the fact that it forms part of the history of Italy as a whole. Moreover, we should have welcomed a chapter on the daily life of the old Genoese. There is, proportionately, too much political and too little social history for our taste.

But the blemishes to which we have referred are but as spots on the sun, and we heartily recommend the work to all lovers of things Italian. The narrative, which begins with the legendary origin of the city, in the days of the patriarch Abraham, is carried down to our own day, when the ancient Queen of the Ligurian Seas is renewing her age-long struggle for commercial supremacy in the Mediterranean. Nor are her peaceful triumphs overlooked. Neither the architecture nor the painting of Genoa is neglected. The "historical survey" occupies only 74 pages out of a total of 263, the rest of the book being devoted to a study of the principal civic monuments—the Church of S. Siro, the Cathedral, the Harbor, the Palazzo di S. Giorgio, the Palazzo Ducale, etc., etc.—and, in each and every instance, the dull details of topography are illuminated by the associations of the sites described. The volume is one which no visitor to Genoa can possibly afford to do without, and our author is to be congratulated upon the production of what is at once a learned and a readable book, serviceable alike to the student and the tourist.

Ansichten und Aussichten. Von Ernst von Wolzogen, Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.

Augurenbriefe. Von Ernst von Wolzogen. Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.

To those who know Ernst von Wolzogen only as the author of delightful comedies like "Die Kinder der Excellenz," "Lumpengesindel," and "Ein unbeschriebenes Blatt," and of a score of excellent novels, among them "Der Kraftmayr," his recent works will come as a surprise. The poet, dramatist, and novelist now presents himself as a sane critic of literature, music, and art. Although a contemporary of young Germany of the century's end, Wolzogen has never been a partisan either of the naturalistic or of the neo-romantic school. For one who stood in the midst of that revolution which brought to Berlin a host of youths, from the whole empire, whose discontent with existing conditions and established standards and whose undigested scientific learning were their chief assets, the author manifests a rare impartiality towards his colleagues. The essay "Humor und Naturalismus" is an important contribution to the psychology of that generation of literary Germany. Wolzogen does not hesitate to speak of the ignorance of life which characterized those immature writers and to argue that, so far as knowledge of human nature was concerned, the phases of metropolitan life which they studied tended to narrow rather than widen their horizon. But if Wolzogen makes French literature responsible for certain idiosyncrasies in their writings, especially for the emphasis upon erotic problems, he himself indulges in hasty generalization; for the leaning towards eroticism seems to have been common to the younger authors of almost all European countries towards the end of the century.

There is an appreciation of Italian acting in a paper on Shakespeare in Venice and an interesting study of "Troilus and Cressida," which Wolzogen, with Georg Brandes, regards as a parody upon the grandiloquence of Chapman's Homer. Sympathetic insight is the characteristic of the essay on Richard Wagner's love affairs. In his papers on music, he acknowledges having outgrown some of his opinions and yet he has refrained from changing the text of the essays, the oldest of which dates back to 1888, when the modern movement reached its high-water mark in German literature and music. In the introduction to these papers he admits that he has later learned to appreciate Hugo Wolf and even Max Reger, whose chromatic impressionism still offers much that is bewildering. These papers "Musik und Musik" (1888) and "Das Epigonentum in der Musik" (1899) are both enlightening and suggestive. But the most important essays in that volume

are those that treat of comedy. The author is of the opinion that our nervous, over-hurried and over-harrassed world needs mirth more than anything else. Wolzogen would like to have the stage become a school of the art of living. He admits that, at present, conditions in Germany are not favorable to the production of comedy pure and simple. That blend of tragedy and comedy, however, which is a reflection of life he would represent on the stage with all its contrasts, but with humor as its keynote.

"Augurenbriefe" is another collection of miscellaneous prose, in which the personal note is more evident. The author is a severe critic of his country and his people, and mercilessly lashes certain types and phases of modern Germany. He mentions among the "benefactors" of humanity, the shoemaker Voigt, who as "Hauptmann von Köpenick" staged a satire on militarism far more effective and far-reaching than Shaw's "Arms and the Man." In a paper entitled "Fromme Kurpfuscher," Wolzogen treats with a charming humor and with an undertone of seriousness the attempts to reconcile science and religion. The book closes with an interesting study of the civilization of the Germans before their enforced Christianization. It is based upon the writings of a Viennese scholar, Guido von List, who has made a close study of the intellectual life of ancient pagan Germany. The clear and liquid prose of Wolzogen makes both these books delightful reading.

Science.

The Popes and Science. By James J. Walsh. New York: Fordham University Press. $2.

In the proposition, "Resolved: That the Roman Church has always been the foe of science," you have a topic for controversy as inexhaustible as the old debating club favorite: "Resolved, That Lincoln was a greater man than Washington." The affirmative has been copiously argued by Dr. Andrew D. White in his volumes, "On the History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." The negative finds no better statement than in Professor Walsh's several books, of which the one before us is the latest and most convincing. The learned Fordham physician has at command an enormous mass of facts, and he orders them with logical force and literary ease. However strong the reader's prejudice against the view that Roman pontiffs have always been the scientists' most watchful guardian angels, he cannot lay down Professor Walsh's volume without at least conceding that the author has driven his pen hard and deep into the "academic superstition" about Papal opposition to science.

Professor Walsh is now concerned with the Church's attitude toward medicine, its theories and its practices. The supposed Papal prohibition of dissection is disproved by quoting in full the very bull ("De Sepulturis" of Boniface VIII.) which Dr. White has cited as evidence that the Church hampered the progress of anatomy. In adducing many facts from first-hand authorities to show that Popes repeatedly overruled civil officers in permitting dissection; that the nearer to Rome medical schools were, the more dissection was done in them; and that dissection was most common in the Eternal City itself during the "golden age of anatomy," Professor Walsh convicts his opponents of hasty generalizing, if not anti-clerical zeal. Nor is he less successful in the debate over the supposed Papal prohibition of chemistry, surgery, and the experimental method. Probably his strongest points are made in the chapters on Papal physicians and the Papal medical school, where, it is shown, great investigators like Vesalius and Realdo Colombo enjoyed scientific freedom almost indistinguishable from that tolerated to-day. There is sound historical judgment, too, in Dr. Walsh's view of the mediæval treatment of insanity. He rightly declares absurd the present-day custom of heaping opprobrium upon the Church for her ancient belief in evil spirits, for the exorcising of demons, and for the burning of witches. In all this, Popes and priests were but children of their time, accepting a spiritism older than history. Furthermore, the much ridiculed mediæval method of dragging insane patients off to special shrines, there to be cured by appeal to Heaven, is not strikingly different from the twentieth century's resort to religious suggestion and encouragement in the treatment of certain mild psychical disorders.

Let us grant that Professor Walsh has established the liberality of some pontiffs, the prosperity of some mediæval medical schools, and the freedom of some mediæval scientists. Shall we therefore regard as accomplished his main purpose, which is to prove "that the Church, the Popes, and ecclesiastics generally during the Middle Ages . . . were constantly in the position of encouraging and fostering science"? Emphatically, no. Professor Walsh has simply demonstrated what every student of history should expect to find in any institution which draws its members from every race and social class. The Roman Church has always had its Modernists, its Nicholas Cusanus, its Pope Nicholas V.; so, too, its less progressive but practical adherents who, seeing the immense advantages of hospitals and physicians, have gladly encouraged investigation, so long as no open conflict with dogma threatened. But did it not also have its reactionaries? And were not these in the saddle more often than not? And was not Papal influence outside of Rome a nullity when matched against the College of Cardinals, the Congregation of the Inquisition, or even a distant parish priest? Professor Walsh will convince few readers of his central thesis until he shall have shown that these backward driving powers seldom thwarted a Galileo, or that their attitude and the very atmosphere in which they lived and moved and had their being seldom discouraged the spirit of scientific investigation. The writer's unbroken silence on the workings of inquisitors and the censorship is fatal to his arguments. He has vindicated some churchmen, but not the Church.

"My Pets," by Miss Marshall Saunders (Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland), is a series of twenty-eight stories of pet owls, rabbits, gallinules, robins, pigeons, canaries, and other small pets of fur and feathers, written for young people. There is much sentimentalism mixed with some good hints as to food and general care, but the book, as a whole, is merely a readable account of trivial happenings in aviary and cage. We criticise strongly the way in which birds are reared and cared for, only later to be given their freedom. When a bird is confined under such unnatural conditions as those of the average aviary, it is seldom capable of looking out for itself—finding food and avoiding enemies. It were far kinder to keep it a captive, or mercifully to chloroform it, than to give it freedom, with the probability of slow death from starvation.

The Third International Congress for the Care of the Demented (Kongress für Irrenpflege) will be held in Vienna, October 7 to 11. One of the subjects to be taken up is the proposed establishment of an International Institute to Study and Combat the Causes of Mental Disease.

Drama.

THEATRICAL BELL-WETHERS.

All art is imitation. The average American play, for instance, is art because it imitates some other play that has made a hit. Foreigners say that we are prejudiced against what is traditional and what is old. But however true this may be of our political methods, our social standards, and certain phases of our business morality, the charge will not hold against our native drama. Effete, immobile, drowsy Europe sends us our theatrical sensations from season to season. Pushing, adventurous, novelty-loving America goes on weaving plots after the manner of our grandfathers. Everybody assures the young author, poet, painter, or musician that the world wants something new. Your

fortune is made if you "strike a fresh note" in fiction, or politics, or linen collars, or mining machinery—in any field except on the stage, where they tell you that the public is not quite up to anything that it hasn't already been up to for some years. The safest thing for a manager to produce is something like what the manager across the street produced last year. The other fellow's play dealt with love and business. Write me a play about business and love. And if the young dramatist should protest that he could not follow directions without turning out a play identical with the other fellow's, the manager would fall upon his neck and bless him.

We have no quarrel with imitation on the stage, or in any other branch of art, when the imitation is either frank or intelligent. We are now, for example, in a welter of Satanism. Salome and the Devil divide theatrical America between them. There are imitations of the imitations of the original dance of the daughter of Herodias; Satan, instead of walking up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour, merely waits at home till the "Standing Room Only" sign is put up. When the success of the advertising trick which gave New York its two popular infernal plays was assured, it was inevitable that in a short time the enterprising companies should be playing "Faust," singing "Faust" and "Mefistofele," and reviving every other play and opera that could be in any way connected with the Evil One, his views, or his permanent abode. Drama, opera, burlesque, vaudeville sketch, and moving-picture show unite to do Lucifer honor. For aught we know the villain in the tank-melodrama may now be represented as living on an exclusive diet of devilled crabs. But, after all, such managerial imitation makes no pretences to be anything else.

Moreover we have no quarrel with the kind of imitation that is less frank but is at least intelligent. If theatre managers are now in full hue and cry after plays that mingle business with love, they do the cause of good drama no harm. It is legitimate for the stage to seize on the dominant question of the day and turn it to use. And, in fact, if the playwright were in all sincerity to attack this subject of capital and labor combined with duty versus love, he might give us, in the course of time, something as near to real life as we have perhaps had on the stage. But because Charles Klein won fame and money with a play that showed a leader in finance in conflict with a young girl who works as his secretary but is in reality the daughter of his bitterest enemy, it is now the rule that all plays of American business life must show a struggle between a money king and his secretary who is the disguised daughter, sister, or wife of his bitterest enemy. This stupid mimicry goes much further. Because a play of domestic life showing only a half-dozen characters has achieved signal success, it follows that what the public wants is a play with as few characters as possible. Straight overboard go the "walking" ladies and gentlemen, the comic lover, the soubrette, the innocent, prattling children, the eccentric old man, and four adults, three adults—who knows but that the two-adult standard may be close upon us—walk through three long acts. Another play that takes the popular fancy happens to show the same setting throughout. Away go the much-advertised libraries with real books, gardens with real flowers, streets with real snow.

We are not concerned here with the question of an uplifted theatre as against a degraded and commercialized theatre. We only wonder why theatrical managers should be so wofully lacking in that appreciation of the original, which in every other calling is so necessary. After all, it is only the first and second imitations of a play like "The Lion and the Mouse" that pay. The third, fourth, fifth, and twelfth fail more and more ignominiously. But the sheeplike intelligence of the manager clings to the old path, until by the law of accident a new play that is really new secures a hearing. Immediately the flock goes off helter-skelter in the direction of the new bell.

A new writer of poetic drama is announced by Henry Holt & Co. in Prof. Martin Schutze of the University of Chicago. He has built up a play on the story of "Hero and Leander."

Carl Robert has published in his "Szenen aus Menanders Komödien" (Berlin: Weidmann'scher Verlag) a German rendering of the newly found fragments of this Greek dramatist.

"The Worth of a Woman," by David Graham Phillips (D. Appleton & Co.), was performed some time ago in the Madison Square Theatre, and attracted a certain amount of attention by the frankness with which it treated certain relations of the sexes. It is written with honest intent and is sound enough in some of its general reflections, but, as is generally the case with plays designed to prove some special thesis, pays so little attention to the actualities of life that it has not much force as a demonstration. Some of the characterization is vivid, but the tale as a whole is quite incredible.

In spite of its indisputable cleverness and originality the new comedy by Percy Mackaye, just produced in the Savoy Theatre, is, in some respects, disappointing, because, although it is plainly written with a definite and apparently serious intent, it reaches no absolute conclusion, but rather leaves the spectator in doubt concerning the moral. On its face it seems to argue that what is right is not always expedient, and that, in practical affairs, a good end may justify doubtful means. The piece is described as "a study in American comedy," and it is true that the greater part of it is composed in a light and humorous vein, but the climax, arising out of a question of principle, is distinctly tragic in tone; and the fact that in the final solution, the main issue, the very essence of the dramatic conflict, is shirked or avoided, suggests either infirmity of purpose or failure of logical perception. Briefly the plot is this: Michael Dean and his twin sister Mary are zealots for political reform on lines of the loftiest idealism. They are also a pair of precious young prigs. Their mother, a charming widow of forty-four, a merry-hearted, womanly creature, with a contempt for theories which she does not understand, and a firm belief in the power of tact and common sense, loves, tolerates, and laughs at both of them. Michael is running for office, but holds it disgraceful to subscribe to a campaign fund, and is especially bitter against the "boss," Arthur Cullen, who frankly intimates that if Dean does not pay up he will be counted out. Mrs. Dean declares herself the best politician of all, and bids her son leave his cause in her hands. Having discovered that Cullen has mistaken her for her own daughter, whom he wishes to marry, she flirts with him desperately, and practically pledges her hand to him, on condition that he will not interfere with her son's election. When Michael discovers her supposed alliance with Cullen he solemnly curses and discards her—a queer situation for light comedy—and is still further outraged when, after his victory at the polls, she informs him that she is "the people" and that if it had not been for her he would have been beaten. He vows again that he will never forgive her, but, conquered by her ridicule, throws himself into her arms and owns that she is right after all. Whether he realizes that he has been a fool, or that his mother's way is more effective than his, or that his theories are not practical, or that he has certain filial responsibilities, or comforts himself with the reflection that the trickery was not his, are points left open for debate. If the piece was meant to be amusing only, it was unwise to put any tragic emotion into it, and thus expose it to serious analysis. Regarded simply as light satire upon the extravagance of juvenile idealists, and the euphemisms with which professional grafters try to disguise their rascalities, it has many merits. It is fresh, humorous, fanciful, and, in spots, poetic. The part of the mother is delightfully drawn. Throughout the literary merits are conspicuous, but cannot distract attention from the dramatic weakness.

"A Gentleman from Mississippi," by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, which was produced in the Bijou Theatre on Tuesday evening, is, in its general nature and aim, a genuine contribution to American drama, although not remarkable for literary, inventive, or constructive quality. Considered as a satire upon political corruption at the national capital, it is not a very lucid, instructive, or credible work, the conception and development of the plot being neither ingenious nor plausible, but it is right in spirit, interesting in many of its details, and effective in its climax, which shows the triumph of simple and courageous honesty over organized fraud. Although much of the matter employed is

rather cheap and imitative and many of the characters conventional, the piece undoubtedly has a realistic atmosphere and creates illusion when not subjected to deliberate analysis. Having a swift succession of incident, and being well supplied with quips, which, if they are often familiar, are at least amusing, and with political and topical allusions, it constitutes agreeable entertainment The central figure of the simple Mississippi Senator, with his old-fashioned notions of private and public honor, is impersonated with genial and natural humor by Thomas A. Wise, who won a decided success. He was well supported, on the whole, and there can be little doubt that the piece will prove very popular, as, indeed, it deserves to be.

Miss Maxine Elliott's annual engagement in New York will begin at Daly's Theatre on October 5, when she will present a new play entitled "Myself—Bettina," by Miss Rachel Crothers, author of "The Three of Us." It was in this play that Miss Elliott made an extended tour last season following the closing of her engagement at the Garrick Theatre. Miss Elliott has practically the same company that appeared with her in this play originally. The leading members are Julian L'Estrange, Eric Maturin, Grant Mitchell, Suzanne Perry, Lois Frances Clark, and Viola Fortesque.

Miss Maude Adams will open her new season about the middle of October. Her plays will be "Twelfth Night," "Quality Street," "L'Aiglon," and "What Every Woman Knows."

In consequence of the success of Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which promises to run for a long term at St. James's Theatre, London, Forbes Robertson has determined to produce Henry James's comedy, "The High Bid," at a series of matinées, with the same cast with which the piece was originally performed in Edinburgh last March.

About the middle of October Arthur Bourchier will produce, in Manchester, England, "The Outsider," the new comedy written by Mrs. B. M. Clarke and Capt. Robert Marshall. The hero, the son of a rich tailor, is an officer in a fashionable British regiment, and finds his pedigree a great obstacle in the way of his social success. In the end, however, he triumphs over all difficulties. Mr. Bourchier also has a play which Mrs. de la Pasture has made out of her own novel, "Deborah of Tod's."

Joseph Wheelock, an aged actor, died suddenly at the Highlands of Navesink, N. J., Monday morning. Although he never attained to particular distinction, he was an honored veteran of the American stage. He acquired his early training under the old stock company system, and was a thoroughly trustworthy and competent performer. He did some remarkably good work in "May Blossom" and other sensational dramas, in the Madison Square Theatre, under the management of A. M. Palmer. Of late years he had filled only secondary parts, but whatever he had to do was well done. He was a man of high personal character, and was much beloved in the profession.

The death of William Farren, which is announced from London, deprives the English stage of one of its brightest comedians. The grandson of the first and the son of the second William Farren, he inherited a large share of the histrionic ability for which the whole family was distinguished. In scenes of pure comedy he was admirable, but there was apt to be a touch of affectation in his pathos and of effort in his passion. In his youth, with other famous actors of his period, he passed through a varied experience, playing all manner of parts, developing his abilities, and acquiring ease and certainty of execution. Among his principal successes may be noted, Orlando, Charles Surface, Sir Thomas Clifford, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, Young Wilding, Adam (in "As You Like It"), Lord Ogleby, and Sir Harcourt Courtley. He was in the eighty-third year of his age, and had been in retirement for many years.

Music.

The Rise of Music. By Joseph Goddard. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25 net.

The Standard Concert Guide. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co. $1.75.

The complete title of Mr. Goddard's book, "The Rise of Music: Being a Careful Inquiry into the Art from its Primitive Puttings Forth in Egypt and Assyria to its Triumphant Consummation in Modern Effect," has a quaintly archaic look which arouses the suspicion that the volume is a reprint of a work issued decades ago. That such is not the case is indicated by references to Elgar's oratorios and other modern products. At the same time, the author is singularly reticent regarding that "triumphant consummation in modern effect" of which he speaks in his title. Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and Wagner are referred to briefly, but of Chopin, in whom pianoforte music was consummated; of Liszt, in whom the symphonic poem and programme music found their perfect development; of Verdi, in whom Italian opera reached its climax, no mention is made. It is with the rise of music and its mediæval aspects that the author chiefly concerns himself, and on this phase of history he has many interesting things to say, although we have not noted any evidence of original research. He dwells on the remarkable fact that so many vital departures should have been made accidentally or for some immediate purpose, and in total blindness of their great consequences. For instance: "who would have anticipated that the gambols of descant would have led to the threshold of harmony?" Four points which are particularly emphasized in these pages are the influence of the Church upon the joint development of harmony and notation; the importance of the great central development—the enweavement of the scales; the creative consequences of the clavier type of instrument; and the explanation of a new and perfect order of beauty resting upon our tempered system. Illustrations help to elucidate the text.

Mr. Upton begins where Mr. Goddard leaves off, being concerned entirely with modern music. As the title indicates, the book is not a history, but a guide to the true inwardness of such pieces as a concert-goer is likely to hear—standard symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, and symphonic poems. Though not a history, it is like a history in being largely a graveyard of works once in vogue. An appendix of six pages gives a list of the vocal and instrumental organizations "whose repertories are likely to contain the works described in this volume." We doubt, however, whether any of these organizations or their patrons are interested in forty or more of the compositions included—by Benedict, Bennett, Corder, Costa, Cowen, Gade, Macfarren, Leslie, Smart, and others. The present volume is a condensation and combination of the same author's "Standard Oratorios," "Standard Symphonies," and "Standard Cantatas." The condensation might have been safely carried farther, making a volume of 400 pages instead of 500. Time is inexorable; concert pieces and choral works fall like leaves in the forest, and lucky the composer who can see them for a time at least in autumn colors. That Mr. Upton's work is well done, readers of the *Nation* have been told more than once. There is no foolish "parsing" here, but only such information—sometimes supplemented by illustrations in musical type—as will aid the reader in appreciating the piece in question. He will be puzzled only by one strange thing. In the index reference is made to "Bürckner." In the table of contents and the body of the book this same gentleman is referred to as Brückner. His real name is Bruckner—Anton Bruckner. Not to close with a discord, let us finally call attention to a feature which doubles the value of this volume for reference purposes—an extra twenty-eight-page index of the principal arias and other numbers in the various works therein described.

The Leipzig publisher, Robert Torberg, has brought out under the title of "Aus den Klavierabenden von Eugen d'Albert" a collection of pieces as edited and played by that pianist. Attention has been called to the fact that, although the most authoritative Mozart player of the time, the veteran Carl Reinecke, expressly sanctions to a certain extent the modernizing of Mozart for the concert hall, d'Albert, a pupil of Liszt and ultra-modern in his tendencies, is surprisingly conservative in that matter.

An association for collecting popular songs and melodies in all of the provinces of the Austrian Empire has been organized in Innsbruck, and has secured some four thousand songs and melodies in the

Tyrol and the Austrian Alps. The collection is to be published by a committee of which several university professors, notably Drs. Josef Eduard Wockernell and Michael Mayr, are leading members.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Carl Pohlig, will give twenty-two evening and twenty-two afternoon performances this season in that city. On the evening of Wednesday, February 3, the one hundredth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, and on Friday afternoon, February 5, the orchestra, in conjunction with the Ben Greet Players, will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's musical setting.

The Kneisel Quartette announces that its regular chamber music concerts will be given at Mendelssohn Hall on the following Tuesday evenings: November 17, December 15, January 12, February 9, March 9, and March 22. The list of assisting artists includes: Miss Katharine Goodson, Ernest Consolo, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Courtlandt Palmer, and Ernest Schelling.

The Dresden, Germany, Philharmonic Orchestra of sixty-five musicians, under the leadership of Willy Olsen, will make a tour in America next year from April 12 to May 9. Among the soloists at the concerts will be Mme. Nordica, Charles Dalmores, and Albert Spalding.

Adele Verne, the English pianist, who will make her first general American tour the coming season, will be heard in New York at Carnegie Hall on October 17, in recital. About a week later she will play there with orchestra.

The veteran musical critic, Adolphe Jullien, has made his usual count of the number of representations of operas in the Paris repertory up to the end of August. Gounod's "Faust" and Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" are the only works which have reached their 1,000th representation. The former is not only ahead of all others, but continues advancing more rapidly—1,102 on August 31, 1908, with thirty-eight representations for the twelvemonth, to 1,054 with only eight new representations for the "Huguenots." Meyerbeer's "Prophète" was given four times, reaching a total of 574; and Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" six times, with 258 as a total. Rossini is next in order, with five representations of his "Guillaume Tell"—a total of 863. To compare these figures with the Paris demand for Wagner's operas, it must be noticed that Rossini had a start of more than sixty years, as did also in varying measure Meyerbeer and then Gounod. "Lohengrin," with which Wagner broke into the Paris Opéra in 1891, under police protection against a popular demonstration, has had fourteen representations during the year, which brings the total up to 261. "Tristan et Iseult" was given eight times (total 45); "Valkyrie" nine times (total 177); "Tannhaeuser" eleven times (total 190). This gives Gounod forty-four for the year all told, and forty-two to Wagner. "Samson et Dalila" of Saint-Saëns was given twenty-seven times (total 265); but M. Jullien attributes this preference to the fact that it allows of an independent ballet. Massenet's latest opera, "Ariane," which started off with forty-nine representations for its first two years, had only ten last year; his much older "Thaïs" had still six representations, thanks to Miss Mary Garden. "Rigoletto" was given six times (total 166); "Aïda" five times (total 248)—which keeps Verdi on a level with Meyerbeer and Rossini. Of French composition again, Reyer's "Salammbô" was given eight times (total 149); his "Sigurd" three times (total 206); Paladilhe's "Patrie" four times (total seventy-six); and the new "Catalane" once (total nine). Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie," which had been given 120 times up to 1767—and never since—had a patriotic resurrection seven times during the year.

Art.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT ALESIA.

PARIS, September 12.

Three years ago archæologists were invited to an excursion to Mont Auxois, where a military explorer had identified the site of Cæsar's Alesia. Many were not convinced by the arable green fields which he pointed out as covering the ruins of the Roman colony. They saw nothing in the resemblance between "Alise," the immemorial place name of present-day France, and "Alesia" of Roman Gaul. The few trenches which had been dug showed at first sight little more than the remains of antiquity common to so many localities of this old land. This year an invitation was again sent out. Those who responded have seen a Gallo-Roman city revealed in its streets and houses and monuments. The excavations have illustrated the contemporary writings of Cæsar and the elder Pliny and thrown much light on the history of ancient pottery; and they promise rich materials for the study of the social life of Roman Gaul.

The ruins of the great theatre which have been uncovered show a façade 270 feet long, with outer and inner hemicycles. Behind the theatre is the substructure of a temple. Further to the east is one of those mysterious ruins which open a field to archæological investigation—three apses of different epochs. To the north are the best preserved and most striking monuments yet found—a vast quadrangle, with a façade having a double row of columns at different levels, and a building of many halls with a large full-centred arch for its portal. At the place of the forum, there still exist the bases of the columns which made up the colonnades of its northern and southern sides. On the sites of the private houses many separate rooms are found, apparently cellars. There are Gallo-Roman waterpipes; a bronze foundry; a bath hypocaust, with its subterranean furnace; and the remnants of huts of the native Gauls. In these ruins the varying value of the materials used, the diversity in art and workmanship, indicate three successive epochs in the Gallo-Roman city, from its chief splendor in the first century of our era to the decadence of the fourth.

In art objects and furniture of daily life the yield of these excavations is rich. There are remains in bronze and iron, and in pottery; and bas-reliefs and statues which must have been wrought on the spot, perhaps by native artists, since they are made of stone from the neighborhood. Notably among the bronze statuettes a bust of Silenus and a reclining Gaul have real artistic merit. The most curious find is unique in archæology. It is a wooden Pan-pipe found buried at the bottom of a well. This classic instrument of music was hitherto known only from descriptions and carvings. Alesia, in 1906, revealed this first real example.

Such results alone would suffice to show the importance of these excavations. They are carried on by the Société des Sciences historiques of Semur-en-Auxois, the modern town, with the help of the French government and several learned societies. The latest historian of Rome, Guglielmo Ferrero, draws from his visit the conclusion that modern archæology should occupy itself with researches in Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa; and he points out the immense importance to history of Gallo-Roman remains, quite apart from any artistic value. According to him, it was the development of Gaul which secured the solidity and unity of the Roman Empire during the first two centuries of its existence; and the decomposition of the social system which had been formed in Gaul under Roman domination was the beginning of the crisis, in the third century, which was to end in the destruction of ancient civilization throughout the empire's European provinces. He has an instance ready to hand in a recent discovery made among these remains of Gallo-Roman pottery. J. Déchelette, the author of the authoritative manual of archæology, has found after long examination something which Ferrero regards as one of the most important discoveries in archæology for fifty years. He has proved that many apparently Greek vases found in the Imperial provinces, and even in Italy, were really manufactured in Gaul. There is Gallic pottery in the ashes of Pompeii. This agrees with the constant assertion of Pliny the elder that the products of various industries of Gaul were exported to other parts of the Empire. Pliny alone had not persuaded modern historians that Gaul, one century after the Roman conquest, had become an industrial country, so far as the expression can be applied to ancient times. Alesia bears witness beyond cavil.

S. D.

Grant Allen's "Evolution of Italian Art" will be issued soon by A. Wessels Company in an octavo volume with sixty-five illustrations.

Dent & Co. have arranged to publish a new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's

"History of Italian Painting." with notes by Edward Hutton. It will be in three volumes, with some 300 illustrations. The first volume appears this autumn.

A replica of Rodin's monument to Whistler to be erected in Chelsea, London, may be had for New York on the payment of $12,000. Already $9,000 has been secured, and an effort is making to complete the sum.

Signor Corrado Ricci, the director of the fine arts department in the ministry of education, has decided to begin the publication of a catalogue of the ancient and mediæval monuments in the different townships of Italy. The catalogue will be illustrated, and will furnish a complete list of the various monuments composing the artistic heritage of the country.

Albert-Pierre-René Maignan, historical painter, died in Paris, Tuesday, at the ago of sixty-three. He had been a pupil of Noël and Luminais, received a medal of the first class at the Salon in 1876, and the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1883. Among his principal works are Barberousse aux pieds du pape, Attentat d'Anagni (in the Metropolitan Museum, New York), Dante rencontre Matelda, Naissance de la perle, and Hommage à Carpeaux.

The death is announced of the Parisian artist, Jacques Wagrez, at the age of sixty-two. His best-known works are Venetian scenes and Italian historical pictures. He also did much work as an illustrator.

Jules Joseph Dauban, for many years director of the École des Beaux-Arts and the Museum of Angers, has died at the age of eighty-five. His first great success as an artist was a series of pictures portraying the life of the Trappists. His chief historical painting is Madame Roland se rendant au Tribunal Révolutionnaire.

Finance.

FINANCIAL UPS AND DOWNS OF 1908.

When the recent violent collapse in the market was fairly under way, one began to hear on the Stock Exchange that "Amalgamated, Union Pacific, and Smelting are back at the July level"; that "St. Paul, Northern Pacific, and Great Northern are at the lowest since May," and so on. Such comparisons roused the rather interesting question what has been the actual swing of values on the Stock Exchange this year? The general impression has certainly been, not only that each successive advance has touched new heights, but that, in the market as a whole, there has been a great enhancement of values—even at the low level of last week Tuesday. This idea is quite erroneous. The fact is that, with a few exceptions, the prices last week were only slightly higher than the level reached in the January recovery. Some active stocks were 20 points or more above it; other standard shares were actually below; and a surprisingly large number showed no change of consequence. These are the figures for a dozen stocks which are fairly typical:

	Jan. High.	Feb. Low.	Summer. High.	Sept. Low.
Union Pacific	128⅝	110½	168⅞	149⅝
St. Paul	117⅞	105¼	147⅜	127¼
Reading	111	92⅛	137⅜	120¾
Great Northern	125¾	113¾	140	125¼
United States Steel.	31¼	26½	48⅛	41⅛
Amalgamat. Copper.	53¾	45⅛	83⅝	68⅞
Missouri Pacific	47	28½	64½	50
New York Central..	103	92⅝	110¼	100¼
Amer. Smelting	79¼	55½	107	79
Pennsylvania	117⅞	109¼	126¾	119½
Del. & Hudson.....	168	141½	174⅞	160¼
Erie	17⅛	12½	31¼	27⅜

The break in prices after the Maine election of September 14 was so sharp as to cancel a very substantial gain between the middle of January and that date. The declines of 12 to 18 points in the most active stocks compare with such maximum declines, during the whole half-year of financial agony which marked the political contest of 1896, as 11 points in New York Central, 20 in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 25 in Rock Island, and 29½ in Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. Those were all sound, dividend-paying stocks in 1896, and they led the market as Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Reading have led it this year; and the comparison shows that the six days' decline of last month was more than half as severe as the entire six months' decline in 1896. Nevertheless, it is not unfair to take those prices as a basis of inquiry as to the whole year's movement on the Stock Exchange.

The most obvious fact is that the rise, though substantial, has been considerably less than people have imagined. There have been several violent "booms" since January, but they have been temporary and in large part imaginary; the September readjustment separated the real from the unreal. This leads naturally to the question, whether or not the stock market has reflected industrial conditions. In most respects, it has. The "January rise" was the normal response to restored facilities of credit, which affected merchants and investors alike. Up to that month, neither investors nor merchants could obtain funds for their customary operations. Both had therefore virtually ceased doing business: but when, at the opening of January, money rates fell to normal, hoarded currency poured back into the market, and surplus bank reserves, within a few weeks, rose to the highest figure reported at that date in fourteen years, both the stock markets and the commercial markets were bound to be affected.

This January advance, then, had a sound and permanent basis. But the later movements have been of a different character. There was the excited "March advance," which was Wall Street's translation of the assurances, of which the newspapers were full, that conditions of 1906 were almost restored again, and that the expansion of trade would be continuous. Presently it turned out, however, that the buying on which those assurances were based was a purely temporary movement, induced by the long postponement even of necessary purchases, and discontinued as soon as those immediate needs were filled. Discovery of this fact led to a moderate relapse on the Stock Exchange in April, May, and June. Following that came the Prosperity League with its creed that business would boom again if we only believed it to be booming, the Wall Street midsummer testimony that the industrial "boom" had already arrived, and the market's testimony that politics need worry nobody. This was all pure illusion, and the extravagant rise in prices, built up on the basis of it, was misleading. Ordinary common sense soon taught that business will "boom" when consumers buy more goods, not when producers think more goods ought to be purchased. Assertions that the "boom" was actually "on" had to give way before official statements of production, trade and earnings, showing a business, at the summer's end, smaller by 25 to 50 per cent. than in 1907. As for politics, the stock market had forgotten, what trade circles did not forget, that the real misgiving and agitation of a Presidential canvass commonly begin a month or two before election.

To the September markets, in short, was reserved the function of testing the correctness of the Stock Exchange's assertions, predictions, and "discountings" of the eight months' period following January. Perhaps the above comparison of the September stock market prices with the high level of January will measure the actual movement of industrial recovery. Five weeks from now, we shall have a clearer notion of the part which politics has played, and of what is to be expected, in both finance and trade, with the electoral problem settled.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aiken, Walter H. Aiken's Music Course. American Book Co.

Anderson, Galusha. The Story of a Border City During the Civil War. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

American Jewish Year Book. 1908-1909. Sunday Laws of the United States. Edited by Herbert Friedenwald. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

Aye, Olive. Freddie and Santa Claus in Circus Land.

Bacher, Otto H. With Whistler in Venice. Century Co.

Bacon, Edwin M. English Voyages of Adventure and Discovery: Retold from Hakluyt. Scribner.

Bancroft, George. Abraham Lincoln. A Tribute. Wessels. 60 cents, net.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Harry's Island. Century Co. $1.50 net.

Bibliography of Child Study for the Year 1907. Worcester: Clark University Press.

Böhtlingk, Arthur. Bismarck und Shakespeare. Lemcke & Buechner.

Bouvet, Marguerite. Clotilde. Chicago: A. C. McClurg.
Bumpus, T. Francis. The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy. Boston: L. C. Page. $2.50.
Carlton, Frank Tracy. Education and Industrial Evolution. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. Wroth. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cena, Giovanni. The Forewarners. A Novel. Translated from the Italian by Olivia Agresti Rossetti. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday. $1.50.
Chilcott, Langdon S. Templar Tactics and Manual. Bangor: Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.
Church, Alfred J. The Æneid for Boys and Girls. Macmillan. $1.50.
Conrad, Joseph. The Point of Honor: A Military Tale. McClure. $1.25.
Cossio, Aluigi. Sulla Vita Nuova di Dante. G. E. Stechert. $2.10 net.
Cox, John Harrington. Literature in the Common Schools. Boston: Little, Brown.
Creel, George. Quatrains of Christ. Preface by Julian Hawthorne. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents net.
Davis, M. E. M. The Moons of Balbanca. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.00.
Dorland, W. A. Newman. The Age of Mental Virility: An Inquiry into the Records of Achievement of the World's Chief Workers and Thinkers. Century Co. $1.00 net.
Dunn, Jacob Piatt. True Indian Stories: With Glossary of Indiana Indian Names. Indianapolis: Sentinel Printing Co.
Escott-Inman, H. Wulnoth the Wanderer: A Story of King Alfred of England. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $1.50.
Fordes Dramatische Werke. In Neudruck Herausgegehen von W. Bang. Louvain: A. Uystpruyst.
Gilbert, W. S. The Story of H. M. S. Pinafore. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. Macmillan.
Gray, Maxwell. The Suspicions of Mrs. Allonby. Appletons.
Harben, Will N. Gilbert Neal: A Novel. Harper. $1.50.
Harrison, Edith Ogden. The Flaming Sword. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $1.25 net.
Harrison, Frederic. Realities and Idcals: Social, Political, Literary, and Artistic. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Hoffmann, Mrs. Adolphe. Before Marriage: A Mother's Counsel to Her Son. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. 35 cents net.
Holland, Clive. From the North Foreland to Penzance. Illustrated by Maurice Randall. Duffield. $3.50.
Hope. Ascott R. The World. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hope, Anthony. The Great Miss Driver. McClure.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Wee Winkles at the Mountains. Harper. $1.25.
King, Georgiana Goddard. The Way of Perfect Love. Macmillan.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Light that Failed. Doubleday.
Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. Cymheline. Duffield. 80 cents net.
Larson, Laurence Marcellus. A Financial and Administrative History of Milwaukee. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, Madison. 50 cts.
Lear, Edward. A Book of Llmericks. Illustrated hy the author. Boston: Little, Brown.
Le Blond, Mrs. Aubrey. Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Letters from a Workingman. By an American Mechanic. Fleming H. Revell. $1.00 net.
Lewisohn, Ludwig. The Broken Snare. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Macnaughton, S. The Expensive Miss Du Cane. Dutton. $1.50.
Martin, Helen R. The Revolt of Anne Royl. Century Co. $1.50.
Merrick, Leonard. Lynch's Daughter. McClure.
Mijatovich, Chedo. Servia and the Servians. Boston: L. C. Page.
Milligan, Rohert H. The Jungle Folk of America. Fleming H. Revell. $1.50 net.
Mississippl Official and Statistical Register. By Dunbar Rowland, Director, Department of Archives and History. Nashville: Brandon Printing Co.
Monvel, Roger Boutet de. Beau Brummel and His Times: With a Chapter on Dress and the Dandies hy Mary Craven. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Moore, N. Hudson. Delaware: Dutch and English. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1 net.
Murray, Clara. Story Book Friends. Boston: Little, Brown.
Music Course. By Eleanor Smith. 4 vols. American Book Co. $1.45.
Payson, William Farquhar. Barry Gordon. McClure.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's order removing the collector of customs and the special Treasury agent at Port Huron, Mich., for pernicious activity in politics, is highly commendable. Commendable also is the President's desire that his "action shall be given as wide publicity as possible, . . . so that all other collectors and heads of bureaus or offices may be warned in the matter." The particular offence with which the collector at Port Huron was charged is demanding political assessments from the classified employees at the custom house. This breach of propriety is, as the President says, "very gross." Nevertheless, the collector at Port Huron may quite possibly be astonished to find himself brought up with a round turn. Preceding the Chicago Convention, the Federal officeholders throughout the country were exceedingly active. The Federal machine as a whole was being vigorously operated in behalf of Mr. Taft, and collectors and postmasters zealously rounded up delegates without suffering a word of rebuke from the President or the heads of the departments. Since the Convention there has also been some political activity which Mr. Bryan, at least, would describe as pernicious. No less a personage than the President himself has descended into the arena and has taken advantage of his position to secure a wide hearing for his arguments for Mr. Taft and against Mr. Bryan and Mr. Haskell. It is not to be wondered at that subordinates have supposed that the rule against activity was suspended *pro tem.*

Hesitating voters must be turned from Mr. Taft every time he expounds his peculiar doctrine about the Wilson tariff and the panic of 1893. We do not recall any selection of an issue by a candidate in any previous campaign, so thoroughly calculated to do a minimum of good and a maximum of harm to his political fortunes. The South Dakota audience, to whom Mr. Taft described the Wilson bill, last week, as "that great tariff measure," "under the influence of which wheat went down below fifty cents," may possibly have included two or three farmers so densely ignorant as to suppose that the two things had some relation to one another. But the South Dakota speech was duly telegraphed and printed and Mr. Taft may be sure that for every muddle-headed listener who might have been deluded, a hundred intelligent readers of his words, among his natural supporters in other localities, were stirred to indignation. Republican stump speakers used to pretend that the Dingley tariff caused prosperity—a prosperity which would turn into panic and hard times again the instant any one but a Republican was elected President. But the panic of 1907, at the height of Republican ascendency and with its tariff in full vigor, has disposed of the "workingmen's full dinner-pail" as a campaign cry, and therefore Mr. Taft seems to think that nothing is left except to tell the farmer, who is fortunately still prosperous, that the Republican party makes the wheat grow and the foreign markets bid for it, whereas the Democrats, with their Wilson Bill in 1894, blighted the corn crop and prevented the buying of wheat. This talk about "the tariff bill which sent wheat below fifty cents a bushel" is a great shock to people whose support of Mr. Taft had been based on belief in his wisdom and good sense. The reiteration of such statements will do more than anything else possibly could to drive from his side the independent Democrats, whose scorn of economic fallacies prevented their support of Bryan, who believe in a lower tariff, whose votes won the elections of both 1892 and 1896, and may be the decisive factor in 1908.

Mr. Taft's argument for the publication of campaign contributions after election, rather than before, is not without plausibility. The chief purpose of the various laws on the subject is, of course, that the people shall ultimately know who gave the money and how it was spent; and that corruption of the electorate shall be prevented. There is also a possibility that the publication of the names will afford a pretext for cheap partisan clamor against this man or that. But the McCall bill, which Mr. Taft approved, provided for publication before election. And as to clap-trap and possible misconstruction of motives—what is fair for one side is fair for the other. The Republicans have no monopoly of virtue. If the Democrats come out with their report, the worst construction can and will be placed on Republican silence. Mr. Bryan will be entitled to say that the Republicans are afraid to show their accounts and trust the general intelligence of the people to interpret the facts correctly. And to this charge there can be no effective answer.

Mr. Taft is highly indignant because he is accused of having said that a dollar a day is wages enough for any man. But is he so little read in the history of Presidential campaigns as not to know that this particular accusation has been levelled at every candidate for many years past? Last time Judge Parker had to meet the identical attack, backed up, of course, by an affidavit of a man who had heard him say so; and it is only a variant of it which makes Mr. Bryan this year responsible for having called laboring men "beggars." Consequently, far from provoking wrath, this special form of campaign calumny should serve to reassure a Presidential nominee. It shows that he is truly in the line of the great vilified of other days. Many occurrences in the past few weeks might well have led Judge Taft to doubt whether he, or another, were the Republican candidate, but with the arrival of the dollar-a-day story, all uncertainty is at an end. The thing takes its place beside the *Cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes. "I am alleged to have said that a dollar a day is good enough for any laboring man, therefore I am a Presidential candidate."

Equally stereotyped is Mr. Taft's innocent assertion that he is now certain that he is going to be elected. The sure evidence is the crowds that have poured out to hear him. But it is in this way that all candidates are always elected—in advance of the voting. Bryan carried the country several times over in 1896, and again in 1900, on the strength of his enormous audiences. It is the pathetic but the invariable fallacy of all

who run for the Presidency. Poor Greeley had it in 1872. Blaine fell into it in 1884. It is, indeed, the most natural thing in the world. A candidate faces a vast assemblage, all eager to hear him speak, and he cannot easily resist the conclusion that the country is rising to him. There is no one to tell him that as great a crowd would gather to see a two-headed monster, a still greater one to see him hanged, and that his rival had the same hall similarly stuffed with the same people the week before. So the old delusion persists. "Until I saw the crowds, I was in doubt. Now I know that I am going to be elected." Both Bryan and Taft say it. It is a conventionality of the campaign which could not be omitted. If people more easily smile at such solemn futilities this year, it is because everybody knows how confused the electoral battle really is, and how impossible is a prediction of the outcome. With party lines wavering and broken as never before; with conflicts in a dozen States cutting directly across national issues and confounding the wisdom of the politicians; with guerrilla fighters turning up in every patch of bushes; with business still depressed and a great army out of work; with campaign funds meagre; with the evidence of popular excitement small—it is absurd for any one to pretend to know what the result will be. Yet politics would not be politics if those in the business did not affect the owl-like gravity of Roman augurs, and pose as wiser than seven men that can render a reason.

Is it good Republican politics for Mr. Sherman to hug Speaker Cannon so closely to his bosom? Even the West, where the ordinary rules of consistency go into hiding when infallibility at Washington speaks, must wake to the incongruity of the situation. While salvos of artillery ring out every Monday and Thursday against Trusts, predatory interests, and reactionary legislators, the vice-heir to the Roosevelt policies goes about announcing that Cannon, the arch-fiend, has been "a tower of strength to the Administration," a slayer of vicious bills, a very Cerberus of economy whose capitalized value to his country cannot be less than "ten million dollars." Mr. Bryan in his regular Wednesday and Saturday letter to the President is sure to seize upon the incident. If Cannon, after all these years in Congress, needs for reëlection the aid of the Republican candidate for Vice-President, his district is showing a moral sensitiveness which bodes no good to any apologist of Cannon. If he does not need Mr. Sherman's assistance, why does Mr. Sherman gratuitously take the risk?

Of the eight Republican Senators who opposed Gov. Hughes on the gambling issue, five have been denied a renomination. The last case is that of Benjamin M. Wilcox of Auburn. Senator Wilcox was a conspicuous offender, as his prominence in a Methodist church lent a fine touch of hypocrisy to his alliance with the gamblers. He was so strong politically in his district, however, that he was able to keep the Senatorial convention deadlocked for weeks. But on Monday, the last day under the law when a party nomination could be made, another man was finally chosen, though Chairman Woodruff went in person to beg for the selection of Wilcox, saying that he himself would shoulder "the responsibility for the nomination." The delegates, though, would not, and Wilcox has gone to swell the mortality-list of those who defied their constituents as well as the Governor, on a plain issue of public morality. It is an impressive and wholesome demonstration.

Lieut.-Gov. Chanler makes an agreeable impression in his speech accepting the nomination for Governor. His open rebuke of Chairman Conners for betraying his confidence, is a pleasing indication of personal vigor. In general, he endorses the Democratic platform, which does not, we are bound to say, afford a very substantial footing. Like Gov. Hughes, he pledges himself to carry on the work of deepening the Erie Canal. He could not do otherwise. The project was long agitated and was finally approved in a popular referendum. To-day the undertaking could not properly be abandoned without resubmission; and on a new vote we believe the result would be substantially the same as before. Mr. Chanler, we regret to note, accepts the clap-trap in the Democratic platform condemning "government by commission." This is not a subject in regard to which wise men indulge in sweeping generalities. No sound formula for or against commissions can be framed. The question in each particular instance is whether a certain function of government can be better discharged by a single officer, elected, say, or appointed by the Governor, or chosen by the Legislature—or by a commission created in one of these three ways. The circumstances of the case and the nature of the duties should determine the character of the executive. Mr. Chanler declares for honest and efficient government. All candidates do that; but Mr. Chanler is, we believe, entirely sincere; and were he elected, he would doubtless endeavor, within his lights and his capacity, to fulfil his pledge. But all that he promises Gov. Hughes has already performed.

In summing up the work of the American Bankers' Association at Denver, most emphasis is laid upon the opposition to the Bryan plan for guaranteeing deposits. This was condemned in addresses and by formal resolution. Yet it should not be overlooked that the Association also expressed disapproval of the scheme for postal savings banks. This was in the Republican platform, and has been especially endorsed by Mr. Taft. Clearly, then, the bankers have vindicated their non-partisanship. The report on the Aldrich-Vreeland currency bill appears to be a kind of damning with faint praise. The measure was described as one that could not be altogether approved, yet which was "in the direction of progress." A pretty plain implication is that the greatest progress will be made by not bringing the new law into use at all.

The meeting at Grand Rapids last week to promote the building of a canal to connect Lakes Michigan and Huron is but one proof more of the quickened interest in deep waterways. This latest project follows one for a canal from South Chicago to Toledo, O., by which 500 miles would be cut off from the present lake route between the two cities. That the scheme has such backing as that of the Chicago Association of Commerce is probably due to Canadian competition in water-borne freight, but the fact that the proposed canal would do much to swing traffic southward to find its way to the sea via Buffalo and the Erie Canal is sufficient to enlist the attention of New York. The canal would

be 244 miles long, with a depth of twenty feet. The chief difficulty is that a greater enterprise seems to have the right of way, namely, the Lakes-to-Gulf Canal. Meanwhile, Canada, more than ever alert to her opportunities, is pushing the Trent Canal system to completion. One look at the map of the Dominion shows the advantage that would be gained by a canal connecting the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The Trent Canal was begun as long ago as 1837. But other and more pressing subjects then demanded attention, and the work progressed slowly, for many years stopping altogether. To date, something like $5,000,000 has been spent on the enterprise; and the Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, in a recent speech at Peterboro, made the statement that this year the Government is devoting a million dollars to the canal, and that to complete it will require two millions or more. He was positive, however, that work would not cease until this link in Canada's waterways is finished. In all, Canada has spent since confederation more than ninety millions of dollars on her canal systems; adding the sums laid out previous to that event, she has expended a total of more than one hundred and twenty millions on canals.

A two-cent stamp now carries a letter from Los Angeles to Liverpool. The new treaty making this possible is hailed on both sides of the ocean as a good business stroke and also a tightening of the bonds of international friendship. Probably time will justify the opinion, but in the meanwhile ignorant men wonder why the American authorities did not accept, along with Imperial penny-post, the parcels-post system. To be sure, the former benefits a larger number of persons and benefits them more constantly; but the lack of the parcels-post works far more serious inconveniences. To make the present situation thoroughly anomalous, our Post Office Department receives and delivers packages forwarded from Europe at parcels-post rates, but accepts none for abroad save at prohibitive rates. But the wise know that the anomaly must endure at least as long as Senator Platt; for to send bundles to Europe would be to compete with the express companies.

TURKEY AND BULGARIA.

To all of the little Balkan states the revolution in Turkey must have come as an unwelcome surprise. They have all been waiting impatiently for Turkish misrule and anarchy to hasten the break-up of the Empire. That was to be their opportunity. To none can the prospect of a rejuvenated Turkey have brought greater disappointment than to Bulgaria. For while her rivals, Greece and Servia, could trust only to accident and the good will of the Powers for a share of the Ottoman heritage, Bulgaria has been for a long time in a position to take what she wanted by force of arms. Greece tried war with Turkey in 1897 and made only a ridiculous showing. Servia, of course, would stand no chance. But Bulgaria's fighting efficiency is regarded by experts as fully equal to that of Turkey, though based on a population only one-sixth as large. She can place 210,000 men in the field within ten days, and can reinforce them with 230,000 men of the first and second reserve. Turkey's army, while on paper numerically superior, is in a far lower state of efficiency. She would need six weeks to mobilize even partially. Bulgaria, in consequence, could afford to regard the growth of Macedonian anarchy with equanimity. She was prepared.

Bulgaria, however, was not prepared for an Ottoman revolution that had for its main objects the reorganization of the Empire on the basis of liberal institutions and a policy of conciliation towards the warring nationalities in Macedonia. With Macedonia quieted and appeased, the Turkish break-up would be long postponed, the sympathies of Europe would be gained for the new régime, and the splendid Bulgarian army would either grow rusty with disuse, or, with the heavy cost of its maintenance, ruin the four millions who make up Bulgaria. Hence it became essential for Bulgaria to strike before the new order in Turkey had taken firm root. A declaration of war without sufficient cause would not, of course, be tolerated by the Powers. But to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria would be a step which a proud and vigorous young nation might take without arousing general condemnation, inasmuch as such a declaration would be only the official recognition of what has been an accomplished fact for the last thirty years.

If war comes, it must be by the action of Turkey. Will the reform party which is now in power at Constantinople go to that extreme? The situation of the Young Turks is indeed difficult. It is not only the chances of war they must now take into account, but the possible effects of war on conditions at home. The temper of the Young Turkish leaders in external policy has been militant. The Gueshoff incident (virtually a refusal to recognize the representative of Bulgaria at Constantinople) is the direct cause of the present crisis; and this trouble was brought on by the rather foolish desire to vindicate Turkey's theoretical but long dormant rights over Bulgaria. In other parts of the Empire the Young Turkish leaders have evinced a similar determination to reassert Turkey's obsolescent claims. But it is one thing to proclaim a policy of aggressive patriotism in the first flush of victory over a decadent régime; it is another to face such arduous conditions as those now presented by Bulgaria. Against war, in the first place, is the unpreparedness of the Turkish army. Against war, too, is the danger of reaction within Turkey. Should the war begin with even a minor setback for the Turkish army, there is little doubt that Abdul Hamid would attempt to seize control of affairs. The Young Turkish party would be accused of having brought disaster upon the country, and the Constitution would be abrogated just as the Constitution of 1876 was done to death under similar circumstances. The restoration of the old despotism would readily lead to revolt in Macedonia, if indeed the majority in that country would not certainly rise in event of strife between Turkey and Bulgaria. But perhaps the weightiest reason against war is that, even in case of victory, the Turks have nothing to gain. Europe, which has been watching Turkish decline for centuries, will not allow a Turkish advance. Turkey's decisive victory over Greece in 1897 brought her no gain outside of a small indemnity, and a rectification of her southern boundary.

Peaceful acquiescence in Bulgaria's action has also its difficulties. The reactionary elements can bring forward the same charge against the Young Turks that would be forthcoming in the case

of war and defeat. Instead of saving the Empire from dismemberment, the new Turkish Ministry will have begun with the sacrifice of province after province. Bulgaria is gone, and Bosnia and Herzegovina are on the point of being annexed by Austria-Hungary. Should Turkey quietly submit, what will be the effect on the other nationalities? Will Greece refrain from taking chances by the annexation of Crete? Will Servia keep her hands off Novi-Bazar or Uskub? What will happen to the weak remnants of Turkish authority in Arabia? If Austria has been behind Bulgaria, then, of course, Italy will insist on compensation on the Adriatic coast, and Russia may make a bid for the freedom of the Dardanelles. Even the case of Bulgaria is complicated. Herself long virtually independent, Bulgaria has held since 1885 Eastern Rumelia, which has continued to pay tribute to Turkey. To abandon Turkish suzerainty over Bulgaria proper would perhaps work no immediate harm. But surrendering Eastern Rumelia would actually be giving up Turkish territory.

Such are the elements of a highly disquieting situation. As yet the chances seem to be in favor of peace. Europe is not quite prepared to go to war over the Balkans, and the diplomats will probably patch up the business. It may be, too, that the Young Turks, who have made such a good record for efficiency and self-control at home, will show a still greater self-control in foreign affairs. They may allow the lost provinces and dependencies to go in name, as well as in fact, while they set themselves to strengthen and cement the provinces Turkey still rules. Whether they are strong enough to force such a policy of abnegation on the Turkish people and defend themselves against reactionary intrigue is the question. That the influence of Great Britain and France will be behind them in such a policy would appear to be certain.

REFORM AND HYPOCRISY.

The pot-and-kettle exchange of letters between Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt has, let us hope, been brought to a close, for the time being, at least. A wearied and disgusted people are ready to exclaim with Christopher Sly: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work: would 'twere done!" Yet the state of facts and of morals in party management, which the correspondence has emphasized, calls for comment and, above all, for discrimination. How much of the change which has confessedly come about represents a true political reform, and how much mere pretence and hypocrisy? What part of it all is to remain with us as a fixed advance in party methods, and what to be dropped as temporary aberration and insincerity?

One able to recall Presidential campaigns for twenty-five years past might be tempted to think that our parties had suddenly become not merely virtuous but saintly. In 1884, for example, the Republicans openly put a protected manufacturer and corporation magnate at the head of their National Committee, and made no concealment of their wish and intent to get money from any selfish or corrupt quarter. Jay Gould's gift of $50,000 at the end of the campaign was particularly welcome. Four years later, the party of moral ideas was led to victory by Quay, under whom Theodore Roosevelt worked for Harrrison's election, possibly at that time acquiring that admiration for the great political bandit which led him, at Quay's death, to send a telegram bewailing the loss of a personal friend. The frankly commercial spirit in which Mark Hanna managed the two campaigns in which he was chairman is notorious. A prominent and honored Ohio Republican has said of Mr. Hanna that his only notion of political activity was "to go out and buy somebody." It is not necessary to enlarge the list of names or of infamies. Any political Rip Van Winkle of the age of "blocks-of-five" Dudley and President Arthur's "soap" and Platt's open purchase of up-State cattle, who should wake up to-day to see the two parties vying with each other in scorn of vote-buying and in flogging the money-changers from the temple with a whip of small cords, might well think that the millennium had dawned since he fell asleep.

If, however, he rubbed his eyes hard enough, and looked about him with sufficient sharpness, he would discover that Satan was not yet bound, or the saints inheriting all of the earth. He would see certain undoubted gains. The secret and interested campaign contribution is in a fair way to be abolished. Such vast sums from suspect sources as were paid over in the dark to elect Roosevelt four years ago, are already a thing of the past. The vows of poverty which the two parties have taken this year are not, it is true, wholly voluntary. They have renounced corruption funds partly because they can no longer collect them. But though the motives may not be entirely pure, the result is good. The cries of distress which are going up from party treasurers to-day need disturb no patriotic citizen. It is well that campaign committees should be compelled, like the rest of us, to economize. They have too long had too much money, and set up a scale of expenditure both lavish and demoralizing. If they are now forced by poverty to cut off an army of parasites and frauds who have in previous years fastened themselves like leeches upon the party treasury; to give up subsidizing useless orators at $1,000 a week; to leave off paying the honest farmer "for his time"; to make their headquarters less glittering and their private cars and special trains less numerous, the effect will be salutary for them and for the country, too.

Such limitation, together with the publicity of campaign expenditures, means a genuine reform. So does the increased sensitiveness about the alliance between business and politics for mutual but dishonest profit. The sudden zeal of Republicans against Standard Oil associations may yet lead to a dislike openly to be dictated to by interests that are equally corrupt and equally tyrannous, though they call themselves simply the protected classes. All this is well; but no one with his eyes open can fail to see that the movement has been accompanied by a tremendous amount of hysteria and outright hypocrisy. The process of proscription is not unlike that which raged in the French Revolution. Now, as then, it is enough to point out a man as "an aristocrat" in order to raise a cry that he be hurried to the political guillotine. Thus the President's rash citation of one Standard Oil attorney as a supporter of Bryan, has already led to the discovery that the lawyer in charge of the Republican headquarters at Chicago has also taken a retainer from the Standard Oil. Of course, that proves him a scoundrel. Against even Senator Crane, a prominent Republican leader in Ohio has lifted up his voice, wanting to know how the labor vote

can possibly be secured for Taft if a mas as rich as Mr. Crane is allowed to have anything to do with the campaign.

This is neither reform nor common sense. It is an excess of madness. The passions of the have-nots have been stirred by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Hearst, and if these passions now direct themselves furiously against the chosen assistants of Mr. Taft—men like Mr. Sheldon, William Nelson Cromwell, and Senator Crane—that is only to be expected. We hear much of the unscrupulous corruptionist, but the unscrupulous reformer is almost as terrible a being. By his loud condemnation of others for what he does freely himself, by his indiscriminate attacks upon opponents and his unwinking defence of supporters, he necessarily gives reform an aspect of hypocrisy. That leads to such follies as we now see, when men of upright life are in danger of being ostracised merely because they have money, and the theory is soberly advanced that the rulers in a government touching property at a thousand points must take no advice from any man having property!

REVISING THE TARIFF UP.

Mr. Taft's remark that on some articles "the tariff should be raised" was received with derision even in quarters not unfriendly to the Republican party and the policy of protection. But those words, absurd as they seem, were evidenly a sop to the stalwart band of protectionists who intend that when the tariff is revised, the general result shall be to increase rather than to lower the duties. This is the inference we draw from several articles in the September issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*—and particularly from a contribution by Col. Albert Clarke, secretary of the Home Market Club. Substantially all of this number is devoted to tariff revision. D. M. Parry, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, discusses "Tariff Revision a Public Necessity"; A. B. Farquhar of York, Pa., answers the question, "What Ought the Tariff Rates to be on Iron and Steel Manufactures?" and A. August Healy, vice-president of the United States Leather Company, treats "Hides, Leather, Boots and Shoes, and the Tariff." There are twenty papers in all, presenting as many different phases of the subject.

Mr. Parry, for example, wants "an honest protective policy," and he argues that "many of the duties in the present tariff" can be "pruned without doing violence to the protective principle." He thinks, for example, that to tax raw materials is "a senseless policy." Mr. Farquhar is more specific; he analyzes the cost of producing pig-iron and certain steel products here and in England. He would, in the first place, bring in the ores free. He also adds:

> Supposing pig iron admitted free of duty, without another change in the tariff, the evidence that it would continue to be produced in the country at a price from $2 to $4 lower than at present, to an amount never equalled here until 1901 (that is, more than half the present production), and without serious inconvenience to the laborers of the country, amounts to complete demonstration. . . . Since for twenty years the cost of manufacture has been less in Pittsburgh than anywhere on the globe, there would be no harm in putting steel rails on the free list.

Mr. Healy begins:

> As at present conducted, tanning hides into leather and manufacturing leather into boots and shoes are separate industries, but for the purposes of this article they may be considered as one. Together they form a very great industry. There is none in the United States which is naturally more capable of successful development. There is none which has been more impeded by the tariff. This great industry now calls loudly for a reduction of the tariff. Especially does it call for the abolition of the duty of 15 per cent. imposed on hides by the Dingley tariff of 1897.

The most striking thing in the volume is, however, the collection of arguments against lowering the tariff. Charles W. Asbury, president of the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association, asserts that "the existing rates are not materially higher than they should be if fair, reasonable, and equitable protection is to be given to the [hardware] industries and their employees." Chester W. Lyman, assistant to the president of the International Paper Company, hopes that Congress will "deal with the revision of the paper schedules in a liberal and reassuring manner." He is opposed to taking the tax off wood-pulp, and he argues that it is not a serious burden on the newspapers. For the sake of maintaining such a benevolent institution as the International Paper Company the newspapers, he apparently thinks, should be willing to stand part of the loss, and then pass the rest along to the subscriber and advertiser: "Less than 7 per cent. increase in rates [for advertising] . . . would compensate for the extra bills for paper." He closes with this eloquent and logical peroration:

> But, even if we could not have newspapers of the present size, style, and price without driving out our paper industry; which alternative would be best for the country—a larger wage-fund, or smaller papers? As Kipling says: "We must help the people to live before we help them to learn."

But Mr. Asbury and Mr. Lyman are only half-hearted "stand-patters." They speak as if trade with foreign countries might under conceivable circumstances be of value to us. What we admire is the gusto with which John P. Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and Col. Albert Clarke "go the whole hog." Mr. Young discourses of "Waste in External Trade in General and with the Orient in Particular." He tells us roundly that "external trade is a source of tremendous waste" of our natural resources; and a lowering of the tariff with a view to increasing our markets abroad is therefore highly undesirable. The same idea seems to be implicit in the view of Col. Clarke. Asked what tariff schedules should be changed, he fills three pages with a tabular list showing the "competing imports which have increased" between 1900 and 1907. These figures, Col. Clarke naïvely tells us, show on the face of it that "the duties are far from prohibitory, and that in some cases they are not adequately protective." Moreover, he has "asked one thousand manufacturers and merchants what tariff changes the experience of their own business suggests." "A few" have "in general terms recommended reduction all along the line"; but "many particularize and in most cases show the present duties should be increased," or that the classification should be changed, or "that customs regulations should be modified so as to effectuate and not defeat the law." He concludes, then, that "if the facts do not justify reduction, but call for increase, the party must have 'the courage of its convictions.'"

That every effort will be made to impart such "courage" when the moment comes is already plain. The "many" merchants and manufacturers of whom Col. Clarke has been inquiring are busy. Mr. Taft's utterances on the tariff are growing more and more guarded as the campaign proceeds. Two years ago he

spoke out unequivocally for reduction, but lately he has been engaged in telling us into what dreadful woe the Wilson tariff plunged the country; and the drift of his talk is that tariff revision is a subject to be handled very gingerly. The bourbons seem to have got his ear. Under these circumstances, Bryan, had he a record as a consistent and determined opponent of high duties would capture many votes of tariff reformers. But he is busy cursing the corporations, replying to President Roosevelt, and talking nonsense about the guarantee of bank deposits. No wonder that the "standpatters" are cheerful and aggressive.

LIBRARIES FOR USE.

Not long ago a distinguished scholar from Berlin, while being shown the wonders of New York, was taken up to the Columbia University Library, and there invited to draw any book he chose. Even unto this day, it is said, the worthy man suspects that he was the victim of a clever Yankee trick; for was not the volume he selected placed in his hands less than a minute after he had found its shelf-number in the card catalogue? The professor was not morbidly incredulous; he was simply a German. To comprehend his amazement and doubts, one needs only a few days' experience with Old-World libraries and stack-rooms. More awe-inspiring than the Pyramids and the Sphinx is the system of any large German library, excepting perhaps the reorganized part of the Royal Library at Berlin. Nothing is lacking to produce the effect: the Pyramids are there in books, and the Sphinx in the guise of speechless, millennial-old bureaucrats, who shuffle about the place in felt slippers, staring resentfully at intruders who would disturb the book-worms in dusty manuscripts. All the mystery of Gizeh and all the supreme indifference to lapsing hours are there. Let the American scholar who writes on German university libraries in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* furnish some details.

As for mystery, the buildings themselves are constructed like labyrinths and locked up like prisons:

> There is an outer door, an inner door, a vestibule door, a door to the loan room, a door to the vestibule of the reading-room, a door to the reading-room itself, a door to the catalogue room, and so on; and all are closed. Every uninitiated mortal must ask himself: "May I go in there at all?" "Is the place a fortress?"

As if this were not enough to make the visitor in search of a book feel like Theseus after the Minotaur and shiver apprehensively at every dark turn in the passageway, access to the library catalogue is forbidden! Sometimes, to be sure, the topical catalogue is open to the public; but the main alphabetical one remains under lock and key. "And why?" asks the American. "Because," retorts a *Herr Bibliothekar* in Bavaria, "otherwise the catalogue would be worn out by use!" Up in Prussia the mystery is made refined by the following diabolical craft:

> I wish to look up an important tax reform in which Germany leads the world. . . . I was allowed—probably by courteous waiving of rules—to consult the systematic catalogue. There the whole classification was in Latin. . . . After a vain search, I applied to the librarian, who could not say at the moment under which head my topic was entered. Probably it was not there at all. The old Romans knew nothing of the tax, hence had no name for it!

The typical Continental library blinks at the centuries. Time means nothing to him who dispenses and him who awaits books there. Slips must be handed in the day before volumes are wished, or sometimes early in the morning of the same day. Books are sought on the shelves, not by a staff of spry, bright boys or girls, but by two or three tottering old periwigs. Frequently a line of twenty would-be readers stands a full hour waiting for some message from the disarranged stacks. Germany is not the only land where chaos mocks the foolish man who seeks any little-used volume. What the Bodleian and what some dark territories in the National Library at Paris are, more than one heart-sick American has narrated.

A correspondent depicts, in the *Westminster Gazette*, the situation at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Irish National Library, in words which apply, with scarcely an erasure, to a hundred other places:

> The current of intellectual life in Dublin is big enough to create a cyclone in T. C. D. Library, if it could find its way in. But, of course, it cannot. The staff and the reading-room accommodation are both severely tried by the needs of the university alone, and there is practically no room for outsiders. . . . In the National Library of Ireland . . . the available space is sometimes so crowded that one may see readers perched on ladders around the reading room, or two sharing a single chair.

We cannot accept the stock excuse that Europeans are too poor to install American improvements. This has force only in answer to complaints about the wretched catalogues, which cannot be replaced save at considerable expense, and about the ramshackle firetraps in which priceless manuscripts and records are stored. To facilitate the distribution and local use of books, only a little thought and a few dollars are necessary; segregation of commonly used works, a staff of stack-room boys, a public catalogue, and a few more desks and chairs for visitors will multiply the usefulness of the institution tenfold. That this has not been accomplished, after so many years of American example, suggests that the mediæval conception of a book, as a treasure to be guarded like a rare papyrus from the earliest dynasty, is still prevalent. Doubtless there is some reason in this superstition. Guardians of hidden wealth may well resist the modern idea that an ordinary book, like a locomotive, is to be used, and used until worn out, and then consigned to the junk heap. But this is simply a good reason, either for retiring these good old gentlemen, or else for placing the shelves of day-to-day books under separate management. It is plain, however, that Europeans are not quite ready to construe the fact thus, even though many of them bewail the absurdities of their libraries. Bibliolatry still prevails. The library is something between a temple and a museum. Small wonder that the learned in Europe are an aristocracy and close corporation! They are the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic of Letters who have fought their way to books.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES.

Though the American high school may have failed to equip its pupils for voyaging in unknown seas, it can at least boast of having taught them the beaten ways of men. To this fact high-school athletics, high-school dances, high-school social clubs, bear witness; but most strikingly the high-school fraternity. Its practices reproduce adult life so faithfully that school authorities find conventional rules of pedagogy inapplicable to its members. The young gentlemen have their club-rooms, their smokers, their theatre parties, and, when

threatened, their press agents and attorneys. Judges must interrupt the calendar to listen; and once the United States Supreme Court was called upon to define the Inalienable and Alienable Rights of Boy. The decade-old war is renewed every September. This autumn the Chicago Board of Education opened the campaign with an order that "frats" must go. In reply the persecuted, from Alpha to Omega, held high jinks in their clubhouses, while fond parents paid the lawyers. Were it not for the perversity among children, the blundering of educators, and the parental incompetence here brought to light, the affair would be flawless comedy.

With a few exceptions, high-school teachers and their superiors have wofully mismanaged their case. Their conviction that the secret society is inherently evil has a sound basis in fact. For the college man, living away from home, a fraternity has a certain usefulness wholly lacking in the case of his younger brother at the preparatory school. If the imitation of college manners went no farther than the founding of a club with mysterious title and rites, the high-school child might be humored in this performance; but, so long as he is left to his own devices, his immaturity leads him straight into apish extravagances injurious to himself, his parents, and the school. Strange oaths, Druidic ceremonies, and gold pins suffice not; a house, or at worst an apartment, must be leased, furnished, and made cozy with pictures, banners, and piano. Then, of course, the "frat" must demonstrate its power and general superiority before the world; its members must secure school offices, break athletic records, set a new high-water mark for lavish entertainment and worldly wisdom. The results have often been described at educational gatherings—"early sophistication," snobbishness, factional bitterness, dissipation, neglect of studies, and breakdown of school discipline. There is no mere pedagogical austerity in the complaint teachers raise against all these monkey-shines. But it is foolish to attempt to end the nuisance by declaring violent war upon the "frat," with solemn manifesto, board meetings, and elaborate police measures. The whole procedure only goes to show that the miles and miles of theses and text-books on child psychology and pedagogy have set no sign-posts for the teacher who would handle live boys and girls.

After all, be his trousers ever so well creased, the high school boy is brother to the hoodlum whom a pursuing policeman makes heroic and a ride in the patrol wagon a demi-god. To forestall this dangerous notoriety of the street boy, we have established children's courts. Is not equal diplomacy called for in the high school? Principals bewail their inability to crush the fraternities even by wholesale expulsions and rigid standards of scholarship. As well complain that a man cannot be starved, even by giving him food and drink. Boy life is all the sweeter when at war with the state; one's ingenuity is tickled by midnight councils, where ways and means of baffling the authorities are devised, and the envious glances of the classroom pay fat dividends on lost sleep. Deplore the crudity of American youth as you may; you must still reckon with it, while it lasts. If publicity and "persecution" merely strengthen juvenile resistance, plainly different tactics are in order. Assistance from home should be more generally sought; for the responsibility of fathers and mothers for the excesses of their children is obvious. Without funds, the "frat" dwindles to an ordinary boys' clique; without permission to stay out late of nights, and to waste study hours, the high school youth must console himself with more innocent pleasures. To bring about such results, shrewd principals are trying to instruct parents in the wisdom of controlling their children with some regard for the welfare of these children and their schoolmates. Where this has been accomplished, the "frat" has become not only harmless, but even a welcome substitute for the "gang." In a few schools, it has been converted into a sort of Phi Beta Kappa, with membership based upon character and scholarship.

That this happy outcome is still so rare is not the fault of teachers alone. Americans are prejudiced in favor of the let-alone method of home training. False ideas about manliness and social distinction teem in many a mother's brain. The disposition is still strong among adults to regard teachers as the natural enemies of youth. Children must not be thwarted, and, anyhow, it takes too much time to regulate their lives. Let them do anything they choose, so long as they do not interfere with father's business and the afternoon teas. This muddle of loose, selfish philosophy in the family lies between more than one teacher and the regenerated high school of his dreams. More than any other one thing, it makes the fraternity and the "early sophistication" of high school pupils generally so serious a problem.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH AND VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

I.

Anybody to-day into whose hands a few documents have fallen can write biography, forgetful in his haste that "easy writing's curst hard reading." Indeed, you cannot follow the tide of Lives turned out by the press without feeling that now in earnest the Philistines be upon us, and, with the memory fresh in mind of what has happened to Lafcadio Hearn, one shudders to think of the result if Aldrich had been surrendered to a Mrs. Bisland or a Dr. Gould. Here, above all, delicacy and reticence (not concealment, for there is little or nothing to conceal) were necessary, and, fortunately, it is just these qualities that Mr. Greenslet has brought to his work*, together with a skill in words that reproduces something of the charm of one who made refinement the end of all his labor. Mr. Greenslet knows when to stop. He tells just enough of the child's surroundings at Portsmouth; he finds the right note of emphasis for the half-hearted association of the clerk and youthful editor in New York with that sad Bohemian band before the war, out of which Poe escaped by wine and opium, and from which Whitman was saved only by his phlegmatic egotism; he follows the man sympathetically through his Boston years of prosperous toil and golden ease, to the honored close. It is a happy life gracefully told.

If Mr. Greenslet fails to satisfy us anywhere, it is in the last chapter, in which he sums up his criticism of Aldrich's writings. What he says is good and sound, but somehow it is not quite sufficient; it lacks the last transmuting touch; he quotes, but does not take to heart his author's lines:

> To the sea-shell's spiral round
> 'Tis your heart that brings the sound;
> The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
> Within, are captured from your ear.
>
> You do poets and their song
> A grievous wrong,
> If your own soul does not bring
> To their high imagining
> As much beauty as they sing.

That is more than should be asked of any reader, no doubt; but at least one

**The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* By Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3 net.

may demand of the critic a fuller use of his own high imaginative right by which he lifts the melody of the poet out of its isolation and gives it a place in the music of time.

How much more might be said, which Mr. Greenslet could say so delightfully, about that little volume of "Songs and Sonnets"* selected by Mr. Aldrich himself from the body of his work and published in honor of his seventieth birthday. These catches of "short-breathed music, dying on the tongue," we call *vers de société*, perhaps, having no better name for them. There is, in fact, something in that phrase that reminds one rather of the glittering, tableau verses of Austin Dobson than of Mr. Aldrich's reticent grace, and I could almost wish we had adopted the phrase "Gentle Verse" suggested by Miss Carolyn Wells in her "Vers de Société Anthology," using the word gentle as Coleridge and Lionel Johnson have applied it to Charles Lamb, or as signifying that which is "innately fine, polished by the experience and sophistication of truly good society."

II.

But by whatever name we call them, we should not suppose that these fragile verses of Mr. Aldrich's were mated carelessly or without thought of the greater destinies of a beautiful accomplishment:

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says;
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

This art in miniature, of which Mr. Aldrich's "Songs and Sonnets" are the final flower, is not, in fact, a new thing to be thrown off by any untaught hand; beside the tradition of the larger art it has its own long and sacred history. From the time when some monk, it may be, in the decline of Greek letters, gave to his swallow-like trochaics of love and wine the magic name of Anacreon this new muse of wanton wisdom has had a place with the graver sisters of the nine. Perhaps there is too much of wantonness and too little of wisdom in the "Anacreontica" to afford the model we are seeking; they lack the background of seriousness that is always felt in the finest *vers de société*. Yet the picture of this old man, crowned with flowers and crying the pains and pleasures of youth, took a strange hold of the fancy of later poets, and his mischievous boy Eros has had a sly knack of slipping into the minds of passionate singers who should have invoked only the sterner god, known and worshipped by the ancient true Anacreon.

There is seriousness and to spare in the Greek "Anthology," if we open its heart, and here, if anywhere, has been the inexhaustible source from which our rhymers have drawn their hippocrene. But still the tone is not tempered to just the mood for our present purpose. Almost too insistently the might and tragic glory of Greece weigh on the mind as we read these deliberate efforts to hide its grave with flowers; whether by a trick of fancy or not, too poignantly almost we feel that the end of that world is terribly near at hand. These brief epigrams, as they are called, were written to pass from mouth to mouth during the banquet hour, or, at least, took their mode from that norm. Into the heart that began to doubt of wine and love they were designed to bring the epicurean zest that follows the intruding thought of universal transience. Some trace of that shadow may always, no doubt, be detected in the eyes of our *Musa philommeides*, even when she visits our New England clime:

Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

That is also in the "Anthology," that and something more. It is not only the Egyptian death-masque among the feasters to crowd their pleasure, but, sitting with them, one seems to hear, amid the pauses of their singing, from afar off, muffled by the windings of many streets, the engines of the enemy beating at the city gates. The banquet hall is in a beleaguered town, the barbarians are beneath the walls, and the guests cling to one another in friendship, and to "the fair things of Hellas," their inheritance now about to be scattered and trodden under foot. It is the consummation of Greece one sings in the epigram best known to us in its Latin version, *Spes et Fortuna valete:*

To Hope farewell, and Fortune; having found the port
I leave you; others now shall be your sport.

III.

The Romans also had their votaries of this Muse, greater names in this kind than Greece could count. Catullus, the lover of Lesbia, has, indeed, accomplished all that is possible in bestowing upon passion a graceful ease. No one has surpassed his song of the kisses, the *basia mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera*, with its solemn reminder:

So may we live and love, till life be out,
And let the graybeards wag and flout.
Yon failing sun shall rise another morn,
And the thin moon round out her horn;
But we, when once we lose our waning light,—
Ah, Love, the long unbroken night!

Or, if this seem too directly pathetic for our class, there is the inimitable song to Lesbia's sparrow, which so many poets have tried so bravely to imitate. And yet withal Catullus was too swift and too energetic to belong wholly, or even primarily, within the circle we are trying to draw. He who walked in the terrible company of Cæsar and Mamurra, of Clodius and his sister the *quadrantaria*, may have dallied with the day; but under his fine linen might be felt the surface of steel, and in his hand he carried a dagger, and not a lily.

Despite his inferiority as a poet, perhaps in part because of his lesser force, Martial is really nearer at times to our model than Catullus. Here is the note of tenderness for little, broken things, for young children whom neither their loveliness nor their prattling eloquence could save from death—*mollia non rigidus cæspes tegat ossa:*

Soft lie the sod above her; lightly rest,
O earth, on one who lightly touched thy breast.

But here, again, we are deterred from accepting this later singer as our type, if only for the filth and sordidness that choke his pages. His rarer notes of beauty are like iridescent bubbles floating on a turbid and foul stream; we fear to touch them lest they burst and soil our hands.

IV.

Nevertheless, in these poets are the sources of the kind we are trying to distinguish. Their influence extends to England with the Renaissance, and is never forgotten. The Caroline poets, Suckling and Carew, and the others, knew it; Herrick felt it, and wrote his "Hesperides" under the spell. But somehow they failed to put the shadows in their pictures as well as the lights, or, rather, they left out the moral element too completely; they belong too much to the school of the "Anacreontica" and too little to that of the "Anthology." The real *vers de société*—they can scarcely here be called Gentle Verse—came in with the wits of Queen Anne; and for the better part of a century Prior's lines

*A Book of Songs and Sonnets. Selected from the Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: The Riverside Press. 1906. $5 net. Only 430 copies of this book, exquisite in form and contents, were printed. It will be a prize for future collectors.

to Chloe and Clorinda and the other nymphs of London, and Pope's "Rape of the Lock," were admired as the very mirror of a society in which good taste was finally codified. Well, it may be unjust, but I, for one, cannot read the lightest and prettiest of those verses without remembering the satyrlike advice of Rochester to his Cælias and Corinnas, or the brutal coarseness of Swift's Strephon and Chloe. The background of that graceful diversion is not the kindly illusion we are seeking, but a cruel cynicism; the drop of bitter is hatred and not regret.

If any one in that age caught the tone of Gentle Verse, it was the learned, awkward, absent-minded, pious usher of Westminster school, Vincent Bourne, whose Latin poems Cowper placed above those of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ausonius, and not below those of Ovid. Perhaps, it is his very use of Latin that makes him so perfect a master in the kind. There is in that cunning union of ancient words with modern ideas, in that wedding of the speech of the schools with the politeness of the man of the world, a something that tantalizes the reader like a half-seen, half-vanishing face. One feels this here and there in the lines which Bourne has turned into Latin from Prior and the other singers of Chloe; One feels it still more strongly in the translations of his own poems into English. Cowper, if any one, was fitted to catch the charm of his fables, but "The Jackdaw" and "The Cricket" miss just the piquant meeting of gravity and levity that mark the "Cornicula" and "Ad Grillum." Lamb, too, has tried his hand and almost succeeded. In the "Epitaph on a Dog" especially he was able to match Vincent with his own experience of the humors and pathos of the London streets, but his verses still lack the Virgilian echo that sighs through the "Epitaphium." Read the close of the two poems together:

These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus rear'd . . .

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senecta,
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit. . . .

The very essence of Gentle Verse is in that Virgilian *dum fata sinebant* applied to a blind beggar and his dog; and Lamb has omitted it.

V.

But it is time to hasten on. There is not room even for the names of the poets of the later nineteenth century, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Frederick Locker-Lampson, and a host of other Englishmen and Americans, who have written in this vein. As a rule, their work has just missed the mark, because their intention was too evident. One seems to hear them say: Come, now, we will sit down and compose *vers de société*. And almost always they use the modes of the past as a kind of masquerade, so that their scenes may fall into neat artificial tableaux. From these, however, and from the earlier poets one begins to see the limitations and possibilities of the kind. Its essence lies in irony—not the grim sort we know from the tragedians and satirists, but a self-deprecating irony that half deliberately hides its strength in gentleness. Reticence, suggestion, and accepted littleness are its indispensable qualities. The regret of an imaginative past will linger in it, but its themes are of the immediate present. It must have its root in deep emotion, but its manner is rather of one who sees passion in another than feels himself. It is touched by the brevity and insufficiency of life, but has no grief more clamorous than a sigh. It knows the deception of the world, but harbors pity and not cynicism. It employs the most elaborate polish of art, but affects a careless spontaneity.

And these are the marks that distinguish the little book of "Songs and Sonnets" as, in its own field, one of the most precious things in English. Aldrich wrote a good deal in the course of his life—novels, which have the thin-blooded amateurishness of the older New England fiction; other prose, like the "Ponkapog Papers," too finely woven to endure harsh handling; long poems and plays, beautifully devised but lacking in human nature. His chief title to genius is the inerrant taste with which he has after many trials beaten out a few lyrics into perfect form, and set them apart from the rest of his work. Their veil of reticence is their beauty. To read them is as if one sat alone in a city park, when the mist of twilight was falling, and beheld a company of fair women pass homeward—magically fair in the glimmering dusk. So, in his verse, the atmosphere is that which divides the day and the night, and the two worlds, meeting togetber, create an illusion of impalpable loveliness:

Forever am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain—it lies so near.

He deals with the old themes in the old way, but with his own delicacy of touch—grave antiquity coloring a whimsical sentiment of the present, as in the "Intaglio Head of Minerva"; death hovering between terror and idle fancy, as in "Identity"; the mockery of human fates turned into pity and wonder, as in "Destiny"; love caught between dream and passion, as in "Latakia"; and nature—

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will shape when summer comes again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings . . . By and by
(I in my leafy garden as of old)
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

Even beauty itself, which poets are fond of magnifying as a great and awful power pervading the world, he will reduce by the delicate wand of irony to the least and most ephemeral form:

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

In that exquisite and pathetic deminution, I take it, lies the secret of what is called *vers de société* or Gentle Verse. And many a lover of this lesser muse will hold in memory the falling petals of these "Songs and Sonnets" long after he has forgotten more ambitious things.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Volume XXII. of J. H. Slater's annual record of English sales at auction, "Book-Prices Current," has just been published (London: Elliot Stock). The period covered is from October, 1907, to July, 1908; and the number of lots reported is 9,500, whereas recent issues have averaged about 6,500 lots. This increase does not indicate that the season has been of exceptional importance, but only that a larger selection has been reported. Heretofore no lot selling below one pound has been noticed, but Mr. Slater says: "The old hard and fast rule of noticing only those which realize 20s. or over has been finally broken down, and is not likely to be resorted to again." And he adds: "Every book sold is now considered on its merits, and inserted or not according to its importance or the infrequency of its occurrence." Four lots only during the season brought more than £1,000: "The Golden Legende," printed by Caxton, 1483, £1,300; a block book, the "Biblia Pauperum," printed probably by Roger of Bruges, £1,290; Earl Howe's copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, £2,025; and Mrs. Piozzi's manuscript "Thraliana." £2,050. Forty-nine lots brought £100 or over. Of these eighteen were Shakespeareana, and twenty-three were manuscripts. The index

to Vols. XI. to XX. of "Book-Prices Current" is announced for publication soon.

The fourth and concluding part of Vol. V. of Frank Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," from June 29 to July 31, is just issued. The entire volume includes records on 15,019 items. The editor promises in future to give the lot number in the auctioneer's catalogue—the plan always followed by Mr. Slater.

The record of American sales, "American Book-Prices Current," Vol. XIV., is expected in October, a month, at least, earlier than last year.

A fine copy of that very rare book the Boston edition of W. Hubbard's "A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," 1677, is the gem of the library of the late Joseph Willard, which is to be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, October 13-16. This copy contains the original "map of New England, being the first that ever was here cut," known as the "White Hills" map. This map was reengraved for the English edition published in London later in the same year. That later copy, from the altered designation of the White Mountains, is known as the "Wine Hills" map. The Willard copy seems to be without the election sermon by Hubbard, "The Happiness of a People in the Wisdom of their Rulers," 1676, which is usually bound in at the end. The manuscript journal and orderly book of Capt. Abijah Willard, of the Second Battalion of Governor Shirley's Provincial Regiment in Nova Scotia in 1755, 289 pages, small quarto, is another important item in the same sale. It extends from April 9, 1755, to January 5, 1756, and is of especial interest as it contains a contemporaneous account of the carrying off of the Acadians, which forms the theme of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The following is a portion of the entry for August 16, 1755:

Aboute 3 o'clock this afternoon I ordered the whole to be Drewd up in a Body and bid the french men march off and sott fire to their Buildings and Left the women and children to Tack Care of themselves with great Lamentations which I must confess itt seemed to be something shoking. I march on aboute 3 miles to an old frenchmans house where had Lived Ever since anopilis was Taken and Lodged their this Night, and he Treated me very hansom but his wife Took on much att their Dificulty.

Another orderly book in the same sale is that of Captain Scott's company of the British Legion under the Rt. Hon. Lord Cathcart, dated at "Greenwich, near N. York, 1778," and extending from October 26 to November 24. It is a narrow octavo pocket note-book, with brass clasp. Several Revolutionary manuscript maps (some used by Gen. Henry Knox); an imperfect copy of Gorges's "America Painted to the Life," 1658; Ramusio's "Voyages," 1606-13, 3 vols.; and Torquemada's "Monarchia Indiana," 1723, 3 vols., are other valuable items.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER CLASSICAL PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The rather more acrimonious than edifying correspondence between President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan recalls Aristophanes and "The Knights." Here is the passage:

Cleon (in a thundering tone)—Dogs and villains, you shall die.

Sausage Seller (in a louder, shriller tone)—Ay! I can scream ten times as high.

Cleon—I'll overbear ye, and out-bawl ye.

Sausage Seller—But's I'll out-scream ye, and out-squall ye. (Frere's translation, vv. 369-372.)

ALFALES YOUNG.

Salt Lake City, September 28.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTERFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can nothing be done to bring home to the President a realization of the harm that his persistent "butting into" the campaign may do Mr. Taft? In every circle of independent voters with which I am acquainted, the most of whom have intended either to vote for Taft or to refrain from voting for Bryan, the mutterings of discontent at the President's course have become outspoken voices of protest.

This discontent started with the feeling that no President should meddle with the nomination of his possible successor, much less should he take part in the campaign for the election of that successor; and it has spread in all directions since the beginning of the Hearst-Foraker-Haskell-Bryan-*et al.* affair—an affair in which Mr. Bryan comes out a long way from a discreditable position. The feeling engendered by the President's course is not only one of resentment that he should assume to influence, almost to dictate, where the people are the sole arbiters, and he but the executive officer of their will; but it is also one of disgust at the dragging of the person and the office of the President into a verbal fracas little better than is to be found in the commonest ward politics. I know personally of one vote that the President's course has turned from Taft to Bryan; and my friends, whose opportunity of observation is better than mine, say that this course is helping Bryan "right along." Taft may well pray, "From our foolish friends, good Lord deliver is." G. S. W.

Baltimore, October 1.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE ORIENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of September 17 you remarked:

We have denied them the essential qualifications for democracy because they are Orientals. . . . But concerning the immobility of the Orient we have been of late vastly enlightened. The East, after all, is human, and when elemental human needs come into conflict with absolute power, the latter will yield in the Orient as it does elsewhere.

If the Asiatic policies of European nations were based upon this understanding of Oriental people, civilization would have advanced farther than it has. Much of the so-called conflict between Eastern and Western civilizations has its origin in the fact that the European in the Orient never forgets to assume that Orientals are by nature inferior to the people of Europe. Before constitutional government was introduced into Japan, all Asiatic people were regarded as unfit for such a government. But when the Japanese demonstrated their ability to conduct a constitutional system, political theorists and imperial politicians of Europe recognized the Japanese capacity, but asserted that the case of Japan must be looked upon as exceptional. Even five years ago constitutionalism was thought impossible in Persia or Turkey. Now, however, when the people of Persia have shown their determination to protect their newly won Constitution, even at the cost of blood, a section, at least, of the West has begun to form rather favorable opinions about the Persians. There are persons who see in the present crisis in Persia nothing but Persian unfitness for popular government; but these gentlemen may simply be referred to French history. Then comes the startling news of the "peaceful revolution" of Turkey. The Young Turks by their masterly management of the revolution have won sincere admiration from the Western world, and constitutional government is now believed possible in the Turkish empire. Not long ago Islam was considered to be the most conservative, nay, reactionary, force in Asia. Now, however, when the venerable judge of the Sacred Law, from his august seat in Constantinople, has declared that reformation of social and governmental evils is not contrary to the teachings of the Prophet, and when the Moslem, the Christian, and the Jew are embracing each other in the land of Osman, newspapers of the West have begun to write about "Modernism in Islam." So far so good.

But in some quarters of the Orient the West is asked to be logical. The joint scheme of Great Britain and Russia for introducing reforms in Macedonia has been abandoned in view of the new régime in Turkey. His Majesty King Edward sent personal congratulations to his Majesty the Sultan of Turkey for granting a Constitution to the Turkish people. The President of the United States sent a congratulatory message to a recent meeting of the Young Turks in New York and another to his Majesty the Sultan. The press dispatches report that the British and Russian governments have presented a joint note to the Shah, urging him to carry out his promise to convene another national Assembly. These facts, rightly interpreted, mean that both King Edward and President Roosevelt believe that popular government is suitable for Turkey, and that King Edward believes that such government is suitable for Persia also. In other words, the traditional belief of the West that popular government is fundamentally incompatible with Oriental conditions is not shared in by the two most advanced governments of the world, Great Britain and the United States. Now the question is: Are these governments always consistent in their convictions and policies? By inaugurating a popular government in the Philippines the United States has proved such consistency. But what about Great Britain? If the British government believes that the Ottoman Empire, with all its racial, religious, and social problems, is fitted for a popular government, why is it refusing such a boon to India? The racial, religious, and social problems of India are not more complex than those of Turkey. Why, then, are Indians who advocate a popular government in India proscribed as "agitators," "visionaries," and "disturbers of peace"? The Indian subjects of King Edward are not inferior to the subjects of the Sultan in educational or moral elevation. Why, then, did Viscount Morley, the British Sec-

retary for India, proclaim the other day that democracy is as unsuited to Indian temperament as a Canadian fur coat to Indian climate? The noble lord cannot yet conceive a time when some sort of autocracy will not be needed in India. Is this consistency? Yes, here it will be said that India has the caste system. But did caste system ever influence governmental policy in India more than feudalism did in Europe? And has caste system any influence in the constitution and organization of the Indian National Congress, which to-day represents the political aspirations of the Indian people?

Let us, however, pass over India. What about Egypt? Has Egypt any caste system? Has Egypt any such racial and religious problems as the Ottoman Empire? (We consider Egypt as virtually separated from Turkey.) Or are the Egyptians less enlightened than the Turks? If the Ottoman Empire is fitted for a popular government, why not Egypt? Will the British government be logical and consistent? We wait. We shall see. SATIS CH. BASU.

Lincoln, Neb., September 26.

"LE NOUVEAU CYNÉE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last June I found that the Harvard University Library possessed a copy of "Le Nouveau Cynée" of Émeric Crucé, Paris, 1623. This copy, which belonged to Charles Sumner, went after his death to Harvard with the rest of his library. The book is of particular interest, for in it the author proposed the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration such as the present Hague Court is. He was also in favor of religious toleration and other good things. There is a copy in the Paris Library which was deposited there, probably at the time the volume was printed. Sumner never knew the author's real name, for it was not discovered until 1890 by Judge Nys. Doubtless there are some other copies of this rare book in some of the libraries of the Old World.

THOMAS WILLING BALCH.

Philadelphia, October 1.

AN ARABIC MANUSCRIPT OF "ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers that Galland's story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," has at last been found in an Arabic form. The strange thing is that it should not have turned up long ago, as it forms part of a manuscript which has been in the Bodleian since 1860, when it was bought from the Paris bookseller, A. Franck, for eight shillings. There it seems to have lain unnoticed until I came upon it by accident, a couple of weeks ago. The manuscript is a small octavo written in quite a modern hand, and containing two stories only. The first is the "Story of Harun ar-Rashid and the Daughter of the Kisrâ." Then, on folio 45, "Ali Baba" begins in the same hand, but on a slightly different paper. Only the first story has a non-Arabic title—in Latin—which may, perhaps, explain how "Ali Baba" was not recognized sooner.

Of course, the questions of the origin of this text and of its relation to Galland's version still remain, and can only be settled after publication of the whole. That I hope to do soon from a photograph which is now being taken for me. The stories are not divided into nights, nor is there any indication that they are regarded as part of the "Nights."

Another point as to the "Nights" may also be of interest. In the summer of last year I had an opportunity of examining the Arabic manuscripts on which Habicht's edition of the "Nights" was founded. From that examination it was perfectly plain that there was no such thing *in rerum natura* as a Tunisian recension of the "Nights," nor even a Tunisian manuscript; that Habicht had no continuous manuscript of the "Nights" at all; and that he only built up a recension out of fragments, arranging and dividing to suit himself. He was thus the creator of a new recension, and not the editor of one already existing. This I hope to prove elsewhere with a full description of Habicht's sources.

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

Hartford, Conn., October 1.

POE AND HAZLITT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof James Albert Harrison, in his "Life of Poe" (p. 86), quotes from an article by T. H. Gibson, in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1867, the following:

> The first conversation I had with Poe after we became installed as room-mates [at West Point, 1830], was characteristic of the man. A volume of Campbell's Poems was lying upon our table, and he tossed it contemptuously aside, with the curt remark: "Campbell is a plagiarist"; then, without waiting for a reply, he picked up the book, and turned the leaves over rapidly until he found the passage he was looking for.
>
> "There," said he, "is a line more often quoted than any other passage of his: 'Like angel visits, few and far between,' and he stole it bodily from Blair's 'Grave.' Not satisfied with the theft, he has spoiled it in the effort to disguise it. Blair wrote: 'Like angel visits *short* and far between.' Campbell's 'Few and far between' is mere tautology."

This may have been "characteristic of the man," but the criticism was not original with Poe. In Hazlitt's "English Poets" (1818) occurs the following (Bohn Library Edition, p. 199): "His [Campbell's] fine things are,

> Like angels' visits, few, and far between."

A footnote by Hazlitt adds:

> There is the same idea in Blair's "Grave":
>
> Its visits,
> Like those of angels, short, and far between.

Mr. Campbell, in altering the expression, has spoiled it. "Few" and "far between" are the same thing.

And the editor comments: "Campbell never forgave the author this exposure of his plagiarism."

Perhaps Poe had not read Hazlitt's essay, but the chances are against this supposition, for Hazlitt's temperament would have been especially congenial to the author of "The Raven": both were brilliant and misanthropic, both possessed extraordinary insight, but lacked system, and were impatient of restraint. Add the fact that Hazlitt's volume had been in print twelve years, and it becomes extremely probable that the American was himself guilty of plagiarism in this instance—the more so since the charge has been proved against him in other instances. Hazlitt's light has illumined many a thankless follower, though it is good to remember that at least one appreciator, Robert Louis Stevenson, generously expressed his indebtedness in the words: "We are mighty fine fellows, but we can't write like William Hazlitt."

HARRY T. BAKER.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., September 22.

Notes.

From the monthly list of Longmans, Green, & Co. we mark the following books as almost ready to appear: "Old and Odd Memories," by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache; "Madame Elizabeth de France," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott; "The Book of Winter Sports," by Edgar Syers; "On Safari," by Abel Chapman; "Woodsmen of the West," by M. Allerdale Grainger; "Chronicles of Service Life in Malta," by Mrs. Arthur Stuart; "In Old Ceylon," by Reginald Farrer; "Scottish Gardens," by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "The Book of Princes and Princesses." by Mrs. Andrew Lang; "Known to the Police," by Thomas Holmes; and "Design in Nature," by J. Bell Pettigrew.

The next group of books to come from G. P. Putnam's Sons will be "First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life," by H. G. Wells; "A Canyon Voyage," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; and "The Lincoln Centennial Medal."

John Lane Company has about ready a new book by G. K. Chesterton, entitled "Orthodoxy." That acrobatic writer has already had his say on "Heretics." It will be interesting to know who are his orthodox.

As a timely work the Frank Allaben Genealogical Company of this city brings out the "Ancestry of William Howard Taft," being the first volume to appear in a series of Genealogical Miniatures edited by Mabel T. P. Washburn.

This month the Empire Publishing Company will bring out "The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint," by Walter M. Chandler. It will be in two volumes, the first dealing with the Hebrew trial before the Sanhedrin, the second with the Roman trials before Pontius Pilate and Herod.

The Oxford University Press will publish an index to the names and subjects in the forty-nine volumes of "The Sacred Books of the East." The work will be compiled by Prof. M. Winternitz.

The current number (Vol. VII. No. 2) of the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* is largely a memorial to the founder, the late Gustaf E. Karsten. A memorial note by Prof. Otto E. Lessing is followed by eight of Dr. Karsten's addresses and unpublished papers, showing his breadth of interest and zeal in scholarship. From one of these we quote a single significant sentence. "Like the Greek φιλολογία, Philology refers not only to the form, but also to the content of the λόγος; it virtually means the whole history of the human mind, as it manifests itself in language documents of the past and present"—an interpretation that "is gaining ground in America." Surely a hopeful sign.

The volumes of the New Mediæval Library (Duffield & Co.) vary widely in value. Of the two before us, one is wholly unworthy of the good paper and press work expended upon it. "The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Gimignano," now first translated, with introduction and notes, by M. Mansfield, is a most ordinary specimen of fourteenth-century hagiography. One may find the like, or better, in every Catholic community and in every European language. If we are to read the lives of the saints—and they well deserve study—let us take such as have at least the ethical charm of the church militant, in the days when to be a saint really meant something. Without burying ourselves in the catacombs of the "Acta Sanctorum," we may pass many profitable hours over the "Dialogues" of Gregory, or still better—over Bede's "Historia," Books iv. and v. By the side of Hild, abbess of Whitby, Fina of Gimignano is merely puerile.

The other volume, "The Babees' Book," done into modern English by Edith Rickert, is of very different calibre. It is a collection of treatises upon mediæval manners for the young, modernized from Dr. F. J. Furnivall's well known volumes in the Early English Text Society publications. The introduction, p. xii., tells us that the present modernization has been undertaken at the instance of Dr. Furnivall, who wished that the substance of his collections might be imparted to readers who have not time or inclination "to worry through antiquated English." The wishes of the doughty doctor are, of course, not to be lightly gainsaid. Yet we suspect that the reader who may have the patience to worry through antiquated manners might also have the patience to worry through an antiquated speech which is after all not so formidable. At all events Miss Rickert has done her work with tact and scholarship. One can learn much from the little volume. Thus, when Ascham, p. xx. note, complains of the wise men who have more care "to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children," we see the "Four Hundred" of England and America shaking hands across the centuries. In a few places we venture to correct or at least to supplement the editor's remarks. The assertion, for example, p. xxviii., that Greek was not taught in England before 1500, is too sweeping. It is true only of Greek in the Renaissance sense; for there are evidences that Greek was studied in England from the days of Augustine of Canterbury on. The note, p. 181, on "Edyllys be" is wide of the mark. The phrase means "a nobleman's ring;" "be" is the Old English "beag." The attribution of the origin of courtesy to the salutations of the angel Gabriel and Elizabeth to the Virgin, see pp. xiii., 16, and 182, is more evident from the Apocryphal gospels. Page 182, note upon p. 20, the phrase "in same" is likened to the German "zusammen;" rather say, German "insgesammt." The account, p. 188, of the editions of "How the Wise Man Taught His Son," overlooks the (exhaustive) edition by Fischer, 1889 (Erlanger Beiträge, No. 2). The line "Thereof thou must bethink thee *soon*," p. 79, is not a fair rendering of the original "Ther-to the nedys to take the tome." "Tome," Scandinavian "*tóm*," means "leisure," and the sense is: Take leisure for considering the situation. Our few strictures will not, we hope, create the impression of careless editing. On the contrary, the editor is well equipped and thoroughly conscientious, and her book is a dainty little treasure.

It is to be feared that Theron Wilber Haight will not succeed in his rather naïve hope of restoring Sylvester's "Divine Weeks" to common favor. The popularity of that translation of Du Bartas in Shakespeare's and Milton's days is easily explained. The lines possess a certain fluency and lucidity far from common among Sylvester's contemporaries, never sinking very low, never rising above a comfortable commonplace. And in substance the poem flattered at once the militant Puritanism of the age, without falling into the brambles of theology, and the quasi-scientific curiosity about the natural world, without indulging in the eccentric difficulties of Euphuism. Now and then, especially when he interpolates passages of his own, our Englishman rises to an interest of a more general sort. Perhaps the most memorable passage in the poem is that in which, like Donne and Vaughan, at a later date, he repudiates the muse of "Ovid's heirs" (having in mind probably Shakespeare's "Venus") and "our new Naso" (Drayton):

O furnish me with an unvulgar style,
That I by this may wean our wanton isle
From Ovid's heirs and their unhallowed spell,
Here charming senses, chaining souls in hell.
Let this provoke our modern wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honor Thee, their Maker,
That our mysterious elfin oracle,
Deep, moral, grave, invention's miracle—
My dear, sweet Daniel, sharp, conceited, brief,
Civil, sententious, for pure accents chief—
And our new Naso that so passionates
Th' heroic sighs of love-sick potentates,
May change their subjects, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.

That is almost poetry, and at least "our mysterious elfin oracle" for Spenser could not be bettered. But it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and Mr. Haight's manner of editing his favorite (published by H. M. Youmans, Waukesha, Wis.), is not likely to conciliate the skeptical. That he uses modern spelling is quite to the advantage of his author; his omissions, too, certainly do no harm. But he should not have tampered with the text for the sake of smoothing it over, without at least noting all his changes in the margin. Scholars will rightly demur, and the general reader will not be attracted any the more. Mr. Haight is concerned to show the influence of Sylvester on Milton and on later poets. His parallels tend rather to minimize such a relationship. A fair specimen of these is his comparison of Sylvester's "night's horned queen," with Milton's "the horned moon," which scarcely seems proper evidence of borrowing. In fact the association of the two poets is easily overemphasized; the roots of "Paradise Lost" cling more to "The Apollyonists" of Phineas Fletcher than to "The Divine Weeks" of Du Bartas and Sylvester. Mr. Haight is more successful in pointing out the many colloquialisms of New England, such, for example, as "his folks," that occur in Sylvester, though the reading of "The Divine Weeks" by the colonists probably had little to do with their retention of these idioms. Other faults of editing we pass over. Mr. Haight was well advised in reprinting a work which was once so famous, but which has not been issued in any generally accessible edition since the Restoration; we could wish he had chosen a different method of fulfilling his mission.

Ruskin's "Poems" make a comfortable little volume in the Muses' Library of E. P. Dutton & Co., and perhaps in this form will find readers. They all date from his sixteenth to his twenty-seventh year, the bulk of them being written when he was nineteen and twenty, and while not exactly *péchés de jeunesse*, they show no particular power or promise. G. K. Chesterton, who furnishes the introduction, has nothing to say about the poems, but applies his usual effrontery of epigrams to Ruskin the man. "In so far as Ruskin," he declares, "was dogmatic he was divine. In so far as he was saying that he was right and that all the other people were wrong, he was doing what every healthy man ought to do, nay, he was more than healthy; he was humble." Mr. Chesterton supports his paradox with another, "that a man who talks like a torrent for hours on end is a humble man." For our part we seem to remember some endlessly loquacious politicians who were not humble at all; but it is scarcely fair to test Mr. Chesterton's amusing boutades with facts.

A new edition of the "Letters of Edward Lear" (Duffield & Co.) gives Lady Strachey the opportunity to make a few unimportant corrections in her introduction. The letters themselves are of that breathless sort which the humorists of the day—Shirley Brooks's recently published correspondence is another example—much affected, and which loses its fun and sounds pretty flat when set out in cold slow type. Lear, however, was a man of winsome character, and there are many who will be glad to make his acquaintance in any form.

In his "Holland House Circle" (Putnams) Lloyd Sanders does not follow in the steps of Princess Liechtenstein's well-known account of that mansion. There is little, too little, description of the house itself; but, passing rapidly through the fortunes of the Fox family, from its founder, the Sir Stephen who entered life as a valet of the Earl of Northumberland in the seventeenth century, and the history of the residence which as Cope Castle began its career about the same time, he passes to the life of the third Lord Holland and his Lady, and then to brief chapters on the circle of statesmen, wits, men of letters and science, foreign diplomats and exiles, who gave to Holland House a unique place in English history. The story suffers from diffusion. The house itself is never made visible to us; the characters of the host and hostess are never brought out with sufficient sharpness to form a centre to the society about them; for a popular book Mr. Sanders assumes in his reader too much knowledge of those political shifts during the early decades of the last century which are perhaps harder to keep disentangled than in any other period of English history since Elizabeth. The chapters in fact resolve themselves into a series of brief character-sketches of men and women whose only connection is that they

were more or less familiar guests at the same home. But as such, and despite its lack of artistic unity, the book affords good reading. Of a good many of the politicians who surrounded Charles James Fox and the Regent one is inclined to say, as Talleyrand said of his friend Montrond, Who would not love them, they are so vicious? But the sketches become more interesting as we pass from the politicians to the wits, for the reason that we no longer feel the want of historical background. Mr. Sanders, as his bibliography and his quotations show, has read thoroughly the anecdotal literature of the age, and if his stories are necessarily old, they are none the less entertaining. As for his heroine, Lady Holland herself, she still awaits her historian, though Greville and Macaulay have recorded her eccentricities, and Mr. Sanders has scattered the material for such a history through his pages. She was above all mistress of that union of tact and insolence which is not so rare as one would suppose. The impertinence might seem to have been too strongly predominant when she guided the conversation with a "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else." But how otherwise was that endless talker to be controlled? Again, Lady Holland had a cat which used to mawl poor Rogers, and which Brougham could only keep at bay with pinches of snuff; but a much lesser than either of them, Henry Luttrell, got rid of the pest by simply avoiding the house until it was banished. Lady Holland, with her whims and tenderness, was the last heiress in England, one may say, of that tradition of the fantastic, imperious, fascinating great-lady which began with Queen Elizabeth. Macaulay noted the family likeness when he described her in 1831 as "a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth." The chief difference is the lack of amorous flirtations in Holland House, although the early escapade of the mistress might have led one to expect such a trait in her character.

Three pleasingly illustrated books of travel and description are: "Montreux," painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis, and described by Francis Gribble. (The Macmillan Co.); "Lisbon and Cintra, with Some Account of Other Cities and Historical Sites in Portugal," written by A. C. Inchbold, and illustrated by Stanley Inchbold (Duffield & Co.); "Tyrol," painted by E. Harrison Compton, and described by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, with twenty-four full-pages in color. (The Macmillan Co.). The only novelty in Mr. Gribble's volume is the illustrations, for the text consists almost entirely of literal transcriptions from the same author's "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," welded together after the manner of a musical potpourri. The chapters on the Pietists, the Regicides, Madame de Warens, Bonivard, and the Castle of Chillon are taken bodily from the edition of 1901. Readers who from the title are expecting a description of the Swiss Riviera, must therefore be content with a short chapter of seven pages, while those interested in the literary associations of the region will certainly prefer the author's earlier work. For the volume in question the illustrations seem to be the only *raison d'être*. "Lisbon and Cintra" belongs to that class of pleasantly written books which travellers buy before visiting the countries of which they treat, and which afford a great deal of information, historical and descriptive, in a form less wearisome than that of the guidebook which they supplement, but do not supplant. Portugal deserves more attention from the seekers after pastures new. It is the least frequented of all countries within easy reach, chiefly because it is on the road to nowhere, a *cul de sac* lying off the beaten track. Yet its hill towns may well be compared with those of Italy in natural beauty and historic interest, though not, of course, in their art treasures. Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "Tyrol" possesses more of human interest, for it is from the pen of an old resident, thoroughly familiar with the character and habits of the Tyrolese peasant, as well as with the remoter districts of Tyrol. The point of view of the insider, whose familiarity with the land and its people is vital, is often fresher than that of the traveller or the student. The Lago di Garda, the Dolomites, and the Gross Glockner are included in the author's survey.

Though other popular works have come to rival H. W. Elson's "History of the United States," since it was first issued in one volume in 1904, and in five volumes the next year, we may welcome its new publication by the Macmillan Company in five volumes at the low price of $7.50. As the work was reviewed at length in the *Nation* (July 7, 1904, p. 17), on its original appearance, our judgment of its excellences and defects need not be repeated. The present edition contains some two hundred illustrations selected and edited by Charles Henry Hart.

W. T. Bixby of St. Louis has printed for private distribution a series of letters of Zachary Taylor, 1846-1848, the originals of which are in his possession. The letters, all written to Dr. R. C. Wood, contain much on family matters. The military events, however, are not neglected, and the belief of Taylor that the authorities in Washington were seeking to pull him down is developed in occasional references—notably in a letter printed as an appendix, written to Buchanan, and intended to be a full exposition of his Mexican campaign and the intrigues it occasioned. Naturally, Taylor did not look with favor upon his fellow officers; Scott was, in his opinion, heartless and insincere; Pillow, a very small man in every respect; and Worth, of little account. But the most interesting feature of the letters is the account of Taylor's becoming a Presidential candidate. Rarely has such a political innocent been taken up and "boomed" for the high office. Taylor was not anxious for the honor, but he said: "I will not say I would not serve if the good people were to be imprudent enough as to elect me." He would not accept the nomination from any party, but wished it to come by the spontaneous will of a majority of the people. At that time he was seriously embarrassed by the growing demands to know his "views" on political questions. He was a slaveholder, but doubted if a slaveholder could be elected President, and hoped to see some compromise on the slavery question which should preserve the Union. He did not know whether he was a Whig or a Democrat; but had concluded that the Whigs were closer to Jeffersonian principles than the Democrats and therefore would have voted for Clay in 1844! He had never cast a vote for a President, and so could hardly have seriously considered the issues on which the elections had turned. Thus he expressed his views in September, 1847:

> All who are writing me about a U. States Bank, which is dead and will not be revived in my time; the tariff, which will be increased only for revenue; internal improvement, which will go on in spite of presidential vetoes; and the Wilmot proviso, which was brought into Congress to array the South against the [North] must, or ought to be left to Congress. The president has nothing to do with making laws, he must approve or veto them; when approved or passed by a majority of two thirds, his business is to see them properly executed.

He promised to act within the Constitution and to go back to the methods of the first Presidents, but he refused to make any party pledges, and thought he would be supported by Whigs, Democrats, and Native votes. After the Whig nomination had come to him he accepted it, but wrote that he would have accepted in just the same spirit a nomination from the Democrats. Once nominated, he was dazed by the course of his political opponents; and once elected he was pained by the rush of officeseekers, among whom were many of his relatives. Altogether it is an interesting story and told frankly and in full confidence to his correspondent. William H. Samson prepared the letters for printing, and the very erratic spelling leads one to suspect that the copyist was at fault.

The late Senator John Sherman made provision in his will for the preparation of a biography, not, as he modestly said, "to secure a eulogy, for I am conscious of many faults, but I claim that in my duty to the public I have been honest, faithful, and true." The two substantial volumes of Winfield S. Kerr's "John Sherman: His Life and Public Services" (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.) are the fulfilment of this direction. The task of the biographer has been at once easy and difficult: easy, because the essential material, in the form of reminiscences, letters, speeches, and official reports, has long been available and to an unusual degree familiar; difficult, because Sherman's long career was so engrossed with affairs, and of so little interest on its purely personal side, that the temptation is strong to make the biography a general history of the time. As a careful and intelligent compilation, Mr. Kerr's work will hardly need to be done over again, but the student of American history will not find in it anything new; while the general sketch of events, though making fully a third of the bulk, is quite without distinction. The pervading tone, moreover, is persistently eulogistic, though not offensively so; and one looks in vain for any critical appraisal of Sherman's notable public services. On the whole, the book does not displace the briefer and more discriminating volume by Theodore E. Burton in the "American Statesmen" Series.

"Uncle Sam's Business," by Crittenden Marriott (Harper & Bros.), modestly an-

nounces itself as a book for young Americans, but children of a larger growth may also find it illuminating. It is a clear exposition of the functions and responsibilities of our government, personified as Uncle Sam. An idea of the author's method may be gained from the chapter "Uncle Sam, Society Man," in which our blue-coated representative is portrayed making himself agreeable in the ballroom of the world. The book is to be praised for its attempt to vivify the dry bones of political science, and for the pleasant human bits of the writer's own philosophy, shyly insinuated here and there. It should meet the present demand for instruction without drudgery.

Anything approaching a real "solution" of either the Trust, the labor, or the negro problem would seem to be a task quite sufficient for the average man, but Harry Earl Montgomery, in his "Vital American Problems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), essays to settle them all. The evils of Trusts are to be met by Federal incorporation, control through a Federal bureau, publicity, local taxation of tangible property, and a graduated Federal tax on profits. For the labor problem, pending the general adoption of the Golden Rule, Mr. Montgomery prescribes, first, collective bargaining; to be followed, if this fails, by compulsory arbitration through the agency of industrial courts similar to those in New Zealand and elsewhere. As to the salvation of the negro, that is to be looked for through education, especially industrial education, in furtherance of which there should be Federal aid; and, second, through the united action of Southern white women for the elevation and safeguarding of negro womanhood. As a sort of side issue, Mr. Montgomery frames a brief argument against government ownership. We cannot go into the details of any of the various plans submitted, but the reader will find the proposed remedies set forth with more reasonableness than the rather assertive confidence of the author's language might suggest; while the array of statistical and other data gives the book a value for popular reference.

A long-forgotten predecessor of Lessing, the epigrammatist Christian Wernicke, whom Prof. Erich Schmidt was the first to set before his countrymen in the proper light, is now introduced to American readers by William Guild Howard, in a reprint from the Publications of the Modern Language Association. Wernicke's place in literature is assured by his literary portraits, of which fully half of his epigrams consist, and while his critical estimate of his contemporaries is not borne out by posterity, his opinions on the theory of art are of lasting value. In his independence of judgment Wernicke was a true forerunner of Lessing. He differed from Opitz and Boileau, though indebted to both, and was the first German writer on æsthetics who dwelt authoritatively on the proper respective limits of the arts of painting and poetry. His mind was preëminently philosophical, and as a diplomat by profession (he died in 1725 as Danish State Councillor at Paris), he perhaps turned naturally to the epigram as the safest vehicle of expression.

On the basis of the large "Mittelländisches Wörterbuch" of Verwijs and Verdam, which has been in course of publication since 1882, and has now reached the letter S, Prof. J. Verdam of Leyden has begun to issue in parts a smaller work, "Mittelniederländisches Handwörterbuch," for those who desire only the definitions and not the history of the words. The whole will be completed in about twenty-five parts, four to appear annually (The Hague: M. Nijhoff).

A forty-first edition of William James's "Dictionary of the English and German Languages," printed by Bernhard Tauchnitz of Leipzig, has been brought out in this country by the Macmillan Company. The revision for the present issue has been complete, and some use of its pages justifies us in commending the work as convenient and comprehensive.

Frank Eulenburg, in "Der akademische Nachwuchs" (Leipzig: Teubner), discusses the old and ever new problem of the career of extraordinary professors and private docents at German universities. He shows how the attractions and opportunities of business are drawing away from the academic career not a few of the most promising docents. The problem as to the future supply of really first-class men in the university faculties may thus become serious.

Hermann Weimar's "Der Weg zum Herzen des Schülers" (Munich: Beck) is a discussion of the influence of the personality of the teacher on the pupil. What the author says is perhaps not new, but much of it is often forgotten. Throughout the discussion the influence of Pestalozzi's ideas are felt.

Adolf Weber in "Die Grossstadt, und ihre sozialen Probleme" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), a contribution to the series Wissenschaft und Bildung, edited by P. Herre, is an outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered on the problems and perplexities of modern city government and life. The work is rather popular in character.

In all biographies of Goethe peculiar importance is attached to his genealogy and the influence it exerted on the formation of his character and the direction of his intellectual development. His earlier ancestry is involved in profound obscurity and of his paternal and maternal lineage even as far back as five generations we know nothing. The Goethes were of North German stock, and his mother's family, the Textors, of South German. To those who are interested in this subject we recommend "Goethes Ahnen," by Dr. Karl Knetsch (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann). It is a richly illustrated volume based upon thorough study. Dr. Knetsch shows that the paternal progenitors were mostly laborers, mechanics, butchers, bakers, and tradesmen of various kinds, whereas his mother's side included artists, officials, scholars, and members of the learned professions. The author also proves a remote consanguinity of Goethe with the elder Lucas Cranach of the fifteenth century.

Another fact forming a prominent feature of Goethe's life, but almost wholly ignored by his biographers, is his connection with the Freemasons. In 1780 he joined the Weimar Lodge, of which he was an active and fairly enthusiastic member for more than half a century. This biographical deficiency has now been supplied by Gotthold Deili's "Goethe als Freimaurer," just published (Berlin: Mittler).

"Die Eigenart der amerikanischen Predigt," by Hans Haupt (Giessen: Töpelmann), constituting one of the Studien zur praktischen Theologie, edited by Prof. Carl Clemen (who has just come to this country to lecture at the University of Chicago), is an interesting study of American pulpit oratory by an observant German. He finds American preaching to be chiefly distinguished by its disregard of the church year and its fixed texts, by the character of the American people, and by the individuality of the denomination and the preacher.

Ulrico Hoepli of Milan publishes a "Crestomazia Neoellenica," compiled by Prof. E. Brighenti, which contains a useful collection of pieces, verse and prose, in both the *lingua pura* and the *lingua volgare*. There is no vocabulary or grammatical synopsis.

The Rev. Frank Field Ellinwood, for twenty years professor of comparative religion at New York University, died at Cornwall, Conn., September 30. Born in 1826 at Clinton, N. Y., he was graduated from Hamilton College and studied at Auburn Theological Seminary and Princeton. After some years in the pastorate, he became secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection and later corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. He was author of "The Great Conquest" (1876), "Oriental Religions and Christianity" (1892), and "Questions and Phases of Modern Missions" (1899).

The Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, senior minister of the United Free High Church, Edinburgh, died September 19, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University. His writings have been chiefly in verse; among his books are: "The Bishop's Walk" (1861), "Olrig Grange" (1872), "Hilda" (1878), "Raban" (1881), "Kildrostan" (1884), "North Country Folk" (1887), "Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings" (1887), and "A Heretic" (1890).

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The Dawn of the Constitution: or the Reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. (A. D. 1216-1307). By Sir James H. Ramsay; with Maps and Illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Sir James Ramsay is gradually approaching the end of his self-appointed task of writing a history of England in the Middle Ages. Unlike the majority of historians, he began with the end of his period and produced as his first instalment a history of the Houses of Lancaster and York. With insight quickened by the experience gained in this effort, he then turned to the beginnings of English history, and in a series of volumes, each bearing an individual title, has brought his subject to the close of the reign of Edward I. Another volume, at least, is required to fill in the gap to the close of the fourteenth century. Whether Sir James will attempt to recast the Lancaster and York volumes, which as they stand to-day are inferior to those which have followed.

is doubtful, for he is already advanced in years.

The history is confessedly one of facts, dates, and statistics, and boasts no ornaments, either rhetorical, speculative, or philosophical. It is designed to provide the cardinal facts in a consecutive and verified narrative, based on the original authorities and elaborated with the help of modern views and interpretations. The style is good, possessing "precision, veracity, truth to the thing to be presented," qualities which the author deems sufficient for his purpose. Such a definition will hardly appeal to the lovers of Macaulay and Froude, and to them Sir James is bound to be uninteresting, not because he fails to deal with the subjects that arouse enthusiasm, for he has much to say of men, manners, and the heavy battalions, but because he puts no life into the men, no reality into the manners, no action into the battles. The story is told year by year and almost day by day; no great movement can be followed in its entirety; causes, relations, and progressive changes are rarely considered. A work constructed on this plan can hardly be otherwise than dry.

A second feature of the work provokes deeper criticism, or rather deeper regret. The narrative deals almost exclusively with the life of the feudal lords, spiritual and temporal, with their wars, marriages, ecclesiastical relations, quarrels, intrigues, and the scores of other matters that centred in the royal court and the baronial estates. One grows weary of the author's painstaking chronicle of movements and interests of but one class, his neglect of other aspects of the life and thought of the nation. Two sections of twenty pages each sum up his comment on burgesses and villeins, law, literature, education, architecture, and finance. What is said on these subjects, however, is often well said, and no inconsiderable part of it, particularly relating to finance, is new.

Yet despite limitations, the merits of the history are many and lasting. To the student of the thirteenth century the work is indispensable. In its marshalling of facts, its accurate chronological statements, its attention to the geography of campaigns, its statistics of troops, royal revenues, and expenditures, it is a mine of information. The author has seized every opportunity of exhibiting and refuting the absurd exaggerations of the chroniclers in their estimates of numbers, and has utilized with great skill the material which the public accounts furnish, printing in text and appendices tables drawn from the Exchequer Accounts and Pipe Rolls. The task of making up these tables must have been a most tedious one, and it seems almost like ingratitude to suggest that the compiler might have made an additional effort to ascertain, at least in a general way, where the money came from, that is, in what way the financial burden of the King's heavy expenditures was distributed among the people at large. In all that relates to such confusing events as the Barons' War and the relations of Edward I. with Scotland, the author is clear, full, and impartial. His footnotes enable the scholar to verify every step and to test every statement, and the pains which he has taken with his chronology make it possible to assign every event to its proper place. When it becomes clear that the history is designed chiefly for scholars or for exceptionally well-equipped readers, and when we agree with the author that the whole life of the times lies in detail, and without the detail cannot be understood, we shall be ready to affirm that few works on English history have contributed more solid information, scientifically obtained and impartially presented, than has this valuable volume.

The Constitutional History of England: A Course of Lectures by the late F. W. Maitland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

But few historians are of such popular repute that their early unprinted work would have commercial value. In fact, no historian worthy of the name would wish his immature efforts given permanent form; and a heavy responsibility rests upon a literary executor who publishes lecture notes—generally mere guides to thought, and not the finished thought itself. The publication at the present time of a course of lectures delivered twenty years ago at the University of Cambridge demands, therefore, a justification. The lectures were not intended for publication: that Professor Maitland told the Cambridge Law Club. They might in time have been worked up into suitable form, but the manuscript remained literally untouched from the day, April 7, 1888, when the last word of the last lecture was written, until the summer of 1907, when, after consultation with competent advisers, H. A. L. Fisher, Professor Maitland's brother-in-law, decided to give the manuscript to the public. Of the results of the past twenty years' activity the manuscript, of course, contains not a word. In ordinary cases, such a fact would seriously discount the usefulness of a history. That it does not in this instance is due to certain characteristics that may be succinctly presented.

In the first place, though one of Maitland's earlier writings, this constitutional history is neither immature nor unfinished. Maitland had been reader in English law for four years; he was elected professor of the laws of England the following summer. These lectures represent one stage in the development of his remarkable powers, and must have formed a convincing testimonial of his fitness for the higher position. He left the manuscript in an almost perfect condition, for though written in six months and never copied, it bears no marks of correction, save an occasional marginal note. Such a manuscript reveals a mind already equipped with a vast amount of knowledge and competent to present that knowledge with accuracy and insight, zeal for the idea underlying the facts, and comprehensive grasp of detail combined with high speculative power.

The greater portion, 375 of the 539 pages, deals with the years after 1307, a period that Maitland was never able to cover again. It is, moreover, a period that has received comparatively little attention in the last two decades. No such upheaval has taken place in our knowledge of the Constitution in the Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian eras since Hallam, Anson, Dicey, and others wrote, as has been effected (in the period before 1300) by Round, Vinogradoff, Maitland himself, and his co-workers in the Selden Society. Even for this earlier phase, these lectures are far from antiquated, for they contain many of the seminal ideas which were subsequently developed in the "History of English Law," and show that as early as 1887 Maitland had already shaped in his own mind conclusions that the world was to know only from his later publications. This fact lends peculiar interest to the earlier portions of this history, which is no mere recapitulation of Stubbs, but contains scores of suggestions, expressions of faith, doubt, and uncertainty, and positive contributions to knowledge, which disclose Maitland already at work recasting traditional views and exploring new fields, particularly of local history. Much of the research which underlay the later writings was already in progress.

Moreover, the form of presentation gave to Maitland's lectures a permanent value. He chose an analytical rather than an historical mode of treatment. Constitutional history he regarded as a history not of parties, but of institutions, not of struggles, but of results. The struggles he believed to be evanescent, the results alone a permanent heritage. What is the Constitution? not, How did it come about? is the question he proposed, and he answered it by minute topical analyses of the Constitution at certain selected dates. He chose the years 1307, 1509, 1625, 1702, 1887, and he preferred periods of calm to periods of commotion, because they were generally avoided by other writers. He was already teaching his students, as he afterwards taught older scholars, to break with tradition, even though that tradition were reasonable, and to refrain from repeating what the standard books said, even though their sayings were true. He wished to see familiar facts in a new light. In thus

neglecting problems of development and change he was saved the consideration of many difficult points that would have led him into the field of doubt and conjecture. What he has written is in the main indisputable, and needs no revision. By contenting himself with established facts he has rendered his work of almost as much value to-day as it was twenty years ago.

In carrying out his task Maitland depended to a considerable extent upon the classical text-books of Anson, Dicey, and others, but his greatest dependence was upon the statute-book. The skill with which he utilized the voluminous and unwieldy mass of English statute law is little short of marvellous, and reminds us of the genius which he displayed afterward in his analysis of the Year Books, Domesday Book, and the Saxon writs and charters. The statute is his final authority and his unfailing test of legality. He traces, of course, the growth of practices and arrangements that are not statutory, such as those defined by the terms "Cabinet," "Prime Minister," etc.; and of principles that are not principles of law, as of the decay of the King's personal will and pleasure; but it is to the statute-book that he turns again and again when he wishes to know what is meant, for example, by "the crown," or by "royal prerogative," terms which he deems but convenient covers for ignorance. He taught a wholesome lesson when he argued that the traditional lawyer's view of the Constitution had become untrue to fact and to law. No part of his lectures is more absolutely modern and permanent than that which urges the importance of the statute-book:

> If you are told that the crown has this power or that power, do not be content until you know who legally has the power—is it the King, is it one of his secretaries; is it the outcome of a prerogative power, or is it the outcome of statute?

He finds no satisfaction in legal definitions or formulæ, whether given by Austin or by Holland, and he prefers to show what constitutional law is by means of concrete examples.

To these sound and sufficient reasons for publication we may add that the lectures are filled with profound suggestions and original interpretations that the world could not afford to lose. They are in the main written with much of the author's well-known charm and lucidity. We may regret occasionally that he could not have revised and polished these lectures in the days of his greater maturity and have recast some of the pages of detail. Yet the regret is tempered by thankfulness that we have the work at all. It in no way precludes the writing of that history of the English Constitution which has been and is still so sorely needed, but it fully bears out the contention of the editor that it provides better than any book now in existence an introduction to the study of English constitutional history. As such it will be highly valued by practical teachers in our colleges and universities.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Spirit in Prison. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper and Bros.

Admirers of Mr. Hichens's "The Call of the Blood" will find a satisfactory sequel in the present story. If the former tale was found too harrowing, this will afford a compensatory thrill. The earlier situation will be recalled: A young Frenchman with Sicilian blood in him goes to Sicily with his English bride. The honeymoon is hardly over when she feels herself impelled to the bedside of a sick man in Africa, a friend of hers. It is a part of her generous or fantastic emprise to go alone; and the young husband is left to kick his heels in Sicily and make love to a peasant girl. The affair reaches its culmination on the eve of the wife's return, and the death of the culprit follows at the hands of an outraged father. Let both marriage and amour bear their fruit, bring together a half-brother and sister, and the two mothers with their divers memories, and you have the material of the sequel. It is, perhaps, a disappointment that nothing more spectacular comes of it. Mr. Hichens, with his accustomed slow and voluptuous pressure, wrings whatever emotional excitement he can out of the mental sufferings of his heroine (the widow). But she seems rather a dull and weak creature, a mere victim of nerves and self-indulgence, and it is hard to be glad for Emile (the hero of the African episode) when she eventually comes to her senses sufficiently to marry him. That habit of portentous moralizing over the moods of insignificant egoism which we have noted as characteristic of Mr. Hichens in the past is still his darling vice.

Further Experience of an Irish R. M. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

In these days, when fiction in general is either purposeful or futile to the verge of tears, one welcomes a book whose aim, avowed and accomplished, is a hearty and wholesome laugh. In these short stories, there is neither the tragedy of overwhelming fate nor of the writer's incompetence, but the same comedy, pungent as a turf fire, that insured to Flurry Knox and his genial biographer upon their first appearance a true Irish constancy and warmth of welcome for the future. The richness and diversity of Hibernian idiom is worthy of attention, independent of the threads of amusing misadventure on which it is strung; the combination may be ephemeral, but nobody can feel that the moments spent upon it are wasted.

The Riverman. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The McClure Co.

About this story hang the aromatic fragrance of Michigan pine, the poetry of the river, the prose of logging camp and lumber city. The idyllic, the humorous, the rough, the tough, and the grim are all here. The hero is a fine fellow, with much muscle and no nonsense about him. A believer in himself and in most others, he is a born leader, an organizer of many a victory over rival man and hostile nature herself. He can be tender to parents, wife, and child, loyal to friends, just to foes. He can knock out a professional athlete and confound a card-sharper; he can curb his temper for the most part, and let it go mightily when occasion prompts.

The story is good, and we think would be better for a little abridging of the mass of technicalities relating to logging and to the financing of lumber companies. They serve to give reality to the hardships and brutalities that go into that great fight with nature and man called the lumber industry; but he who reads feels at moments a little like running. Only a lumber expert and a compiler of stock market columns—and it is to be feared they are not as a rule novel readers—could competently pass judgment on these parts of the book. This is, however, less a fault than the overdoing of a merit. The story is a good, definite, ringing story, both in itself and in the episodes—elaborated with no little originality—which float it. The way in which justice is administered at the last makes an ending which leaves the reader tingling with a primitive and complete satisfaction.

The Wooing of Calvin Parks. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Here is a book that, like others from the same pen, is to be gratefully greeted as "reading without tears." And this is much to say in a day when, for all the seas of light reading, there is a dearth of books which shall interest without harrowing and cheer without sickening. To read it is to think at once of the hospital patient or the aged lingerers in armchairs who enjoy only such pathos as may attend happy endings and who shrink from more suffering than may lawfully beset the confounding of the unjust; who, in a word, like to be amused, but are not fools.

Mrs. Richards serves a feast of Maine humor, seasoning it with her own sympathy. She makes a very engaging central figure of Calvin Parks, once "master of the Mary Sands, Bath and Floridy—with lumber," now owner of a "candy route, hoss and waggin." Sam and Sim, the old twin brothers, in their

temporary reaction from too long and too heavily enforced love-each-otherness, make a good field for missionary effort and Christmas reconciling. It is caricature, of course, but not stupid caricature. And the benevolences of the story are amiable, but not cloying. Pervading the whole are Maine-isms of choicest quality.

Amédée's Son. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Nowadays, when the novel or tale of local color connotes so frequently the tragic, the squalid, or the grotesque, it is a pleasant surprise to come upon such a gentle and gracious idyll as "Amédée's Son." That Evangeline's land should be so very much what it was—if it ever was—in Evangeline's day seems almost too good to be true, but at least one would like to believe it. The story is of the slightest, the handling graceful but somewhat amateurish; the merit of the hook is that it enables its readers to spend once more an hour in "Acadie, home of the happy."

Dominy's Dollars. By B. Paul Neuman. London: John Murray.

The piling up of a colossal fortune, with the vanity thereof, is no new theme. Yet by its breadth and thoughtfulness this book stands well out from the average money novel, no less than by its intimate study of the Jewish nature. Of Shylocks, of East Side nature studies in little and big Jews, of prophets of the Torah, we have bookfuls. Of Jews who are strongly racial and strongly human, we have few. To that limited lihrary Mr. Neuman's volume makes a serious and welcome addition.

His hero begins life in that part of New York whence an occasional western trip to the Bowery is an event. But it is the Jew, as he lives unto himself and not to his settlement teacher, that is presented to the reader. From his first street fight to his becoming the Colossus of the timber world, Dominy is a study of two sides of the Jewish character—that which aims at preëminence and that which abases itself before the Supreme One, who may not be named. Stifling the stirrings of his soul, Dominy deliberately arranges his life to command huge financial success. His girl playmate of the splendid voice takes precisely the opposite course, ahjuring fame to find blessedness. The delineation is both broad and minute, both shrewd and tolerant. The portrait of Baskervil, the English financier, is garishly vivid. He truly describes himself as "a bit of a character, a hit of a genius, a bit of a bounder, fairly honest, and terribly soft-hearted." This brings us to a defect in the book. Would such a man ever have so described himself? Would a vulgar millionaire be apt to exclaim, "I've often thanked God that I'm a parvenu"? In other words, though the characters are expressively drawn, at moments they step outside of their characters in self-comment and self-interpretation. There is a somewhat fatiguing amount of options, stock-jobbing, company-floating, and of the now fashionable lumber market. But this is a superfluity rather than a blemish in a novel which is strong, large, and wide-visioned.

The Technique of the Novel: The Elements of the Art, Their Evolution, and Their Present Use. By Charles F. Horne. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

According to Professor Horne, the study of the novel and its developments, technically considered, resolves into an account of the origin, growth, and treatment of a limited number of "elements" —plot, motive or verisimilitude, character portrayal, emotional excitement, background, and style—whose rise and gradual convergence he pretends to follow, through the mazes of Egyptian story and Greek and mediæval romance, to their final confluence in the modern novel. Of these elements, however, it need hardly be said that they are in no wise elemental. They fail to distinguish the novel from the epic or from the drama in general, as Professor Horne is very positive that it should be distinguished; and, being common to all three forms of literature equally, they can hardly be supposed to account for any one of them more than another. The fact is that Professor Horne's investigation overlooks the determining factor of the whole prohlem. Indisputably the novel has style and plot, but its style and its plot are quite different from those of epic and drama; and the something which makes this difference and decides the *genre*, is the very matter which the writer passes over in silence, though as a matter of fact he seems to reckon with it tacitly, since he confines his research of origins to that kind of writing to which we apply the general name of story. Naturally, such an initial error vitiates, to some extent, the entire study. If the character of the novel is not determined by these "elements," why ransack them for its origin? Better to search out the fundamental convention, the peculiar attitude or motive to which this type of literature answers.

And aside from this, the historical method itself, which Professor Horne applies to his subject, is open also to serious objection. When applied, as it is here, to stringing together a number of literary productions on the few frail threads furnished by these "elements," it is exceedingly liable to mistake a historical series for a critical explanation. It is not impossible, for example, that some kind of lineage may exist as between the "Nibelungen Lied," "Beowulf," and the novel; but the mere enumeration of such a sequence does not explain fiction, but rather itself requires explanation. While, too, the affiliation of a mature product with a rudimentary form, which may belong, indeed, to the same physical series but has little or no spiritual kinship with it, is likely to be equally misleading. Possibly, as Professor Horne is fond of asserting, the origin of the novel may be found in the trick of lying with plausibility; hut to insist upon this stage of the art, without careful qualification, is to misconceive its characteristic mood to-day, which is illusion, not deception, and consequently to mistake its methods, and, indeed, its whole technique. Of these difficulties in his historical manner of approach Professor Horne himself seems not entirely unaware; for he remarks, after analyzing mediæval romance, that, so far from approaching the novel, it appears, if anything, to be developing away from it.

So much for the first part of the book, which deals with the "evolution" of the "elements." In the second part Professor Horne undertakes to speak of the treatment they have received at the hands of mature practitioners of the art. Of this part little need he said. In spite of a numher of suggestive *obiter dicta*, it is too superficial and unsystematic for such a subject. Technique is entirely an affair of detail and method; and therefore a few cursory remarks on the handling of plot or background give but little insight into the novelist's intricate *procédés* and effects. And yet, as a whole, unsatisfactory as the hook is, still as a piece of academic work it marks an advance upon the profitless editing and reëditing of school and college texts.

Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710. By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press.

One wonders a little why Father Campbell named his volume "Pioneer Priests of North America," when, as he is at pains to explain in his preface, "only those have been chosen who had to do with the Iroquois country." But when one has got over the momentary surprise of not finding Brébeuf, Lalemant, or Daniel, to mention no others, criticism is disarmed by the admirable character of Father Campbell's work. The book, although arranged in the form of a series of separate biographical sketches, is really to all intents and purposes a history of Jesuit missions to the Iroquois, from 1642, when Father Jogues was taken prisoner on the St. Lawrence and carried down to Ossernenon on the Mohawk, to 1709, when Julien Garnier was driven out of the Iroquois country. Most of the material here presented was, of course, already

available elsewhere, in the Jesuit Relations, in Charlevoix's "Nouvelle France," and in the writings of Parkman, Rochemonteix, Martin, Winsor, Shea, and other well-known authorities on the Jesuit missions; but, except in the case of two or three of the more famous missionaries, the accounts could only be gathered piecemeal by laborious research. Students of the period are therefore indebted to Father Campbell for having brought the facts together in convenient form; and still more because he has performed his task in a scholarly manner, and with reasonable impartiality. It is not altogether surprising that Father Campbell does not always see eye to eye with Parkman in his interpretation of the character and purposes of the Jesuit missionaries. Later students, perhaps less prejudiced than Father Campbell, have perceived that the great New England historian, despite his glowing enthusiasm, was temperamentally unable to enter into the spirit of the Jesuit missions and missionaries. Father Campbell is especially severe on Parkman's characterization of Chaumonot: "the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savored of his peasant birth—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and mysteries and miracles were his daily food." This "malignant characterization," as Campbell calls it, is nevertheless, allowing for differences in the point of view, not much more severe than the picture offered of the same Chaumonot by the Jesuit historian Rochemonteix: "simple even to credulity, timid even to fear, of an intelligence that lacked culture, impressionable, and with nothing in his character that could confer distinction." Perhaps it is the point of view to which Father Campbell really takes exception.

Though the Iroquois missions form the particular field to which this book is devoted, it has been found necessary, in sketching the lives of these priests, to follow them occasionally into other regions. Thus we get glimpses, often graphic and spirited, of the Huron missions, of Dablon's expedition to the headwaters of the Saguenay and beyond, of New Amsterdam and its worthy burghers as seen through the eyes of Jogues, Le Moyne, and other Jesuit visitors, and of the romantic and picturesque little capital of New France. Altogether Father Campbell's book is one of permanent interest and value. One may commend the numerous and well-chosen illustrations quite as heartily as one must deplore the absence of any kind of index.

The Game of Go. By Arthur Smith. New York. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50.

The game of go, which has been the solace of the sedentary in China and Japan for a millennium or so, is usually regarded by foreigners as similar to our checkers; whereas it is even more complicated than chess. The Japanese have a saying that one must play ten thousand times in order to be a good player. Ordinary games last an hour or two, but those for championship are often prolonged for eight or ten hours; in one classic instance, the period was continuously nine days and one night. The difficulty of the game and the time and labor that must be expended on it have prevented its adoption in other countries. Nevertheless, it is extremely fascinating and to those shut off from active occupation it is worthy of mastery.

Like chess, go is a military game, but whereas the tactics representing chess suggest a by-gone age, in which the fall of the chief meant the loss of the battle, this game, in which three hundred and sixty pieces are used, presents rather the picture of a modern campaign, in which the movement of the masses decides the victory. Several battles may occur on various parts of the board and much strategy is required. It has even been averred that the late war with Russia was planned on the principle of go, for an important part of the strategy on the board is to cut off whole armies from their line of communications as well as to besiege and capture strong positions, and to fortify threatened points. The author declares that at Liao Yang, Marshal Oyama got three of the necessary men, or "stones," advantageously placed, but the Russians escaped before the fourth stone could be moved into position. At the final battle of Mukden, the enveloping strategy characteristic of the game was carried out with complete success.

Mr. Smith's exposition, with the abundant diagrams, details of rules and methods, and illustrative games, is admirable. Hitherto it has almost been a proverb with foreigners that a German, O. Kortschelt, was the only alien who knew go so well that he could write upon it clearly, which he did in the Proceedings of the German Asiatic Society of Japan; but this work shows that Mr. Smith is successful, both as master and teacher.

Science.

THE WAR ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Sweden has seized the occasion of the international congress at Washington to recount her own experiences in the war against tuberculosis as a sort of laboratory report for the general profit of humanity. The Swedish government has published, in English, a volume entitled "The Struggle against Tuberculosis in Sweden," edited by Dr. Sture Carlsson, and has dedicated it to the specialists who were assembled at Washington. The book summarizes the strategy and tactics of the world-wide campaign, of which many features are familiar enough to us. But because of the thoroughness with which the statistical side of the problem has been developed in Sweden, the reader is here enabled to grasp, with unusual clearness, the twofold method of attack now employed.

Tuberculosis, like other universal diseases, is being fought through expert medical research and through social effort. The latter we may characterize roughly as a campaign of sanitation. Of course, no sharp line of separation runs between the two. In the last resort the broad measures of prevention and cure taken up by government or public effort must depend on the principles laid down by the expert investigator and the professional practitioner. But this distinction is to be made: while the experts are still striving towards a fundamental theory of origin and cure, the common experience of the world has revealed certain methods which may be successfully applied, even upon the basis of only a partial theoretical knowledge. We do not yet know the exact relation between bovine and human tuberculosis. When we do discover the rôle played by cow's milk in disseminating tubercular infection, we shall, of course, be better off. But already we know that adequate police regulations with regard to expectoration on the streets, and that improved housing and nourishment constitute one way of checking the malady. Such methods are slower and less striking than that longed-for serum which shall do for consumption what has been done for diphtheria or smallpox. But short of that much-desired goal, which reports made at the congress seem to bring very close, we must be content with lesser profits.

Slow enough the gains are; disappointingly so because we have often been told, with apparent authority, that the ravages of tuberculosis have been reduced by one-half within that rather indefinite period known to the newspapers as "a short time." Yet the Swedish government report declares that, whereas the general death-rate in Sweden, as in other civilized countries, "has enormously decreased during the last decades, . . . the mortality due to consumption has everywhere remained almost stationary, our own country not excepted." Here again it is a question of what the report means by the last decades. We get the answer from an accompanying chart. Between 1876 and 1905 the general death-rate for all Swedish cities fell from 24.5 to about 16 per thousand, and in the capital, Stockholm, from 29 to 17 per thousand.

During the same period the deaths from tuberculosis have fallen from 5 to 2½ per thousand. That, at first appearance, would show a more favorable rate of decrease for tuberculosis than for the general mortality. But the rather puzzling fact is that the decline in the number of deaths from tuberculosis took place between the years 1876 and 1890. Since the latter year the death-rate for tuberculosis has fallen but slightly in urban Sweden, and has been practically stationary in Stockholm. Our own experience would seem to be approximately the same. In 1890 the deaths from tuberculosis were about 163 per 100,000 of the population. In 1900 there appears to have been a drop to 149 per 100,000. But, according to the mortality statistics published in 1907 by the Census Bureau, the rate (for the registration area) was 174.9 in 1901, 163.2 in 1902, 165.7 in 1903, 177.3 in 1904, and 168.2 in 1905. The average of 172.3 for five years shows, evidently, no improvement over the rate for 1890, and tuberculosis is classified in the census report with the diseases showing neither an increasing nor a decreasing, but a fluctuating, rate.

The struggle, then, is a hard one. They have found it so in Sweden, where the mortality rate for tuberculosis is nearly 200, against our 170; but they have kept up the fight bravely by means of popular associations for combating the disease, by public lectures, a central museum at Stockholm, and by all the latter-day forms of publicity. Special areas in town and country have been minutely studied and described. And the one thing that stands out is that to raise the common standard of living is still the best way of fighting the disease. If we remember that the general death-rate for Sweden is less than 16 per thousand, we shall understand what it means that among Swedish tobacco workers the consumptives alone are 17 out of every 1,000 men and 36 out of every 1,000 women; among printers, 22 out of every 1,000 men and 19 out of every 1,000 women; among bookbinders, 24 out of every 1,000 men and 35 out of every 1,000 women. It is in the factory and the tenement house that the disease must be fought; and parks, as well as bridges, subways, and other means of rapid transit to the open country, are some of the ways of fighting it. From this point of view, civic misgovernment and graft which stand in the way of relieving congestion or of enforcing statutory regulations upon landlord and shopowner, are as deadly as the dreaded bacillus.

The volume commemorating the centenary of the birth of Darwin and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species," to be issued by the Cambridge University Press, with the co-operation of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, will include essays by British and foreign contributors. The plan of the work is outlined as follows: I. Darwin and Evolution (Darwin's Relation to His Predecessors; Natural Selection; Variation and Heredity; Descent of Man; The Palæontological Record; Embryology; Geographical Distribution; The Minute Structure of Cells in Relation to Heredity; Instinct and Expression, etc.). II. Darwin's Geological Work. III. Darwin's Contributions to Botany. IV. Philosophical and Other Essays (The Inference of the Conception of Evolution on Modern Philosophy; Sociology; Religion; Language, etc.).

Longmans, Green & Co. are about to issue "In Search of a Polar Continent," by Alfred H. Harrison; and "Alpines and Bog Plants," by Reginald Farrer.

Dr. Charles S. Minot's "Age, Growth, and Death" is soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," by Walter W. Massie and Charles R. Underhill (D. Van Nostrand Company) deals fairly well with the first part of the title, giving the theory of electro-magnetic wave motion in an especially clear manner. The apparatus used is outlined in general, and is well illustrated with pictures and diagrams. Wireless telephony is but slightly touched upon. The book closes with a special article on the future of the wireless art by Nikola Tesla, in his usual optimistic style.

Despite the fact that the turtles are more widely distributed in latitude and in time than any of the other reptilian orders, the study of the group has long lagged. The reason is scarcely evident; yet it is a fact that for many years fossil hunters and other explorers in the West gave little heed to the often numerous turtles they saw, but habitually passed them by as of purely secondary interest. Even in the case of the turtles of the Upper Cretaceous marls of New Jersey but one fairly good collection was made; namely, that of Yale University. Moreover, while collectors thus ignored the fossil turtles, the forms that were described were often based on most fragmentary material. Now, however, Dr. Oliver Perry Hay, as the result of exploration in the field, and the re-examination of the older material, finds that there are 266 well-defined species of North American fossil turtles—or more than now survive on all the continents. From this it is evident that the turtles are a disappearing group, though yet so abundant as to lend a deep interest to all problems connected with their origin and distribution. Dr. Hay's investigations are set forth in "The Fossil Turtles of North America," a volume of 568 quarto pages, 703 illustrations in the text, and 113 plates (Carnegie Institution of Washington). Turtles first appeared in North America in the Upper Jurassic; they culminated in both number and size in the Upper Cretaceous, but were still very common in the Early Tertiary, since which they have declined in number. Many additional extinct forms will yet doubtless be brought to light, and their identification will be rendered speedy and accurate by Dr. Hay's really epoch-making work. For it is far in advance of any that has hitherto been written on its subject, or on the turtle fauna of any other country. As an example of book-making the volume before us deserves an additional word of praise. The general accuracy of printing, with excellence of paper and illustrations, is worthy of the institution which publishes it.

In "Beobachtungen über die Psyche der Menschenaffen" (Frankfurt: Neuer Frankfurter Verlag) Dr. Alexander Sokolowsky has just published a valuable contribution to animal psychology. Especially interesting are the records of his observations on gorillas, of which eight specimens were recently brought from Africa to Stellingen. The author, as zoölogical assistant in charge of this collection of animals, treated these gorillas with the greatest care and kindness and made efforts to win their confidence and affection, but with no response whatever. They were fed with bananas and other articles of food, to which they are accustomed, but refused to eat in the presence of human beings. Finally, they all died, not of physical disease, but of mental depression caused by their captivity. More satisfactory was his later experience with a gorilla brought by a German officer from Kamerun, together with two negro boys. These lads became strongly attached to the gorilla, and the gorilla to them, and through them it soon entered into friendly relations to white men. It enjoyed their society and developed a high degree of sensibility and a peculiar gift of humor, manifesting itself particularly in the childish form of practical jokes.

The Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: G. J. Göschen) has recently been increased by two technological books: Prof. Max Gürtler's "Textil-Industrie," I.: "Spinnerei und Zwirnerei"; and Erich Krebs's "Technologisches Wörterbuch," containing the most important technical terms in machinery, shipbuilding, and electrical science in both German and English.

In an illustrated brochure, "Fouilles Scientifiques dans la vallée de la Vézère," O. Hauser of Les Eyzie de Tayac (Dordogne), France, gives a brief account of his palethnological explorations at La Micoque, Laugerie-Basse, Laugerie-Haute, Le Moustier, Miremont, and Longueroche in the Perigord district, which have given results surpassing all previous work in this very important region. Near Laugerie-Haute, a score of cylindrical holes containing *solutrean* flints were found. These holes had evidently been traps. The terrace in which they were dug was the only way by which animals could go to the bank of the Vézère to drink. It was easy to barricade the place and so force the animals to cross the space where the traps had been laid. The finds include a prehistoric skeleton of the Neanderthal type; evidence of the presence of the mammoth, *Bos primigenius, Bison priscus, Equus caballus,* and other fauna; an abundance of stone implements of different prehistoric periods, carved bones and picture stories; and what Dr. Hauser calls the *ateliers* of the "artists." Yet the importance of these excavations lies especially in the methods adopted to preserve accurate records of the positions of everything unearthed. First, the location of the excavations was indicated exactly. A surveyor was employed constantly taking the most accurate measurements and numbering not only every object found, but, with a corresponding number, its original location in nature and on the various charts which

were made. Photographs of each new aspect of the work were taken every day, and drawings of cross-sections of the strata were made frequently. It would be possible, if necessary, to replace exactly in its original position everything found. Anthropologists and anatomists classified the bones, and chemists examined the flints and the different strata of earth, while a skilled engineer prepared topographical maps which show the relations existing between the different stations where work is carried on. Nothing was neglected which could furnish all the proofs and guarantees which modern science exacts. Consequently, beneath what previous investigators had regarded as virgin soil, the most valuable results have been reached. An account of the season's researches will be printed in *L'Homme prćhistorique*.

The Eleventh International Congress of Ophthalmogists has been called to meet in Naples from April 2 to 7, 1909.

Commander John Baptiste Bernadou, formerly American naval attaché of the embassies at Rome and Vienna, died in this city October 2. Born in Philadelphia in 1858, he was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1882, and by 1906 had risen through the various grades to commander. He had served in the Bureau of Navigation, and had done work for the Smithsonian Institution. Among his writings are: "A Trip Through Northern Corea in 1883-4," "Pyro-Collodion Smokeless Powder," "Smokeless Powder, Nitro-Cellulose, and the Theory of the Cellulose Molecule," and a translation, "Questions in Naval Tactics," from the Russian, by Vice-Admiral Makaroff.

The death is announced of George Nicholson, curator of Kew Gardens from 1886 to 1901. He was author of "The Dictionary of Gardening" (1888).

Drama.

The uncommon literary quality of Percy Mackaye's "Mater: A Study in American Comedy" is much more apparent in the printed book (The Macmillan Co.) than in the present representation of the work in the Savoy Theatre. One reason is that certain passages are omitted or compressed in the acting version; another, that the players are incapable of giving due expression to the humorous or fanciful significance of the lines; and a third, that attention is distracted from the dialogue by the difficulties of an extravagant and confusing plot. These difficulties are increased rather than diminished by a perusal of the text, but, away from the foot-lights, it is possible to disregard them, and to enjoy, undisturbed, the felicity of phrase, the variety and aptness of allusion, the play of witty and satirical humor, the clever touches of characterization, and the occasional flights of poetic imagination. That there is a comic impulse in Mr. Mackaye's mind, which may yet manifest itself triumphantly in a first-class comedy, no one who reads "Mater" can doubt, but it has not yet been brought into proper subjection. Laughter may be the test of love, as his Mrs. Dean proclaims in her charming song, but it is not the test, at all events not the sole or chief test of a play which professes to be written with some definite point in view. It is all very well to make fun of a "suffragette" or an insufferably priggish young idealist, or to extol the power of diplomacy, but to justify, even by light imputation, the sacrifice of a sound principle for the sake of prospective good, is a serious matter. When her son refuses to secure his election, by what he regards as bribery, Mrs. Dean employs a gross (and quite incredible) deception to win his fight, and calls it common sense; and in this view, the idealist son finally acquiesces. The fact is, that in the last analysis, Mater is a weak, shallow, and unscrupulous creature, in spite of all the glamour with which Mr. Mackaye has surrounded her. Mr. Mackaye bas done a sparkling piece of literary work, but with a flavor of cynicism which is not altogether agreeable.

An especially attractive little volume is "Shakespeare Proverbs" by Mary Cowden Clarke (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is convenient to handle and is full of good matter, daintily printed on excellent paper. More than sixty years have passed since the collection was first published, and the book has long been out of print. It has now been reëdited by W. J. Rolfe, who has added to the original matter, which was taken from the plays only, a number of kindred passages from the sonnets and other poems, and prefaced the whole with a sketch of Mrs. Clarke and a brief essay upon the exact meanings of the words "proverb," "saw," "adage," "aphorism," etc. He has also furnished some explanatory notes which will be useful to younger students, and has supplied the references to the pieces from which the proverbs are selected. The arrangement of the extracts in alphabetical order does not facilitate reference, but the grouping of them under special heads would have demanded much labor and might not have proved much more satisfactory. The great majority of Mrs. Clarke's selections are unexceptionable, but some of them are rather strange, being due, perhaps, to excess of zeal. For instance, such lines as these, "At hand, quoth quick-purse," and "To strange sores strangely they strain the cure" do not seem to have much proverbial or other value.

"His Wife's Family," by George Egerton, (Mrs. Bright) produced in Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening, is a study of Irish improvidence, which, light and undramatic as it is in texture, bears unmistakable evidence of humorous perception and skill in characterization. It has the true flavor of comedy, and is in many respects a notable little piece, but unfortunately it was presented under such puzzling conditions that much of its legitimate effect miscarried. Owing to the brogue employed, the faulty elocution of the actors, and the poor acoustic qualities of the house, two-thirds of it might as well have been given in dumb show. But enough came across the footlights to prove the vitality, distinctness, and naturalness of the different characters and the familiarity of the author with the strength and weakness of the Irish nature. Admirable sketches are furnished of a reckless, hot-headed, tender-hearted spendthrift, his son and daughters, and two old family servants; and the scenes in which they figure are often worthy of either Charles Lever or Samuel Lover. The humor is broad, but not extravagant, and is diversified with some shrewd political and social comment. The piece is well worthy of a place in the Irish Theatre. As true comedy it is more consistent with the traditions of the Wallack stage than anything seen there for a long time. But it is likely to prove caviare to the general.

Nothing need be said here of the play of "Agnes," in which Miss Nance O'Neil is appearing in the Majestic Theatre. It is a piece of lurid and inexpert sensationalism beneath contempt. But it is worth noting that Miss O'Neil, recently esteemed an actress of much more than common promise, is beginning to show the effects of bad management and misdirected effort. She has contracted mannerisms of speech and bearing which deprive her acting, to a considerable degree, of its best spontaneous effects, and make it at once artificial and insignificant. This is a great pity, for she is one of the few stage women having in them the elements of tragic power.

Music.

A chapter from the Richard Wagner Jahrbuch, 1908, to be issued soon (Berlin: Hermann Paetel), appears as a *Sonderabdruck*, entitled "Richard Wagner über Lohengrin," by Erich Kloss. It consists of a collection of statements made from the works and letters of Wagner on the origin, character, and purpose of "Lohengrin."

Otto Böckel's "Handbuch des deutschen Volksliedes" (Marburg: Elwert), while modestly described on the title-page as the fourth edition of the classical work of A. F. C. Vilmar, "Handbüchlein für Freunde des deutschen Volksliedes," is almost entitled to rank as a new work. The additional matter is fully one-third of the original contents.

The great musical event in the State of Maine every year is the festival given under the direction of William R. Chapman. This year's performances begin at Bangor October 8 and continue three days. The Portland dates are October 12, 13, and 14. Among the soloists engaged are Ellen Beach Yaw, Isabelle Bouton, Caroline Mihr-Hardy, H. L. Waterous, Daniel Beddoe, and Cecile Fanning. There is a festival chorus of 800 singers contributed by many Maine towns, and the orchestra is made up of players from the New York Philharmonic Society and the Manhattan Opera House. Among the choral works to be given are Gounod's "Gallia," Grieg's "Recognition of Land," and Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel." Verdi's "Aïda" in concert form is the feature of the festival.

Miss May Mukle, who is the most interesting of living violoncellists of either sex, is back in this country, where she begins her second season at the Worcester Festival, playing the Saint-Saëns concerto. Her first New York appearance will be in the Hermann Klein series, on October 25, when she will appear as soloist and as a member of the new Maud Powell Trio, which after that date will go on a Western tour. Miss Mukle has added to her repertory concertos by Victor Herbert and Davidoff, Dvorák's "Waldesruhe," and Massenet's "La Tzigane."

Edmund Kretschmer, composer and organist of the Catholic Hofkirche, Dresden, died September 13 at the age of seventy-eight.. In 1865 his composition "Die Geisterschlacht" won a prize at the first German Sängerfest in Dresden. He produced several operas: "Die Folkunger" (1875), "Heinrich der Löwe" (1877), "Der Flüchtling" (1881), and "Schön Rohtraut" (1887). Among his other pieces are "Pilgerfahrt," "Sieg im Gesang," and "Musikalische Dorfgeschichten."

Art.

THE NEW HALS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, September 25.

There have been several additions to the National Gallery in London: More Turners in the Turner Room, a beautiful portrait of Pitt by Romney. But all these are of lesser note, compared to the big Family Group by Frans Hals [see the *Nation* of September 10, p. 245]. The picture has been hung between the two small portraits that are the only examples of Hals hitherto in the National Gallery.

It contains ten figures, father, mother, children, and nurse, grouped out-of-doors against a background of foliage. To the left, this foliage opens to show a great stretch of the downs near Haarlem, an arrangement that recalls the background in the superb portrait of himself and his wife in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. The composition, however, does not prove quite so successful in this larger group, though the simple, solemn landscape under the cloud-swept skies of Holland is delightful. But you get an effect of crowding, a feeling that prevents you at first from realizing the wonderful ingenuity and rhythm of the design. The line is as rhythmical as the color is rich, the usual black, gray, and white scheme relieved by the splendid russets and maroons in the dresses of the mother and daughters. The group, as a whole, has not the serenity, the repose, of the old women at Haarlem, or the vivacity and gayety of the portrait of himself and his wife, or the swagger and exuberance of the various shooting guilds. The figures vary in strength and character. The father, though the central figure, is of lesser interest, and so are the two young sons in the background. But the face of the mother, weary, and worn, and old before her time, has the same tenderness, the same peaceful patience, of the faces of those wonderful old women at Haarlem, a quality so little looked for from Hals. The nurse, with the baby in her arms, is painted with the vigor he always brought to his peasants and coarser types; while nothing could be more graceful and charming than the two little girls in the immediate foreground. They are full of the spirit of childhood, and in their dresses the richest note in the harmony is struck. The detail, too, is treated in the same masterly fashion as in the Doelen pictures—the detail of white ruff, or collar, and cuffs, of the white caps, especially of the two little girls, their ornament suggested with a daintiness in striking contrast to the more vigorous handling of draperies and foliage.

The technique is of a much later and more mature period than that of The Laughing Cavalier in the Wallace Collection, the most important Hals up to the present owned by the nation. Altogether, the new Hals is a most interesting and important picture; for no other of the great Dutch masters was so inadequately represented in the National Gallery. N. N.

Among the books soon to be issued by Longmans, Green, & Co. are "Painting in the Far East," by Lawrence Binyon; and "The Mistress Art," by Reginald Blomfield.

The latest issue of the *Mitteilungen* (No. 37) of the Deutsche Orientgesellschaft contains a report from the director of the German Archæological Institute in Cairo, Prof. Ludwig Borchardt, concerning the finds made this last season at Abusir. The entire sepulchral temple (Todtentempel) of King Sahure of the fifth Egyptian dynasty, about 2500 B. C., was laid bare. The most notable feature is the extensive system furnishing water to all parts of the structure and its adjacent buildings, the oldest work of the kind extant. Even a section of the copper pipe used for this purpose was found. The outside of the temple consisted largely of magnificent monolith granite columns in palm form. Of these columns, a number will be placed in the Berlin Museum. The whole building represents the highest stage of Egyptian architecture. The pictures on the walls are exceptionally fine. Among them is a picture of the return of a victorious Egyptian fleet, the oldest illustration of seafaring vessels extant. It depicts vessels laden with the spoils of Asia and prisoners of war. On another wall is a picture of the King and his courtiers hunting; various kinds of animals are distinctly shown. Another picture gives a fishing scene, with full details.

The unsympathetic, uninterpretative photograph has been the sole source from which the average traveller of to-day might freshen his memory of the impressions gained along the banks of the Nile. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that the laudable and costly undertaking of Alfred Langewort, Breslau, has remained practically unknown here in America. The six etchings executed for his house by Hugo Ulbrich will undoubtedly be welcomed by a large body of Nile travellers in this country, as they have been in England. Herr Ulbrich has a broad conception of the monumental in art which serves him with brilliant success. His selection has been made with insight, and the execution of every subject conveys to the beholder the tremendous impression and the subtle quality of age and mystery so powerful in the presence of the originals and so elusive when attempted by modern artists. The subjects selected are: The Island and Temples of Philæ, The Cliff Temple of Abu Simbel, The Great Sphinx of Gizeh, The Colonnades of the Temple of Luxor, The Memnon-Colossi at Thebes, and The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Philæ, with all its indefinable charm, is probably the most successful of the six, and will be especially welcome to those who know that this, the most beautiful spot in Egypt, is rapidly becoming a hideous waste, under the action of the waters raised by the great dam at Asuan. The energy, the depth, and appreciation of light and of architectural form displayed in the view of Luxor, will be a delight to all those to whom this ancient world makes any appeal. The overwhelming desolation of the Valley of the Kings' Tombs is powerfully depicted; and the monumental repose and massive poise that make up the eternal immobility of the divine Pharaoh, are impressively felt in the rendering of the Great Sphinx, the Colossi of Memnon, and those of Rameses II. at Abu Simbel. Our art museums and libraries, the art departments of our colleges and universities cannot afford to be without the entire series, and no doubt they will find a welcome in many private collections.

The Museo Stibbert is the latest addition to the public museums of Florence. Frederic Stibbert, an Englishman who died two years ago, bequeathed his villa on the slopes of Montughi, beyond the Ponte Rosso, the collections it contained, and a fund of $160,000 for its maintenance, conditionally to the English government, otherwise to the city of Florence. This Italian Communal Council has recently accepted the bequest. The gift includes paintings, statuary, and furniture, but is chiefly important for its collection of Persian carpets and hangings and of arms, which ranks next to that at Turin.

W. O. Roper, a Lancashire antiquary, died September 19. He wrote "The Churches, Castles, and Ancient Halls of North Lancashire"; an historical sketch of Hornby Castle; and, in collaboration with T. Cann Hughes, a paper on "The Corporate Insignia, Plate, and Charters of Lancashire," which was published in the *Journal* of the Archæological Institute.

Marcel Jambon, the French decorative painter, died at Paris September 30, in his sixtieth year. He was decorator of the Opéra, of the Comédie-Française, and one of the collaborators in decoration for the exposition of 1889. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Prof. Friedrich Adler, the Berlin architect, who became a professor at the Bauakademie in that city in 1863, has died in his eighty-first year. Among the buildings which he designed are the Christuskirche and the Thomaskirche in Berlin, the Elisabethkirche in Wilhelmshaven, the Paulskirche in Bromberg, and the Erlöserkirche in Jerusalem. He took an active part in the excavations at Olympia, an account of which he published in collaboration with Professor Curtius. Among his writings are: "Mittelalterliche Backsteinbauwerke des preussischen Staats" (1859), "Andreas Schlüter: Leben und Werke" (1862), "Baugeschichtliche Forschungen in Deutschland" (1870-1879), "Die Weltstädte in der Baukunst" (1872), "Der Felsendom und die

heilige Grabeskirche in Jerusalem" (1873), and "Das Mausoleum zu Halikarnass" (1900).

Finance.

Gold, Prices, and Wages, under the Greenback Standard. By Wesley C. Mitchell. [University of California Publications in Economics.] Berkeley: The University Press. Price $5.00.

This stout volume of 627 pages is crammed with statistical tables bearing on the price revolutions in this country between 1861 and 1879. Five years ago the compiler published a "History of the Greenbacks: 1862-1865," and had planned, as he tells us, to extend the study up to the resumption of specie payments. Compelled to defer the continuation of his history, he has been enabled, through the aid of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to prepare certain statistical tables essential to the completion of the task. The tables may therefore be regarded as "the statistical apparatus of a book still to be written." A new statistical method is employed; and the results, compared with analogous tables of the Aldrich Report (1893) and Weeks's Report (1880), are subjected to a running comment through page 283. Twelve charts accompany this part of the text, and the voluminous appendix comprises data employed by Mr. Mitchell in constructing his own tables.

The familiar arithmetical average is not capable, Mr. Mitchell thinks, of showing the range and variety of changes in prices. He therefore resorts to what is called the method of deciles. It is more elaborate, it probably draws the statistical net finer, and it may be serviceable, if a particular series of price-variations needs to be cross-questioned. But in general it is cumbrous, and its application in this instance seems to disclose few very important divergences from the results of the simpler methods. Indeed, the outcome of this new statistical study is merely confirmatory of earlier and broader generalizations. For example:

> Wholesale prices lagged behind gold; . . . retail prices lagged behind wholesale prices; cost of living behind retail prices [*e. g.*, stability of house rent, etc.], and wages behind cost of living (p. 282).

There is avowedly no attempt to solve the basic problem of the whole matter—the cause of the variations in the specie value of the greenback. But peeping out at the edges here and there are *obiter dicta* (pp. 15, 250) which would seem to imply that the author is not altogether an adherent of the famous quantity theory of money.

"The World's Gold," by L. De Launay; and "Investment Bonds," by F. Lowenhaupt, will soon be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

The Week.

The list of contributions to their campaign fund which the Democrats have published may be incomplete, as alleged, and may not be wholly accurate, but it serves the purpose of the argument for preëlection publicity. According to President Roosevelt, such a giving out of the names of contributors was to be the signal for all kinds of misrepresentation, unfounded attack, and personal abuse. But nothing of the kind has occurred, or will occur. Even if the Republican newspapers were disposed to pick flaws or make insinuations, the course of their own party would bind them to silence. They could not stand up against the sharp challenge which would at once be put to them to imitate Democratic frankness and make their own list public. A man holding his cards concealed, and with a few up his sleeve, is in no position to rail at an antogonist who lays *his* cards face-up on the table. When the Democratic Committee has given out a full account of its receipts, with gifts and names stated, the Republicans will find it exceedingly awkward, with Bryan pressing the point every day, to explain their unwillingness to take the country equally into confidence. If what Treasurer Sheldon and Chairman Hitchcock complain of is well founded, it would not take many newspaper columns to print the list of Republicans who have given more than $500!

Mr. Taft insists, despite the advice of his managers, upon speaking in several Southern States. He frankly confesses, at the same time, that he has no hope of carrying a single one of them. His chief motive is to prepare the way for that break-up of the Solid South, upon which he has set his heart, and which he thinks must come soon, even if not early enough to inure to his benefit. This sentiment does credit to Mr. Taft's political judgment, so far as he speaks about the misfortune of having a section of the country where only one party exists. We cannot be so sure, however, of his sagacity or acumen in stating the reason why the South is all Democratic, or in suggesting the correction of that anomaly. Mr. Taft vaguely says that Southerners vote the Democratic ticket "just because they have always been Democrats in the South." But he surely remembers the strength of the Whigs in the South. He now appeals, as the Whigs did, to the interest of the South in the protective tariff, yet he must know that the one terrible issue which destroyed the Southern Whigs and then Southern Republicans will, so long as it persists in force, prevent the South from listening to the blandishments of even the most amiable of protectionists. We refer, of course, to the race issue and to negro disfranchisement. But this topic, Mr. Taft cannot freely discuss. If he takes an attitude pleasing to the South, he will alienate voters in the North; and *vice versa.*

We agree with Mr. Bryan that for the Republicans to predict that his election will bring on panic and hard times is the height of impudence. That cry was raised against the Democrats in 1896, 1900, and 1904. But after more than ten years of undisputed Republican ascendency, we had one of the worst panics in our history, and the hard times are still upon us. Under these circumstances the Republican orators might interest their hearers more by explaining why the miraculous intelligence and administrative skill of the Republicans failed to save us. But though we grant that the Republican argument is nonsense, we cannot go with Mr. Bryan in saying that he is the only man to rescue us from disaster. What the country needs at this moment is a quiet, steady, firm conduct of affairs at Washington. We have had enough shouting to last us for several years. Mr. Bryan is nothing if not a noisy agitator; that is the single rôle which he has thus far played successfully. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, has shown himself a capable administrator. His comparative failure as a campaign orator is due to the fact that neither by temperament nor training is he fitted to set the crowds to yelling. But that very calmness and even phlegm which put Mr. Taft at a disadvantage on the stump will greatly increase his efficiency as President.

"Labor" itself must be sick of all the coddling and trading and insincerity now being expended upon it. Gompers talks as if he carried the "labor vote" in his pocket, and were going to cast it for Bryan. Other labor-leaders hob-nob with President Roosevelt, and assure him that the honest workman bitterly resents the Gompers assumption of ownership, but will be only too glad to vote as *they* order him. Candidates of both parties are discovering a sudden fondness for the laboring man. He must be gullible, indeed, if he believes half that he is told by way of flattery, or is taken in by the transparent devices which are resorted to in order to win him over. The lowest depth was reached by Mr. Sherman last week in Ohio, when he insisted upon shaking the "grimy hands" of factory employees, with the remark: "It doesn't make any difference how much dirt you boys have on your hands, so long as your hearts are all right!"

There are many signs that the Hughes campaign in this State—and consequently the Taft campaign—is moving heavily. The local bosses who were compelled to take Hughes have not recovered from their soreness and are inclined to sulk. Nor have they the money to subsidize the country weeklies, hire "workers," pay the farmers for their "time," and get out the vote. Tammany, on the other hand, is not rent by dissensions, and promises to roll up a heavy majority in Greater New York, in spite of any possible defections to the ranks of Hearst. Mr. Chanler is helped, particularly in this part of the State, by family and social influence. The Astor connection will do something for him, not only in New York, but in those suburban districts to which fashionable New York resorts. At the clubs it is common talk that Mr. Chanler will have the "Episcopal vote." Such reports are an obvious exaggeration, for, in the nature of the case, the Episcopal vote cannot be delivered in a block, but the gossip indicates clearly enough the influences which are behind Mr. Chanler. These forces are strengthened by the sporting vote of all classes—people who are angry at being deprived of the opportunity to gamble at the race tracks

and people who fear they may be deprived of other pleasures. The Democrats, for example, are assiduously cultivating the impression that Hughes is a Puritan, and will insist on closing all the saloons. Such arguments, however baseless, are bound to have their effect, especially on the German population of our large cities. Evidently, then, with Gov. Hughes's engagements in the West finished, there must be a concentration of effort upon this State. And although Mr. Hughes alone is an effective campaigner, as he has already shown, the Republican managers are well advised in supporting him with their best speakers; for if he goes down in New York, Mr. Taft is pretty sure to go down with him.

Peace with "adequate armament" was the cry sounded on Monday by both President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. The members of the North Carolina Peace Congress, now assembled at Greensboro, were told in a letter from the President that we cannot have international arbitration, "unless to just and peaceable intentions we add a stout heart and a strong arm." Senator Lodge at Boston was even more militant; he was quite as gory as the telegrams exchanged between the Crown Prince of Servia and the Crown Prince of Montenegro; he was almost as volcanic as Hobson. He was sure that fear alone has kept Japan from making demands on us that would have led to war; and that "if a general European war follows the Balkan trouble, this great nation will inevitably be drawn into the vortex and the danger will stretch across the sea to every American citizen." We regret that we cannot feel quite so sure as Senator Lodge does. We can only feel sure that our peril is less from Japanese aggression than from the kind of American statesmanship which Senator Lodge exhibited.

It is remarkable how every new development in international politics works in favor of a greater navy and army, once you are convinced that a greater navy and army are what every nation needs. The cable dispatches report that as a result of the crisis in the Balkans the British government will no longer think of reduction in armaments. Indeed, the shipbuilding contest with Germany will be keener than ever, and the territorial forces will be increased, and all because the "sanctity of treaties" has been violated by a great Power. Are treaties observed by your neighbor? That is because you have a large navy; make it bigger still. Are treaties violated? Then you must increase your navy. Are you anxious for peace? Build a big navy. Are you determined upon a policy of aggression? Build a big navy. Are you prosperous? Build ships, or you will be attacked. Are you poor? Build ships, or you will be prevented from attaining prosperity. The Dreadnought underlies all things, remedies all things, answers all things. It does not matter that the Balkan problem is approaching solution on the basis of fair compensation to Turkey. It does not matter that Great Britain's increased armaments would only spur on other nations and leave relative conditions as before. No, in rain or shine, in calm or storm, in hard times or easy times, against everybody and against nobody, build ships.

In connection with Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina there are two questions to consider: What had European diplomacy in mind when, at the termination of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, it gave Austria-Hungary the mandate to occupy and administer Bosnia-Herzegovina? How far is the incorporation into the dual monarchy already an actual fact? When the representatives of the Powers met at Berlin in 1878, they were called upon to reorganize the political system of the Balkan peninsula—that is, to arrange the precise manner in which the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, brought about by Russia's onslaught, was to be effected. The terms imposed upon Turkey by Russia in the treaty of San Stefano were to be set aside, but the disintegration of Turkey was to be accepted as an accomplished fact. Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro were cut loose entirely from their Turkish moorings; Bulgaria, for five centuries an integral part of the Ottoman realm, was erected into a Christian principality, tributary to the Porte; Eastern Rumelia was created an autonomous province under a Christian governor. The mandate which Austria-Hungary received to administer Bosnia-Herzegovina could not mean anything but permanent severance of those regions from Turkish rule. Russia was compelled to forego in great part the fruits of her dearly bought victory. The turning over of Bosnia bodily to Austria-Hungary, would, however, have been too much for Russia to swallow, and so a *modus* had to be found. The oppressed Christian Bosniaks and Herzegovinians, whose uprising in 1875 had initiated the convulsions that brought Russia to the gates of Constantinople, it was agreed, could not be allowed to remain under the Turkish yoke. Having thus been severed from her connection with Turkey, Bosnia was practically bound to remain so, even in face of the convention signed by Austria-Hungary at Constantinople on April 21, 1879, in which the Turkish rights of sovereignty were recognized. The Treaty of Berlin made no provision regarding the termination of the Austro-Hungarian administration. The article decreeing the occupation appears to have been drawn up in vague terms with the intent of enacting a disguised cession.

Did the framers of the treaty imagine that ultimately Bosnia might be turned over to Servia, which state is now convulsed over what was virtually consummated years ago? If so, European diplomacy must long since have lost sight of this purpose, else the assimilation of the region by Austria would not have been allowed to proceed without protest. In 1880, Bosnia was brought within the pale of the Austro-Hungarian customs; and in the following year compulsory military service was introduced. Roads and railways were built by the government on an extensive scale, stately public buildings were erected, the judicial system was reorganized, and measures were undertaken for the promotion of industry and education. All this, certainly, did not argue a transient occupation. Indeed, the incorporation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was so complete that Austria must soon have made some such move as has angered Servia. The really disturbing thing is the manner of Austria's action—a step suddenly taken without consulting the other signatories of the Berlin Treaty—rather than the practical result.

One who would get an idea of the essential difficulty of maintaining good relations between England and Germany, could not do better than read the article in the October *Contemporary*

by Harold Spender. He is a Liberal and an ardent peace man; was with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his recent friendly visit to Germany, and writes with the most sincere desire to remove misunderstandings. Against the prejudiced attitude of his own countrymen, and some of their absurd misconceptions of German hopes and plans, he speaks with strong good sense. Yet throughout his pages, there runs unwittingly the very sentiment which is most offensive to Germany. It would seem that the best-intentioned of Englishmen cannot help being a trifle superior and patronizing when they treat of the position of the German Empire. Mr. Spender urges England not to be too hard upon the great nation across the North Sea! Let us, he argues, draw Germany into the circle of our benevolent international understandings—"include her in the network," is his maladroit phrase. Now that, of course, is precisely the air of Englishmen which Germans resent. They do not wish to be tolerated or indulged. Their desire is simply to "take their place in the sunlight" to which they think they are entitled. Mr. Spender is entirely willing to concede it to them, and so are all other sensible Englishmen; but somehow the appearance of condescension is thrown about what should be the granting of an unquestioned right. It is one proof more that international relations are often as much a matter of manners as of substantial interests.

WHAT BRYAN COULD DO.

The most impressive thing about Gov. Hughes's campaign in the West was his repeated driving home of the instability and untrustworthiness of Bryan. This was his theme in Bryan's own State. Admitting the Nebraskan's engaging personal qualities, his extraordinary skill as a rhetorician, and the remarkable hold which he has upon his party, Gov. Hughes asked what grounds of confidence people could have in a man who had been everything by starts and nothing long.

The Governor's speeches have rudely broken through Mr. Bryan's innocent suggestion that his past be excluded from the campaign, because it is "not in the platform." Bryan's implication is that his future will *not* copy fair his past. But this is to disregard all political probabilities, and the laws of human nature itself. Reasonable men simply cannot ignore what Bryan has been. They cannot forget that he said at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1896:

> If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him that it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it.

Can such a past as that be dismissed with a wave of the hand? Can Bryan's positive declaration two years ago for government ownership of the railroads be forgotten just because he asks us to forget it for the present? Such blunders go deep, and reveal the essential nature of the man. If he were President, none of us could tell what half-baked idea he might bring forth any morning and endeavor to force upon the country. The most charitable view is that he is a happy-thought statesman. If he is not that, he is a dangerous demagogue. In neither guise would the nation be wise to place its destinies in his hands.

"Oh, but," thousands of people are saying, "Bryan couldn't really do anything, even if he were elected. The Senate is surely Republican for four years, and his hands would be tied." This is a sentiment which the Republican managers are disconcerted to hear expressed on all sides. It lies at the bottom of the prevailing "apathy." But it is easy to show that Bryan as President could, if so minded, do endless things to check financial recovery, to keep business affairs in a turmoil, and to harry the captains of industry. There would be no need of radical or hostile legislation. Grant an opposing and unyielding Senate all through Bryan's term, there would be power enough in his hands to vex and destroy, were he disposed to use it. He would have, for example, the naming of his own Attorney-General and all the Federal District Attorneys; and he might select men who would run amuck with the corporations, starting numberless inquisitions and vexatious suits. To be sure, the courts would no doubt finally bring all such proceedings to the ground, as they have done with a number of those undertaken by President Roosevelt's Attorney-General; but the process would be long, expensive, and harassing. More than this, Mr. Bryan, if he were President, could let loose a swarm of inspectors and investigators and secret agents to pry into private affairs, make one-sided reports, recommend criminal proceedings or drastic legislation, and so keep the country on tenter-hooks. There would be no lack of power to make mischief, if the mischievous intent were present. The Presidency is like an arsenal which has not yet fully been explored; and there is no telling what unused weapon a restless or ambitious President might find in it to the discomfiture of the commonwealth.

We do not say that Bryan would do any of these things; we merely point out that he could. And we also point out the fact that this possibility would be a most powerful argument for the Republicans to use if they had not had an applauded and popular President who has actually done the terrible things which they now shudder to think that Bryan might possibly do. In a word, the man who has made W. J. Bryan cease to appear alarming is Theodore Roosevelt. The President's multiplication and use of the enginery of a bureaucratic government, to further his own ends, would leave Bryan, even if most ill-disposed, nothing to do but imitate Roosevelt's instructions; he could not better them.

In spite, however, of all that Roosevelt has done to make Bryan seem respectable, and to break down the real argument against him, that argument remains valid. To many hesitating voters, it is the decisive argument. They will not trust a man who has shown himself untrustworthy. They will not put vast power in the hands of a man who has been reckless in the use of smaller power. Dread of what Bryan might do in the Presidency would not, obviously, have so much weight if Roosevelt were the alternative. But when we look, as the real alternative, to the calm strength, the judicial temper, the high administrative ability of Mr. Taft, the comparison is fatal to a man who has done and said and been what Bryan has.

A CALM VIEW OF TARIFF REVISION.

A reader writes that he is "much disappointed to find you in the present political contest arrayed on the side of High Tariff and Monopoly." But his disappointment can be nothing to ours. If unintermitted attack upon the frauds and oppression practised under the name of protection; if consistent ar-

guing that customs duties ought to be levied for revenue only; if making as stout a contention as we know how to make for competition and individualism—if all this reduces us to the position of bondservants of High Tariff and Monopoly, then we ought to be more grievously dejected than anybody else at our sad failure to make our meaning clear. We will try, however, to see whether there is actually a prospect for reasonable tariff revision next year, and whether the desired end is more likely to be attained under Mr. Bryan than under Mr. Taft.

We start off with the fact that both party platforms pledge tariff revision. Both candidates for the Presidency have bound themselves, if elected, to call Congress in extra session for the express purpose. This state of things by itself ought to be a source of much cheer to tariff-reformers. To have the force of their arguments admitted, and their position sustained, by both parties is really a great triumph for the little band of "doctrinaires," as Roosevelt called them four years ago. Far from being despondent, they should look forward with high expectancy to the near fruition of their long-deferred but unconquerable hopes. Believing as they must in their ability to meet the protectionist enemy in the gate with irresistible economic and political argument, they should hail the certainty that, whoever is elected President, the Dingley tariff is to be thrown into the melting pot. Whether the measure that comes out is likely to be better if Mr. Bryan feeds the fire, rather than Mr. Taft, is a question regarding which we need to seek calmly all the light which we can get from political history and human nature.

Consider what happened after the great tariff-reform victory of 1892. There was then a Democratic Senate; yet tariff revision was wounded in the house of its friends. Even President Cleveland, with all his conviction and great determination, was unable to get from a Congress which his party controlled a tariff measuring up to the demands of the most moderate reformers. What chance is there that Bryan would have any better success with a Senate sure to be hostile to him? Will he be able to wrest from enemies what Grover Cleveland could not secure from friends? There is but one answer. When to Bryan's comparative indifference through many years to the iniquities of the tariff, you add the powerful partisan motives which would induce the Senate to place itself athwart his path, a reasonable man cannot come to any other conclusion than that tariff reform would have an exceedingly hard road to travel with Bryan in the Presidency.

Mr. Taft also would face many difficulties and would probably meet with many disappointments. But on his side, if he is President, there would be the advantage of a party not only with a majority in both houses of Congress, but solemnly bound to use that majority for the revision of the tariff. Moreover, Mr. Taft has taken, on the whole, a more advanced position than any prominent Republican. He has steadily fought for free trade for the Filipinos. He has repeatedly said that he regards many of the rates in the Dingley tariff as too high. He was for "immediate revision" when Mr. Bryan was saying nothing about the tariff. True, Mr. Taft's campaigning has betrayed him into praise of protection and absurdities about the Wilson bill. Yet even in the midst of these vagaries, which we have sharply condemned, the fact remains that he is convinced of the unfairness of the Dingley law and desires its modification. Now, we are confident enough of the justice of the case for a lower tariff, and of the way in which people's eyes have been opened to the inequalities and wrongs embodied in the Dingley bill, to believe that any discussion of revision will be wholesome, and that any law which finally secures the assent of Congress will eliminate some of the favoritism and fraud. So that under Mr. Taft there is a prospect of getting, if not a perfect bill, at least a better measure than the present statute.

Nor can one, finally, overlook that strange but verified law of political action, according to which it is the Conservative party which catches up and enacts Liberal proposals. The radical party spends itself in agitation; thereupon the conservatives come into power and pass the desired law. And the country which would have been convulsed at the sight of radicals putting through the same legislation, accepts it from the conservatives as a necessary and healing measure. It was the chief of the protectionist party who gave England free trade; and Mr. Taft might well be proud if he could follow in the footsteps of Sir Robert Peel, and could say with that statesman that he had made the bread of laboring men "sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

SOCIALISM AND CULTURE.

To all appearances the Socialists will not cast a heavy vote this year. Yet their propaganda is by no means insignificant in its effects. They alone have appealed directly to the cultivated classes, with dialectic, fiction, and sentiment. The result is that a thin stream of college professors, school teachers, ministers, and literary men is beginning to pour into their ranks. The stream was large enough some time ago to evoke from Grover Cleveland the anxious wish that the higher institutions of learning in America would "range themselves like a wall barring the progress of revolutionary doctrines." To-day, the size of this stream makes Prof. John Bates Clark admit, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, that "if one may judge by appearances, this hope has not been realized." True, the number of cultivated converts is still very small; the mass of Socialism's half-million is drawn from immigrant laborers and miscellaneous rebels. But "there are enough highly educated persons (in the ranks) to prove that Socialism and higher culture are not incompatible." And the new gospel's amazing spread in English universities and the Anglican Church makes everybody ask the Columbia professor's questions:

> What is likely to be the permanent attitude of a scientific mind toward the claims of thoroughgoing Socialism? Will it be generally conservative or the opposite? Will there be an alliance between intelligence and discontented labor—the kind of union that was once cynically called a "coalition of universities and slums"? If so, it will make a formidable party.

The human mind works in America as in Europe. Does this mean that, because England's intellectuals have joined the Fabian Society, and her ecclesiastics the Christian Social Union, our own collegians and churchmen will ere long be trooping behind the red flag? So far as the American undergraduate is concerned, we may rest easy; he is not likely to take Socialism more seriously than he does his studies. But, in the case of teachers and preachers, many circumstances are working toward the realiza-

tion of the collectivist's fondest hopes. First, there is the academic charity toward all ideas, be they ever so startling or disreputable. Smug materialists may dismiss Socialism with the commonplace imbecilities: "Socialism is anarchy," the "Socialists believe in free love," "Socialism is anti-Christian, even atheistic." But the teacher abstains from such verdicts. Open-mindedness is his nature, his prerogative, his duty. To quote President Eliot, "the teacher ought always to be a person disposed to idealism and altruism." This temperament means a predilection for Socialism, which, however selfish some of its followers may be, and however crude its theories, springs from a noble aspiration for the common welfare. Just because it rests on splendid thoughts which have never been tried out, the teacher feels tempted to encourage the doctrine; for is not the university the world's agent of progress, the great feeler which reaches out, guessing, groping, testing, taking up and letting fall, until the best is found?

High specialization, save in economics, makes one more or less incompetent to handle the enormously complex problems of Socialism. Theorizing, too, forms the habit of solving puzzles outside of one's *Fach* with a few pet rules. On the other hand, he who knows poverty sympathizes with the downtrodden and so, by an easy step, with their projects for relief. Does the Philistine know that about one-third of our colleges and universities pay their full professors an average salary of less than $1,000 a year, and lesser instructors correspondingly less? And that many country and village school teachers earn $30 a month or even less? The wonder is that radical theories have made such slight headway among men of refined tastes who live so close to the margin of existence. And it is a second wonder that obnoxious displays of wealth and power in college life and college management have not vanquished academic patience more thoroughly. Seeing his class-room fill up with indolent, dissolute spendthrifts, watching vulgar millionaires make irrational endowments for self-glorification, having his politics scrutinized before receiving a call to teach, and even being obliged to soften down his lectures because a patron believes in high tariff, owns a brewery, or works children to death in the mills, the American teacher is scarcely to be blamed if he concludes that things in general cry for a lively shaking-up.

Socialism has not captured the colleges, but the present demoralization of the two major parties may assist it to victory. Scientific welfare-work is awakening interest in good government, and bringing home ever more clearly political corruption. The teacher is sorely tempted to escape the old bosses by voting for the candidate of the "intellectual proletariat." If Socialism does win him over, the old parties will have only their own scandalous tolerance to blame; and the world will not weep over their discomfiture; for an outburst of radicalism in our schools would probably do far less harm than good in the long run. It will be a scourge on the backs of politicians. It may, we hope, prod the pleasure-seeking, vapid, puttering undergraduate to think. And it will not wreck the universe. For, as the history of European Socialism has already abundantly demonstrated, the accession of a cultivated group to power in the party and the necessity of compromise for the sake of victories will steadily push grotesque economic theories further and further into the background. How thoroughly Marxian absurdities will be abandoned depends largely upon the sincerity and judgment shown by other parties in attacking the evils which make radicals.

THE BALKAN CRISIS.

Trouble in the Near East has long been a possibility; but a sign of the change which has come over political relations in the eastern Mediterranean is the fact that the latest war scare arose from the threatening action of one of the small Balkan States. This is not the Eastern Question as we have been used to think of it. That name has hitherto described a question primarily affecting the great Powers of Europe, though dealing with the Balkan sub-continent. The Balkans it has been customary to refer to as the pawn in the international game, the victim of international ambition, or at best the object of international altruism. But when the Congress of Berlin carved out of Turkish territory a number of independent or autonomous states—Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro—and sent them forth on the hopeful way of national growth and self-consciousness, Europe brought into being a set of new forces with which it now must reckon. Whether the Sick Man of Europe shall improve or grow worse, no longer depends solely on the fluctuating jealousies of the six great Powers. The rival ambitions of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece have begun to count. "At Berlin," a Bulgarian agent has drily remarked, "we were not the actors we are to-day. This time all the actors, even the most modest, must be represented."

Had war come, therefore, it would have been not because Russia or Great Britain had found her interests threatened, but because Servia and Greece could not endure that Bulgaria should be aggrandized and they left without compensation. For us in this country it is particularly hard to grasp the intense gravity with which the little Balkan States speak of those vital national interests which may be seriously affected by the transfer of half a dozen villages from one jurisdiction to another. When Servia with a population of less than two and three-quarter millions sees in the Austrian occupation of Bosnia a menace to the national aspiration for a Greater Servia; when Greece, with a population not much larger than that of Manhattan, takes the idea of a Greater Hellas quite as seriously as the most ardent German patriot thinks of the future Pan-Germania; when Montenegro, with a population smaller than that of the Bronx, feels that if Servia should invade Bosnia, her own national interests will compel her to invade Herzegovina, we seem to be listening to another act of the opera-bouffe of racial politics which we usually associate with Austria-Hungary. But to the Balkan States, as to the Hapsburg nationalities, the contest is far from comic. In the ethnological welter of southeastern Europe, where every dominant nationality makes it its business to convert every other nationality to its own language and culture, the political struggle is in more than one aspect a struggle for national survival.

But, fortunately, the larger European Powers are opposed to war. In such a collision none of them could hope for substantial gain. A Balkan war would be followed by a congress, which would be sure to trim any one victor's laurels as effectively as Rus-

sia's were clipped at Berlin in 1878. But in addition to the old European jealousy which would make war for any of the great Powers scarcely worth while, there is the opposition which would arise within the Balkans to any outside conquests at the expense of Turkey. If Servia is bitter over the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, she would regard with even greater resentment any attempt by Italy, for instance, to establish herself on the eastern coast of the Adriatic; nor would Greece, which looks upon the Ægean as her heritage, welcome another seizure like that of Cyprus by Great Britain or France. Austria-Hungary has gained all she can expect without rousing the entire Balkan peninsula against herself. Russia is not in condition or the mind to think of a campaign of conquest. Hence it is not too much to hope that, with no strong reason for any of the great Powers to go to war, they may all quickly recollect that war in general is undesirable, and will try to impose their views on the excited Balkan peoples.

The sentiment in favor of a congress for the settlement of the present crisis has met with opposition in various European capitals. Austria will not go to a congress unless the *status quo* of today be recognized. Other Powers fear that a congress will do Turkey more harm than good, by offering a new opportunity for territory-grabbers, big and little. But these are the inevitable preliminaries of international negotiations. Each contracting party hems and haws and would have you understand that he enters into conference with you largely as a favor, and only on this condition or that. Yet it would be best for Turkey if, once and for all, her anomalous position as a suzerain of provinces which do not acknowledge her sovereignty and ruler of territories which she does not rule, were done away with. Without Bulgaria and the provinces Austria has annexed, Turkey might betake herself cheerfully enough to the work of her internal regeneration, if a European congress were to grant her a definite period of immunity from further territorial loss.

UNDESIRABLE STUDENTS.

President Garfield's reference, in his inaugural address at Williams, to a class of students against whom the college should "close the doors promptly," is only one sign more of a searching of heart, on this subject, among academic authorities. How to get rid of the student loafer; how to combat and destroy the notion that a college is "the best athletic club going"; how to make college life appear something else than an annex to fashionable society—in a word, how to make students study—that is the problem. President Hyde of Bowdoin dealt with it in his talk to the incoming freshmen. He had some pungent words about the current maxim that "a gentleman's rank in college is C." or lower. The action of the Yale faculty in cutting off the week-end absences of pleasure-loving students is another indication that presidents and professors are waking to the scandal. The dean of one of the faculties at Harvard has said that the most difficult question before that university is how to prevent students from idling away their time without work.

For two decades at least the Philistines have been invading our Eastern colleges. The general increase in wealth and spread of luxurious habits, during that time, have bred a species of hangers-on—they cannot properly be called members—of our educational institutions, who are a disgrace to themselves and the colleges that harbor them. We do not mean the openly vicious. With them, it is usually easy to deal sternly. The students whom President Garfield described are the elegant young gentlemen without intellectual ambition or moral purpose; they dawdle away their four years with no thought of getting out of college anything but social amusement and a sort of gambler's excitement. They live lavishly. They take an intense interest in athletics—as practised by others—"supporting" the team in exactly the spirit of the decadent young Roman noble patting the muscles of the gladiator whom he had backed to kill his man. They are the kind of men whom the new president of Williams characterized as "those who loaf because they choose to, and who do not propose to change their occupation." A little study, of course, is a disagreeable necessity, but the amount of it is kept as small as a too indulgent faculty will permit. It is these men, and their growing numbers in our Eastern colleges, who have made almost literally applicable the sarcasm which Gaston Phoebus, in "Lothair," directed at English students:

> What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they live in the open air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education; but it is the highest education since the Greek.

The deepening recognition of the evil should lead to a fixing of attention upon the one remedy. It is surely no great mystery. What it is, President Garfield plainly implied. The college should have a college standard, which it should enforce absolutely without fear or favor. The standard ought not to be that of a social club, or an athletic association, but of a body of scholars pursuing the intellectual life. Something of the rigor with which technical and professional schools demand from all their students a certain measure of attainment, would be wonderfully tonic in our colleges. There would be no moral condemnation in excluding men who could not or would not do the required work, any more than there is in dropping incompetent students by the Institute of Technology or the College of Physicians and Surgeons. It would be simply the dispassionate enforcement of a sound rule, the cool facing and application of the fact: this is a society for intellectual training. You show no capacity even to appreciate it, much less to share in it, and we must therefore ask you to betake yourself elsewhere.

As the *Nation* has insisted more than once before, the cure of a good part of the athletic obsession in our colleges could be effected by simply raising the standard of scholarship, and manfully enforcing it. "Take your absences for the big games, young gentlemen, use up your quota of 'cuts,' train all day and talk athletics all night; but if you do not meet the decent requirements of a scholar, you cannot stay here." This seems easy, but we know that it is hard. It takes more courage and stamina in a professor than most people think to "flunk" the captain of the eleven or to mark the examination-paper of a "good fellow" with becoming severity. There is no surer road to the loss of immediate popularity. And from the grumbling which has been heard at Princeton over President Wilson's moderate attempts to make study something more than a trifling incidental, one can infer what complaints would be made if President Garfield

should proceed mercilessly to "close the doors" upon all undesirable students at Williams. We rather guess that the alumni and trustees and benefactors would be heard from, wailing over the needless interference with the college's "prosperity."

Ultimately, however, the thing will have to be done, if only in self-defence. Educational institutions cannot forever go on permitting the young barbarian at play to belie their very name. And we are convinced that success as well as moral distinction would come to any college that resolutely set itself against over-athletics and under-study. The kind of eminence which Balliol College at Oxford long enjoyed is within the reach of any American institution which would put the things of the mind where they belong; would not only exalt scholarship in commencement addresses, but would exact it in the long routine of the college year; would not merely erect as the ideal, but would strive unceasingly to realize, that pursuit of wisdom in which

——the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.

UNDER-LANGUAGED AMERICANS.

The Tuberculosis Congress at Washington gave fresh occasion to foreigners to wonder at the almost entire lack of ambition on the part of the American to "understand their nonsensical language." All the papers that could be were put into English; and speakers who used French or German knew that their best points were lost upon their hearers. Moreover, the American and British delegates to the international congress on road-making, held this week in Paris, were compelled to arrange separate sessions because they could not understand the business that was transacted in French. But the Continental members of such congresses labor under no such disability. At the recent Congress of Philosophers at Heidelberg, Professor Royce's paper was easily followed by the audience, and the French professor who read a contribution on Fichte was applauded throughout. The difference is not at all flattering to our national pride. On the Continent, every educated man is expected to understand at least two languages besides his own, when spoken, and to be able to speak them himself with more or less ease and accuracy. Americans are getting to be the greatest travellers on earth, but we still take the attitude of the young Briton at the French shore resort, who would not try his slender vocabulary on his playmates for fear of "encouraging" them. In fine, the United States is content to rank with Spain for indifference to any speech but the vernacular.

Englishmen are traditionally backward in the matter of modern languages, but they are ahead of us. Being so near to the Continent, and in such close business relations with it, they have been compelled to depart from the haughty attitude of the 'bus driver, who said of his load of Italians: "Chatter, chatter, chatter, and not one intelligible word!" Mr. George Russell has lately been writing of the sluggishness of the language-centres of his countrymen. He cites the testimony of a Greek newspaper man recently in London (it might have been in New York):

> I have sought to get into contact with the English people. Alas! they speak only their own language, and despise all babble of lesser breeds; and I, too, know only my mother-tongue. True, I have some broken French; they tell me this will serve, for every Englishman knows French. I have tried French. Mine is broken, and as for the Englishman's! . . . We will put the matter mildly, and say that my French is broken, and the English French is broken —but they are not broken in the same place, and do not fit together!

Mr. Russell tells another story to show what havoc Englishmen may make when they really fling themselves upon a foreign language. A German visitor was present at Harrow speech-day. As a part of the ceremonies, the boys gave a scene from one of Schiller's dramas. A lady sitting next the German guest, asked him what play it was. He replied, with every appearance of shame: "Alas! I do not know Greek." Such tales could doubtless be matched by German or French excursions into English, which often leave the parts of speech lying about in their own blood. But the large contrast between Americans and the rest of the world is as we have stated it.

What is the explanation? Many causes, obviously, go to make the difference. Habit, propinquity, utility, the constant mingling of peoples and languages, have helped to make the Continentals the lingusts they are. But the chief reason of their superiority to us is their better teaching of modern languages in the schools. You meet boys of fifteen, who have had no instruction save that of the public schools, and you find them able to understand and to speak English, with one language more in addition to their own. You run across a business man on holiday, and when you ask him where he learned his English, which, though not perfect, is entirely intelligible, he will tell you that he acquired it years before at school. The real secret is in the higher standards of teaching modern languages. In Continental schools, the work proceeds upon the assumption that the foreign tongue is to be studied, not as a set and repulsive task, but as a useful and immediately available means of adding interest and enjoyment to life. Language is made to appear vivid and near, instead of lifeless and distant. Compare the too common American experience, where girls will spend two years over French irregular verbs without being able to speak two consecutive sentences, or a boy will "take German" for five years and not know how to direct a German traveller from dock to railway!

Some teachers, we know, loftily reject the argument from utility. They admit that their pupils can make no use of a foreign language as an instrument, but think of the insight into "structure" which they are acquiring, think of the firm grounding which they are getting in the principles of universal grammar! But even as theory, we regard this as a mistake, and in practice we are convinced that it is a wretched failure. The public schools are not set to make philologists of their children. Not one boy in a thousand is able to grasp the idea of broad principles underlying all language, or would be benefited by it if he could. The result is simply to give us confused ignorance, or ineffective pedantry, both alike inarticulate. Whatever abstract or grammatical discipline is to be gained from the study of modern languages, should be left to be incidental to their practical mastery. American boys and girls are not more stupid than foreigners; they are simply more stupidly taught, in this matter of language. As readily as French or German youth, they could be made to feel at home in a foreign tongue; to read it largely and with delight; to speak it, on occasion, as one means more of human intercourse, and of creating and satisfying

interest in the world. If taught with these ends distinctly in view, then those of them who wished to be scholars could go on to the nicer studies in philology, while those who did not, would have had a pleasant and serviceable tool put into their hands, instead of merely being left bewildered and repelled by what they did not understand and can neither like nor use.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, October 1.

René Behaine, in his "Histoire d'une société," has written something more than a trilogy of family fiction. His veritable biographies of his three characters—Alfred Varambaud, Céline Armelle, and their son, Michel Varambaud—are careful studies, with great personal interest, of the unstable society of our day. The other books which are to follow out the career of the little *bourgeois*, born at a time when the barriers which hitherto protected middle-class society have been broken down on every side, will be looked for with interest. "Monsieur le Principal," by Jean Viollis, is the tragic story of the headmaster of a French state college. It is a life failure between Philistine parents, politicians with influence—for education in France is a state service—and his own ideals of teaching. In an avowedly Catholic series, Science et religion, Georges Noblemaire explains "Le Complot contre la famille," the radical attempt to break up that family organization which has so far been the central stronghold of the French race. The author, who belongs to one of the greatest industrial families of France, has devoted his life and talent to these social questions; and Etienne Lamy of the French Academy gives him a preface. "L'Ame brétonne," by Charles Le Goffic, in its second series, has received a prize from the French Academy as "the work most original in form and thought" of the year's store. The soul of the Breton people, like the land of Brittany, is still full of the picturesqueness of pre-history.

The depths of family tragedy are reached in "L'Assassinat de la Duchesse de Praslin," by A. Savine. In addition to the archives and memoirs already used by writers on this *cause célèbre*, the author professes to have come to his conclusions "in the light of the correspondence seized" at the time. They are entirely favorable to the governess, who was spared incrimination by Victor Cousin's unfaltering conviction of her innocence. She lived and died in the esteem of all, after nearly thirty years of American exile, where she became the wife of the late Dr. Henry Field. It was always an imperative fact in her favor that the children of the murdered woman took her part to the end. This book brings to light what attentive readers of the case long suspected—the hysterical and utterly disordered emotions of the Duchess, who wrought up the Duke, after years of an impossible existence, to the madness of crime, if indeed she did not strike the fatal blows herself. The Duke died confessing nought.

"Les Muses françaises," by Alphonse Séché, is made up of selected examples from the French women poets. The first volume reaches from 1200 to 1891, and is illustrated by thirty-five portraits; the second is to be given up entirely to muses of to-day, when women have come to their own—in poetry, at least. The eminent rector of the University of Aix, Jules Payot, has the courage to preface a book of pedagogical selections which have great literary interest: "Les Meilleures pages des écrivains pédagogiques," from Rabelais to this twentieth century, compiled by Edmond Parisot, doctor of letters, and Félix Henry, normal school director.

"La France au dehors" is an aggressive book on the Third Republic's foreign policy, by Jules Delafosse, who is now in his thirtieth year as member of Parliament. Like all intense Conservatives of his stamp, he is given to views; and these are of very little practical importance in a question so dead as Egypt, or so living as Morocco. His one plea is a regret, for it finds neither men nor things in accordance with it:

> Our international situation would be incomparable if France only had the government and institutions which it needs; that is, a state of things solid enough for a long-term policy, and strongly armed enough to make sure, everywhere, and for and against all, that her plans would come to something.

Such talk may distract minds—but it comes to nothing. The steady advance of French occupation in the Sahara region to the south of Algiers—and Morocco—lends interest to the first volume of "Sahara algérien," by E. F. Gautier, member of a government mission of studies. The substantial text is illustrated by many figures and maps, and by sixty-six inset phototypes. With photographs, also, and a map, A. G. P. Martin publishes "Les Oasis sahariennes"; these oases of the Morocco frontier include some of the central "zaouïas" of the Mohammedan brotherhoods, which count for so much at present. "A la Cour de Fez," by Count Conrad de Buisseret, is illustrated by photographs which portray a régime that is past, whatever may happen to Abd-el-Aziz in the future. "La Suisse au XXe siècle," by Pierre Clerget, is an economic and social study of present-day Switzerland. It belongs to the same carefully prepared and well-edited series as Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's study of the United States. The author is a professor in the Ecole supérieure de Commerce of Lyons. "En Allemagne," by Jules Huret, is a book of good literature, though devoid of fine writing, sentiment, and theory. It is written by a man all eye and all ear, who has gone through the Germany of to-day looking and listening with the most intense curiosity and giving a clear report of everything. The present volume, which is the second to appear, goes from Hamburg to the Marches of Poland, by Kiel, Bremen, Mecklenburg, Dantzig, Königsberg. Steamships and figures of commerce, universities and students' *kneipes*, pedagogy and *kartels* of manufacture, Poles holding stoutly to their farms against Prussian pressure, and an interview with Prince von Bülow—all are equally good matter for this well-equipped reporter of the universe. From the reading of these volumes, one rises with an impression that he now knows something definite of modern Germany, even when he has himself travelled indefinitely through the country beforehand. "Chez les Français du Canada," by Jeon Sionnet, is an intelligent and sympathetic Frenchman's view of French Canadians, whom he has studied in Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, in the great West and Vancouver.

The Musée Océanographique of Monaco publishes several noteworthy volumes (*dépôt exclusif*, R. Friedländer & Sohn, Berlin). "La Caverne d'Altamira (Espagne)" is an extra-large folio of 287 pages, with 204 figures in text and 37 black and white and colored inset plates, reproducing the mural paintings and engravings of this palæolithic cave. It follows the previous publication of 1906-7, devoted to similar caves in France and Spain, and printed at the Prince of Monaco's press. The text and editing are by Emile Cartailhac, the well-known authority in prehistoric archæology, and the Abbé Henri Breuil, who has done so much in the discovery and exploration of such caves. "Les Grottes de Grimaldi (Baoussé-Roussé)" comprises a first volume of description by M. de Villeneuve and geology by Marcellin Boule, with 14 plates, and the first fascicle of a second volume of anthropology by Prof. Henri Verneau. The remainder—palæontology by M. Boule and archæology by M. Cartailhac—is in press. These grottoes form the completest cemetery yet discovered of the earliest races of fossil man.

In philosophy there are several volumes of interest. Under the auspices of the Institut supérieur de Philosophie of Louvain University, Dr. Paul Nève publishes a critical essay on "La Philosophie de Taine." It is an advantage to have such a neo-scholastic review of Taine's materialist, rather than positivist philosophy, which profoundly influenced French scientific thought until its author lost prestige by going in for re-

actionary history. It was in sympathy, rather, with the historian than the philosopher that the French Academy this year chose for the subject of its prize of eloquence a discourse on Taine; the award—3,000 francs—has recently been made to Charles Picard, a *normalien*, with 1,000 francs to A. Lerey, a *lycée* professor. Marcel Hébert, from the Modernist standpoint, discusses "Le Pragmatisme" in its divers forms, Anglo-American, French, and Italian, and in its religious value. Two posthumous volumes gather together certain scientific papers of relative timeliness by A. Hannequin, late professor of the university faculty of Lyons, under the title, "Etudes d'histoire des sciences et d'histoire de philosophie.' Léon Bloch, a doctor of letters (which comprises philosophy in French university titles), exposes with required fulness "La Philosophie de Newton." It is one of Newton's glories that his discoveries and works stir perennial questions, which no advance in science can still—the nature of force, of attraction and repulsion, action at a distance, and the other fundamental notions underlying all theoretical physics. To these works should be added "Agnostiques français," by Paul Cottin. The author is at once a Count and a former member of Parliament; but this does not withdraw his book from the general movement of the new thought, which leaves all men over fifty—Conservatives and Radicals alike—hopeless old fogies. Under the significant heading, "Positivism and Anarchy," the author deals with Auguste Comte, Littré, and Taine, in doctrine, method, social consequences, and criticism.

A. Carpentier of the Paris Court of Appeals and lecturer in the Law Faculty, publishes "L'Année législative et judiciaire" for 1907—a valuable summary of laws made and legal decisions rendered in France. Prof. A. Landry, in his "Manuel d'économique" of nearly 900 pages, sums up economic science handily and sufficiently for the needs of those university students who choose for their examination the new division of the doctorate of laws. Those who desire to know the authentic principles of the Radical party which has governed the French Republic for ten years can find no better instructor than "La Politique radicale," by Ferdinand Buisson. His almost over-subtle distinctions—for he is intent on conserving that somewhat forced unity of Radicals and Radical Socialists, of which he has been a foremost leader—will not prevent a clear appreciation of the differences existing between the various Republican doctrines. A portrait of the Radical patriarch, Henri Brisson, and a prefatory letter by Léon Bourgeois, who constituted the first homogeneous Radical government in the Third French Republic, appropriately introduce the book. It belongs to the valuable Collection des doctrines politiques edited by A. Mater. The "Catalogue général de la librairie française," begun by O. Lorenz and continued by Dr. Jordell, publishes its eighteenth volume, which is the first for the period from the year 1900 to 1905. It is an octavo of 804 two-column pages, covering the letters A to H. The nineteenth volume will conclude the period. An Annuaire des bibliothèques et des archives is published under the auspices of the French Minister of Public Instruction. The volume for 1908 comprises 360 pages. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first collected edition of the poetical and dramatic works of Goldsmith was published in Dublin in 1777 as "Poems and Plays. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. To which is Prefixed, The Life of the Author. Dublin: Printed for Messrs. Price, Sleater [and thirty other booksellers]. M,DCC-LXXVII." This seems to be a little known book. On the verso of the title is a note: "This Edition contains several Additions and Corrections never before printed; being the only perfect one ever printed of this celebrated Author's Poems." We have recently seen two copies on large and thick paper, a form not known to Anderson and apparently undescribed hitherto. One copy, in modern calf, has a leaf measurement of 7⅞ by 5 inches, and, except in size and quality of paper, is identical with the small-paper copies, one of which, in original sheep, has a leaf measurement of 7 3-16 by 4¼ inches. The other large-paper copy, in old binding, measures 8 1-16 by 5⅛ inches, and has a different title pasted on a stub. The first seven lines are the same, though a different setting of type. Line 8 is "Printed for," below which is an impression of a copper plate, evidently the "shop-card" of one of the booksellers, reading: "Wm. Wilson | Bookseller & Stationer | at Homer's Head | No. 6 Dame Street | the corner of | Palace Street | Dublin." Wilson's was the fourteenth name in the original list. This Dublin edition was reissued in London as a small volume with imprint: "London, Printed for B. Newbery and T. Johnson, St. Paul's Church Yard. MDCCCLXXX." It has a frontispiece, engraved title, and three other plates, not in the Dublin edition. This edition is not mentioned in Anderson's Bibliography of Goldsmith, and seems to be undescribed. Another edition was published in 1780 in two small octavo volumes: "The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Now first Collected." This, which is comparatively common, is generally accepted as the first collected edition. Though it contains more poems than the Dublin edition, the arrangement is the same, and it was probably reprinted from that, with the additional poems added at the end of Volume I. The second volume contains only the two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." The "Life" prefixed is fuller than in the Dublin edition, but corresponding paragraphs are practically identical. Anderson notes that the Life in the Dublin edition is "a slightly varied issue of the 'Anecdotes of the late Dr. Goldsmith,' which appeared in the Annual Register in 1774."

In connection with the Church Congress which opened at Manchester, England, October 6, the John Rylands Library of that city prepared an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, principally Biblical and liturgical. This library contains a remarkable collection of some 7,000 manuscripts, of which about one hundred were chosen for exhibition. The catalogue of the exhibition, issued from the Manchester University Press, contains not only a detailed description of each of the items shown, but a list of the works on palæography in the library and a general account of the whole collection of manuscripts. Among them are a number of unusual personal interest; for example, the Gospel Book of Emperor Otto the Great; the Gospel Book of Queen Elizabeth; the Book of Hours of Mary, Queen of Scots; a Book of Hours, written and illuminated for Charles VII. of France; the Psalter of Jane of Navarre, Queen Consort of Henry IV.; the Missal which was painted (according to tradition, under the direction of Raphael) for Cardinal Pompeo Colonna; and Nicholas de Lyra's "Postilla," written and painted for the Malatesta family.

The library of a New Hampshire collector (name not made public) which is to be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, on October 21 and 22, includes one item of great rarity and interest: "A Short Narrative of Mischief done by the French and Indian Enemy, on the Western Frontiers of the Province of Massachusetts-Bay. . . . Drawn up by the Reverend Mr. Doolittle of Northfield in the County of Hampshire; and found among his manuscripts after his Death." Boston: 1750. Only one copy seems to have been sold at auction, Henry C. Murphy's, which brought $100 in 1884 and is now in the Lenox Library. Other notable items are: The first edition of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," 1875 (which has sold as high as $114); Lowell's "The President's Policy," 1864, and his "Il Pesceballo," 1865 (the second edition, printed in two signatures); and Hawthorne's copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," with his autograph "Nathaniel Hathorne, Salem, Mass.," three times on the fly-leaf. This was the way he spelled his name when at Bowdoin College, and it is so printed in the college catalogues.

The Anderson Auction Co. of this city begins the season on October 19, with the sale of the library of Dr. John W. Francis and William C. Nell. Among the more important lots are: A set of Hakluyt's "Voyages," a large paper copy of the scarce reprint of 1809-12, with the supplementary volume; Depons's "Voyage to the Eastern Part of Terra Firma," 3 vols., 1806, translated by Washington Irving, his first published work; the first edition of Locke's famous Moon Hoax, "Great Astronomical Discoveries lately made by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope," 1836; the second American edition of Shakespeare, 8 vols., Boston, 1802-4; and first editions of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Stevenson, Wilde, and others. In the sale of October 21 the Anderson Co. offers in manuscript and printed matter more than two thousand pages relating to the Tilton-Beecher affair of thirty-five years ago—a collection made

by a member of the Tilton family, including 285 autograph letters, the correspondence of Tilton, his wife, and their children. Important books in the same sale are Barlow's "Vision of Columbus," 1787, first edition of his epic afterwards expanded into the "Columbiad"; first editions of Washington Irving, Holmes, Howells, Longfellow, and other American authors. Part I. of Henry W. Poor's library will be sold by the Anderson Co. on November 17 to 19, Part II. on December 7 to 11, and the remainder after the holidays. In the course of the season the Anderson Co. will sell the libraries of E. N. Lapham of Chicago, the late E. C. Stedman, and the late William L. Stone, besides the Chamberlain collection, postponed from last season.

On November 4, Hodgson & Co. of London offer a library, including two fifteenth-century manuscripts of Gregorio Dati's poem "La Sfera," with marginal maps (a similar manuscript sold last December at Anderson's bringing $105); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, first edition; "Gulliver's Travels," 1726, with the portrait in the first state, but lacking two of the maps; and Peter Martyr's "Decades," translated by Richard Eden. 1577.

Correspondence.

A FURTHER NOTE ON THE DATE OF "KING LEAR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication, "The Date of Shakespeare's 'Lear,'" written for the *Nation* of September 3 by Dr. R. G. Usher of Washington University, treats a subject on which some two years ago I happened to print a brief article in Modern Language Publications. I venture, therefore, a few words of comment on the points raised by Dr. Usher:

(1.) Dr. Usher greatly underestimates the amount of evidence that Shakespeare is indebted to Harsnet. His sole statement as to the evidence is:

> In Act iii., Scene 4, are mentioned the names of various hobgoblins—Modo, Mahu, and Flibbertigibbet—and these names are found in a tract published by Dr. Harsnet in 1603.

This sentence would seem to imply first that only these three names of "hobgoblins" are common to both works, that the names are found only in Act iii., Scene 4, of the "Lear," and that the whole argument for Shakespeare's indebtedness to Harsnet rests on these three words. As a fact, Edgar in his speeches alludes to all these devils, and to Frateretto (Harsnet's Frateretto), to Hobbididance and Hopdance (Harsnet's Hoberdidance), to Smulkin (Harsnet's Smolkin), and to Obidicut (Harsnet's Hoberdicut). These names occur in "Lear" iii., 4; iii., 6; and iv., 1; while another significant passage to be discussed later occurs in ii., 4.

But the evidence does not stop here. In "Lear," iv., 1, 60, Edgar alludes to Flibbertigibbet as the fiend "of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women." Now, when we remember that Harsnet's tract was based largely on the alleged experiences of three demon-possessed chambermaids in the family of Edmund Peckham, it is hard not to see a definite allusion to these events in the line. But "mopping and mowing" used in the sense of "grimacing" are certainly unfamiliar words. In the light of what we already suspect, are these phrases from Harsnet's tractate not somewhat significant: "If she have a little helpe of the mother, . . . make antike faces, grinne, mow and mop, like an ape"? Another passage from the "Lear" which requires glosing is ii., 54-6.

> O how this mother swells up toward my heart!
> *Hysterica passio,* down, thou climbing sorrow,
> Thy element's below!

A quotation from Harsnet clarifies the lines. The mother, he says, "riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painful collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head." In another passage Harsnet says: "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio,* as seems, from his youth, he himselfe termes it the *Moother.*" Lack of space forbids mention of several other lines in Act iii., Scenes 4 and 6, more or less closely resembling other passages from Harsnet. These may all be found in connection with the corresponding lines in the Variorum edition, from which Dr. Usher quotes. From this edition comes practically all the information given above. It has seemed worth while to mass together in substance several of these notes in order to show the real basis of the argument for Shakespeare's knowledge of Harsnet's tract.

(2.) The results of Dr. Usher's investigation are apparently to discover a widespread knowledge of Weston's "miracles," and hence to demonstrate the possibility of the view that Shakespeare came to his whole acquaintance with these facts without seeing Harsnet's "Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures." More than this, I think, cannot in justice be said. The argument from parallel passages seldom establishes a fact indisputably; and it must be admitted that Dr. Furness (not Dr. Furnivall, as Dr. Usher has it) overstated his case in declaring the proof of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Harsnet "sure beyond a peradventure." At the same time the evidence just recapitulated points to the printed account as the direct source of the dramatist's information rather than other possible sources suggested by Dr. Usher. This evidence has been examined by numerous competent critics since the time of Theobald, and, so far as I know, has convinced them all. Even so distinguished a Shakespeare scholar as Prof. G. L. Kittredge in recent years, upon a thorough examination of a copy of the original 1603 edition of Harsnet's tract, found no reason to query the correctness of the view which generally prevails.*

(3.) No one doubts that Harsnet's "Declaration" first appeared in 1603, and if Shakespeare used it, he must have written at least large parts of "King Lear" after that date. But Dr. Usher is mistaken in believing that the date of Harsnet is the sole reason for assigning the "Lear" to this period of Shakespeare's life. His suggestion that the "unidentified play" of 1594 might have been Shakespeare's first edition is improbable in the highest degree. The identification of this play with the anonymous "Leir" printed (for the second time?) in 1605 may be said to be established beyond a reasonable doubt by internal evidence. A hundred marks in the "Leir" point to its composition in the days of Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and Peele, a decade before 1605. But on its title-page the publishers declare the play to have "bene diuers and sundry times lately acted," and the belief is general among scholars that it was Shakespeare's play that had been lately acted, and that the title-page was intended to deceive unwary book-buyers. This was in 1605, and we know that Shakespeare's play was acted at Whitehall in 1606. It cannot be believed that the play in any form was written much earlier. But aside from this purely external evidence, no competent scholar of Shakespeare's works on the literary and dramatic side would be willing to place the "Lear" far distant in composition from "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello." There are separate reasons for dating each one of these plays within two or three years of 1605, and the "Lear" undoubtedly belongs somewhere near them.

Robert Adger Law.

University of Texas, October 1.

*In the Publications of the Modern Language Association, Vol. XV., No. 4, p. 418.

LADY MACBETH'S COURAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge last June, since published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September, Dr. H. H. Furness discussed very interestingly the well-known lines in Macbeth:

> That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
> What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.

If I summarize Dr. Furness rightly, his contention was that Lady Macbeth would never have done anything so undignified as to resort to "Dutch courage" and he suggested another very ingenious interpretation of the lines. I should not venture an opinion on so delicate a question; but an interesting passage occurs in "Love's Cruelty" (1631) by James Shirley, which, if it is, as seems probable, an imitation of the lines in "Macbeth," shows the view of at least one contemporary. Sebastian, who has reason to suspect that his daughter has been insulted by the Duke, resorts to wine for courage to resent the affront. When he has out-drunk his pot companion, he declares (iii., 1) in words which closely paraphrase Lady Macbeth's:

> He's drunk already.
> That which has raised me but to noble anger
> Is his distraction.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., October 4.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY AS TO DARWINISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With reference to Dr. Francis Darwin's recent presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Dublin, will you permit me to call attention to the following remarkable words written by Samuel Butler, whose book on "Unconscious Memory" was issued so long ago as 1880:

> Lastly, I may predict with some certainty that before long we shall find the original Darwinism of Dr. Erasmus Darwin (with an infusion of Professor Hering into the bargain) generally accepted instead of

the neo-Darwinism of to-day, and that the variations whose accumulation results in species will be recognized as due to the wants and endeavors of the living forms in which they appear, instead of being ascribed to chance, or, in other words, to unknown causes, as by Mr. Charles Darwin's system (p. 280).

Dr. Darwin's address exactly carries out this prophecy even to the extent of using Hering's name as the chief source of his views. This is scarcely doing justice to Butler, though Dr. Darwin, it is fair to add, refers to him in a rather contemptuous footnote. It was Butler's insistence upon the three identities, (1) of life and memory, (2) of parent and offspring, (3) of instinct and inherited memory, which has brought about this complete reversal of the Darwinistic position on these points. It is true that Butler had been anticipated by Hering, as Butler himself fully acknowledged, even in the passage I have quoted; but Hering's pamphlet of twenty-two pages would have been entirely forgotten but for the five brilliant volumes in which that eccentric genius, Samuel Butler, insisted upon the importance of the new conceptions, and their complete divergence from the later Darwinistic views.

It is indeed remarkable that Dr. Darwin should have pronounced so strongly in favor of the Neo-Lamarckism, which his illustrious father had spent his whole scientific career in opposing. American biology has also some right to plume itself on having, under the leadership of the late Prof. E. D. Cope, consistently advocated the earlier evolutionary views, though opposed by the whole consensus of English biological opinion. This was shown most strikingly by the violent protest made against the London *Athenæum* in 1884 for its attitude in advocating the views held by Hering and Butler, which have now, after a quarter of a century, been adopted by Dr. Francis Darwin. The protests at the time were written by such authorities as Dr. G. J. Romanes, Sir Edwin (then professor) Ray Lankester, and even the redoubtable Herbert Spencer. I happen to remember these *Athenæum* articles, because —I happen to have written them.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

Yonkers, N. Y., October 8.

AN ARGUMENT FOR BRYAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to make an addition to your imputation of reasons (October 1) why the voter proposes to vote this way or that. There are two reasons that do not touch either candidate:

(1.) The Republican party should be turned out to a few summers of high hill pasturage and a few winters at corn stalk fodder on the north side of the barn. It has been too long in the stall and eating of the best in the crib, and greatly needs a change.

(2.) It should be turned out as a "rebuke" to the Great Rebuker, and as a decisive "No" to those who imagine it to be the proper thing for the President to name, and, having named, to elect, his successor. To permit such action, to approve it at the ballot box, might easily turn out to be a rather expensive error. You comment on the action of the President very justly, but what can be done about it if everybody is to vote for Taft?

Here are reasons, either of them very nearly, if not quite, conclusive, why one should vote for Bryan. But there are other reasons more personal:

(1.) He is sound and always has been on the vital question of Imperialism. Note his speeches in his first campaign. You say the extreme anti-Imperialists will vote for him. But why only extreme anti-Imperialists? And what is an extreme anti-Imperialist? If a man has any jot of the other thing in his blood he is no anti-Imperialist at all.

(2.) He is sound as to the tariff, and sound, it would seem, because he understands it; *i. e.*, in principle (in detail nobody does or can), both as it affects economics and as it affects social and political morality.

(3.) He is sound as respects the Trusts and capitalistic monopolies; or, if not wholly sound (*e. g.*, as respects remedies), sound enough to be trusted to steer a straight course and a resolute in the enforcement of the law.

Here are vital matters about which the *Nation* is also sound. Why, then, the *non sequitur* of "our best wishes" to Taft, who is sound as to none of these things? Because Bryan was once (very honestly and consistently) partly wrong upon the money question. But that is a matter of no present consequence. As you say, that vagary remains, notwithstanding the silence of the present platform, but the question does not remain. It is out of politics. And, how far back do we go with the history of our candidates' opinions? How far back must there be clear proof of impeccability with respect to these recondite matters? Too much is made to turn upon this. We look too anxiously to our pocketbooks and too little to our principles. You call Bryan a demagogue. If to stand stiffly up to unpopular ideas is demagogic, then your position is sound; for there is no little evidence that that is what the man does, although he undoubtedly loves popularity. He has obviously made a wide and deep impression upon sober folk here in the Middle West as of a sincere man who believes not only what he says as to matters of policy, but what he says to the people of the people. He might be called an enthusiast (if one liked him one might say idealist), but demagogue I believe he is not.

Let me add that I have never voted for Bryan (though I voted for Cleveland), but I incline to think it time for something radical to be done. We are running upon rocks, and there must somehow be a change of course. The old American optimism may be presently comfortable, but it is not safe.

J. KENDRICK KINNEY.

Madison, Wis., October 4.

THE LATE LOUIS DYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To what you said in your issue of July 23 in regard to the late Louis Dyer, I would add a word.

From the first day he came to Oxford in 1875, he showed an extraordinary power of sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, which soon made him the most conspicuous and certainly the most popular figure in the college. He was the first of a long series of such young Americans. Their vitality, their intellectual curiosity, their tolerance, their freedom from British conventionality, exclusiveness, and shyness, the very novelty of their mode of speech and their mental outlook, all contributed to make each of them a point of union for different "sets" and an invaluable element of friendliness and public spirit in a college. They brought a breath of freer air with them, and they were generously ready to allow that they, too, gained something. The great success of the Rhodes scheme as an Anglo-American experiment, owes not a little to these pioneers. This attitude Dyer kept up and developed when, after his English marriage, he settled again in Oxford years ago, to be "the American consul in Oxford," as he was called. No American visitor here, young or old, ever appealed to him in vain; and in every case of difficulty, when help, advice, supervision, or wise admonition was necessary, "Send him to Dyer," was the panacea. He had in fact a genius for friendship and sympathy. The peculiar difficulties of his own domestic life, due to the dark shadow which hung over it so continuously, elevated and purified this quality into the most absolute unselfishness.

These difficulties broke up his own work and tended to fritter away energies that might have done much if concentrated. But let no one deplore this. He was always at the service of any friend, at the call of any noble cause; and no one in Oxford since Jowett showed a higher public spirit. He threw himself into such unselfish work with an ardor that most men can hardly muster for their own closest interests; and his universal popularity and bonhomie made him an unrivalled canvasser. Some have spoken of his life as tragic: one friend has chosen a truer term, heroic. As a young man he had superabundant high spirits and a delightful gayety of nature; and he retained enough of these, with his keen sense of humor and his serene practical philosophy, to make his life not only a blessing to others, but a thing not unhappy to himself. He was one of those rare natures who seem to bring sunshine with them. Some called him too optimistic; and it is true he generally saw the better side both of men and things; and it is not too much to say that no one ever knew him bitter or angry or unfair. He was generous in every sense, perhaps to a fault, if there can be a fault in that direction. But in an over-critical close academic atmosphere such a never-failing charitableness as was in him is what can least be spared. Nor was he other than a shrewd judge of character, and well able to put a verdict on a charlatan or an evildoer, in a conclusive form, though always with a humorous touch that redeemed it from malice. It was his sense of humor again that helped, with his strong good sense and his broad humanity, to save him from the danger of pedantry, into which otherwise his own laborious diligence and his high literary standards, might have led him. So, too, his modesty, his gentleness, saved him from being over-critical and minute; and from the scholar's absorption and aloofness he was saved by his strong impulses of civic duty, which had led him to devote much time to social work, especially in organizations connected with his church, and with the care of neglected children. It was said that Dyer always had on hand some oppressed cause, some lame dog to help over a stile.

With all this, he never ceased to be an intensely patriotic American. When, after taking his Oxford degree, he had offers to settle here, he was delighted with Jowett's saying to him, "Nemo potest exuere patriam"; and he returned to his own country till his English marriage. Probably the one thing he would have chosen to be recorded of himself, was his success in inaugurating first an annual reunion between American residents here and leading members of the university, and, second, a service in the Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day. For he not merely believed in the spiritual and intellectual alliance of the two kindred nations: it was his highest aspiration, and he has shown what one man can do by living for others and for a high ideal. As was finely said of another scholar, from his very calamities he won a wider outlook upon things, and a deeper sympathy with men.

ARTHUR L. SMITH.

Balliol College, Oxford, September 30.

"A SUGGESTED AMENDMENT TO GERMAN GRAMMARS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow me to point out that the "serious defect" which Prof. J. M. Hart, in your issue of October 1, seems to have discovered "in all German grammars within" his "reach" is anything but serious:

(1.) The monosyllables "das Ei" and "der Schaft" have nothing to do with "the stock rule for gender that nouns ending in -el, -heit, -in, -keit, -schaft, -ung are feminine." Professor Hart will find this rule more accurately stated in all the following books, some of which ought to be within his reach: Whitney ("Compendious Grammar," §61); Whitney ("Brief Grammar," §45); Joynes-Meissner (§125); Brandt (§161); Edgren and Fossler (p. 20); Otis (p. 228); Sheldon (§10); Otto ("German Conversation Grammar," 26th edition, p. 54); Learned (§34); Dippold (§53); Bierwirth ("Beginning German," Lesson 8, and Abstract, §63); Bierwirth ("German Inflections," §45 D). Moreover, the hyphen before "ei" and "schaft" indicates that they are suffixes, and that the rule, therefore, applies to nouns of more than one syllable.

(2.) "Das Petschaft," which is indeed an exception, occurs, according to Käding's "Häufigkeitswörterbuch," only fifteen times in 10,910,777 words, or in reading matter amounting to about eight times the bulk of the Bible.

(3.) The "hundreds and thousands of scientific terms" ending in accented -in, like "Alizarin, Anilin, Morphin, Quinin, Strychnin," are no more likely to prove "a stumbling block to the ordinary reader" than the solitary "Petschaft," and the beginner, for whose benefit rules are made, is not likely to come across them at all.

H. C. BIERWIRTH.

Harvard College, October 3.

Notes.

In a few weeks the Chicago University Press will bring out Charles Richmond Henderson's "Social Duties from a Christian Standpoint." It is meant to be a practical manual, especially for young men and women "at the threshold of actual responsibility." From the same press is coming Dr. Walter Fairleigh Dodd's "Modern Constitutions," which contains in English the constitutions or fundamental laws of the Argentine nation, Australia, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States.

From the list of the Fleming H. Revell Co. we take the following titles: "A Soldier of the Future," by W. J. Dawson; "Poems," by Mrs. Merrill E. Gates; "The Life and Work of Dr. Austin Craig," by W. S. Harwood; "The Life of Chaplain McCabe," by Bishop F. M. Bristol; "The Life of Sheldon Jackson," by R. L. Stewart; "Life of James Robertson," by Ralph Connor; "Levels of Living," by H. F. Cope; "The Gift of Influence," by Hugh Black; "Frugality in the Spiritual Life," by W. L. Watkinson; "The Jungle Folk of Africa," by R. H. Milligan; "Drugging a Nation," by Samuel Merwin; "Twenty Years in Persia," J. G. Wishard; "Letters from a Working Man," by an American mechanic; "The Call of Corea," by H. G. Underwood; and "In the Valley of the Nile," by Charles R. Watson.

The new publications of Brentano's will include "American Supremacy," by George W. Crichfield; "The Book of Georgian Verse," edited by William Stanley Braithwaite; "Two in Arcadia," by Lucine Finch; "Famous French Salons," by Frank Hamel; "The Tourist's India," by Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball; and "The Poems of John Keats," edited by George Sampson, 2 vols., in an edition limited to 350 copies for sale in the United States.

John Lane Co. will soon publish "Two Dianas in Alaska," by two women sportsmen; "Some Women Loving or Luckless," containing sketches of Queen Caroline Matilda, the Queens of Henry VIII., the Queen of Etruria, the daughter of the poet Monti, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Fanny Burney.

The autumn list of the Dodge Publishing Co. contains, among others, the following titles: "Love Poems of Robert Browning and Leigh Hunt"; Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 6 vols., edited by Augustine Birrell; "Wells and Palm Trees," by the Rev. Charles F. Aked; and "Seen and Unseen," and "Do the Dead Depart?" by E. K. Bates.

Next month Houghton Mifflin Company will publish a translation of Virgil's "Æneid" by Dr. Theodore C. Williams, headmaster of the Roxbury Latin School. They have added to their list Dr. Williams's translation of "The Elegies of Tibullus."

Saint Bernard's great treatise on "Consideration" is to appear, for the first time in English, in the Oxford Library of Translations. The translator is the Rev. George Lewis.

From Sherman, French & Co. will soon come a narrative poem in blank verse, by Howard V. Sutherland, entitled "Idylls of Greece."

The thinnest possible veil of anonymity is drawn over the recollections of one of the daughters of Frith, the English painter, "Leaves from a Life" (Brentano's). Her book has some of the qualities of her father's pictures; it is a good-natured, simple-minded, humorous presentation of a great slice of mid-Victorian England, a canvas full of figures rendered with practically no technique at all. The lady knew thoroughly the bourgeois Bohemia of 1860, and reproduces it artlessly:

I have only to close my eyes for a moment, and I see once more the Shirley Brookses, Mama, the Calderons, and Dolly Storer in a seaside drawing-room, while Mrs. Du Maurier, Yates, and I are at one end of the balcony, and Papa and Mrs. Yates at the other, I very much fear playing at flirtation, which naturally shocked me intensely when Papa was the victim, when suddenly Mr. Du Maurier began to sing; a perfect silence fell on us all. "Den lieben langen Tag" wailed out across the night, and I was listening to the mingled ripple of the waves on the shore and the lovely voice, my eyes filling with tears.

Royalty came to Bohemia sometimes, and the author records that she once rapped the naughty little fingers of the pretty delicate lad who is now the Emperor of Germany. She has the courage to repeat some very old stories, notably that of the death of Mrs. Proudie; on the other hand, she presents, now and then, a vivid observation of her own, such as the picture of Kyrle Bellew's father, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew (whose real name was Higgins) raising his cassock as he mounted the pulpit to show his open-worked silk socks and patent leather shoes with broad steel buckles. The slipshod condition of the author's style is almost incredible. The everyday dilemmas of the English language are too much for her. She does not intend to imply group-marriage, when she speaks of "one of my brothers' wives," and means well by the friend whom she credits with the following knotty repartee:

"Read *Punch*!" said a man once, before Shirley Brooks, to me, "I thought no one ever did anything but look at the pictures." "They never do when they can't read," growled Shirley.

Alfred T. Story has published in "American Shrines in England" (The Macmillan Co.) a convenient summary of the English antecedents of a number of well-known Americans. Six chapters are devoted to a careful presentation of the evidence in regard to the Washington family, the last link in which was completed by the accidental discovery in the State Department at Washington, in 1902, of the will of Mrs. Martha Hayward, née Washington. The ancestry and English home of Franklin, of Standish, of Winthrop and Penn, of Yale and Harvard, of the Lees and the Adamses, are discussed in greater or less detail, with knowledge and with perspicuity. The book is attractively illustrated in color and in monotone.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney has added another volume, "Romance of Roman Villas: The Renaissance" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) to her deservedly popular series of books in which history and legend are woven into descriptions of famous edifices. Rome saw in the Renaissance the building of villas which remain to attest the worldliness and splendor of their Papal owners and the genius of the architects, sculptors, painters, and decorators who found in them their opportunity. Mrs. Champney has chosen the Belvedere at the Vatican, the Farnesina, and Villas Madama, Aldobrandini, d'Este, Borghese, Mondragone, Medici, and Albani, with Hadrian's Villa and the Colonna Palace as the scenes of her stories. These are judiciously varied so as to introduce many notabilities. The Borgias and the Medici, Caterina Sforza and Charles of

Anjou, down to Murat, with painters and poets—Raphael, Sodoma, Cellini, Tasso—and Agostino Chigi, the Renaissance Rockefeller, are some of the *dramatis personæ* who act over again their tragedies or their comedies. Mrs. Champney has caught very well the air and accent of the Renaissance folk, and these stories, supposed to be based on fact, are often as good as Mr. Hewlett's fictions, while free from the preciosity of style into which he sometimes falls. The excellent illustrations, which comprise portraits, views, and paintings, deepen the impression of actuality made by the book, which ought to be a favorite.

"The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes" has been translated from the edition of 1554 (printed at Burgos) by Sir Clements Markham (The Macmillan Co.). The volume contains also an account of the Mendoza family, a short life of the author, Don Diego de Mendoza, a notice of the work, and some remarks on the character of Lazarillo de Tormes. It is evident that for this most recent English translator of the famous Spanish novel of roguery, such scholars as A. Morel-Fatio of the Collège de France and R. Foulché-Delbosc, to the latter of whom we owe the best available edition of the Spanish text and a noteworthy commentary, have written in vain. Their names he fails even to mention; still, in a foot-note to his unnecessary account of the Mendoza family and of the clever noble, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza—who, with all due respect, does not seem to have written the "Lazarillo"—Sir Clements naïvely remarks: "Doubt has been thrown on the authorship, but without sufficient reason. See Antonio, Bib. Nov. i., 291." That in the seventeenth century Nicolás Antonio doubted the ascription to Mendoza should be enough to alarm any scholar and even any modern virtuoso; yet in the present case Antonio is calmly overridden, and all recent investigations of the troubled question of authorship are ignored. Obviously this new version is published irrespective of easily accessible *apparatus criticus*. In its rendition of the Burgos edition of 1554, the present edition is relatively faithful. There are manifest, however, some failures to apprehend the Castilian idiom, and one is prompted to ask why, in a book which does not pretend to use archaic English spellings, there should appear such forms as "Castille" and "Castillian."

"Rothenburg on the Tauber," by Hermann Uhde-Bernays (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann; imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is a little volume that will interest all who have visited or are planning to visit this beautiful city. The illustrations by M. Ressel, some in the text, some full-page cuts, are competent but not striking. In half a dozen chapters the author sketches the history of Rothenburg, and guides the reader to the principal points of interest within and without the walls. The English is clear and interesting, though marred by an occasional unidiomatic turn.

The manifest connections between Buddhism and Christianity, both in points of resemblance and historical relation, have been noticed by many scholars, but hitherto there has been more conjecture than demonstration. Prof. Arthur Lloyd, in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, Vol. XXXV., Part ii., giving the results of many years of study, produces evidence to show the derivation of much of Japanese Buddhism from later Judaism, and early, especially Alexandrine, Christianity. His four lectures treat of Manichæism and Kobo, Daruma and the Buddbist Canon, Tendai and Shinshiu (the two most popular sects in Japan), and Nichiren and the Hokekyo. An essay on Food and Wealth, by a mediæval Japanese author, is a good specimen of native political economy.

Not the least interesting or important of apocryphal books is the Gospel of Nicodemus. Mediæval versions of it, or allusions to it, are almost endless. English literature from the eleventh century on is full of it. The old English versions were edited in admirable shape by Prof. William H. Hulme, some years ago, in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XIII., and in *Modern Philology*, Vol. I. And now the same editor offers with like fulness and accuracy all the *metrical* Middle English versions, in the Early English Text Society, Extra Series C, 1907. We have italicized the word metrical in order to give to it the prominence which is its due. Strangely enough, the editor has omitted the term from his title-page, and at p. v. of his preface describes the present volume as an attempt to make accessible "all the known Middle-English versions." In point of fact, he reserves the prose versions for a future volume. Apart from this slight awkwardness of wording, the editor's work is of the very best. Especially interesting and helpful are pp. lx.-lxx., "A Brief Account of the Origin and Growth of the Descent Legend." Brief the account is, but lucid and comprehensive, and of the kind to give the reader a good start in the right direction. At two points only might we venture to grumble. The glossary, like nearly all in the Early English Text volumes, is not, according to our notions, quite adequate. Had we the space, we might adduce more than one word or phrase in need of elucidation. And even where the glossary does explain by a brief definition, it often fails to bring out the significance of the word. Thus, "corked," S. 605, is curtly defined "purple." This is true, but does not go far enough; one is forced to turn to the "Oxford Dictionary." Our other complaint is at the absence of notes. Professor Hulme justifies himself, p. v., on the plea that they have been reserved for "a special edition of one of the versions" now about ready for the press; but in all the texts and in all the versions there are passages sorely in need of annotation. Besides, in our opinion, each volume of the Early English Text should be, so far as possible, complete in itself. Among the questions calling for an answer is the allusion to the Septuagint as a collection of "sixty and ten" books, G. H. S. 1717, also Pilate's characterization of his wife as a *Saracen*, G. H. S. A. 206. This last feature is decidedly late mediæval, and to derive it from a Latin original (see p. vii.) is at least questionable. Still, we can scarcely be too thankful for Professor Hulme's patient toil among manuscripts.

The "Bilderatlas zur Bibelkunde," (Stuttgart: Theodor Benzinger) by Dr. H. Frohnmeyer of Nagold, and Dr. I. Benzinger of Jerusalem, although a work of less than two hundred pages, brings in its five departments more than five hundred Bible illustrations, all accompanied with explanatory texts. The five departments are the following: Biblical History, History of Israel, Cultus, Daily Life of the Old Israelites, Biblical Fauna and Flora.

The Moravian Brethren, the most active of all Protestant denominations in the foreign mission field, have just issued, through the Missions-Buchhandlung, Herrnhut, a "Missionsatlas der Brüdergemeinde," consisting of eighteen charts with explanatory text, which includes also valuable geographical and historical data.

E. G. Seeliger, in his "Der Schrecken der Völker: Ein Weltroman" (Berlin: Concordia deutsche Verlagsanstalt), pretends to portray the coming fierce struggle between England and Germany, and he assigns a particularly important rôle to the balloon as an instrument of war.

The Deutsche Verlagsanstalt Union, Stuttgart, has just issued a richly illustrated work of Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, "Amerika als neueste Weltmacht der Industrie: Neue Bilder aus Handel, Industrie und Verkehr in den Vereinigten Staaten." There are eighty illustrations.

Alexander Brückner has enlarged five lectures originally delivered in Frankfurt-a-M. into an interesting account of Russia's intellectual development as expressed in the works of its great writers. The title is "Russlands geistige Entwicklung im Spiegel seiner schönen Literatur" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr).

The members of the International Congress for Historical Sciences received as a souvenir a work of over five hundred pages, entitled "Berlin." It contains a full account of the institutes, museums, archives, libraries, the university, academy, and scientific societies, etc. Copies of this work can also be procured by others from the publisher, W. Weber, Berlin.

The latest addition to the series known as Meyers Klassikerausgaben, is a critical edition, in four volumes, of Jean Paul's works, edited by Rudolf Wustmann (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut). The editor has added an excellent account of Jean Paul's life, a special introduction to his writings, and explanatory foot notes. A portrait of the author and a four-page reproduction of his manuscript in facsimile are found in the first volume.

The original manuscript of Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe" has been found among the papers of the firm of Brockhaus. A number of letters have also been brought to light with it, dealing with the publication of the first edition in 1836.

A Thüringisches Wörterbuch, to cover in full the three leading Thuringian dialects, is to be prepared by a commission of scholars, headed by two Jena professors, B. Delbrück and V. Michels. The teachers of Thuringian schools, high and low, are to collect the data.

For the protection and development of modern Hellenism in the Orient, a number of French scholars have organized a Ligue française pour la défence des droits de l'Hellénisme, with headquarters in Paris, rue de Lille 44. This society has now begun the publication of a series of works, the first to appear being entitled "La Grèce" (Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie, Audin & Cie). It contains con-

tributions from Théophile Homolle, Charles Diehl, Gaston Deschamps, Gustave Fougères, Michel Paillarès, Jean Psichori, Édouard Théry, Henri Houssaye, Alfred Berl, and Théodor Reinach.

The first Russian Press Congress decided to establish a Tolstoy museum in St. Petersburg, and to begin by collecting all the articles that appeared in Russia and in foreign countries on the occasion of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday.

In many of the schools of Connecticut the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Noah Webster will be celebrated to-morrow. In Hartford, where Webster was born, the exercises will be of special interest.

Jerusalem was the scene of three noteworthy events on September 14, all of which are indicative of the awakening of Asia. The principal one was the opening of the first public reading-room in Palestine, the inaugural address to an assembly of Moslems, Christians, and Jews being made by the Moslem judge and acting-governor. The room is well furnished, and supplied with Turkish and Arabic papers, to which will soon be added foreign papers, especially French and English. In the afternoon the first Arabic newspaper published in the Holy City, the *El-Kuds* (The Sanctuary), appeared. In the evening a night school was started, in which free instruction is given in the Turkish language and international law.

Daniel Coit Gilman died at his birthplace, Norwich, Conn., October 13. Born July 6, 1831, he was graduated from Yale in 1852, and continued his studies at Cambridge, New Haven, and Berlin. For a time he was attached to the United States legation at St. Petersburg. In 1856 he returned to Yale as librarian, and later he became professor of physical and political geography and secretary of the Sheffield Scientific School. From 1872 to 1875 he was president of the University of California, where his skill as an administrator was strikingly displayed. In 1875 he was called to be the first president of Johns Hopkins. His success in the conduct of this notable experiment in education we cannot now discuss in detail. It is enough to say that he made the name of Johns Hopkins synonymous with the highest ideals of scholarship. On his retirement from the Johns Hopkins in 1901 he served for three years as president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and he thus gave form and direction to that great undertaking. His interests, however, were not confined to these several institutions: he had been a member of the Board of School Commissioners of Baltimore, vice-president of the Archæological Institute of America, president of the John F. Slater Fund for the Education of Freedmen, vice-president of the Peabody Education Fund, a member of the General Education Board, a trustee of the Russell Sage Foundation, and a member of many learned societies, American and foreign. Public affairs also engaged his attention; he helped to draft a new charter for Baltimore; and from 1901 to 1907 he was president of the National Civil Service Reform League. He made many public addresses, and wrote for various magazines and periodicals. The *Nation* is particularly indebted to him both for contributions and counsel. Among his published writings are: "Bicentennial Address at Norwich, Conn." (1859), "Inaugural Address" (1876), "Life of James Monroe" (1883), "University Problems" (1888), Introduction to De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," "Life of James D. Dana, Geologist," (1899), and "Launching of a University" (1906). He also edited the miscellaneous works of Francis Lieber and Joseph P. Thompson, and he was editor-in-chief of the "New International Encyclopedia."

Elbridge Henry Goss, a banker of Melrose, Mass., died October 9 in his seventy-eighth year. He was a local historian of some repute. Among his books are: "The Melrose Memorial" (1868), "Early Bells of Massachusetts" (1874), "Bibliography of Melrose" (1889), "Life of Colonel Paul Revere" (2 vols., 1891), and "History of Melrose" (1902).

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the British diplomat and author, died October 11. Born in 1830, he became a clerk in the Foreign Office at the age of sixteen. He held various positions in the diplomatic service, and finally rose to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at Madrid, 1892-1900. He was author of "A Life of Napoleon at Elba," "Memnon Letters on the Suez Canal," and "Some Notes of the Past."

SWEDENBORG, SCIENTIST AND THEOLOGIAN.

Swedenborg's Works. Rotch Edition. 32 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $35.

The question of Swedenborg's place among the mystics is raised again by this recent publication of his theological works. These volumes represent scarcely more than half of Swedenborg's prodigious literary output; and it is to be regretted that the editors of a series at once so extensive and so incomplete should let it lack the advantage of some sketch of the author's life and account of the omitted works. For Swedenborg's writings, far more than most men's, need the key of his life and character for their unlocking.

Emanuel Swedberg, later Baron Swedenborg, was born in Stockholm in 1688. The son of a Lutheran bishop, he was from a child deeply interested in religion; but the bent of his mind was eminently practical and till his fifty-fourth year he devoted himself to science and engineering with an industry and ability that won him high reputation. He was graduated with some distinction from the University of Upsala in 1709, and soon afterwards went to England, and later to Holland and France, to pursue his studies in mathematics, physics, and astronomy. He greatly desired the establishment of a chair of mechanics at his native university, and urged that, if funds were lacking, a professorship in theology might well be spared. He started a scientific journal, *Dædalus Hyperboreus*. At twenty-eight he was appointed assessor of the State Board of Mines. This post he occupied for twenty-six years, being detached from time to time for special services, or for prolonged foreign tours of study and inspection. These last took him all over Europe and brought him into contact with most of the learned men of the day. The letters he wrote on these journeys are of the greatest value as showing those mental characteristics which colored all his work. No detail of commerce or manufactory escapes him; his observations are shrewd and to the point. But to art and beauty he is blind. He tells us of the hidden wealth of the mountains, but never of their grandeur. The stones and dimensions of a cathedral elicit his praise, but of its feeling and spirit he knows nothing. He never rises above the machinery of life. His mind, absorbed in analysis, lets him see nothing whole.

Yet for this whole he is always searching, and for its discovery he sets himself to a task whose boldness and magnitude are equalled only by the unflagging energy with which he pursued it:

> The end I propose to myself in this work is a knowledge of the soul, since this knowledge will constitute the crown of my studies. I have chosen to approach by the analytic way; designing to consider and examine thoroughly the whole world, or microcosm, which the soul inhabits, for I think it is in vain to seek her anywhere but in her own kingdom. Thus I hope that, by bending my course inward continually, I shall open all the doors that lead to her, and at length contemplate the soul herself by the divine permission!

Some twenty years before he had published a dissertation to prove that the transmission of sensation in the body was due to vibration in the nerve fluids, even advancing the hypothesis of sympathetic vibrations as an explanation of what we now call telepathy. To these anatomical studies he returned, and for some years pursued them untiringly, seeking the greatest anatomists as his teachers. The result was the publication in 1740 and 1741 of his "Economy of the Animal Kingdom," and in the three following years appeared the first three volumes of what was meant to be a much greater work—abandoned, however, because he became conscious of its futility. As he put it:

> Nothing is farther removed from the human understanding than what at the same time is really present to it; and nothing is more present to it than what is universal, prior, and superior; since this enters into every particular and into everything posterior and inferior. What is more omnipresent than Deity—in Him we live and move and have our being—and yet what is more remote from the sphere of the understanding?

So, he tells us, is the soul in man. It is no secretion in our arteries or brains, no organ of the body. It is the Self, transfusing all, using all, giving life to all.

Yet his failure to find the soul where

he had sought it was by no means barren. From it emerges his doctrine of representations and correspondence—that every physical fact is but the representation of a spiritual truth. This doctrine, old as the history of thought itself, and carried far in the philosophy of the East, came to him as a fresh revelation. From this time on he took this principle for his guide, and bent all his energies to the perception of the spiritual significance within familiar things. In 1745, he published what is usually regarded as the work which marks the transition from his scientific to his theological writings, "The Worship and Love of God." It is full of strange imagery, strange allegory of the birth of the universe, emanating from God; of the birth of the planets from the sun; of the animal kingdom from the vegetable; and the vegetable from the mineral. Each higher form lay concealed within the lower, gradually evolving and manifesting itself in unbroken series.

It was written at a time of great stress, in which, we learn from Swedenborg's private diary, his whole nature was undergoing an inner revolution. He dreams strange and terrible dreams. His conscience sears him for impurity of mind and heart. He falls into trances and has visions of both heaven and hell. Gradually, from their initial chaos, these visions become more ordered and more stable. He deems that he was taught of the Lord that spiritual truth is not to be known by the intellect, but by spiritual vision; and that he is bidden to record his conversations with angels and devils, and to interpret the inner sense of the scriptures—a sense which is to apply not only to the creation of the physical world, but to the creation of the spiritual man. At the age of fifty-seven, he begins this task and labors ceaselessly in its fulfilment for the thirty years left him of life. The thirty-two volumes before us constitute a monument to his fidelity.

Such was the man's life. The immensity of his mind is revealed in his works. His writings are encyclopædic. Methodical, logical, taking nothing for granted, despising nothing as small or unimportant, he gives to every detail of his themes the most painstaking treatment. Under the title of "The Heavenly Arcana Disclosed," he considers, sentence by sentence, the books of Genesis and Exodus, using his doctrine of correspondences to support the spiritual meaning which he finds in them, or which his visions have revealed. These volumes are full of rare insight, but are couched in a theological anthropomorphism repellent to our modern thought. In like manner he deals with the Apocalypse, and in "Heaven and Hell" and "Divine Love and Wisdom" he continues the record of "the wonderful things heard and seen in the world of spirits." Always analytic, dispassionate, unmoved to wonder or ecstasy, he passes with a cold, calm majesty through as varied a phantasmagoria as ever entered the human brain.

"Swedenborg, or the Mystic," such was the title and place which Emerson gave him. But as we read that essay, and even more as we ponder Swedenborg's own writings, we question whether Swedenborg was, after all, really a mystic. And this question rises and confronts us on every page, so dissonant is the message which seeks expression and the mind which seeks to formulate and convey it; for mysticism, we take it, is of the emotions rather than the intellect. Swedenborg's pages breathe the deepest intellectual truths, yet, untouched by passion, they leave us cold. His philosophic teaching is one of love—that love is the life of man and the Being of God—yet we rise from reading with no kindled spark in our hearts. In his pages love becomes a cold and distant thing—his joys are joyless:

> I see them all, so excellently fair,
> I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

His mind, his great gift, proved also a barrier he was never able to transcend. Though his spirit strain the net of his logic and his incurable anthropomorphism, he never breaks through to freedom. "How different," exclaims Emerson, "is Jacob Behmen. *He* is tremulous with emotions, and listens awe-struck, with the gentlest humanity, to the Teacher whose lessons he conveys; and when he asserts that, 'in some sort, love is greater than God,' his heart beats so high that the thumping against his leathern coat is heard across the centuries. 'Tis a great difference." It is indeed a great difference, and as we look back through the succession of the *illuminati*, through the long roll of Christian mystics, Molinos and Fénelon, St. Teresa and John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Francis of Assisi, Tauler and Nicholas of Basle, and behind these to the mysticism of the East, which Swedenborg repeats in so strange a guise, the very identity of doctrine makes the difference more marked.

In the Mandukya Upanishad, whose date is so ancient that it is lost to us in the mists before the Buddha, we find such a division of the worlds and of consciousness as Swedenborg portrayed. Beyond the physical world of waking consciousness is the psychical world, where, as on a window-pane lit from within and from without, are reflected and blended images of things natural and spiritual. Here are shadows of the outer world, of old thoughts and old desires. Here, too, the truths of the spirit and the movement of the creative will take form and imagery. This is the world we enter in dream consciousness, as it is also the world of the clairvoyant and clairaudient. Beyond it is the spiritual world, the world of dreamless consciousness which we enter "when we enter into rest, desiring no desire, beholding no dream," when the mind is still and the consciousness passes to the heart. Here is the "womb of all"; beyond it is but the Infinity of God. This is the inner world of the mystic where, in silence and stillness, his heart is open to the Infinity above him and lays hold of spiritual knowledge at its root. To this third world, where the faculties are centred in the heart, Swedenborg was lifted; but in it he could not remain, for, as his whole life showed, he was always at bottom an analyst, and never attained to that mystic emotion in which the details of vision are swallowed up in a sense of ecstatic union with the whole.

No, Swedenborg was no mystic, but in his search for the soul, mysticism seeks voice and utterance. The mind of the scientist was torn open to dream and vision, but beyond the barrier of form he could not go. Yet if his heart lay dumb and silent, his will never faltered, and through the long years of his labor he earned the one title he ever gave himself:

> *Emanuel Swedenborg,*
> *Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Even in these days of psychical research there are few more interesting problems than those presented by Swedenborg's theological writings, and patience is rewarded by sayings of pure gold. Their study is made easy by this uniform edition, with its attractive format, its good print and paper, and unusually full indices.

CURRENT FICTION.

Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

Once again Miss Corelli takes occasion, both in her preface (to American readers) and in her text, *passim*, to express her active contempt for that poor worm, the reviewer, who, we are not greatly startled to learn, is a "descendant of Ananias," and in the habit of deliberately distorting and "grossly falsifying" the substance of her numerous masterpieces as they fall from the press. It would be a pity if this impression of hers were just, for whatever her shortcomings, she must be recognized as a person who is in the habit of speaking effectively to a very large audience; and no reviewer with a soul ought to wish to misrepresent such a person. The fact is, we suppose, that Miss Corelli does not find that favorable criticism which expresses itself in number of copies sold altogether confirmed by the men of ink. In crude force and sincerity her stories are well beyond the average, and in art just sufficiently beyond it to impress the general. Add her belligerency and cocksureness, her air of reformer, and you have a recipe well-nigh infallible—when you have once caught your audience.

"Holy Orders" is not a theological novel. Its simple proposition is that the English rural community is being ruined by adulterated drink. The demonstration is conducted with the usual exultant ingenuousness. And as usual the book will be made tolerable in not a few eyes because of one or two human figures in it, which do not care whether they help Miss Corelli demonstrate anything or not. Her young English clergyman is a rather flabby person; but there is a French priest who really engages one's attention, and even affection.

Every Man for Himself. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros.

From Gloucester down to the provinces James B. Connolly, George S. Wasson, and Henry M. Rideout have taken their readers, harbor by harbor, but no one is likely to carry us much further east than Mr. Duncan, who here collects ten stories of the bleak and sad Newfoundland coast and the grim, slow-witted, hardy men who earn a precarious living by cod-fishing on the Banks or "swile-" (seal-) hunting on the drifting ice along "the Labrador." Naturally, these stories are not cheerful. Clinging fog and bitter cold, wicked gray skies and everlasting east winds, chill the reader to his marrow, and the moral traits developed by the struggle for life under these cruel conditions are foreshadowed by the title Mr. Duncan has chosen. Across this sinister background shoot occasional gleams of tenderness, pathos, and heroism, and once, in "The Revolution of Satan's Trap," the author indulges in a delightfully romantic instance of poetic justice. There is an attempt, too, at variety through the introduction of two Syrian peddlers, one a tender-hearted poet, the other "thee mos' bes' business man in Newf'un'lan'," whose flashing black eyes and soft, wheedling speech contrast almost too sharply with the gray scenes and lives that offset them. But the author is at his best, on the whole, in such a strange and haunting tale as that of Abraham Botch, whose "soul went cavortin' over the Milky Way" while his body "lied in the wet like an unloved child," and who thought out for himself the Darwinian law while he drifted to open sea on a pan of ice; and in the grim tragedy of "slow Jim Tool," the kindly, gentle fellow who is finally goaded to murder by his vermin-like rival. An unforgettable scene from this story ("The Squall") is that at which the narrator peers over from the crumbling edge of the sheer cliff—Archibald Shott, "stickin' like plaster t' the face o' the cliff, . . . finger-nails an' feet dug into the rock, his face like a year-old corpse"; slow Jim Tool, "swarmin' up with cautious eyes an' feet, his face as white an' cold as the ice below, thin-lipped, wolf-eyed"; and "so far below that they looked like fat swile on the ice, the skipper an' the crew o' the Billy Boy, starin' up, with the floe an' black sea beyond, lyin' like a steep hill under the gray sky."

The Point of Honor: A Military Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: The McClure Co.

This is essentially a short story, slightly expanded, and by the device of large type and thick paper made into a little novel. It tells of a long feud between two officers of Napoleon's army—an affair, which began when they were lieutenants, lasted till they were generals, and even after that till Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo and taken to St. Helena. The tale is swifter in movement and holds the attention better than "The Secret Agent" or "Nostromo." It will therefore be more pleasing to readers who like a naked story, stripped of accessories. The characters of the principals are well delineated, with touches of quiet humor. Here, as in his earlier novels, Mr. Conrad shows himself a stylist of distinction, and his passages of description, though rare, are admirably done. The third chapter, with the retreat from Moscow as its setting, is particularly effective.

The Big Fellow. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

From the moment the Big Fellow steps upon the scene, that is, the first page, the limelight follows him, all against his will, but directed by the hand of his admiring creator. First it is his classmates who worship him. Then his landlady—his mother, aunt, and adopted girl cousin being, of course, *ex-officio* adorers. The man who holds a mortgage on Big's house next falls a victim; then the Irishman who is his neighbor in the "mixed gang" in which for a time he labors. The editor and the eminent lawyer take beneficial fancies to him; clerks and reporters cling to him. Barring a few passing hostilities with a politician or two, and a few "scraps" with socialistic Italians, ballot-stuffers, and their kind, adulation pours her copious libations upon his burly form. The President (of the United States, we mean) finds him the man of men to send to certain new island possessions of America, and thither he repairs, carrying his weight, his compelling smile, and his firm faith in the civilizing power of education and of confidence won by patient kindness. Here fall down new brown victims before his magnetic perfections. If fever, a few Spaniards, and an insurgent or two are unkind, they are in a very tiny minority. When he returns to the United States for his well-earned vacation, not only an ardent neighborhood welcomes him, but an eager public can hardly wait to nominate him Governor of his State. Meantime, the author's attitude toward him has been one of almost awed worship. And the reader—yes, the reader has long since fallen in line, after an instinctive but vain struggle not to yield to the mingled sugar and solemnity of the enveloping atmosphere. It is useless to hold out against the simple straightness ("not so damned simple, either," said the political enemy), the unconsciousness, the human power of the big boy-man. To the question, "Is he a portrait?" the author distinctly says, "No, he is the American policy of education and kindness."

Mr. Palmer's earlier book of stories, "The Ways of the Service," showed that he had a marked talent for the military and colonizing sketch. He has done larger and better work in this elaborated picture of America in the tropics, the Flag personally conducting the Constitution.

Flower of the Dusk. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

What could make the public more comfortable than two or three pairs of lovers belonging to the past, the present, and the future; a blind man, who, thinking himself rich, is in reality dependent on the exertions of a lame daughter; a doctor who heals them both; a copper-haired heiress, a blighted aunt, a boy dreamer of dreams and reader of books, with accessories in summer boarders, an eccentric old lady devoted to novels, an irascible judge and his omnivorous dog? The interest lies largely in the tenderly-meant deceptions practised toward the blind man, which weave a tangled web. The slight little luminary of a story twinkles here and there with fun and revolves in a vast atmosphere of songs, dreams, parables, rhapsodies. Perish the thought that the world will ever outgrow its liking for lucent syrup tinct with cinnamon.

Louise de la Vallière and the Early Life of Louis XIV. By Jules Lair; translated from the fourth French edition by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The court and amours of Louis XIV. have become a favorite theme for English and American writers in the last two decades. The protagonist in this field of late has been H. Noel Williams, who has given us vivid pictures of the Mancini girls, and of the haughty and imperious Montespan. But for the last twenty-five years the standard work on the private life and early love affairs of the Grand Monarque has been Jules Lair's "Louise de la Vallière," first published in 1882, since then thrice re-edited in French, and now translated into English for the first time. The story is most pathetic. A gentle, loyal, trustful girl, deliberately placed by Anne of

Austria in the path of her susceptible son, for the sole purpose of breaking up his intimacy with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, which threatened to become scandalous, is whirled away, almost before she knows it, into a life which was soon to make her profoundly unhappy. She loved the King tenderly and for nis own sake, and was to learn through years of humiliation and misery that Louis was far less constant. When, some months after she had become his mistress, she first fled, in deep grief at a trifling slight, to a convent at Chaillot, Louis at once followed her thither in person, and, after an affecting reconciliation, brought her back in triumph. Nine years later, when for far greater cause she fled a second time, the King sent a messenger after her—the iron, inexorable Colbert—not because he loved her any longer, but because he needed her presence at the court to cover his relations with M. de Montespan, whose advent was the cause of the change. The contrast between the two women reminds one of Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henriette d'Entragues, in the days of Henry IV. In 1674 Louise de la Vallière obtained at last permission to retire. "I leave the world," she said, "without regret, but not without pain." At the age of thirty she entered the Convent of the Carmelites, in the Rue d'Enfer. Sister Louise de la Miséricorde was to expiate, by thirty-six years of seclusion, the whole-souled, unselfish passion of her youth, the only fault of her entire life. The news of her death did not seem to affect the King in the least. He exhibited throughout a cold-blooded egotism, the extent of which is well-nigh impossible to describe, and at the same time that almost inhuman reserve and self-control which enabled him to divide his life into water-tight compartments, as it were, and to write in his "Mémoires" the famous advice to his son:

> Comme le prince devrait toujours être un parfait modèle de vertu, il serait bon qu'il se garantit des faiblesses communes au reste des hommes. . . . Mais comme il peut tomber dans quelqu'un de ces égarements, il doit observer deux précautions: la première, que le temps que nous donnons à notre amour ne soit jamais pris au préjudice de nos affaires; la seconde, c'est qu'en abandonnant notre cœur il faut demeurer maître absolu de notre esprit, que nous séparions les tendresses d'amant d'avec les résolutions de souverain.

The translator of this interesting volume seems to have done her work faithfully, though her style is occasionally marred by unfortunate soliecisms; one cannot pass without protest, for instance, the rendering of "un de ces châteaux posés sur la cime des monts," by "one of those perched sort of castles" (p. 177). The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, and M. Lair's valuable footnotes and references at the bottom of the pages have been retained, though his documents and bibliographical comments at the end of the volume have not. Books of this type are becoming increasingly frequent nowadays, when the regular historical monograph is growing so specialized and technical that the general public does not care to read it, and, though these works can scarcely be regarded as the bone and sinew of history, they still serve a useful purpose in giving pictures of the past, if, as in the present case, they are honestly and thoroughly done.

Literary Reviews and Criticisms. By Prosser Hall Frye, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first defect of this book is its title. Seen on the shelves, the back suggests too easily a bundle of those fagots with which the columns of daily newspapers are stoked: pitiful "reviews," half summary and half comment, phrased less to instruct the reader than to disguise the ignorance of the reviewer and soothe the publisher. Nothing however, could misrepresent the work more: here are thirteen studies of the kind which some persons still think impossible outside of France, studies which help deliver men now from the flippancies of modish tastes and again from the solemn arrogance of perverted scholarship. Ranging from "Iphigenia in Aulis" to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Professor Frye contemplates authors and their books with eye undistracted by linguistics, or textual criticism, looking only for intentions and artistries. His subtle analyses will doubtless be called psychological, after the fashion of the hour. Yet the themes are literary, and no less literary is the handling. Mr. Frye's style, generally, combines finish with ease; its errors are those of too eager or too conscientious craftsmanship. Wielding a large vocabulary, the essayist occasionally seems to be exhibiting his dexterity; an over-polished phrase, a rare word now and then, but more often the elaboration of a thought by a string of nouns or adjectives, each fringing the bull's-eye, provoke this suspicion. Then, too, foreign words are frequent, where virtually the same shade of meaning might have been given in English: *Gens de lettres, Umgangssprache, procédé, aperçu, etc.*, dot too many pages with their italics.

As to the subject matter—the Elizabethan sonnet is first considered, historically and critically, with the conclusion that it may have been a deliberate experiment in ingenuity by a group of "wits." Then Balzac's character is dissected, not without originality; likewise the characters of George Sand, Zola, and Swift. Hardy's naturalism and Hawthorne's supernaturalism divert one briefly from men to philosophy. The longest contribution, on Dryden and the critical canons of the eighteenth century, is at once a piece of history and an essay on the relation criticism bears to art. In the last three essays there is a return to philosophies of life and art, when Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve, and Emerson are scrutinized. For all this miscellaneousness, the book is not inchoate. Its topics are texts for sermons on the foundations of Mr. Frye's literary faith; and, although the preacher is kept well in hand by the critic and historian, he manages to suggest unifying ideas. Because the unity is only hinted at, because the writer flits back and forth from description to comment, from comment to an interjection about contemporary affairs, and thence to the ultimate things of art and life, the pages are seductive; but this same charming variety has distracted him from the deeper consistencies. We have in mind a certain roughness in Mr. Frye's criteria and a lack of precision in applying them. For example, the writer's doctrine that great literature must have a moral purpose and his sharp distinction, brought out admirably in the essay on George Sand, between writing with such a purpose and writing for the exploitation of social or religious theories are irreproachable as points of departure. But the critic does not always hold to their direction unswervingly. Not that he changes his course; the trouble is rather that, not having charted it in full detail, he swings aside now and then unconsciously. In the essay on Dryden, we read:

> "The proper study of mankind is man"; in this sense every great literature is moral. . . . It is, as Matthew Arnold says, a criticism of life.

But later Sainte-Beuve's ideal of criticism, the connecting of an author and his works "on all sides with this earth," is censured because "it proposes to itself an end impossible of complete attainment; for such a criticism as this is nothing less than a criticism of human nature as a whole." "It amounts to a denial of all method, . . . it implies nothing less than absolute universality of mind and sympathy on the part of its wielder." The verdicts jostle each other. In requesting the novelist to bring to the study of life no preconceived ideas, is not Mr. Frye calling for "absolute universality of mind and sympathy"? And how can he make literature the criticism of life while denying this function to the critic of literature?

Moreover, in his comparison of neo-classic with Greek tragedy, Professor Frye seems to subscribe to the ancient conception of the relation between sin and suffering; at least, he describes as "thoroughly and consistently moral" a consciousness to which "the human creature would appear, by the illusion of moral order, accountable for what it is as for what it does." And there is more than a suggestion of this Greek

belief in his studies of naturalism. Hardy's pictures of "the dark, irrational side of nature's dealings" show the worm crushed by the unwitting foot; but, adds the critic, "it is just this blind liability to accident which makes the worm a thing so contemptible." But is the worm contemptible, as men now think? Or has our morality gone astray? Again, while properly insisting, in his criticism of Zola, that the novelist must give us a sound conception of life, he complains of Hardy's lugging in "mischance and miscarriage—all, in short, that literature and art, with their passion for neatness, order, and clarity, have discarded as impertinent." But what if a sound conception of life must reckon with its fortuities? Here Mr. Frye appears to be swinging back and forth between a lofty realism and a very practical idealism. His wavering answer to the question whether literature should depict or inspire shows him still a trifle unsure about the utter falsity of this dilemma.

Science.

This week sees the first issue of a new monthly magazine devoted entirely to aeronautics. It is published, under the title of *Fly*, by Lawson & Kelley of Philadelphia.

At the Lowell Institute in 1907, Prof. C. S. Minot gave a series of six lectures on the question of senescence—a question which he has made peculiarly his own. These lectures were printed with abundant illustrations in the *Popular Science Monthly* last year. The same material is utilized in the newest volume of the Science Series (G. P. Putnam's Sons) bearing the title: "The Problem of Age, Growth, and Death: A Study of Cytomorphosis." In the main, this is a reproduction of the lectures as already published, but various minor changes and some additions, both to illustrations and text, do much to clarify the subject and to inform the reader concerning the literature. The additions are particularly noticeable in the chapter on "Differentiation and Rejuvenation," and in that on "Regeneration and Death." Then, too, there is an entertaining introductory letter to Angelo Mosso, to whom the volume is dedicated, in the course of which some account of the method of Minot's studies is given. Six appendices contain new details about the rate of growth in rabbits and chickens, and a discussion of the death of protozoa and some other problems closely related to the subject of the lectures. With his usual skill and lucidity the author develops his views concerning these questions which he has studied carefully for many years and to which he has called attention in many well known articles and addresses. A brief statement of such complex problems is dangerous but it may suffice to say here that the main contention of the book is: that there is a progressive differentiation of cells in animals, with certain characteristic variations for the various tissues and even for various animals, leading finally to death; that the animal ages as the cellular protoplasm increases in comparison with the nucleus, the degree of senescence determining the rate of growth. All this rests upon a number of hypotheses, which will perhaps long remain matters of controversy, and involves some apparent paradoxes whose exposition will delight the careful reader, even though he may here and there doubt the validity of the conclusion.

The "Functional Nerve Diseases" of Dr. A. T. Schofield of London (E. P. Dutton & Co.) hardly appeals to the general reader as much as the series to which it belongs (New Library of Medicine) was intended to do and in most of its volumes actually does. For the medical man, the book is perhaps too unsystematic and rather diffuse, although often undeniably stimulating. After a somewhat unsatisfactory consideration of mental processes and of the unconscious mind, much of the volume is given over to discussions of hysteria and neurasthenia, little space being allowed for the other ten diseases accepted as functional. The chapter on the "rest cure" is helpful and that on general treatment contains much that is good. The chapter in "psychotherapy," in which indirect suggestion appears to be the really important thing, is disappointing, partly because the author seems to be unacquainted with some of the more successful methods and partly because he does not present the methods with which he is familiar in such a manner that the reader may understand how to apply them. The therapeutic results of hypnosis in functional nerve diseases he regards as very disappointing—being most effectual in the production of sleep and in the relief of pain. Dr. Schofield's remarks on the various aspects of quackery are illuminating and his protest against the neglect of mental therapeutics is in the main just, but he is far more successful in stating the need than in exemplifying the means.

"Gray's New Manual of Botany: A Handbook of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of the Central and Northeastern States and Adjacent Canada" has been rearranged and extensively revised by Benjamin Lincoln Robinson and Merritt Lyndon Fernald (American Book Co.). The first edition of Gray's "Manual" was published in 1848, soon after Professor Gray entered upon his duties at Harvard. Previous to that time there had been a few useful handbooks of our Eastern flora, but they were all under the influence of the Linnæan classification. Dr. Gray broke with this artificial system, and brought to the attention of American students the natural system, which was at that time just beginning to make its way. From the outset the new treatise was received with favor, and enlisted the hearty coöperation of American students. Notes of additions to our flora followed each other with rapidity, were promptly recorded in the pages of the *American Journal of Science*, and were embodied in new editions or new issues of the "Manual"; and, with the advance in botany, the aid of collaborators was enlisted for special sections. After Dr. Gray's death, a revision (the sixth edition) was carried through by Drs. Watson and Coulter, in 1890, and until now this has had to serve. Professors Robinson and Fernald, who have long been connected with the Gray Herbarium, are fully conversant with the exacting demands of the "field" botanist. These demands they have met very largely on the lines of the former editions in a convenient and scholarly work, fully abreast of the times. Many new features have been introduced in order to facilitate identification of species, but these additions have been made without materially changing the "Manual" in size or appearance.

It is a pleasure, in the midst of the increasing output of nature-books, to come upon one, like "The Sport of Bird-Study," by Herbert K. Job (Outing Publishing Co.). It is quite devoid of unwholesome sentimentality, and yet shows for the bird world as loving sympathy as man can well have with the lower species. Mr. Job was one of the first to look upon the camera as a nobler weapon than the gun, and he is certainly to be numbered among the three or four most successful photographers of birds and their nests, besides being undoubtedly a field ornithologist of the first rank. In his latest book he endeavors to disclose to his readers a new sport, describing vividly the fascination, the difficulty, the healthfulness, and even the dangers of "hunting with the camera," in which the bag is made by the exulting sportsman without hurting even a feather of the quarry. Mr. Job has no need to go after mountain lions or grizzly bears for excitement. Witness his hunt for the worm-eating warbler, a specimen of which he had as yet never seen except in the pages of Audubon:

> Just as I raised my field-glass it flew, but in that instant I thought I saw bold stripes on the head. Instantly Audubon's picture of the Worm-eating Warbler flashed into my mind. I am fortunate enough to own a set of Audubon, and it was probably that which started me out as a child with a passion for birds. Though confident that I had just seen my first "worm-eater," I must have a better view to be sure. So I followed after it along the strip of trees and shrubbery, hoping that I might start it again. About a hundred yards further on a bird flew from the ground which I thought was the one. It kept flitting on and on, after brief stops among the patches of fern, until I was about in despair of getting a good look at it. Finally it seemed to stay in one spot and I stole up with caution. Peering through the bushes, I was thrilled and delighted to see it sitting motionless on a log, within a very few feet of me, an undoubted Worm-eating Warbler, with the bold stripes on its head.

The volume is beautifully got up, as regards both paper and type, and the half-tone reproductions of the numerous interesting and valuable photographs by the author are excellent.

Drama.

The authoritative life of Henry Irving, by Austin Brereton, is about ready to be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

"Getting Married and Other Plays," by George Bernard Shaw will soon be published by Brentano's.

One of the latest additions to the body of unacted poetic drama, which of late has been growing somewhat rapidly, is the five-act tragedy "Hero and Leander" (Henry Holt & Co.), by Prof. Martin Schütze of the University of Chicago. It is a work showing some power of dramatic invention, literary facility, and occasional flights of poetic fancy, although the language in

which these are expressed is likely to degenerate into unmistakable prose. Felicitous lines are frequent, and imaginative passages are not rare, but the flashes of eloquence are too far apart to make the illumination general. The author has not allowed himself to be fettered by undue reverence for the old legend or for classical restrictions. He has created a new story, new personages, and a new catastrophe, making Hero stab herself over the body of her drowned lover, instead of letting her leap into the sea. That, however, is not a matter of much moment, perhaps, when weighed against the necessity of a stage tableau. It may be said in favor of this play that it is more fitted for actual representation than many pieces which glow more brightly with the divine flame, giving opportunities for spectacular display which might prove tempting to a practical manager, while good actors in the parts of Hero and Leander might provide some thrilling moments. The consecration of Hero in the Temple of Venus Urania, the apparition of Leander, his encounter with the temple guards, the episodes attending Hero's surrender, and the storm with its tragic outcome are all valuable theatrical incidents. As for the play itself, if it is not a brilliant example of poetic tragedy, it is a capable, dignified, and interesting composition which would be a credit to any theatre producing it; and the verse would present no insuperable obstacle to players of ordinary competence.

Beerbohm Tree promises a number of interesting performances for his London theatre. These include an Egyptian play, in which Louis N. Parker and Hall Caine are to collaborate; the presentation of "Macbeth," in which Gordon Craig will have a great deal to do with the scenery; a revival of "a great English comedy"—"The School for Scandal" at a guess—with an all-star cast; a fairy piece; and a new poetical play by Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appear to have been rather successful in London with "The Whirlpool" of Herbert Swears, in which the former plays the middle-aged American speculator and the latter the sentimental spinster. It is a conventional tale of gambling, dishonesty, lost fortunes, and self-sacrifice, with some sentimental passages for Mrs. Kendal.

The site of Shakespeare's Globe Playhouse in London, on Bankside, Southwark, is to be marked. An executive committee of the Shakespeare Reading Society of London has charge of the matter, and has engaged Prof. Edward Lanteri to execute a mural tablet from the designs of William Martin. The tablet will be in bronze relief, and will depict Bankside in the time of Shakespeare, a bust of the poet appearing as an inset. Permission for the erection of the bronze has been obtained from the owners of the site, and an appeal is to be issued for subscription.

A new theatrical journal of considerable ambition has been started in Vienna, the *Wiener Theater-Courier*. Rudolf Huppert, Alex. Hengge, and R. F. Jamök are editors.

Gerhart Hauptmann is at work on a new play, "Griselda," for the Lessing Theatre.

Music.

Musical Memories. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Upton wrote the first musical criticism printed in a Chicago newspaper, and for about half a century he has heard and discussed pretty nearly everything worth hearing produced in that city. It is therefore quite in order that he should write a chronicle of music in Chicago from its humble beginnings, more than seventy years ago, "when Indians and coyotes outnumbered whites there almost ten to one," to the present day. It was in 1833 that the village of six hundred residents heard its first music in the strains of Mark Beaubien's fiddle. An exciting event in the village was the arrival, two years later, of the schooner which brought the first piano. Thirteen more years elapsed, however, before the first great pianist, Richard Hoffman, visited Chicago. In 1850 the first opera troupe captured the town, and thenceforth the progress was steady, if slow. It was interrupted temporarily by the great fire of 1871; but even in that emergency there were entertainments which helped the people to bear up against the calamity during the gloomy winter following.

By far the most important event in the musical history of Chicago was the formation, in 1891, of a permanent orchestra, with Theodore Thomas as leader. For the first time in his life that great conductor had players whose salaries were guaranteed, and hence he had little difficulty in procuring first-rank men and was not harassed by personal financial responsibilities. Nothing short of such an advantage could have induced him to leave New York, to which he felt attached, in spite of much shabby treatment. Some disappointments he bad in Chicago, too. The failure of his World's Fair scheme was a tragedy to him. His intention was to exhibit in a series of concerts the world's musical progress from the early classical period to the present day. His plans were frustrated, as Mr. Upton has shown in detail in his biography of Thomas, "by the incompetency of some of his assistants, the ignorance of some of his official superiors, and the jealousy and greed of commercialism." He retired from tbe field in August, instead of in October, as he had intended; and when, subsequently, the managers of the St. Louis Exposition invited him to take the musical directorship, he promptly declined and advised them to confine their music to the band stands in the open air. In one respect Theodore Thomas must have felt much more at home in Chicago than in New York. It was his conviction that "a symphony orchestra shows the culture of a community, not opera." Now, in New York, concerts have always played second fiddle to the opera, whereas in Chicago the Thomas and other concerts are preferred. One looks with amazement at the list of operatic performances at the Auditorium in nineteen years (pp. 308-9)—only 278 in all, or fewer than New York has in three years. Among the seventy-nine different operas in the list eighteen were for the first time in Chicago; and of these eighteen, ten failed to pay expenses.

Of the 345 pages in Mr. Upton's volume only the last 134 are devoted to a record of purely local matters. The first fifteen chapters are filled with reminiscences of musicians of various grades, and their managers, who visited Chicago. With most of these artists—and the list comprises nearly all the celebrities heard in this country during the last half century—the author had personal acquaintance of a more or less intimate kind. He does not content himself, however, with a mere record of what he heard and saw, but adds miscellaneous information to fill out his sketches. It is worthy of note that after hearing all these, he still regards Jenny Lind's singing as the ideal exposition of the art of song. He was a college freshman when he caught the Jenny Lind fever, which raged on both continents, so that even Berlioz wrote to a friend: "I shall not go to London this season. The Lind fever makes all musical enterprises impossible." She was the first really great singer to visit this country, and her enormous success soon set the tide of rivals flowing in our direction; all of which was water for Mr. Upton's mill. He heard Patti in the early fifties at the Tremont House, Chicago, where she sang in a dining-room concert. Amusing accounts are given of the wars between Patti and Gerster, Minnie Hauck and Marie Roze, Lydia Thompson and the editor of the Chicago *Times;* also, of the stupendous national and international peace jubilees of Patrick Gilmore. This Irish bandmaster once told the author that he would be delighted if he could only have church bells, cannons, and anvils with every piece he played, not merely for their effect upon audiences, but because he enjoyed them himself. He found out, however, that a chorus of 20,000 singing to an audience of 50,000 produced no more effect than a smaller number of voices in a proportionately smaller hall; and he acknowledged to Mr. Upton that he was done with "tornado choruses." Of the violinists our author has heard these fifty years, he found Wilhelmj the most impressive, and Rubinstein among the pianists. This great Russian never practised; "he almost utterly ignored audiences, and the more frantic the applause, the less likely was he to recognize it." One may surmise that this was due largely to the fact that the ap-

plause was not likely to be in proportion to the merit of the music:

He found he was expected to lower his own standards, and this he was too honest to do, so his tour was a disappointment.

The author lost an opportunity here to comment on our progress in musical culture, for Paderewski and other great pianists are no longer expected, when they come to this country, to lower their standards. The change is still more emphasized when we contrast the present with the time of Gottschalk, who regaled his audiences with his "Bamboula," "Ojos Creollos," "Le Savanne," and "Banjo," reserving Beethoven and Mendelssohn for his intimate friends.

Mr. Upton's book is one of the most valuable contributions to American musical history ever issued, and the numerous personal sketches and anecdotes interspersed make it as interesting as a novel to music lovers. While enjoying the delights of recollection, he has no doubt that his successor, who will write the story of the next fifty years of local music, will have as great names and more important events to discuss; Mr. Upton is optimistic enough to believe that "the musical future of Chicago will be greater than its past or present, notwithstanding its increasing materialism and commercialism."

The centenary of Mendelssohn's birth will be celebrated by the Oratorio Society on January 4, by the performance of his "Elijah" at Carnegie Hall. This will be the third concert of the season. Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," which made such a favorable impression last year, will be sung on December 2. "The Messiah" will be given on December 26 and 29. "The Dream of Gerontius," by Elgar, will be revived on March 20; and on April 8 the season will close with Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

Gustav Mahler will conduct three of the concerts to be given by the New York Symphony Orchestra; the others will be under the direction of Walter Damrosch. Among the soloists will be Geraldine Farrar, Jeanne Jomelli, Lhévinne, Albert Spalding, Sasslavsky, Mannes. Among the works to be heard will be Mahler's second symphony, Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Brahms's first symphony, Dvorák's "In der Natur," and Elgar's symphony; also, the opera overtures of Mozart and his concertos for flute and clarinet, a group of Italian overtures by Donizetti, Rossini, Bazzini, and Sgambati, George Schumann's variations and double fugue on "ein lustiges Thema," Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," Raff's "Im Walde," Chadwick's third symphony, and Loeffler's "La Villanelle de Diable," The Mendelssohn centennial concerts will include, besides the Scotch and Italian symphonies, the fragment of the unfinished opera "Loreley." The symphony "Antar" will be performed in memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff. A Tchaikovsky cycle, consisting of Tchaikovsky's works performed in chronological order, will be begun during the second series of the Sunday afternoon concerts.

Art.

Denkmäler ægyptischer Sculptur. Herausgegeben und mit erläuternden Texten versehen, von Fr. W. Freiherrn von Bissing. Munich: Verlagsanstalt F. Bruckmann.

Familiar only with the cold, placid, and monumental sculptures of Egypt's Greek and late pre-Greek period, both Winckelmann and Ottfried Müller failed to discern the powerful individuality which the discriminating eye can now perceive in the older work, recovered and studied since their day. Yet the verdict of these two men on the character of Egyptian art is at the present day still current. It was therefore an admirable project undertaken by Prof. Baron von Bissing to collect in this splendid series of plates the greatest works of Egyptian sculpture of all ages, and to accompany them with a text containing a systematic attempt by modern methods, such as obtain in classical archæology, to examine them exhaustively, estimate them intelligently, relate them to each other and to their period, and thus trace for the first time on an adequate basis of observation the great lines of the development. Now that the enterprise has progressed to the seventh fascicle (there are to be twelve in all), the character of the work emerges more clearly than in the first two *livraisons*, already reviewed in these columns. (See the *Nation* of October 4, 1906, p. 291.)

The text contains many permanently useful discussions, and the main results may be regarded as a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the subject, even though some reservations in this verdict must be made. In the discernment of the gradual emergence of the individual, as observable in Egyptian art, the text falls short. This is noticeable in the discussion of portraiture (Text-plate 39), where only the conventional and all powerful "typical" style is treated, whereas there are unmistakable examples in which the sculptor, even as far back as the Old Kingdom, before 2500 B. C., abandons the prevailing types of the Egyptian nobleman, and likewise violates the ruling canons of drawing, to produce the individual as he was actually discerned. Some striking examples of this have been recently published by Capart in his "Une Rue de tombeaux," showing that portraiture really existed in the remote age of the Old Kingdom, whether the subject actually *sat* for the sculptor or not. The sharp distinction between these two schools, as the author in some periods does not fail to notice, can be traced throughout the course of the history of Egyptian art, just as the intimate and informal style of portraiture alternates with the formal and conventional school in the history of European art. In the Saitic age, however, just as in the Old Kingdom, this individuality has not been discerned by the author, for the reason that the marvellously individual portraits of that age are incorrectly dated by him in the Ptolemaic period. Yet the evidence for their Saitic date is complete and convincing. A relief unquestionably of the Saitic period, at Berlin, contains a portrait head displaying all the characteristics and peculiarities of the remarkable Saitic portraits in the round, and leaves no possible question as to the date of the latter. The question is of importance to all students of the history of art, for it is the question whether an Oriental civilization produced such matchless portraits as the well-known "Green Head" at Berlin—portraits unsurpassed in the ancient world anywhere—or whether they were to some extent a product of Greek influence, as they must have been if produced later in the Ptolemaic period.

To the question of the rise of the group as a problem in sculpture, discussed by the author (Plates 29 and 55A), must now be added the remarkable evidence found by Prof. Ludwig Borchardt at Amarna, showing that in the court of the palace there, there once stood a group in the round, depicting the king in his chariot urging his speeding horses after the wounded lion. This discovery must profoundly alter our whole conception of Egyptian art.

Another criticism of the text is that the author seems occasionally unfamiliar with the ancient inscriptional material bearing upon the works or the problems under discussion. He takes up the question (Plate 58) of the alleged statement in an obscure passage of a hymn to the Nile-god, that no stone images of him were ever made—evidently without knowing that the Papyrus Harris (40b-41a, 55a, 73:1, 13, etc.) records the making of scores of such statues of this god by Ramses III. Likewise, discussing Wiedemann's extraordinary assertion that the Egyptians made no cultus images of their gods, the author (Plate 57) can cite only late Greek literary evidence against Wiedemann's impossible position, whereas there is plenty of contemporary inscriptional evidence to disprove it, especially the Papyrus Harris just mentioned. Querying whether the commonly pictured posture of the Pharaoh, seizing a vanquished enemy, particularly a hostile chief, by the plume on his head, may not depict an act of especial humiliation to the foe (Plate 33A), the author might have found the answer in the inscription on the well-known "Israel Stela," where the humiliation of the defeated Libyan king is rendered the more vivid by the statement that he fled "with no plume

upon his head," showing clearly that loss of the plume was a disgrace. Sometimes, also, the modern evidence has escaped the author, though he shows wide acquaintance with it. In the discussion of Colossi (Plate 54) there is, strangely enough, no reference to the fragments of the vast colossus, some ninety feet high, the greatest known, found by W. Flinders Petrie at Tanis (Petrie, "Tanis I.," pp. 22-4).

Some inaccuracies of an essential character have crept into the author's descriptions. Plate 37 exhibits a fine sphinx portrait termed by the author in the legend, "Sphinx der Koenigin Hatschepsowet," and so again in the text to Plate 38 (with a different spelling); but in the text to Plate 37 no name is given, and the evidence of the inscription is conclusive against the identification with the well-known queen. The text to Plate 37 also calls the Great Sphinx of Gizeh beardless. That he is at the present day, to be sure; but large fragments of the beard were found in the sand before the breast by Vyse in 1837, and one considerable piece at least is in the British Museum.

The presentation of the greatest sculptures of Egypt in some hundred and fifty plates is not an easy task; but just for this reason no plates should be wasted. For example, in Plates 60-61, 62-63, 65-66, and 67-68, we have in each pair two plates devoted to one head, when both points of view might have been fairly combined on one plate, involving a loss of four plates unnecessarily. We must ask also, why in a series of Egyptian sculpture we find no example of the greater colossi? The best preserved, those at Abu Simbel, should unquestionably be given in at least one plate. Again, we would express the hope that before the series is closed at least one piece, like the charming little relief of Ikhnaton and his queen at Berlin, may be reproduced in the original colors. No ancient art possesses so many examples of well-preserved color, and this work will be incomplete without at least one example. The execution of the superb plates is what we have learned to expect from the experienced *atelier* of Bruckmann. It is occasionally evident, however, that these skilled photo-engravers were not always furnished with a sufficient negative. It is a pleasure to turn from the very few insufficient plates to the matchless reproduction of the Turin Ramses on two of the finest plates in this series. We commend them to any one who desires an adequate impression of the refinement of which the greatest sculpture in ancient Egypt was capable. Although we have not been able to agree with the author in all points, we are glad to congratulate him on the progress of his work, which will form an indispensable basis for the study of Egyptian art.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has secured a Madonna and Child by Giovanni Bellini, the most important work of the Venetian school which the museum has yet acquired. The picture, painted in oil on a poplar-wood panel, measures about thirty-five by twenty-eight inches. In front of a dull orange red curtain the Madonna is seated holding the Infant Christ in both hands. The curtain is drawn aside, revealing behind the Madonna's figure the outskirts of a small hill town; a winding road leads toward houses which have chimneys in the Venetian fashion; there is a single fortress tower, and beyond a vista of mountain ranges. Throughout December there will be an exhibition of the material gathered by the Egyptian expedition of the museum. Albert M. Lythgoe, curator of the Egyptian antiquities, reports substantial progress in the excavation of the Pyramid of Amenehat. The season for working ended about the middle of June. He will begin again in November, with six assistants, the largest number that has engaged in the work.

A fine Roman sarcophagus in excellent preservation has been found in the Vicolo Malabarba, outside the Porta S. Lorenzo. It is 5 feet 7 inches long by 1 foot 6 inches wide, and the cover measures 5 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 4 inches. The front and one side of the sarcophagus are covered with scenes in relief of a Roman victory over barbarians, probably the Parthians or the Dacians. One of the most spirited incidents is a Roman soldier forcing a captive barbarian to bow down and do obeisance to a youthful figure, representing either a Roman emperor or an imperial general. Other scenes represent a barbarian in chains with his wife and child; a bearded barbarian led by a Roman soldier; and a fine figure of Pegasus, which Prof. Dante Vaglieri believes to have been the standard or ensign of the legion to which the dead man belonged. Inside the sarcophagus were a skeleton, a glass vase, and a silver denarius coined under Titus.

A few days ago the cable dispatches announced that Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of "The Last Supper" had been saved from the ruin which seemed inevitable. *La Rassegna Contemporanea* gives further details of the process. Luigi Cavenaghi, director of the Industrial School of Milan, and a competent fresco-painter, had the work in charge. The chief damage to the picture came from the curling up and peeling off in little flakes of the colored surface. This came partly from the disintegration of the original plaster and partly from the restorations made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Sig. Cavenaghi has discovered a means of re-attaching these tiny scales to the wall by the use of resinous gums, with the result that it is possible to clean the dust from the entire painting, and so to distinguish between the original colors and those added by later restorers. "Thus is exploded the legend," says the *Rassegna*, "that the Cenacolo was wholly done over in the eighteenth century."

The death is announced of Madame Bon (formerly Marie Viaud), sister of Pierre Loti. She was an artist of some distinction, and is said to have left a number of finished pictures.

Finance.

THE "WAR SCARE" IN WALL STREET.

The events of last week in Southeastern Europe excited on the stock exchanges a real "war scare." The week's decline of 6¼ points in Turkish bonds, of 1⅝ in British consols, 1½ in German public securities, ¾ in the French, and 3¾ in Russians, showed what Europe thought. The 4 to 7-point decline on the New York Stock Exchange, the sales of 220,000 shares of our securities by Europe, and the resultant rapid movement of foreign exchange against us, indicated the character of the market here. But hardly had this alarm reached its climax last Friday, when the home and foreign markets turned, and in forty-eight hours regained the greater part of their losses of the week. Obviously, this recovery was in the main a response to the peaceful tone of the European dispatches of Monday, as compared with the threatening news of Saturday. It also, doubtless, reflected relief at the disappearance of last week's Stock Exchange tales of the Servian guerrillas who had invaded Austria, the Turkish gunboat which had fired on a Bulgarian ship, and the armament embarked from Constantinople to subdue the Cretans. The question remains, however: How much genuine basis, from the point of view of the financial market, was there for this flurry?

In recent years we have become rather familiar with war scares, and on the whole, that experience has not inspired great dread of them. Three "war scares" of the last decade were faithful forerunners of real war—those of April, 1898, of September and October, 1899, and of January, 1904. But even in these instances the financial disturbance turned out, in two cases out of the three, to be a temporary affair. The Spanish war and the Japanese war upset the New York Stock Exchange to some purpose at the outset, but this fall was quickly followed by recovery and return of real prosperity, even while the fighting was in progress. With the Boer war, the outcome was different: the "industrial boom" in Germany was pricked; bank rates went up to 6 per cent. at London, to 7 at Berlin, and to 4½ at Paris; call money touched 186 per cent. in New York; our own speculation in newly promoted "industrials" collapsed; and English finance was so far injured that it has never since been able to win back the hegemony of the financial world from Paris. But it is even now a matter of dispute, how far the later financial shock of the Transvaal war was due to the war itself or rather the large loans raised to conduct it, and how far to the complete embargo placed on the $80,000,000 gold which

European markets had been annually receiving from South Africa.

No consideration of this kind could be involved in such a war as last week's confused dispatches first suggested—a fight, say, between Turkey and Bulgaria. Our markets and Europe's, after a preliminary shock, passed through the two other recent conflicts in that part of the world, the Greco-Turkish war of 1897 and the fight of 1885 between Servia and Bulgaria, with something like indifference. As for the other recent war scares which did not result in war—those started by the wrangle of 19 over French prerogatives in Morocco, and by the half-comic outburst of 18 at Paris, over the Fashoda affair—these, on the whole, produced the impression that European high finance was merely going through the motions of alarm.

There is, however, another side to the present affair. When the London dispatches described the situation as the most serious that had arisen in Europe since the Franco-Prussian rupture in 1870, the average American reader put the statement down as an extravagance of excited minds. Yet there was at least a grain of reason in the report. That popular forces which might not be subject to restraint were violently at work; that every signatory of the Treaty of Berlin might have claims to push; and that the great Powers might thus be involved over Austria's annexation of two minor provinces—all this suggested possibilities far transcending those of a fight between two second-rate governments in the Balkans. What the disorder on the stock exchanges reflected was therefore a possibility, not a probability; but the possibility, though remote, was so grave that the decline was proportionately violent. When the little Transvaal war drew from the money markets, in the form of loans or increased taxes, nearly $1,000,000,000 capital for purposes of waste and destruction, and when the Manchurian conflict similarly dissipated $2,000,000,000, the actual prospect of a European collision now would not be comfortable, even in the present era of cheap money rates and idle capital.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Henry Mills. Magazine Writing and the New Literature. Harper. $2 net.

Allen, Grant. Evolution in Italian Art. Wessels, $3.50 net.

Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler: Von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Vol II. Edited by Dr. Ulrich Thieme and Dr. Felix Becker, Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.

Bangs, John Kendrick. The Genial Idiot: His Views and Reviews. Harper. $1.25.

Barney, Laura Clifford. Some Answered Questions. Collected and Translated from the Persian of 'Abdu'l-Baha. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Bierwirth, H. C. German Inflections: Arranged in Parallels. Holt. 40 cts. net.

Bouët-Willaumez, E. Batailles de terre et de mer. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Brown, P. Hume. A Short History of Scotland. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

Calvert, Albert F. Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila, and Zaragoza. John Lane. $1.25 net.

Carpenter, Edward. British Aristocracy and the House of Lords. London: A. C. Fifield.

Chesterton, Gilbert K. All Things Considered. John Lane. $1.50 net.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's references to the tariff in his speech at Trenton, on Monday, were much more satisfying than what he had to say in Dakota. They were also much more to the point. He is doubtless aware that in New Jersey the Cleveland Democrats are a powerful element. Their votes certainly cannot be won by foolish talk about the Wilson bill of 1894 causing the panic of 1893. It was well, therefore, that Mr. Taft should be more explicit than he has before been about his intention to secure a thorough and honest revision of the tariff. To this he deliberately pledged himself and his party. He boldly took up the charge that the protected interests control the party and will not permit any reductions in the tariff. If they have such power, he asked, why did they not prevent the Chicago Convention from declaring for revision? The Republican candidate added that the party is simply "obliged" to put through a genuine and complete revision of the tariff, and that it had shown itself able "to pass any law in the face of any corporate opposition, when the law addresses itself to the justice and to the honor of the Republican party." Such frank and explicit declarations ought to be worth many votes.

His Chattanooga audience must have been greatly pleased, last Friday, with Mr. Taft's hearty and frank attitude. He made it plain that he scarcely dreams of getting a single electoral vote from the South, but he had promised to make speeches in Southern States, and there he was, to make his word good, and to express friendly feeling. Southerners know how to respond to such advances, and it is not surprising that the candidate expressed a fear of the danger of—not over-confidence—but of "over-hospitality." Mr. Taft's classification of Southern voters into those who would vote for him, those who would not vote at all, and those who would vote for Bryan while hoping that Taft would be elected, was very close upon the facts. It was a good way of bringing out the anomalous political conditions which prevail in the South. And all sensible men must agree with Mr. Taft in deploring the "tradition" which keeps the South solid. But the motives to which he appealed, in pleading that Southerners support the Republican party, were not very exalted. He did not urge them to get rid of their prejudices and their fears on the race question but exhorted them to join the party which is "in favor of distributing the favors of protection all over the country." This, we must be as frank as Mr. Taft in saying, is but an attempt to solve a question of political justice and human rights by shifting it to a mercenary basis.

Just as Chairman Hitchcock announces that money is "coming in more freely" to the Republican Committee, Mr. Bryan raises his voice to charge that the Republicans are collecting $1,000,000 with which to buy the election. This accusation he will surely repeat, with variations, as he comes East. Harping upon Republican concealment of the campaign fund, as contrasted with Democratic frankness, he will allege that contributions are being secretly obtained from corporations and rich men interested in legislation. This is probably a slander. Yet there is only one way effectively to meet it. That is to make public the list of contributors. It is hardly to be supposed that the treasurer has accepted improper or suspicious gifts. He is to publish them after the election in any case, and there is no real reason why he should not do it before. Every Republican member of the House of Representatives voted last spring for the McCall bill, which provided that all contributions be made public ten days before the election. That ought to be sufficient precedent and warrant for the committee. The President, it is true, has decided offhand that there must be no pre-election publication; but it may be better to disregard him than to give Bryan a taking cry. Mr. Sheldon should promptly open his books.

Both parties are, of course, getting down on their marrow-bones before the labor vote, but need they be so petty about it? Here is the Attorney-General of the United States descending to tactics of which a ward boss ought to be ashamed. In his statement showing how active and victorious the Roosevelt Administration has been in prosecuting offenders under the Sherman law, he inserts a repetition of his former fling at President Cleveland for having brought injunction and other proceedings against labor unions:

> I have included among the prosecutions of the Democratic Administration resistance to the petition of Eugene V. Debs for a writ of habeas corpus; it is to be noted that five out of nine proceedings under Democratic rule were directed against labor organizations and their leaders; under Republican rule there have been in all three such proceedings out of fifty-six.

Mr. Bonaparte is well aware, as are all Republicans old enough to remember 1894, that nothing in Mr. Cleveland's course as President deserved better of the country, or, in fact, received more general applause from good citizens, irrespective of party, than his resolute grappling with the gigantic conspiracy headed by Debs, and intended to throttle the commerce of the nation. It was a strong assertion of the power of the general government to protect its property and its agents against the raging of a labor mob—an assertion which will be one of the landmarks in American constitutional history. No less a person that Theodore Roosevelt wrote in the *Forum* of February, 1895:

> It was a most fortunate thing that the action at Washington was so quick and so emphatic. Senator Davis of Minnesota set the key of patriotism at the time when men were still puzzled and hesitated. The President [Cleveland] and Attorney-General Olney acted with equal wisdom and courage, and the danger was averted.

Such, too, must have been the attitude of Mr. Bonaparte. Yet now, for campaign purposes, the Attorney-General intimates that the firm and patriotic stand of a Democratic Administration proves that the Republicans are the true champions of "labor"—Codlin's the friend not Short. A political argument could scarcely be more hypocritical.

As if to intensify, by contrast, the mean spirit of this insinuation by the President's legal adviser, Judge Taft himself took up the subject of court proceedings against organized labor in his speeches to Ohio workingmen last

week. It is, indeed, the very sarcasm of fate that it was Mr. Taft who, when on the Federal bench, made decisions upholding the course of the Democratic Administration in suing out injunctions against Debs and other labor leaders. Mr. Bonaparte mentions the Debs case. Well, it was a lieutenant of Debs, one Phelan, whom Judge Taft sent to jail for contempt of court, in disobeying an injunction. And far from crawling on his stomach before union labor in Ohio with an abject apology for what he had done, Mr. Taft stood by his record like a man:

> If in issuing an injunction and in punishing a man like that a judge following his oath is to be voted against and kept out of the Presidency, that is the privilege of the voters of the United States, if they take that view of it. But I mistake my men, I mistake the intelligence of the American voters, if they are not going to stand by judges who do their duty and carry out the law as it is interpreted to them.

That furnishes a very useful measure of Attorney-General Bonaparte's stature.

Campaigns which confidently determine in advance the chief topics to come before Congress and the country after the election, are often wofully wide of the mark. In 1896, who dreamed that the most critical work to be laid upon the new President would be the war with Spain, and the complications growing out of it? Similarly, this year, it is entirely possible that the issues which we are all talking about now will be pushed aside, when the new Congress meets, by something to which nobody is giving attention to-day. Take, for example, the condition of the Treasury. The deficit keeps piling up ominously. With somewhat less than one-third of the fiscal year elapsed, it is already $38,828,000. At that rate, Chairman Tawney's prediction of a deficit of $150,000,000 for the year may not be far out of the way. Yet no politician is saying anything about this danger-signal. The question of possible retrenchment, or the certainty of added taxation if things go on as at present, does not enter into this campaign at all. Yet it may easily be the most imperative duty of the next Administration to attack exactly that problem of finding the money to meet the expenses of the government.

Mr. Chanler has at last attempted to reply to the questions of Gov. Hughes. These questions are entirely pertinent, for they relate strictly to the issues of the campaign in this State. Mr. Chanler, however, is evasive. The subject of gambling, he says, is not mentioned in either platform. But, in or out of the platform, that topic is distinctly before the people, and the fact that Hughes opposed race-track gambling is one of the chief arguments which the Democrats are urging against him. He is therefore well within his rights in saying to his opponent: "Do you favor race-track gambling?" Mr. Chanler professes a desire to enforce "all the laws, including the laws against gambling." But this statement does not cover the whole ground, for there is a movement to repeal the laws passed at the extra session of the Legislature, and people are entitled to know whether Mr. Chanler will lend his aid to that movement. On Gov. Hughes's other points—whether, for example, Mr. Chanler will want to abolish the Public Service Commission—his rival remains silent. He has retorted, however, by asking Mr. Hughes ten questions; some of them merely personal and nagging, and some that may be regarded as relevant. To all of them, however, Gov. Hughes has made a convincing rejoinder. As a sample of the Governor's method we may quote a single passage:

> He [Mr. Chanler] says: "(3.) Why did you refuse to appoint a railroad man upon the Public Service Commission? Was it because there was no practical railroad man in the State having the ability, in your opinion, to fill such a position?" Answer: "I did appoint a practical railroad man upon the Public Service Commission of the Second District, which has general supervision of the railroads outside the counties composing Greater New York. He was a man of large and varied experience in the different branches of practical railroading. I refer to James E. Sague. One of those who recommended him to me was Lieut.-Gov. Chanler."

If Mr. Chanler cannot now step forward and dispose of the questions put to him, his candidacy should be extinguished in laughter.

And there are other matters in regard to which we are entitled to an explanation from Mr. Chanler. Doubtless the keenest enmity which Gov. Hughes has aroused rankles in the hearts of the political bosses, big and little, whom he has sent about their business, while he has gone about his. Now, Mr. Chanler is making a great point of his personal independence. No man can dictate to a Chanler of Duchess County. Yes; but there has been a time when one man could dictate to this particular Chanler, and when he declared that his chief aim in office would be to do what this man wanted. We refer, of course, to Hearst. Mr. Chanler's alliance with him, and readiness to take orders from him, are a part of his past which needs explaining. In a speech which Mr. Chanler made on November 11, 1906, after the defeat of Hearst in the State election, he said:

> Knowing Mr. Hearst, believing in Mr. Hearst, I felt my own election of infinitely small importance. . . . We are men, most of us, with comparatively little experience in State affairs. . . . There is only one thing we can do. . . . When we do not know where to go for guidance, turn back to the principles as enunciated by him [Hearst], and . . . say to one another, "What would *he* have had us do were he here?"

Well, Mr. Hearst is now "here," and making it clear that what he would have us do is to vote against Chanler. But letting that pass, is Mr. Chanler ready to repeat or to repudiate what he said with the utmost deliberation less than two years ago? This is the conclusion of his Hearst threnody:

> I believe myself that, to a great extent, the future of Democracy in this State of New York, for the next few years, depends upon how far we can make good to the people of the State the promises made to them by Mr. Hearst, the pledges given to them by Mr. Hearst, the promises and pledges which would have been kept if we to-night could greet him as we should like.

Nothing could better prove the friendliness of the Japanese toward America than the warmth of the welcome to our battleship fleet. For this cordiality every man of affairs not obsessed after the manner of Lodge or Hobson must have been largely prepared. The jingoes will, of course, say that this is the tribute of a weaker nation to the might of our guns, and that the Japanese are merely hiding their enmity and chagrin under an Oriental mask of assumed friendliness. Persons who wish to hold such a belief will do so, in spite of all possible evidence of Japanese friendliness. They will still see in the right-hand of fellowship extended to us merely a mailed fist; precisely as after the fall of Manila they were certain that every effort of the German Emperor to win our good will was but an attempt to lure us to destruction.

With considerable merriment, the members of what the court described as an "association of adventurers," who combined in 1905 to speculate with Charles W. Morse in his Ice Trust stock, have been describing their achievements on the witness stand in this city. The exploits of Mr. Morse, it will be remembered, had not a little to do with the bringing on of the panic last autumn. He may be credited with aristocratic tastes, financially speaking, in his selection of associates; they comprised the ex-president of the United States Steel Corporation and present head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, the treasurer of the American Smelting and Refining Company, the president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the president of an up-State trust company with an old-time record as a Tammany Hall insider, and, along with them, the most notorious "plunger" in the stock market of the day. The "Ice Trust speculation," as Stock Exchange people will recall, had acquired a very disreputable name in Wall Street at that time, and Morse was commonly regarded as a dangerous figure in finance. Mr. Morse had an argument, however, which quite superseded such considerations. When questioned on the witness stand, John W. Gates declared that he bought Ice stock because Morse told him it was "selling at less than its value." Charles M. Schwab's recollection was that he bought it because "Morse told him Ice securities were a good thing to hold." Isaac Guggenheim bought 10,000 shares in the "pool," no doubt on similar convincing grounds, and "later raised it to 20,000 at Morse's request." John F. Carroll's motive for joining the group, aside from habit—he had "been in Ice with Morse for ten years"—was suggested by a loan of $114,000 to him from one of Morse's banks and a letter from the bank's cashier, stating that the loan "would be taken care of as per what Mr. Morse had said."

To our mind, the really interesting part of this testimony is the light it throws on the methods of the distinguished financiers concerned. They were induced to "put their money into Ice" through precisely the same arguments as are used with the simple "outside public" by the Thomas W. Lawsons, the Franklin syndicates, and other worthies of that type, and the result, according to the testimony, was strikingly similar. They "went in twice." The first time, the enterprise was a great success; its members, in Mr. Guggenheim's language, "received a handsome dividend." This preliminary result will be recognized, by all such outsiders as may in the past have "gone into" copper mines and "zinc prospects" and "National stocks," as the regular order of the day. The second experiment fared badly; there were dark rumors, even in Wall Street, that somebody had "sold out on the other members of the pool"; at all events, it was dissolved at a loss, Mr. Morse went to Europe, and the participants, as one of them recalled, "had to take up their stock." Thus the end as well as the beginning of the enterprise duplicated the experience of obscure outsiders with an itch for speculating in things of which they know nothing. It used to be a favorite argument, in allaying discontent among the poor, to describe to them the physical torments, worry, and indigestion, which the unhappy millionaire encounters. We suggest that emphasis be laid hereafter on the magnitude of the losses which credulous millionaires incur in their investments in gold bricks, as calling for the sympathy rather than the envy of the proletariat.

Rumors of war over the Balkan question continue, of course, but are rather gratuitous in view of the fact that the main point is as good as settled—that is, the calling of a new European Congress. On this, all the great Powers are now practically agreed. Each one of them knows that if it were to make a mad rush into war, the results of the contest would, in the end, be passed upon by a Congress. The lesson which Russia learned when she saw her treaty of San Stefano torn up at Berlin, cannot so soon be forgotten. Doubtless there is danger of a clash on the Servian frontier, or between Bulgarian and Turkish troops, but even if that were to occur, it would not mean that "general war in Europe," of which newspaper writers from Warrington down have been so fond of discoursing when other themes failed. The chief difficulty remaining is to fix the programme which the coming Congress will discuss, and to determine with what demands and stipulations Austria and Germany will consent to attend it. But diplomacy is busily at work, and should be able speedily to dispel the slight war-clouds remaining.

A cynical Englishman who was once asked to define American "graft," replied that it was the same thing as British "incorruptible honesty." The element of truth in this is certainly suggested by the inquiry, now going on, into the fraud and stealing practised in connection with an asylum in Poplar. A sordid and sickening story of official dishonesty and looting of the public funds has been brought out. Some of the details imply that neither Tammany nor the Republican machine in Philadelphia could teach evil-minded politicians in England anything about nest-feathering. The board of managers of the asylum took money and other gifts for the wasteful contracts which they awarded, in the finest style of our best-known thieves. One witness, for example, swore to the way in which work was made for him. A manager said to him:

"We must find some work somehow for you. What about this chimney-shaft? We shall have to take that down and rebuild it." The witness said: "Good God, Jack! That won't do; they won't stand that"; and he said, "That will be all right. They will stand anything. You do what I tell you." The witness said, "What shall I do?" Peacock replied, "You go inside and tell the matron the chimney-shaft is out of the upright and is falling down, and if it is not soon taken down it will fall through the kitchen roof and injure some of the patients." The witness went inside and told the matron the chimney-shaft was dangerous. Shortly after that he got an order to attend to the chimney-shaft, and in consequence he sent in an estimate of £45 10s. There was nothing the matter with the chimney at all, although if one looked at it sideways it would appear out of the upright

Equally illuminating was the explanation by the same witness of the method by which he got a timber contract for the asylum, though he knew nothing whatever about the business. There was the inevitable secret meeting with the managers in a public house, the familiar arrangement to "freeze out" the lowest bidders, the calling off of inspectors, who found fault with the material delivered, and so on. It all reads like a chapter—or page—of Tammany. The revelation does not, of course, prove English politics to be rotten, but neither are the American people as a whole to be judged by samples of similar villany.

DETAILS LATER.

Mr. Bryan evidently feels the destructive power of Gov. Hughes's analysis of his plan of corporation control, for he has devoted several speeches to reply. What the Governor did was to ask respecting the Bryan scheme for forbidding any corporation to supply more than 50 per cent. of the demand for the kind of wares it produced, how it could be made to work. He specified enormous if not insurmountable difficulties, first in obtaining the facts, and then in applying the Bryan principle to them, and called upon Mr. Bryan for further information and explanation. But the Democratic candidate, in his rejoinder, while firmly standing by his original theory, contented himself with saying on the point at issue that "the details could easily be adjusted later." The phrase illustrates one of the capital defects of Mr. Bryan's mind, in dealing with political questions. He does not see that, as an old English statesman put it, "in legislative proposals, the details are everything." Any man of warm and benevolent instincts, such as Mr. Bryan undoubtedly has, can suggest grandiose plans for making the world better, but the putting them into practical effect is a painful drudgery from which his type of intellect shrinks. It is so much easier to dismiss every difficulty as "a mere matter of detail"! But every man who has had to do with the drafting of laws, or even the organization of a club, knows that the "mere details" are the really back-breaking things, often decisive of the fate of a bill or the life of a society. It is one thing jauntily to propose a scheme for bringing in the millennium; it is another to proceed to the preliminary work of binding Satan.

In this quality of Mr. Bryan, which leads him to think he can ride cross-country without jumping fences, there is something to remind one of the way in which the French National Assembly set about reforming the world by a series of votes, leaving the details to be adjusted later. That hard-headed and clear-sighted Englishman, Sir Samuel Romilly, who was in Paris in 1789, observing the "violence" and the "rash measures" of the Assembly, made the shrewd remark:

> If one single rule had been adopted, namely, that every motion should be reduced to writing in the form of a proposition, before it was put from the chair, instead of proceeding, as was their constant course, by first resolving the principle, as they called it (*décréter le nrincipe*), and leaving the drawing what they had so resolved (or, as they called it, *la rédaction*) for a subsequent operation, it is astonishing how great an influence it would have had on their debates and their measures.

There could hardly be a more exact description of Mr. Bryan's favorite method. Grant him his "principle," and he cares nothing about the ways and forms of embodying it. Yet they are of the very essence of the debate. Nine-tenths of all controversies about projects of legislation turn upon what Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt would call unimportant technicalities. But without the small details, there can be no large measure. And the real statesman thinks things through to their minutiæ before announcing that he has any solution whatever. Gov. Hughes not merely advocated a Public Service Commission, he saw to it that a bill was drawn specifying all its powers and duties. Mr. Bryan prefers to dream amiable things about his pet utopias. Actually to locate them on a real earth, is a task which he lightly says he will attend to "later."

Mr. Bryan's fondness for percentages is a sign of the speculative tendency of his mind. His old silver ratio, once so sacred and eternal, was not his own invention, but he has since run to others. His classification of corporations into those which, at 49 per cent., are blameless, and those which, at 50, are to be outlawed, is purely fanciful. It is not drenched in fact. That Mr. Bryan ever sat down and gave himself a headache by trying to see clearly just how his percentage theory would come out in practice, no one believes. He has neither time nor inclination for dry details. His forte is happy thoughts—like government ownership of railways; and if the hard grasp of reality shows them to be most unhappy thoughts, then he drops them as readily as he propounded them. So it would be, no doubt, that grotesque idea of his which Robert Underwood Johnson reported in the New York *Times* of last Friday, to divide all the Federal offices among the different parties in proportion to the vote they cast. Here, again, is the obsession of a percentage, which Mr. Bryan seems wholly unable to resist or cast off.

In such considerations may be found the true force of the objection made against Mr. Bryan that he is without experience. The candidate complains of this. He points to many men who have made good executives, though previously untried. Yes, but such men had displayed painstaking and constructive minds, with a firm grip on facts. The trouble with Mr. Bryan is that he is a cloudy theorizer. People have confidence in the goodness of his heart, but they distrust the workings of his intellect. They shrink from the experiment of putting into a great office a man who is capable of bringing out every morning his dream of the night before, and of delegating to others the duty of making it real.

PUBLISHING LOVE LETTERS.

It is curious that the publication of a great man's love letters is sure to set the world a-wrangling over the propriety of such an act, and that the gentlest of emotions is so easily made the cause of animosity. It is thirty years since the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne were printed by H. B. Forman, thereby arousing the indignation of Sidney Colvin and Matthew Arnold and other admirers of the poet. To-day comes Prof. A. E. Hancock with a new "literary biography" of Keats, and a fresh turning of the old question:

> We believe the publication of these letters was justifiable. The gain for Keats is greater than the loss. Our sympathies are deepened and our understanding is quickened. Keats, the lover, is still the poet. He loved a woman as he loved his art. The defects of the lover are the virtues of his poetry.

Professor Hancock exclaims shrilly against the word "Cockney" which had been so persistently associated with the poet's name, and which was revived by the publication of these letters. He will see in them no vulgar lack of restraint, and no sign of enervation. He quotes with approval that ninth letter: "I have a sensation at the present moment as though I was dissolving," etc., which Matthew Arnold had pointed out as particularly discreditable to the writer's character.

In a matter of personal taste it would be enough, no doubt, to agree with Matthew Arnold, and no more words. But the question involved is a pretty one and constantly recurrent. It would not occur so often if editors recognized the simple fact that most human beings (as most dumb beasts, for that matter) are

a trifle ridiculous when they make love Adam Smith, with his clear, imperturbable judgment, set the matter right once for all in his essay on "Moral Sentiments":

> The passion appears to everybody, but the man who feels it, entirely disproportioned to the value of the object; and love, though it is pardoned in a certain age, because we know it is natural, is always laughed at, because we cannot enter into it.

When we pass from the observation of love in actual life to its expression in letters, we are perhaps oftener impressed by its unreality than its absurdity; but in either case the effect is due to the purely personal character of the emotion and to our inability "to enter into it." Read the "Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft," Shelley's mother-in-law, which have just been reprinted with an excellent introduction by Roger Ingpen, or the greater letters of Julie de Lespinasse, which Mrs. Humphry Ward has brought to the attention of English readers, or the "Letters from a Portuguese Nun," or almost any other of the famous collections, and the first thing you will remark is their coldness, their inability to convey any of that warmth which must have been in the heart of the writer. A poet is a poet just because he takes these personal emotions and renders them universal by interpreting them deliberately through the mind and imagination. Thus, our sympathies are aroused by artifice, when nature leaves us cold. Take "The Last Sonnet" of Keats himself:

> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art!

in which he sums up for the world the same passion he had been pouring out privately in his letters to Miss Brawne. It is not merely the difference in beauty that impresses one, but the difference in realism. The sonnet seems the substance of which the letters are the impalpable shadow.

Now and then a man of genius has been able to carry this transmuting power into the private actions of the heart. Swift did it in the little language of his Journal to Stella; Bulwer Lytton tried to imitate Swift in the letters to his "poodle," and merely wrote himself down an ass. Nor is it difficult to see why we cherish the letters of one and despise the others. Through all the childlike expansion of Swift's familiar talk there run hints of great things doing in the world, glimpses into the secret wells of human nature, and echoes of a tragedy that is not of the writer alone, but of mankind; the very consciousness in the writer of these general interests and of himself as merely an actor in the drama in which all men have their parts, shows there was always present in Swift something besides "complete submission of the mind to love." Whereas in Bulwer's letters we read only the outpourings of a private emotion and of an unrestrained self-abasement. Restraint is the exact point of difference.

Now, Professor Hancock can find nothing to choose between the relaxation of Keats's love letters and of Dante's "Vita Nuova" except "a difference of style. . . . The experience, however, is precisely the same, the complete submission of the mind to love." *Difference of style!* quotha. It is enough if by style Professor Hancock means in the one case that addition of ideas and imagery which makes of the "Vita Nuova" something utterly different from a private complaint, and in the other case that commonplace exasperation of the nerves which makes these letters of Keats, say what you will, sound like the writing of any surgeon's apprentice read in a police court. We expect, and have the right to expect, of the poet that he should carry some sense of his high calling into his personal affairs. If his letters show neither the force of genius nor the restraint of breeding, it is treachery to his memory to publish them.

The serious aspect of the matter is that such letters throw into more prominence a corresponding trait in the writer's formal works. The relation, for instance, between Bulwer's foolish letters and certain weaknesses in his fiction would occur to any one. And so with Keats: these letters, if we allow ourselves to consider them, tend to force our attention upon certain Cockney traits, which, *pace* Professor Hancock, do show themselves too frequently in the earlier poems. It was the misfortune of Keats that as a boy he fell under the influence of men like Leigh Hunt and Benjamin Haydon, cheap radicals and egotistic dreamers, who encouraged him in the romantic revolt against taste and common-sense. The interest of his life is the story of a man of strong will and sensitive genius seeking to create for himself the discipline he utterly failed to receive from his home and friends. What he sought and what he found may be seen by comparing "Endymion" with "Hyperion"—found, but never fully enjoyed, for then came the abhorrèd shears. And even in his later work the hand slips back at times into the old faults. Now, the love letters, though written at the end, show the untrained man still lurking beneath the polish, and, in so far as they have any effect at all, nullify the years of thought and labor, presenting to us in place of the singer of the world's beauty that "good Johnny Keats" he deliberately tried to outlive and to conceal.

THE NEW CHRISTIAN APOLOGETIC.

"How May Christianity Be Defended To-day?" is the title of a significant paper by Prof. A. C. McGiffert of the Union Theological Seminary, in the October number of the *Hibbert Journal*. This new method of maintaining the faith once delivered would have made the Christian apologist of a generation ago—perhaps even a decade ago—gasp and stare. It is not that any one thing which Professor McGiffert says is novel; each of his utterances could be matched in the writings of some theologian who is professedly orthodox. The editors of the *Biblical World*, for example, tell us in their latest issue that miracles, at least in the old acceptation of the term, are probably not a vital part of religious faith. Professor McGiffert's article is notable as gathering up into a few pages these scattered views and presenting them in a *Summa* of religious radicalism. His thesis, in brief, is this:

> An apologetic which should succeed in showing these four things: first, that the ideal of human sympathy and service is the highest of all ideals; secondly, that this is the Christian ideal in such a sense that the man who shares it may properly call himself a Christian, and that the man who would be truly a Christian must make it his own; thirdly, that this Christian ideal is a divine ideal, supported and promoted by God; and, fourthly, that the Christian church is an institution in the long run indispensable for the promotion and realization of this ideal—an apologetic which should succeed in showing all this would seem a sufficient and indeed complete Christian apologetic, leaving out nothing essential and including nothing unimportant.

This bare outline of conclusions is less striking than some of the details

of Professor McGiffert's argument. He does not attack the traditional doctrines; he holds that they are largely irrelevant, not worth either attacking or defending. Thus by a single sweep of the hand he would demolish the whole vast structure of apologetic so laboriously erected through the centuries:

> A new age has dawned in the history of Christianity and the old apologetic is out-of-date, not because it attempts to prove so many unbelievable things, but because it attempts to prove so many things in which men have no interest.

Hence Professor McGiffert urges that the emphasis must be laid not on man's duty to God or to himself, but on his duty to his neighbor. He adds:

> If all good men can be enlisted in the promotion of this end it matters little by what name they call themselves, Christians, Jews, Ethical Culturists, Humanitarians, Free-thinkers, Agnostics, or Atheists.

Whatever their formal designation, and even though they may "reject all else that commonly goes by the name of Christian," they are working for "the controlling purpose of Christ himself." Furthermore, the belief in the divinity of Christ "represents a sound instinct. It voices the conviction that the Christian ideal . . . must come from God and have His support." But, of course, "Christians to-day may recognize that the traditional doctrine is defective, and may see that there are other and perhaps better ways of conserving the interest which it has conserved." Modern disbelief in God, Professor McGiffert continues, "is due in large measure to the persuasion of the self-sufficiency of the phenomenal universe, to the feeling that God is needed to account neither for its origin nor for its continuance." And yet:

> With this disbelief Christian apologetic has nothing to do, and its wide prevalence is no ground for alarm. If Christian faith were dependent upon the overcoming of this unbelief, we might well be discouraged. But Christian faith moves wholly in another realm, the realm of ethical values.

As to the Church, Professor McGiffert is equally tolerant. His point is that, in spite of the "failures and mistakes of the church, in spite of its frequent distortion of values, and its all too common emphasis upon the wrong things," a church is necessary in order that there may be "conscious community of purpose and conscious combination of effort." In short:

> Not sacraments, or doctrines, or historic descent, or ministerial succession makes the Christian church in which the modern apologist is interested, but an organized body of men, enlisted for the promotion of the one great end, wide enough to embrace them all, and of such a character as to call out their best effort and enthusiasm.

In a few sentences torn from the modifying context we cannot pretend to do justice to the argument. But this bald statement of conclusions makes it clear that Professor McGiffert's church is substantially Matthew Arnold's conception, that of a society for the promotion of goodness; his God is certainly no more definite than Arnold's power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. In these views Professor McGiffert may be said to represent fairly both the rising generation of Protestantism and the Modernists of the Catholic Church. Each year the question presses more insistently: What is to be done with these radicals? The Papacy has answered by drawing back sharply into the ancient way. The Episcopal Church unfrocked Dr. Crapsey, but hundreds, perhaps thousands, of its clergy, who in essentials agree with him, remain unmolested. To-day Protestantism as a whole seems to be trying to steer an impossible middle course—to believe in God and yet not believe in Him, to declare the church divine and yet assert that the terms *divine* and *human* are virtually synonymous, to profess credence in miracles, with the stipulation that there is nothing supernatural about them, to say one thing and really mean another. But the Protestants cannot long continue to have it both ways; for that is not the method of truth and honesty. The attempt thus to play fast and loose is an abdication of moral leadership. Sooner or later the Church must stop dealing in ambiguities, and unreservedly cast in its lot with the reactionaries, or else, with Dr McGiffert and his school, frankly abandon traditional creeds and interpretations

It is natural that the church, made up as it is of human units, should shiver on the brink of such a tremendous decision, and should prefer to drift along. If it goes with the reactionaries, it repels a large number of the better educated and the more progressive, and may thus lose the intellectuals, those who insist that its formularies, in substance and expression, shall be adjusted to the findings of science. In order to hold those men at whom Dr. McGiffert's argument is aimed—some outright rationalists, others "light half-believers of our casual creeds"—the church must abandon the whole baggage of anthropomorphism and miracle. But how, then, shall the church answer the needs of the plain and often unlettered millions for whom abstractions and broad generalities mean little or nothing? Is it possible for our vague creeds and still vaguer gods to move the hopes and fears and passions as they were once moved by the enraptured vision of a pitying Father, and his only Son, a bleeding Christ who consciously and deliberately died for our sins? The truth is the truth, and we must have it at any cost. We do not go with those who would perpetuate a superstition for the sake of controlling or edifying the masses. But since the truth is the truth, we must face it and ask whither under our new creed those men will turn who, with Augustine, cry to God: "Fecisti nos ad te, et in quietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te."

MODERNISM IN FICTION.

Twenty years ago this fall President Eliot in an after-dinner speech referred to the most important book of the season, which all his hearers had, of course, been reading; and when he went on to show that his reference was to Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," there was a little gasp of half-ashamed surprise, for that large company of serious, middle-aged men had taken for granted that he meant "Robert Elsmere." Certainly, since 1888 no novel has been the book of the season in the sense in which that phrase may be applied to Mrs. Humphry Ward's first important work. Old and young, orthodox and radical, literary and "practical"—all read and discussed "Robert Elsmere." That this success was not due to its literary merits, solid as those are, is sufficiently proved by its subsequent submergence. The most faithful admirers of its vivid portraiture and clear, high-bred English would never claim rank for it as a classic. Moreover, were it to appear now for the first time, it could not take the place it held twenty years ago. In short, it was the book of the day because it expressed in concrete, dramatic form the typical thought of the day, and it is well worth returning to, if only as a landmark by which to judge how far and in what direction the tide of intellectual battle has rolled.

One of the most decided impressions made by a re-reading of "Robert Elsmere" in the light of contemporary problems is that of a certain narrowness and hard-and-fastness. Elsmere's own nature is warm and rich, open to all

æsthetic and humanitarian emotion, but his crucial experience is a purely intellectual one, attained in the study by means of a single line of thought so direct and sharply defined that his rapid progress along it scarcely needs to be followed, the goal is so clearly foreseen. One is almost tempted to compare it with that delicious episode of Gibbon's youth, when, according to Birrell, he, "without the aid of a priest or the seductions of ritual, read himself into the Church of Rome and was one fine June morning in 1753 baptized by a Jesuit father. By Christmas, 1754, he had read himself out again. Gibbon's conversion was perfectly genuine, . . . but it was entirely a matter of books and reading." Having thus read himself out, moreover, Elsmere has not a moment's hesitation as to his duty. On one side is all that makes his own happiness and—far dearer to him—his wife's; on the other is honesty. For him, or for Mrs. Humphry Ward, thus envisaging the case, there can, of course, be but one solution, and there is something refreshing and bracing in the prompt decision with which the hard choice is made. Undoubtedly, too, there is room for selfishness and cowardice, for quibbling and self-deceit, under the ample mantle of the new ecclesiastical liberalism, which holds such choice unnecessary. Nevertheless, in its inclusiveness, its emphasis on the mystical, the moral, the institutional, and the practical, rather than on the intellectual side of religion, the present liberal movement within the churches shows a far surer instinct for human nature and bids fair to lay a more lasting, because a broader, foundation for the religion of the future than rationalism can ever achieve. At all events, consistently or not, honestly or not, the more educated Protestant churches have by this time assimilated the results of that historical method which was the fatal solvent of Elsmere's orthodoxy, and in spite of an occasional *cause célèbre* it is clear that they are not—to change the figure—going to be wrecked on the rock of miracles. The question of the present and the future, indeed, is not so much, Can these churches square themselves with modern knowledge? as, Can they so square themselves with modern life—with its tremendous moral and social problems—as to be of any real use and leadership? By their power to produce prophets, not critics, will they stand or fall.

Meanwhile, the intellectual ferment has passed on to the Roman Catholic Church and has again reached the point of expressing itself through the medium of serious fiction. By this expression it has awakened widespread interest throughout the non-Catholic world. Fogazzaro's "Il Santo," in Italian, French, and German, "has been the storm-centre of religious and literary debate." and the momentum thus gathered, the interest attaching to its condemnation for heresy, and its enthusiastic introduction by William Roscoe Thayer, have all helped to win for it a wide public in this country, in spite of the extreme foreignness of its ascetic ideals and emotional temper. An aspect of the Modernist movement really far more comprehensible by the reader of English race is presented in "Out of Due Time," a very distinguished piece of work which has strangely failed thus far to make any mark in America. Written by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward—herself a Hope-Scott of Abbotsford, and a descendant on the mother's side of the great Catholic house of Norfolk—whose husband, a son of the well-known "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford Movement, is the editor of a leading Catholic review, this novel expresses from the inside, very eloquently and persuasively, the views of representative French and English liberal Catholics.

Taken together, these two novels give an illuminating picture of what Modernism really is. To read them immediately after "Robert Elsmere" is to be freshly and sharply struck by the contrast between the Protestant and the Catholic temper. If the principle of authority is enthroned in any Protestant church, it is surely in the Church of England, yet Elsmere's decision lies wholly between himself and his conscience. That he might hold his opinions in abeyance, distrust them just because they are his own, even that he might refrain from expressing them, at the behest of any human authority whatever, never so much as enters his mind. For the Catholic, on the other hand, obedience is a primary virtue; "an absolutely rebellious Catholic is a contradiction." The first definite effort of the Catholic Modernist, therefore, must be to convert his superiors, to get the principle of authority invoked on *his* side. A fair comparison is with that of the difference between Luther and Savonarola. Even in excommunication, even in open revolt against the actual, individual Pope, the great Dominican is never a rebel to the Church, never a heretic or schismatic. And it is along Savonarola's lines that Fogazzaro's Saint would work. The reform he urges is moral and spiritual, it uses the language of the great mystics of all ages, and, like Savonarola's, it includes a certain puritanism, a simple and severe ideal of life. But, with all his fearlessness and his sense of immediate inspiration, the Saint is unfailingly true to the essential ideals of historic Catholicism, even to the almost repulsively mediæval one of asceticism. As for schism, he exclaims:

> What manner of faith is yours, if you talk of deserting the Church because you are displeased with certain antiquated doctrines of her rulers, with certain decrees of the Roman congregations, with certain tendencies in the government of a pontiff? What manner of sons are you who talk of denying your mother because her dress is not to your taste? Can a dress change the maternal bosom? When, resting there, you tearfully confess your infirmities to Christ, and Christ heals you, do you speculate concerning the authenticity of a passage in St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, or the two Isaiahs? When, gathered there, you unite yourselves to Christ in the sacrament, are you disturbed by the decrees of the Index, or of the Holy Office? When, lying there, you pass into the shadows of death, is the peace it sheds about you any less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian Democracy?

Truly may the professor say,

> With Benedetto there is no danger of heresies or schisms. At the very last meeting he demonstrated that schisms and heresies, besides being blameworthy in themselves, are fatal to the Church, not only because they deprive her of souls, but because they deprive her of elements of progress as well; for if the innovators remained subject [mark the word] to the Church, their errors would perish, and that element of truth, that element of goodness, which—in a certain measure—is nearly always united to error would become vital in the body of the Church.

Nor is this ideal of loyal work within the Church confined to what may be called the moral wing of the movement. The "intellectuals" are also represented in Fogazzaro's book, and their spokesman, Selva, defining "the ills afflicting the Church" as in substance "the result of discord between her mutable human element and her immutable element of divine truth," would engage those who lament these ills in only what he calls "a negative accord," which "we must strive to widen that it may embrace the majority of the intelligent faithful, that it may even reach the hierarchy."

The scholarly, intellectual side of the Modernist movement, however, is far more fully developed and presented in our English Catholic novel. This presentation is of extreme interest on account of the ability, subtlety, and persuasive charm with which the ideals of liberalism and of Catholicism are harmonized. In Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's method, indeed, the influence of Newman is almost amusingly visible. Her task is to show that the most modern scholarship, the freest thought, the finest culture, are compatible with absolute loyalty to the Catholic Church and heartfelt obedience to the Vatican. How shall she prove this to the average Englishman, with his inherited hatred of "Popery," his mistrust of subtlety, his contempt for servility? How better than by embodying her philosophy in a *man*, and a typical Englishman at that, one whose transparent honesty, sober kindliness, and steady, pervasive commonsense will so win the reader's confidence as quite to disarm his prejudice? Need-

less to say, this feat requires real creative power, and the character of George Sutcliffe is enough to rank Mrs. Wilfrid Ward high among artists as well as apologists. In contrasting, too, his character and opinions with those of the brilliant, impatient French scholar, with his fascinating, tyrannizing intellect, his relentless logic, his fatal inability to compromise or to wait, whose high hopes and terrible disappointment form the central theme of her book, the author makes a most subtle, never emphasized, appeal to national prejudice, so that in the end one feels that submission to the Vatican is a thoroughly English attitude! It is impossible, however, to do any justice to Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's convictions or to the sweet reasonableness of her method without some fairly long quotations. For example, Sutcliffe says:

> We must remember that the business of the authorities is to preserve revealed truth, not to teach history or science. The Christian revelation has been developed and applied more or less accurately in the dogmatic theology which has gradually grown up under pressure of the controversies of ages. This theology is in possession. It is, as it were, the common law of the Church. Authority accepts and administers it. Where positive science shows it to be imperfect, to need some change, the man of science must urge his case in the field of debate. The individual theologians will, in deference to his criticisms, eventually correct it, and then authority will regard the new theology—the amended law—as their rule. But they can no more, on their own responsibility, supersede the existing theology, than the magistrate or judge can give a ruling contrary to existing civil law. . . . Theology is the outcome of thought in the Church which has been approved. Its authority is a recognition of the functions of thought in the ecclesiastical polity, and thus it protects our liberties while it also at times curtails them.

Again:

> The Church here [in Rome] seems to me far more like the early Church than I expected it to be. It is the absolutely living centre of spiritual life, of heroic devotion, throughout the world, to the souls of men. I do not say that I am in love with all the officials; I am not. But I do think that the width and the wisdom and the sense of spiritual values here are enormous. I know that there is a danger in being more keen about two additional missionaries to the Indians than the founding of a chair of philosophy; but I think St. Paul would have been in the same danger. . . . But, d'Etranges, don't think me quite a fool if I go further still, I don't think only that there would be a danger of tyranny and of upsetting the spiritual life of the many, if they always adopted the guidance of the intellectual men of the moment, but I think it is actually in the interests of thought in the long run that they should act as a drag upon progress. . . . You are not more alien to the government of the Vatican than you would be to that of the House of Commons. The nation in the world which has been the quickest to put theories into practice is France, and we do not all think that she has been the happiest and the wisest. I think this difference in pace is in the nature of things, because the men of action have a true instinct that mankind to decide truly must decide slowly, and I believe that those men of thought who are before their time must of necessity suffer, and suffer very much.

Modernism, then, so far at least as it expresses itself in these two representative novels, remains distinctly a movement within the Church, and one, moreover, which is well on its guard against undue intellectualism. Its leaders are permeated with the idea of "the littleness of the human mind, in comparison with its moral and its spiritual life." And its motto is that sentence of Fogazzaro's which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward places on her title-page, "La modernità è buona ma l'eterno è migliore."

L. W. H.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

The great achievement with which the name of President Gilman will always be chiefly associated is that of having naturalized in America the idea of a true university. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to any other instance in which a fundamental advance in the aims of the higher education in a great nation has been so clearly identified with the work of one man. To say this is not to claim for Mr. Gilman any great originality of conception, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, any monopoly in the work of shaping the methods by which the ideas underlying the creation of the Johns Hopkins University were brought into definite and concrete form. It is perfectly true that the time was ripe for the great forward step that was taken in Baltimore in 1876; vague aspirations in that direction existed in a number of places, and fragmentary efforts toward higher university work were made here and there, by some exceptionally gifted or exceptionally equipped professor in one or another of our leading institutions of learning. But there is no telling how long a time the actual ripening might have required if it had been left to the gradual increase of these sporadic efforts, which had no systematic support, and which were not even recognized, by any but the merest handful of men, as pointing toward any broad or significant result. The first great merit of President Gilman was that, from the moment that he was called to Baltimore, the object which he set before himself was that of making the institution which was to arise there under his guidance a means of supplying to the nation intellectual training of a higher order than could be obtained at existing colleges and universities, and thus distinctly raising the standards of American science and scholarship. The wisdom of Johns Hopkins in placing no restrictions on the discretion of his trustees, and the intelligence and broad-mindedness of the trustees themselves, gave President Gilman a rare and enviable opportunity to carry out this high purpose; but it must not be forgotten that, in the practical execution of such a task, there arise a thousand difficulties, temptations, and insidious dangers, any one of which may portend serious damage, and all of which, taken together, may mean utter failure. To be firm against local prejudices or desires when in conflict with the great end in view; to be uninfluenced by personal claims and unafraid of temporary complainings; to disappoint the natural hopes of those who were anxious to see imposing buildings and big crowds of students, and to await the recognition which attends the genuine achievement of a vital but not superficially showy result—these are things that look easy in the retrospect, but that did not seem by any means matters of course before the event.

As to the actual methods adopted in the inception of the Johns Hopkins University, it would be an error to attribute them to the unaided initiative of President Gilman. He felt his way; he had at his side, in the original group of six professors, men who were not only eminent scholars, investigators, and teachers, but able advisers. Three were American and three English; and of the three Americans, two had been thoroughly imbued with the methods of the German universities in which they had been trained. It was, of course, in the main the adoption of German university standards and methods that characterized the new university at Baltimore, and differentiated it from anything that had theretofore existed in America; and in determining just how far to go in this direction the views of two such men as Gildersleeve and Remsen were naturally of the utmost value and influence. Anything like an exact imitation of the German university was not attempted; but the conclusion was soon arrived at that the German doctorate of philosophy must be set up as the fixed goal of students, and that the German *Seminar* must be one of the chief instruments of instruction. That before receiving the university degree the candidate must have shown the training of an investigator in his chief subject, as well as the acquisition of a certain amount of specialized knowledge, was thus fundamental in the Johns Hopkins plan from the beginning; it need hardly be added that, as a matter of course, productive research was, generally speaking, understood to be an indispensable part of the activities of the professorial body. That the combination of the work of research

with the work of teaching was a cardinal part of President Gilman's programme from the outset is evident from his inaugural address delivered February 22, 1876, half a year before the university was opened; and the promptness with which the university began the publication of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, the *American Chemical Journal*, and the *American Journal of Philology* gave evidence of the prominence, in President Gilman's mind, of the idea of furnishing all necessary facilities and encouragements for the prosecution of research.

The project of establishing twenty fellowships, to be held for a period of from one to three years by young men of good attainments and of unusual promise, had been adopted by Mr. Gilman before he had gathered his professors together, and it proved to be a factor of the first importance in the creation of that inspiriting atmosphere which distinguished the early years of the Johns Hopkins and which all who shared in the labors and the enthusiasms of that time cherish among the brightest memories of their lives. The fellowship and scholarship method of attracting students has, in the past thirty years, spread to great dimensions in our country, with results that are not without their objectionable side; but neither at the Johns Hopkins nor elsewhere is the idea of the fellowship now what it was when Mr. Gilman gathered in the aspiring young men who held the Johns Hopkins fellowships in the first few years. It may be somewhat difficult to point out the exact difference; but perhaps this may best be indicated by saying that the Johns Hopkins fellowship in those days did not seem a routine matter, an every-day step in the regular process toward a doctorate or a professorship, but a rare and peculiar opportunity for study and research, eagerly seized by men who had been hungering and thirsting for such a possibility. Of course not every one of the twenty was a *rara avis*, nor was every one equally enthusiastic. But, on the whole, here was a little phalanx of gifted and ardent young men gathered from every quarter of the country, some of them fresh from study in Germany, and nearly all filled with the idea that a new world was opening out for American learning and that they were the first to be admitted to the privilege of entering upon its intellectual joys. At least one member of the first band of fellows, a man who has reached the highest distinction as a philosophical thinker and writer—Professor Royce—some years ago recorded in a charming way his recollections of those inspiring days, and what he says about them is no more than those who were his contemporaries at Johns Hopkins will recognize as true.

Among the qualities of President Gilman to which the splendid success of the young university was due, none is more frequently or more justly pointed to than his rare talent in the choice of men. With the small faculty with which the work was begun, it was of essential importance that every appointment, or nearly every appointment, should be of preëminent excellence; and such was the case. Moreover, the qualities of the various professors—their temperament, their predilections, their methods, their origin and antecedents—were extremely diverse; and it was in a measure this very diversity that gave Johns Hopkins that peculiarly intense and picturesque vitality that was so marked in its early years. It would never in the world have done to have a whole faculty of Sylvesters; anything like a systematic programme would have been out of the question, and still more out of the question would have been the carrying out of any programme whatever. But on the other hand, the presence of *one* Sylvester was of absolutely incalculable value. Not only did he fire the zeal of the young men who came for mathematics, but the contagion of his intellectual ardor was felt in every department of the university, and did more than any other one thing to quicken that spirit of idealistic devotion to the pursuit of truth and the enlargement of knowledge which is, after all, the very soul of a university. It was one of the finest traits of President Gilman that he not only appreciated qualities like Sylvester's sufficiently to lead him to select such a man in the first place, but—what is far more noteworthy—was capable of such genuine sympathy with him, such participation in his aims and enthusiasms, as to overcome all the barriers and difficulties and vexations that necessarily attended dealings with a man having in so extraordinary a measure the trying temperamental peculiarities that are the privilege of genius. It was not only in the selection of men, but in dealing with them, that Gilman showed the gifts of a remarkable administrator. Nor does this adequately express the source of his hold on his colleagues, for that was due not merely to skill or sagacity, but also to the really extraordinary breadth of his interests. There was nothing great, nothing significant in any field of effort, that failed to appeal to his imagination and to arouse in him the keen interest of a man whose mind was ever open to the possibilities of achievement and to the promotion of culture in all its forms.

Mr. Gilman's career did not begin with the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University, and did not end with his retirement from its presidency after twenty-five years of service. Nor was his activity during that twenty-five years confined to his university work. He took an important and sometimes a leading part in every movement for educational and social betterment in Baltimore; he was selected by President Cleveland as a member of the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and effectively applied his skill as a geographer and his talent for the organization of a complex work to the task of that body; he succeeded Carl Schurz as president of the National Civil Service Reform League; he took an active and important part in the administration of the Peabody Fund, the Slater Fund, and the General Educational Fund. Before the Johns Hopkins days, he had done fine work at Yale, especially in the development of the Sheffield Scientific School; and his acceptance of the presidency of the University of California resulted in its almost immediate transformation from an insignificant to an important institution. He edited the works of Francis Lieber and wrote a life of James Monroe and a number of papers on subjects connected with education and with government. After his resignation from Johns Hopkins, he became the first president of the Carnegie Institution, and continued at that post during the years in which its work was taking shape.

But, after all, the central fact of his life, and that which gives it genuine historical importance, was the formation of the Johns Hopkins University. From this event will always be dated the raising of America's chief institutions of learning to the plane of real universities, and indeed the beginning, in our country, of productive intellectual activity on a large scale in the higher fields of research. If anybody is inclined to think that there was nothing but coincidence in this—that it was only a matter of the time and the money coming fortunately together—it is worth while to call his attention to the way in which history repeated itself when, seventeen years after the foundation of the university, the gift of the moderate sum of half a million dollars, by Miss Garrett and others, rendered possible the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. It was not an accident that such men as Welch and Osler—not to mention others—were found for the work then undertaken; it was not an accident that the result of that work was such as was characterized by President Eliot when he spoke of "the prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins faculty of medicine." However ripe the time may have been, it awaited the awakening touch of the right men, set on the right track, encouraged and aided to do the right thing, before the result was accomplished. President Gilman was, all his life, a centre of hopeful and creative activity; he had a genuine love of large and useful achievement, and he had

both the steadfastness of purpose and the clearness of judgment necessary to the realization of such achievement; he took a keen interest in those who worked with him and those who worked under him; he was quick to discern excellence of every kind, and eager to help its possessor to the best opportunities for the exercise of his powers; he filled every year of his long life with energetic and beneficent activity; he was kindly and generous; he never lowered the dignity of his office; and he leaves behind him a rare record of high and lasting service to his country and to the cause of learning.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Baltimore, October 16.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

R. A. Peddie, librarian of the St. Bride Foundation, in London, has begun to publish, in the *Library World*, what will undoubtedly prove to be a valuable tool for the student of ancient and mediæval literature as well as for the student and collector of early typography, namely, a short title author index to fifteenth-century books. Of bibliographies and catalogues of incunabula there is hardly an end, and there are several indexes to printers; but a comprehensive list of the authors of the books has been lacking ever since the publication of Hain's "Reportorium," in 1826-1838. This gap Mr. Peddie is now proposing to fill. He gives for each work a chronological list of editions (preceded by those without date), and for each edition references to bibliographies containing full descriptions, and also to facsimile reproductions. The first two instalments of the index bring the alphabet down to Albertus Magnus.

No better specimens of book-making have appeared in America than the volumes of William Loring Andrews, printed at the Gillis Press. Mr. Andrews does more than write the text; from the time the book begins to take form until it is bound, it has his closest attention. Then, too, he has the coöperation of Mr. Gillis, a practical printer with ideas of his own. The latest issue—Mr. Andrews says it is his last—is "The Heavenly Jerusalem: A Mediæval Song of the Joys of the Church Triumphant," reprinted from "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ," a rare Elizabethan collection, "Printed by E. Allde for William Ferbrand," 1601, of which Mr. Andrews owns one of the three known copies. Besides this early version the volume contains numerous variants and copious notes and quotations. Among the illustrations are two original engravings on copper by Sidney L. Smith. The work is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 120 copies on handmade paper, 27 copies on imperial Japan paper, and 5 copies on special French Japan paper.

On October 27 to 30, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of the late Gen. John Marshall Brown of Portland, Me. The collection is mainly Americana, with a specialty of books relating to Maine and the Northeastern Boundary. There are few high-priced rarities, but the collection is especially rich in local histories, genealogies, publications of societies, and historical reprints. Among the more important sets are Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," 4 vols.; "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vols. I.-L.; Thwaites's edition of the "Jesuit Relations," 74 vols.; Force's "American Archives," 9 vols.; Charlevoix's "Description of New France," translated by Shea, 6 vols.; and the Publications of the Hakluyt Society, 152 vols., lacking only Vol. XIII. of the Second Series of being complete. The Bibliophile Society Publications comprise the Horace, André's "Journal," Dibdin's "Bibliomania," the Lamb Letters, the two Thoreau volumes, and several others.

On October 26, the Anderson Auction Co. of this city sells a miscellaneous collection containing twelve early tracts by Martin Luther, printed in Wittenberg from 1520 to 1543; and books on the Indians and on Mexico. On October 27, the firm offers a similar collection, including a copy of Myles Cooper's Tory tract, "A Friendly Address to all Reasonable Americans," printed by Rivington, New York, 1774; "The Harbinger," 1836, O. W. Holmes's first book, and other first editions. On October 28 and 29 the library of Dr. Howard J. Rogers of Albany will be offered. It contains Burton's "Arabian Nights," the original edition, 16 vols.; Alken's "Real Life in Ireland," 1821, and other books with colored plates; publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Caxton Club; a series of works on Christian Science. There is also a collection of bibliography, including Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America" (on large paper); Smith's "British Mezzotints"; Bigmore and Wyman's "Bibliography of Printing"; and the Rothschild, Rowfant, Gosse, and other scarce catalogues.

On November 16 and 17, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sell a collection of autograph letters and documents, the property of the late Mrs. Julia Davies of Cheltenham. Included are letters of Michael Angelo (with a drawing attributed to him), Cotton Mather, Lord Nelson, Capt. Cook, Henrietta Maria (Queen of Charles I.), John Wesley, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, and Jonathan Swift. The original assignment of copyright from John Keats to Taylor and Hessey of his "Poems" and "Lamia," the consideration being £100, is an interesting document; as is also an original Latin epigram, 24 lines, in the autograph of Erasmus.

Correspondence.

SOME CURIOUS MISPRINTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my work on literary texts I have come across many misprints and corruptions, some that are very surprising. I doubt whether any poem of moderate length has been oftener reprinted or more widely read then Gray's "Elegy." But when I edited it with other of his poems in 1876 I found that it had not been printed correctly for at least a hundred years. There are three manuscript copies of it extant in Gray's handwriting, and many critical editions of his poems (from Wakefield's in 1786 down to Gosse's in 1884) have been published, in which some or all of these corruptions are reproduced. They began with the *editio princeps* of the "Elegy" in 1751, of which Gray says in a letter to Walpole: "Nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives." It bears some of them still in the latest editions of the best anthologies (Bryant's and others), and in collections of poetry for educational use. It was given correctly in Gray's first collected edition of his poems (1768), a book in which I found but one typographical error and that somewhat doubtful. The second line of the "Elegy" is almost invariably made "The lowing herd *winds* slowly o'er the lea"; but Gray wrote "wind," as all the manuscripts and the edition of 1768 give it. The blunder mars both the meaning and the metre. The poet does not see the herd as an aggregate but the animals that compose it, as "lowing" also implies. Tennyson said that he "had almost rather sacrifice the sense than have two *s*'s come together," and some of the alterations in his poems were evidently made to get rid of this juxtaposition of sibilants. In one of our conversations we happened to touch upon this point, and I asked him if he had noticed the "winds slowly." "Why, no," he replied, "I have always *read* it *wind*"; but all the copies of the poem at hand had "winds." A worse error in the "Elegy," to refer to only one more, is "Await" for "Awaits" in the ninth stanza, which perverts the syntax and makes nonsense of the passage. The "inevitable hour" awaits the rich, the noble, and the powerful, who do *not* look forward to it or think of it.

Of longer poems, I suppose that "The Lady of the Lake" has passed through more editions and been read by more thousands of people, young and old, than any other in our literature; but when editing it in 1882 I found so many discrepancies and inconsistencies in the various texts that I had to suspend the work until I could obtain a copy of Scott's first edition (1810), which, after vainly hunting in Cambridge, Boston, and other libraries, I got through a London bookseller. This edition was in elegant quarto form and remarkably accurate. In the second edition (octavo, 1810) misprints began to appear, and they multiplied from that time until 1834, when Lockhart professed to have collated the former editions with the manuscripts, and to republish Scott's poems, as the player editors of the 1623 Folio proposed to reprint Shakespeare's plays, "cur'd and perfect of their limbes" and "absolute in their numbers"; but his editing, for a literary man of these latter days, was much worse than theirs. So far as I could find, he very rarely corrected an earlier misprint or corruption, while he added, or allowed his printers to add, a multitude of new ones; and he repeatedly recorded readings of the first edition as "manuscript" readings, and *vice versa*. The accumulated corruptions of this "standard" edition have been perpetuated in almost all the Scottish, English, and American reprints from that day to this. All those in "The Lady of the Lake," for instance, appear in an illustrated edition of the poem published in Edinburgh two or three years ago, with an introduction by Andrew Lang. Many of these corruptions are almost incredibly bad—un-

grammatical, ridiculous, or absolutely nonsensical—but I must not take space for illustrating them here.

"Marmion" has been even more unfortunate, for it was never printed correctly until I edited it in 1884. Scott overlooked sundry bad misprints in the first edition, and did not detect them afterwards. Lockhart, of course, retained them, adding some of his own (double negatives, for instance, which Scott, with all his archaisms, never uses); and I found nearly all the other poems more or less corrupt when revising them for the complete Boston edition of 1887. Let the reader look into any edition of "Marmion," except mine and a few of the more recent ones, and he will find a period at the end of the fifth line of the second canto, instead of the comma which Scott meant to put there; and he will see what an absurd change this makes in the syntax and the sense of the context. He will find a similar oversight of Scott's in the full stop (period in first edition, and colon in others) at the end of the tenth line ("As hurrying, tottering on") of the last (thirty-third) section of the same canto, where there should be a comma. Of the many other corruptions in "Marmion" one is specially noteworthy because it is common in editions of Shakespeare and other authors—the confounding of the obsolete "vail" (to lower or let fall from the French *avaler*) with "veil," a word of entirely different etymology. In Canto iii, Section 14, Scott wrote:

> And proudest princes vail their eyes
> Before their meanest slave;

that is, from shame at the exposure of their secret crimes. Shakespeare uses this "vail" at least ten times, or oftener than "veil"; as in "Hamlet," i., 2, 70:

> Do not forever with thy vailed lids
> Seek for thy noble father in the dust

(with downcast eyes); and in "Measure for Measure," v., 1., 20 (where veil would be absurd):

> Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
> Upon a wrong'd—I would fain have said, a maid!

But I have seen editions of Shakespeare in which the word was invariably printed "veil." We have a play upon it in Marlowe's "Hero and Leander": "Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close."

Sometimes misprints make good sense, and a careful editor who cannot refer to other standard editions may not detect or suspect them; or where two good texts vary, it may be difficult to decide between them. In Tennyson's "Princess," for example, I found such pairs of words as "couched" and "crouched," "regal" and "legal," "royal" and "loyal," the second of each pair being a misprint, though liable to be taken for a reading altered later by the poet. In Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," Act i., the early London editions had "crowning attestation," changed to "crowding" in 1885. I adopted the former in editing the play (1887), but the accomplished supervisor of the Riverside edition (H. E. Scudder) insisted that "crowding" was certainly the poet's own alteration for the better (the context favored it in a way), and he adopted it. In writing to Browning a little later, I referred to the question, and he said that "crowding" was "a vile misprint." It was corrected in the Cambridge edition, if not in the later issues of the Riverside.

A change made by an author may, however, be taken for a misprint. A teacher once pointed out to me what he supposed to be a printer's corruption in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," in the line, "Had sailed to the Spanish Main," which for many years had read "Had sailed the Spanish Main." But it was Longfellow's own correction of a very common misapprehension. Yellowplush, it will be remembered, when he came to Boulogne-sur-Mer, was surprised to find that it was on the land, not on the sea; and the poet found out, one day, that the Spanish Main was the mainland bordering on what he—like nine people out of ten—had supposed to be the sea called by that name. So he quietly inserted the preposition in the next reprint of the poem; but the editors of some school collections of poetry have not found it out. Tennyson, after the lapse of forty-seven years, corrected a similar mistake in "The Poet's Song," which, from 1842 to 1889, had read "The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee"; but an ornithological friend informed him that the bird never meddled with bees, and "the fly" took the place of the long-pursued insect. When "The Palace of Art" was first printed (1832), the poet inserted in a foot-note some stanzas that he decided to suppress, one of which was:

> She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,
> That marvellous round of milky light
> Below Orion, etc.

But when he let his friend Palgrave reprint this in his "Lyrical Poems of Lord Tennyson" (1885) he revised the lines thus:

> She saw the Snowy poles and moons of Mars,
> That marvellous field of drifted light
> In mid Orion, etc.

The two moons of Mars had been discovered in the meantime. When the lines were first written the poet must have known that the great nebula of Orion, though "below" the belt of the starry giant, was obviously within the constellation; but apparently he could not at the time decide on a more specific description and thought that "below Orion" might be allowed to pass in a suppressed stanza. But he could not let it stand when reprinted fifty-three years later.

Misprints occasionally find their way into the best dictionaries; like "pornial" (for "primeval"), which appears in the "Century" and the "Standard," if in no others, defined as "meretricious" and assumed to be from the same Greek root as "pornographic," etc. The "New English Dictionary," Oxford, I see, calls attention to this inaccuracy. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1887 printed privately a "Dictionary of Misprints" "found in printed books of the 16th and 17th centuries" and "compiled for the use of verbal critics, and especially for those who are engaged in editing the works of Shakespeare and our other early dramatists." It was a "mere instalment" of what he hoped to "expand into a larger work"; but his death in 1889 prevented his carrying out the plan. The book contains much curious matter, but the length to which this random letter has already extended forbids me to make any extracts from it.

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., October 10.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Have you room for a word of protest against the vast and growing national ignorance of the Bible? Before long, if tendencies continue, we shall have only a dead Scriptures embalmed along with the dead languages in the memories of a conservative minority. Some recent experiences of mine have accentuated the apprehension that we are soon to be an un-Bibled people.

As a substitute Sunday-school teacher I asked a class of boys from the best families in this refined New England community where a college has been disseminating culture for more than a century, "What is meant by the words 'prodigal son'?"

One lad immediately vouchsafed, "It's the sun that rises and sets each day, isn't it?"

But he was immediately corrected by a wiser boy who said, "No, 'tisn't. The prodigal son means Jesus Christ."

I had occasion to lead a Bible study meeting of college students, and to wake them up to the need of greater familiarity with the Scriptures, I ventured as a test-question: "How many of you college men think you could find the book of Hezekiah in the Bible without using the index?" One man inquired how much time I'd give them, and when I permitted them five minutes for the search, fifteen out of the forty men were sure they could accomplish the feat, and actually set about it. Hoping against hope that this experience was exceptional, I carried the same question to Boston a few weeks later, where I had occasion to conduct a Bible class of Harvard and Technology men. In that class, numbering thirteen, every man was sure he could achieve this impossibility.

It was in still another college community where I was residing that an allusion was made in a philosophy recitation to a sentiment to be found in "Corinthians." "What is Corinthians?" was the serious question asked by one student after class; "I always supposed it was one form of architecture."

Bibles are being printed to-day by the millions, we learn from the salaried secretaries of the Bible societies, but these copies are being circulated for the most part in foreign lands as accessories to the missionary activity of the church. Increasingly the Bible is becoming like a military fortification: it does its work on the frontier, where Christendom and heathenism are in conflict, rather than back within the lines of Christian tradition and inheritance. College students graduate from alma mater having been thoroughly drilled in the literature connected with the founding of the Papacy, for example, and yet hopelessly ignorant of the colossal spiritual value and literary worth of the literature that emanated from the young years of the Christian church. Isn't it an anti-climax of culture to be sent forth into life well informed with regard to Shakespeare and Milton, but unacquainted with Isaiah and Jesus? And yet the colleges that offer courses in the English Bible or in Biblical literature are almost a refreshing exception to the rule. And as to the Bible in the public schools, alas!

The Bible is an unopened mine to multitudes of young Americans. It is high time

that those who determine the policies of our educational institutions should sink shafts and furnish smelters so that the ore to be found in this "library of the world's best literature" can be worked up. Perhaps when this is done there will be reproduced the surprise of a young friend of mine aged ten years, who, after happening to read the Bible for a while, looked up in amazement to his mother and said, "Why, ma, I should say this is just as interesting as any other book!"

HERBERT A. JUMP.

Brunswick, Me., October 13.

THE RECORD OF THE RHODES SCHOLARS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on the American Rhodes scholars in your issue of September 17 by F. J. Wylie, secretary of the Rhodes trustees, interested me very much; for I have inquired of Oxford friends about this very subject, and in July, 1907, I discussed it with Mr. Wylie himself. With his natural courtesy he has made the best presentation of the matter possible, but any fair-minded reader can see that the paragraph on the point of view of the tutor is decidedly apologetic. I cannot decide whether Mr. Wylie excludes the Canadian scholars from the list of Americans, but judging by his figures I feel that such must be the case. I shall, therefore, speak only of scholars from the United States in performing the ungracious but useful function of the devil's advocate. My purpose is to determine the intellectual achievement of these young Americans, according to the ordinary tests, viz., the honor lists of the final examinations. This is the proper time to take this reckoning, for the career of the first set of Rhodes scholars, entering in 1904 or 1905, is completed. I propose to give a fair answer to the following questions:

(1.) What schools (or courses, to use the American phrase) did they enter?
(2.) How did they come out in the finals, as compared with the Englishmen or the colonial Rhodes scholars?
(3.) What rewards of distinction in the shape of open scholarships, or fellowships, or official appointments, have they won?

Of the final honor schools at Oxford, leading to a bachelor's degree, the first in difficulty is that of Literæ Humaniores, "admitted on all hands to be the premier school in dignity and importance." Of the 43 Rhodes scholars entering in 1904, 4 took this course. In the honor lists for 1907, the names of 3 are found: 1 in the first class, 1 in the second, and 1 in the fourth. Of the 38 entering in 1905, 8 took this course. In the "greats" list for 1908, 3 of these are found, none with a first or second, 2 with a third, and 1 satisfied the examiners. The remainder either were plucked or did not take the examination. The honor list for 1907 has 150 names; 29 in the first class, 57 in the second, 50 third, 14 fourth. In this list for 1908 there were in all 147 names; 25 in the first, 56 second, 54 third, and 12 fourth. There is not a Rhodes scholar of any sort in the first two classes.

Next comes the school of Modern History, first in numbers, second in importance. In 1904, 9 from this country were enrolled; in 1905, 5. In the honor lists for 1907, there were 1 first, 2 seconds, 4 thirds; in 1908, 1 first, 2 seconds, and 2 thirds. The honor list for 1907 has 138 names: 9 in the first class, 52 second, 56 third, 21 fourth. This year there are 146 names: 12 in the first class, 50 second, 65 third, 19 fourth.

Eight entered the school of Jurisprudence in 1904, 4 in 1905. In the honor list for 1907, 4 were in the second class and 1 in the third; in 1908, of 4 men, 1 was in the first class and 1 second. The honor list for 1907 has 84 names: 4 in the first, 31 second, 32 third, 17 fourth. The list in 1908 has 71 names: 4 in the first, 26 second, 25 third, and 16 fourth.

A similar course is that for the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Six entered in 1904, and 5 in 1905. The record of those in 1907 is 1 first, 2 seconds, and 1 third; in 1908, 1 third.

The School of Theology attracted 2 in 1904, 5 in 1905. Both of the men won firsts for 1907; in 1908, 3 were in the second class, 1 in the third. The full list in 1907 is 65: 10 in the first, 23 second, 25 third, 7 fourth. The list in 1908 is 63; 7 in the first, 19 second, 31 third, and 5 fourth.

The newest school (a very small one) is that of English Literature. It is by some supposed to offer the path of least resistance. Four took it in 1904, and 5 in 1905. In 1907, 2 were in the third class and 1 in the fourth; in 1908 2 in the second, 1 in the third. In 1907 there were twelve in all: 1 first, 4 seconds, 6 thirds, 1 fourth. In 1908 there are 16 names, while on the honor list for women, there are 13 names, 4 of whom won firsts.

It is remarkable that the school of Natural Science has attracted so few from this country. It comprises seven distinct courses in which a degree may be taken: (1) physics, (2) chemistry, (3) animal physiology, (4) zoölogy, (5) botany, (6) geology, (7) astronomy. Yet only 2 Rhodes scholars from America have entered, and 1 took first honors in geology. There were 57 names in the honor list in 1907 and 73 in 1908.

The same thing is true of the School of Modern Languages. One entered it in 1904, and got a second; 1 entered in 1905, and was placed in the third class in 1908.

The record for the Mathematical School is even worse. One Rhodes scholar from this country has entered it, and he took a fourth.

The comparison of these results with those achieved by the Englishmen themselves or by the colonials is not favorable to the United States, especially in the two most important schools of Literæ Humaniores and Modern History. In the two years 1907 and 1908 there were in round numbers 300 names on the honor list. We had 1 first in Literæ Humaniores and 2 in Modern History. The 2 scholars from Quebec entering in 1904 both took firsts in Literæ Humaniores. Of the 7 from Australasia in 1904, 4 took firsts and 2 seconds. Firsts are the chief criterion by which Englishmen measure scholarly achievements at Oxford. In the Public Schools Year Book, no mention is made of anything but firsts. Recently Rugby, with perhaps 12 men in the finals, won 4 firsts and Marlborough had practically the same record. This is the more notable when we remember that the Englishmen are possibly two years younger than those from this country. Of the 81 scholars from this country all but 6 were college graduates, and presumably twenty-one or twenty-two years old. No English boy is allowed to remain at the great fitting schools after he is nineteen, and he presumably enters college at that age.

In outside honors, such as prizes, scholarships, fellowships, official appointments, we have done very little as compared with the colonials. One Canadian won the Ireland, the Craven, the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Essay, was made an honorary scholar of Balliol and honorary fellow at Exeter. Two Australians have taken the Vinerian Law Scholarship, and one of them took also the Eldon Law Scholarship, besides passing first class in the two schools of Bachelor of Civil Law and of Jurisprudence at Oxford, and also in the London Bar examination. He was appointed Law Lecturer at University College. The only three official appointments for men from this country which I have noted are to the positions of demonstrator to the professor of physics and to the professor of geology, while one was appointed tutor in English literature at Magdalen.

As a proper close of this review, it may be well to print the roll of honor of those who have won firsts. In 1906, Tucker-Brooke of Virginia in English Literature; Hinds, North Dakota, Geology. In 1907, Fobes, Massachusetts, Literæ Humaniores; Kirkpatrick, Alabama, History; Barnes, Montana, and Sperry, Michigan, Theology; Kieffer, Maryland, for the B. C. L. degree. In 1908, Schmidt, Tennessee, in History; Ford, Mississippi, Jurisprudence. This makes the nine mentioned by Mr. Wylie. Five came from south of Mason and Dixon's line, a creditable showing for that part of the country.

GEORGE L. FOX.

New Haven, Conn., October 12.

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR WILAMOWITZ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On December 22 Professor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff of the University of Berlin will celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Following the time-honored custom of the fatherland, his associates in Germany planned to commemorate the occasion by offering to their distinguished colleague some appropriate mark of their admiration and esteem. But as the plan took shape it was soon realized that the services of Professor Wilamowitz to scholarship and his influence as a teacher and writer would not receive a recognition at all adequate if its expression were confined to his pupils and friends in Germany. For many years he has been regarded by his fellow-workers of all countries as the foremost Hellenist of his time; his spirit and sympathies are singularly catholic; his pupils are found in every land where classical studies flourish; and his writings have been a source of inspiration to scholars and teachers everywhere. Accordingly, to give an opportunity to all who would delight to do him honor on his birthday, an international committee of twenty-two members has been organized. In their opinion the most appropriate memorial which could be presented to Professor Wilamowitz would be a fund placed at his disposal for the prosecution of some large scholarly un-

dertaking. In organizing and directing plans for scholarly research Wilamowitz has no equal to-day. His counsel and active participation have had a marked influence upon the publications of the Berlin Academy in recent years, and have immensely enlarged the scope of its undertakings in classical fields. To a scholar of his great learning, his knowledge of the unsolved problems, and his ability as an organizer, the presentation of a large fund which would enable him to extend his activities at this the most fruitful period of his life will prove a gift in whose beneficent results all scholars will share. The fund presented some years ago to Theodor Mommsen furnishes the precedent which the committee proposes to follow.

The call for subscriptions to the Wilamowitz Fund is now being sent out on the Continent. The time is so short that it may not be possible to reach by personal communication all classical scholars, archæologists, and friends of classical learning in America. This means is therefore taken of calling the matter to their attention. The response should be generous, for American scholars are in many ways more deeply indebted to Wilamowitz than to any other scholar in Europe. Each contributor will receive a copy of the list which will be presented to Professor Wilamowitz, together with a statement of the amount of the fund. All who would like to contribute are requested to send their subscriptions to the undersigned at as early a date as possible.

EDWARD CAPPS.

Princeton University, October 15.

ANCIENT OLYMPIC GAMES AND MODERN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Apropos of the disagreeable features attending the Olympic games recently held in London, it would be well to recall the advice given to the Greeks by the wise men of Egypt:

In the reign of Psammis, ambassadors from Elis arrived in Egypt, boasting that their arrangements for the conduct of the Olympic games were the best and fairest that could be devised, and fancying that not even the Egyptians, who surpassed all other nations in wisdom, could add anything to their perfection. When these persons reached Egypt, and explained the reason of their visit, the King summoned an assembly of all the wisest of the Egyptians. They met, and the Eleans having given them a full account of all their rules and regulations with respect to the contests, said that they had come to Egypt for the express purpose of learning whether the Egyptians could improve the fairness of their regulations in any particular. The Egyptians considered awhile, and then made inquiry, "If they allowed their own citizens to enter the lists?" The Eleans answered, "That the lists were open to all Greeks, whether they belonged to Elis or to any other State." Hereupon the Egyptians observed, "That if this were so, they departed from justice very widely, since it was impossible but that they would favor their own countrymen, and deal unfairly by foreigners. If, therefore, they really wished to manage the games with fairness, and if this was the object of their coming to Egypt, they advised them to confine the contests to strangers, and allow no native of Elis to be a candidate." Such was the advice which the Egyptians gave to the Eleans.—Herodotus, ii., 160, Rawlinson's Translation.

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., October 16.

SIR OLIVER LODGE EXPLAINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: It is hopeless to answer all misrepresentations, and quite impossible to remove their bad effects; but when they are unintentional an effort in that direction may be made.

Under the head "Messages from the Dead," you have quoted in your issue of September 17 (p. 249) a verse of doggerel from an analytical and critical paper entitled "On the Automatic Writing of Mrs. Holland"—recently published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research—and have said that it was painful to attribute such a verse to the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers. I quite agree; it would be painful to attribute it to the developed intelligence of Mr. Myers or any other poet. But on what evidence do you assume that we have done so? Ought a schoolboy exercise in a foreign language or a rhyme constructed between sleep and waking to be esteemed part of the output of a man of letters?

Let me put the question in another form. Imagine a barn in which the produce of a wheat field is being threshed out, and let a passer-by have some of the result blown out to him through the open door by the wind. Would he be justified in expressing contempt for the result of so much labor, and surprise that any one should consider it a satisfactory sample of grain?

As if answering such a superficial critic, I notice that Miss Johnson concludes her first chapter thus:

> Though many of the sensations and experiences connected with the script are probably subjective in origin, . . . it may be that when we know more of the subject, we shall find significance in some incidents which now seem unimportant. It seems better, therefore, for the present to err on the side of recording too much rather than too little.

OLIVER LODGE.

Birmingham, England, October 9.

Notes.

A new theory of Junius is afloat. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles of London are about to publish "Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, Author of the Letters of Junius," by C. A. W. Pownall. According to the author of this book, Pownall "employed Philip Francis to write from his draughts or dictation."

The Earl of Ilchester has edited "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," and the book is to be brought out this season by Longmans, Green, & Co. This is the famous leader of the Whigs, the mistress of the salon where met the statesmen and wits recently described in Lloyd Sanders's "Holland House Circle" (see *Nation*, October 8, p. 336). The journal now to be made public gives an account of her early unhappy marriage with Sir Godfrey Webster, and continues the record after her marriage to Lord Holland down to 1814.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for publication this month: "Following the Color Line," by Ray Stannard Baker, with twenty-four illustrations from photographs.

Prof. E. G. Sihler of the New York University has collected a volume of essays and sketches dealing with classical subjects, which is to be published soon by G. E. Stechert & Co.

From the De La More Press are coming two essays of the Russian critic Merejkowski, "The Life-Work of Flaubert" and "Marcus Aurelius," translated by G. A. Mounsey.

A new edition of Dr. Edward Caird's "Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant" is to be issued by MacLehose & Co. of Glasgow. The same house is publishing "The Book of Faith," a fifteenth-century tractate by Bishop Pecock, edited by Prof. J. L. Morison.

Harpers are bringing out Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" in new form, with accounts of eight additional battles.

Kipling's "Light that Failed," in the Pocket Edition issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., is for the generous-sized pocket. The type is large and the paper thick enough to leaf without crumpling.

The Reader's Library, edited by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, is announced by Fleming H. Revell Co. The plan, as outlined (though subject to revision), is to issue fourteen volumes under the following titles: "The Great English Letter Writers" (2 vols.), "The Great Essayists," "The Great Historians" (2 vols.), "The Great Biographies," "The Great Lyric Poems," "The Great Short Stories," "The Great Novels" (2 vols.), "The Great Confessions," "The Great Nature Lovers," "The Great Devotional Writers," and "The Great Accusers." The professed purpose is "to present in succinct form a survey of English literature." We doubt whether that purpose can fairly be fulfilled. Letters, essays, poems, short stories, sermons, orations, and the like are legitimate material for the anthologist; but brief extracts from history, biography, or novel do not convey an adequate idea of the work as a whole. We feel therefore that the inclusion of such fragments adds very little to the value of a collection. The first two volumes of the Reader's Library, "The Great English Letter Writers," just from the press, are well printed and neatly bound. Each volume contains a superficial and commonplace introduction; but that does not make the letters themselves less interesting. They are not arranged chronologically, but, as in E. V. Lucas's "The Gentlest Art," under such headings as "Tribulations of Genius," "Secrets," "Crises," "Letters to Eminent Persons," "Portraits," "Literary Verdicts," and "Rhymed Epistles." But the selection is entertaining (how could it be otherwise?); for we have examples of all the best English letter writers from Edmund Spenser to Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," edited by Lawrence F. Powell (London: Henry Frowde), is a beautiful devotional work printed at the Clarendon Press in a manner that does honor to mediæval piety. The English version, presumably from the Latin of Cardinal Bonaventura Baduarius, was made by a Carthusian prior in Yorkshire some time previous to 1410. In this reprint, apparently the first since the edition of Wynkyn de Worde in the sixteenth century, the old spelling is preserved. It is easy to under-

stand why this life of Christ had a wide popularity in the days of the Canterbury pilgrims. Composed for "lewed men and wommen and hem that ben of symple understondynge," it aims to present the gospel narrative with realistic familiarity and homely amplification, so that these "symple soules" may grow virtuous by example and "be fedde with mylke of lyghte doctrine and not with sadde mete of grete clergie and of highe contemplacioun." To say nothing more of its religious interest, the poignant simplicity, and antique freshness of the style are delightful.

Volumes V. and VI. of "The Works of W. E. Henley" (London: David Nutt) contain his Views and Reviews—short, brilliant essays in journalism which, in our opinion, show his powers to better advantage than did the longer essays published in earlier volumes (see *Nation*, July 2, p. 9). The epigram, the sharp cut and thrust of his style, gain in effectiveness from restraint of space, and are less likely to run into tedium. Such a sentence as this on George Meredith: "He writes with the pen of a great artist in his left hand (n. b. *left*) and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right," is capital as the keynote of a brief piece of journalism, whereas it would sound like falsetto in a formal essay. It is in virtue of this ever-ready pungency of epigram that we can reckon Henley, as he says of Berlioz, "one of the few—the very few—journalists the worth of whose achievement has been justified by collection and republication." And his wit generally has sound judgment at the core. Thackeray's philosophy he may just miss, but he is excellent on Dickens, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Philip Sidney, Izaac Walton, Hood, Richardson, and a host of other writers, not to mention the artists who furnish material for the sixth volume. And if for nothing else, we could love him for his vigorous championship of the old "Arabian Nights" against the recent pedantic intruders iuto that field of magic. On this point we must quote Mr. Henley at some length:

> For me the real author of "The Arabian Nights" is called not Burton nor Payne, but Antoiue Galland. He it was, in truth, who gave the world as much exactly as it needed of his preposterous original; who eliminated its tediousness, purged it of its barbarous and sickening immorality, wiped it clean of cruelty and unnaturalness, selected its essentials of comedy and romance, and set them clear and sharp against a light that Western eyes can bear and in an atmosphere that Western beings can breathe. Of course, the new translations are interesting—especially to ethnologists and the critic with a theory that translated verse is inevitably abominable. But they are not for the general nor the artist. They include too many pages revolting by reason of unutterable brutality of incident and point of view—as also for the vileness of those lewd and dreadful puritans whose excesses against humanity and whosc devotion to Islam they record—to he acceptable as literature or tolerable as reading. Now, in Galland, I get the best of them.

The seventh, and concluding, volume contains the plays which he wrote in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson. These are "Deacon Brodie," a melodrama of excellent theatrical as well as literary quality, produced in this country with considerable success by the late E. J. Henley; "Beau Austin," which was played by Beerbohm Tree; the somewhat lurid "Admiral Guinea," also produced experimentally in London, and the fantastic "Robert Macaire."

In Miss Agnes Repplier's charming volume, "A Happy Half-Century" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), literary history is refined and, one is tempted to say, elevated to the rank of gossip. Miss Repplier professes particular envy of the extinct celebrities, many of them "female" novelists and poets, who flourished in mediocrity's golden age from 1775 to 1825. In that fortunate epoch, she insists, mild sensibility, a good stock of commonplaces, and a fluent pen were enough to secure an authoress ardent admirers, not only in England and on the Continent, but even in the backwoods of America. To prove the point, she conducts the reader with smiling malice through the wan shadows of colossal reputations to the magic circle where Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Barhauld, Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Jane Porter, Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Felicia Hemans talked soft platitudes and adulated one another. At her entrance the dead ladies renew their conversation and resume their voluminous correspondence, while in a vein of gentle mockery the ironical visitor comments on their old-fashioned sentiment, middle-class pietism, the nurture of children, the education of young ladies, the polite accomplishment of making ornamental gim-cracks, the "accursed annual," and the autograph album. Miss Repplier feels the expressiveness of so-called insignificant things, and by an artful accumulation of trifles restores a vanished society; so that in the end one has been instructed in much half-forgotten lore, as well as refreshed by the instructor's twinkling wit and clear, quiet humor. In the Elysian Fields critics will not compare Miss Repplier's talent with the golden plenitude of Elia; but more than one will suspect her cousinship with the author of "Pride and Prejudice."

The life of "John Keats," by Albert Elmer Hancock, does not offer many points for discussion, or, unfortunately, much to praise. The style is of that spasmodic sort which allows the reader no rest, and the critical tone is of the ultra-romantic. One good point Professor Hancock makes in criticism, explaining the change in Keats's inspiration with "Hyperion" and the consequent change in public opinion regarding him. Before "Hyperion" he had been "great as an artist of beauty in repose." But "the Anglo-Saxon," says Professor Hancock, "is particularly receptive to the genius of energy; the poets who have been scant in energy have had to wait for recognition." Hence, in part at least, the slowness of the English in acknowledging Keats as a poet, until "with 'Hyperion' he lifted the beauty of repose into sublimity," and to that element of grace added the power of mass in action. The point is well made. We may add that the book is handsomely got up by Houghton Mifflin Co., and contains a number of excellent illustrations.

"The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay" are well presented by the Lippincott Co. in a small volume to which Roger Ingpen provides a biographical preface. Imlay, it may be necessary to add, for the Letters are not much read to-day, was an American, with whom Miss Wollstonecraft, in 1793, formed a connection which she expected to endure through life. Their daughter was the Fanny to whom Shelley, who married her stepsister, wrote the stanza beginning:

> Her voice did quiver as we parted.

The connection with Imlav lasted for two years, and during that time were written the woman's letters, first of affection, then of douht, and lastly of protest at his desertion. They were published after her death by William Godwin, whom she had married in 1797. Perhaps their chief interest is in the curious ethical problem of a person appealing to a moral code whose basis she has herself taken away. The character of the American is typical in no flattering way. He stands out as a man absorhed in money-making to the exclusion of all other aims and emotions.

Robert William Wood has followed up last year's ingenious booklet "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," with a light-hearted treatise on the same lines, entitled "Animal Analogues," heing No. 24 in the Denatured Series published by Paul Elder & Co. As in the earlier contribution to comparative hiology, the humor is almost all in the parallelistic nomenclature, and in the pictures which, like attractive suhurhan homes at reasonahle prices, must be seen to he appreciated. The puss and the octo-pus take on a really startling resemblance under the author's clever pencil. Happy also is the hitherto unsuspected similarity hetween the pipe-fish and the sea-gar, the doe and the dodo, the cross-hill and the sweet-william, the pitcher-plant and the fly-catcher, the P-cock and the Q-cumber, the pansy and the chimpansy.

In this year of the visit of the American fleet to help in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Yokohama to foreign commerce, through the work of Townsend Harris, Henry Satoh issues, in a neat volume (Sinico-Japanese, pp. 85; and English text pp. 108. Tokyo: The Hakuhunkan), his biography of "Lord Hotta, the Pioneer Diplomat of Japan." Count Hayashi, recently ambassador to England, whose father served as physician to Hotta when the latter was daimio of Sakura, furnishes an introduction. The thirteen chapters reveal the state of opinion horn of ignorance, both in Yedo and Kioto, when Mr. Harris arrived from Shimoda to begin negotiations. It required prodigious courage in 1857 to urge the opening of the country to foreign trade and residence. To secure Imperial signature to the American treaty, Hotta went in person to Kioto, hut the intrigues of the reactionaries at the palace made success impossihle. The premier, Ii, was assassinated hy an infuriated hand of exclusionists, March 23, 1860. Hotta was dismissed from office and sentenced to life confinement in his own house, dying in 1864, at the early age of fifty-five. The little hook gives a vivid picture of the difficulties in the path of the few far-sighted men of Japan, who, in the days of the rule of the sword, braved public opinion and lived for the good of the nation.

A history of the growth of a habit or state of mind—that, perhaps, hest characterizes Prof. William I. Hull's extremely useful volume, "The Two Hague Conferences," which Ginn & Co. have published for the International Society of Peace. To most people, the two international con-

gresses which met at The Hague in 1899 and in 1907 have been either farce or tragedy, according as individual temper has prepared us to look upon futility. But the thoughtful minority which knows how slow is the progress of political evolution, will recognize that, in spite of magnificent promises and meagre results, of loud diplomatic protestations and quiet diplomatic manipulation, these two "parliaments of man" have left a deposit of tangible gain. Is such gain to be computed in terms of human brotherhood and peace? That is what our author believes, although he shows how moderate is his expectation by making his sub-title: "Their Contributions to International Law." In the sense that the growth of law works for peace, the Hague Conferences have not failed of their chief object, even if on the main issues of disarmament and of obligatory international arbitration they have moved forward by painful inches. But, at the same time, Professor Hull insists that the work done in the two conferences has been greatly underestimated. When the first Hague Conference adopted its pious "wishes" on disarmament, and let it go at that; when the second Conference worked out the scheme for a permanent international court of justice, and left the scheme an empty husk by disagreeing over the fundamental question of how to appoint the members of the court, the jeers of the cynical were seemingly merited. But consider, says Professor Hull, how but a short time ago the nations would have received the very suggestion of disarmament, or of obligatory arbitration, as an insult, and it will be apparent that appreciable progress has been made. Concrete results may thus be enumerated, but, better still, a certain habit a state of mind, as we called it at the beginning, has been engendered—the habit of talking, and to a minor extent thinking, peace. The arrangement of Professor Hull's book renders it particularly convenient for ready reference. He has analyzed and compared the work of the two conferences by topics and sub-topics, so that we are enabled at a glance to see what advance on any special point—disarmament, arbitration, naval warfare, land warfare, etc.—the Conference of 1907 marked over its predecessor.

A Finding List of the fairy tales and folk stories in the children's rooms of the Boston Public Library has just been published. It consists of about two thousand main titles, as "Little Red Riding Hood," with a list of the books in which the story will be found. "In general, only the old and familiar fairy tales and traditional folk stories have been included, though exceptions have been made in the case of a few collections of modern stories."

Dr. Casper René Gregory, the American professor of theology in Leipzig, has published a brochure of sixty-six pages, with seven photographic reproductions, entitled "Das Freer-Logion" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), in which he discusses the four Greek manuscripts purchased by Charles L. Freer of Detroit, Mich., from a cloister at Akhim in Egypt. These manuscripts are described in the *Nation* of January 2, p. 8. One of them contains a saying attributed to Christ after the Resurrection. Jerome, in his "Dialogus cum Pelag.," ii., 15, had already reported that in some Greek manuscripts after Mark xvi., 14, words were found that may be translated as follows:

But these excused themselves and said: "This world of unrighteousness and unbelief is in the power of Satan, who works through the unclean spirits, so that we do not comprehend the true power of God; for this reason, reveal Thou Thy righteousness."

These words appear in the third Freer manuscript, together with the answer of the Lord, viz.:

The measure of the years of the rule of Satan are fulfilled; but other terrible things are at hand, and I will go into death for those who have sinned, so that they may return to the truth and sin no more, in order that they may inherit the spiritual and imperishable glory of the righteousness in Heaven.

Then follows Mark xvi., 15-16. The conclusion of Dr. Gregory is that this is not a genuine *logion* of Jesus, but a tradition of a Pauline character, dating from the beginning of the second century, and later added to the spurious conclusion of Mark xvi., 9-25.

Der Luther Kalender für das Jahr 1909 (Leipzig: H. Haessell), edited by Dr. Georg Buchwald, the leading Luther specialist of the times, is intended as a preparation for the fourth centennial of the Reformation in 1917. The special value of the volume lies in its new matter concerning Luther, *e. g.*, biographical data, his catechisms, his use of proverbs, and his out-of-door pleasures. The book contains rare Luther portraits, facsimiles, etc.

"Christentum und Wissenschaft: Sechs Vorträge," by Gerhard Hilbert (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), is an attempt to make peace between Christianity and scientific thought, by showing that religion and science are entirely independent of each other, and rest on altogether different foundations, and accordingly can neither help nor harm one another.

"Monistische und christliche Weltanschauung," by Emil Weiser (Stuttgart: Steinkopf), is one of the able replies to Haeckel, and particularly to his monistic vademecum, "Welträtsel," which in Germany alone has reached a sale of more than 200,000 copies. Weiser does not undertake the impossible task of showing that the Scriptures are a last court of appeals in scientific matters.

Beginning with this month the Schriftenvertriebsanstalt of Berlin publishes a new literary monthly, *Eckhardt*, which is to treat of German literature, chiefly from the æsthetic side. Each issue is to contain sixty-four or more pages of text.

Eduard Fuchs has begun to issue in parts an "Illustrierte Sittengeschichte vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart," the whole to be completed in three volumes, entitled, "Renaissance," "Die galante Zeit," and "Das bürgerliche Zeitalter" (Munich: Albert Langen). Each is to contain four hundred and fifty text illustrations and from fifty to sixty double-page illustrations, most of them in color.

In the series known as Angewandte Geographie: Hefte zur Verbreitung geographischer Kenntnisse in ihrer Beziehung zum Kultur- und Wirtschaftsleben, edited by H. Grote, Martin Hartmann has just issued a "Chinesisch-Turkistan: Geschichte, Verwaltung, Geistesleben, und Wirtschaft," with two charts (Halle: Gebauer-Schwetschke). The author, an Orientalist of standing, gives here the results of his own investigations in 1902. In addition, he has been able to make use of Russian sources, which are practically indispensable for the study of Central Asia.

"Issos," by Walter Dittberner, with the subtitle, "Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte Alexanders des Grossen" (Berlin: Nauck), discusses chiefly four topics: the ancient accounts of the battle of Issos, the numerical strength of the opposing armies, the genesis of the battle, the battlefield and the battle at the Pinaros. His conclusions are that Arrian's account is, with the exception of three additions, taken from Ptolemy; that Diodoros is correct in assigning 32,000 infantry and 5,100 cavalry to the Macedonians; that Arrian's report of immense numbers for the Persians deserves no credence; and that the battle of Issos was fought at the Pajas-Tsai and not at the Deli-Tsai.

Friedrich Warnecke, in his "Goethe, Spinoza, und Jacobi" (Weimar: Böhlaus Nachfolger), aims to show the origin of Goethe's judgments on Spinoza, and the connection of these views particularly with the third and fourth parts of "Dichtung und Wahrheit."

Raoul Hoffmann's "Kierkegaard et la certitude religieuse: Esquisse biographique et critique" (Geneva: Jeheber) is another evidence that this Danish philosopher and theologian, notwithstanding his mystical tendencies, is finally coming into his own. Kierkegaard is a fascinating writer, but Hoffmann preserves his independence and succeeds in judging him objectively. Religious certitude is the central problem of Kierkegaard's system.

That the Dante scholarship of to-day is not confining itself to the "Divine Comedy" is made particularly clear by the recent appearance of two admirable works on the "Vita Nuova"—Melodia's copious and well-informed commentary and Bardi's critical edition of the text. Of a different character, but attractive in outward form and not uninteresting in substance, is A. Cossio's "Sulla Vita Nuova di Dante" (Florence: Leo S. Olschki). The author, who was at one time a pupil of Kraus, has lived in England, and his volume seems to be the fruit of lectures delivered before the Dante Society of Manchester. After a convenient but not always reliable bibliography and a very inadequate study of the poets before Dante, Cossio briefly treats of the "sweet new style," and then proceeds to paraphrase the "Vita Nuova," with abundant quotations and a running fire of comment, after the usual "Lectura Dantis" method. He next applies the same process to those parts of the "Divine Comedy" in which Beatrice appears. A discussion of the different views concerning Beatrice and the "Vita Nuova" forms the concluding part of the volume. The pleasantly written and prettily illustrated book makes little claim to originality; in fact, the preface modestly declares that it is not intended for those already familiar with the great poet.

As we go to press news is received of the death at Cambridge of Charles Eliot Norton. His loss will be keenly felt in the academic world, for though of late years he had retired from active teaching, his

presence was still felt as an influence for sound taste and human values in scholarship. He was a friend of the *Nation* from its beginning, and we shall in our next issue have more to say of his career.

Joseph Leycester Lyne, better known as Father Ignatius, died October 16, at Llanthony Abbey, Abergavenny, England. Born in 1837, he was educated with a view to entering the Church of England, and he was ordained in 1860. Ten years later he founded Llanthony Abbey. As a preacher he attracted vast crowds, but in the latter years of his life he refused to preach in the churches owing to the "rationalism" permitted by the bishops. He has published sermons and orations, volumes of tracts, and books entitled "Hymns with Music," "Brother Placidus," "Leonard Morris," "Tales of Llanthony," and "Tales of the Monastery."

Antoine Jules César Vencelas Ermanigilde Muzzarelli, a teacher of French, died by his own hand in this city October 15. Born in Angoulême in 1847, he studied at the University of Lyons and École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, Paris. He entered the French army in the corps of engineers and served through the Franco-Prussian war. After various political fortunes both in France and South America, he came to the United States in 1877, where he had since been engaged in teaching. He wrote "Histoire de la guerre du Pacifique" (1880), "Étude sur la situation politique de l'Amérique du Sud" (1881), "La question du canal de Panama" (1881), "Les Antonymes de la langue française" (2 vols., 1888), "The Academic French Course" (2 vols., 1892), "A Brief French Course" (1901), and "La Pays de France" (1902). He edited "Le Barbier de Séville" and a number of other French classics.

Machado de Assis, president of the Brazilian Academy, has died at Rio de Janeiro at the age of seventy. He was the author of many books, including the popular romance, "Memorias posthumas de Brar Cubas," and the volume of verse, "Phalenas Americanas."

News comes of the death in his fifty-ninth year of Bomonji Byramji Patel, a Parsi writer of Bombay. His most important work is the "Parsi Prakesh," a history of the Parsi community from its immigration into India down to 1875. He also wrote a "Life of Firdusi" and a "History of Persia."

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

Germany in the Early Middle Ages, 476-1250. By William Stubbs; edited by Arthur Hassall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

William Stubbs is still a name to conjure with in a certain field of historical study, and his seal as Bishop of Oxford makes a very pretty decoration on the cover of the handsomely bound and printed volume which Arthur Hassall has edited; but a great reputation and a high dignity in the church cannot quite justify the publication of so insignificant a contribution as this. The editor tells us that Professor Stubbs "some thirty-five years ago had in contemplation the publication of a volume somewhat on the lines of the present one." He bases his present venture on the lack of satisfactory histories of Germany, "as keenly felt now as it was when Bishop Stubbs was Regius professor of modern history at Oxford."

That no really great treatment of German history has yet appeared, even by a German, we should be inclined to admit; but in sketches of the type here attempted we are much better off than we were thirty-five years ago. Nor can we feel that this volume goes far toward supplying any lack that really exists. It appears to be simply a reprint of Dr. Stubbs's lectures, "covering" in two hundred and thirty pages the long period of German history from 476 to 1250. If Dr. Stubbs had confined himself to the development of the German Constitution, a subject for which his studies would seem especially to have qualified him, he might have given his students and now the public a valuable guide to an important phase of European history. The constitutional side of the matter, however, is not here especially emphasized, except now and then by way of comparison with England. We should like to believe with the editor that Dr. Stubbs was "as conversant with the history, political and constitutional, of Germany as he was with that of the British Isles"; but certainly there is little evidence of it in this volume. We have discovered no reference to any modern historian except Gibbon, Hallam, Milman, and Mosheim. Apparently, these are the authors whom the lecturer expected his students to read. The references to originals are very scanty indeed. In one place the author apologizes for going at some length into a certain matter on the ground that Milman had insufficiently treated it. He finds it worth while to give three pages to a very ill-tempered attack upon Hallam for what he thinks a display of "pure Whiggery" in estimating the reign of Henry III. We can quite understand that an author or an editor should wish to conceal the "mechanism of scholarship," but if we are to have references to scholarship at all, we may fairly ask that they be less than a half-century behind the present stage of historical learning.

Mr. Hassall praises Dr. Stubbs's skill and accuracy in sketching the character of each German monarch; but these sketches seem to us distinctly the weakest part of the whole book. They betray the hopeless tendency to explain history by the personal quality of rulers, which is the dominant note of the author's method throughout. If this be ever a helpful way of approach to an understanding of historical movements, it can nowhere be less helpful than in studying the history of Germany—a history in which the monarchy is never felt as the real unit of power, but rather as an invader of the local, provincial or, as Dr. Stubbs also calls them, national traditions which are the real political entities of the German people.

In preserving the lecture form under the thin disguise of chapters, the editor has left us in painful uncertainty as to the public for whom the volume is intended. The lectures continually assume an acquaintance with historical matter quite impossible to expect from the general reader. On the other hand, the student can find little here to illuminate or guide his more detailed reading. Bibliography is confined to a random list of a score or more of books without discrimination or proportion. The narrative is scrappy in the extreme, following no well-marked plan and no principle unless it be that of a persistent comparison with English men and events, not often enlightening and frequently of doubtful accuracy. The whole field of the history of culture is entirely left out.

The Elizabethan Religious Settlement: A Study of Contemporary Documents. By Henry Norbert Birt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

The author of this welcome study of certain documents relating to the religious settlement under Queen Elizabeth belongs to that school of Roman Catholic historians of which Ludwig Pastor is the chief representative on the Continent and Abbot Gasquet the leading exponent in England. It is the pride and boast of this school that it relies solely upon documentary evidence, and that it uses this evidence without any prejudice whatever. It is frank to a degree in its criticism of what it thinks ought to be criticised in the characters and actions of its co-religionists. It makes its point by a display of learning which is expected to crush opposition by its mass and gravity. Above all, it keeps its temper, and holds thus the advantage that an even disposition always has in any discussion.

All these qualities are well displayed in Father Birt's volume. In a field where Froude has preceded him, he has indeed an easy task to dispose of that particular opponent, but he has not addressed himself specially to this task. He has rather tried to make his point by utilizing a series of contemporary utterances to prove his main thesis. This thesis is that the common opinion, expressed by such a Protestant authority as the late Bishop Creighton, that "the religious settlement was welcomed by the people and corresponded to their wishes," is only very partially true. Of course, he denies having had any thesis to prove when he began his work; but that is not important. The book is one long demonstration that the change in Church government under Elizabeth after the Marian restoration was bitterly resisted and was carried through only by violence and pressure of every

kind in which the laity, as well as the clergy, were brought over against their will. Father Birt's method is to pile up illustration upon illustration, all, of course, in one direction, and then to point to the aggregate as proof of the proposition with which he started. It is a captivating method to all those who, like himself, are convinced beforehand; but the weak point in it is evident. It carefully leaves out all consideration of the other side in which an equally great mass of illustration could readily be presented. Very much of Father Birt's criticism of the process of "purification" is apt but superfluous. An Act of Uniformity is not a pretty thing to administer, no matter in whose hands it may be. It is not an edifying sight to-day to see a government struggling with the anachronism of an established church, and in the sixteenth century the spectacle was more repellant still. It is as easy to find scandals under Elizabeth as under Mary, and the pot gains no lustre from the blackness of the kettle.

In calling this a welcome volume we have not meant to imply that it settles the question as to whether the English people approved the Elizabethan settlement. The only answer to that is to be found in the long history of religious conflict in England from that day to this. A religious condition that has lasted over three hundred years, with a steady tendency to change in the direction precisely opposite to the Marian paradise which is Father Birt's ideal, must have its foundations deep and strong in the hearts of the people as a whole. We mean that every such contribution of material not generally presented or emphasized by conventional historians, even when it is thus marshalled so as to tell a purely partisan story, is welcome to every fair-minded student. Whoever desires henceforth to gain a complete picture of the struggle which marked the early days of the final establishment of a national church in England will be forced to set the evidence here accumulated over against that of the apologists of the prevailing system.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Moneychangers. By Upton Sinclair. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

This is a continuation of "The Metropolis," which may in turn be continued indefinitely, or at least as long as fit material, whether social, commercial, or political, continues to be raked to Mr. Sinclair's hand by our journalistic scavengers. In "The Metropolis," he showed (with the aid of photographs), how corrupt and extravagant the "smart set" are; now, he produces similar exhibits as to the rottenness of Wall Street. We all know what these exhibits are; only some hermit, some inconceivable recluse, who did not read the papers at all would find anything fresh in Mr. Sinclair's anecdotes; and the veil of fiction cast over the given data is so thin as to give little excuse for their rehearsal. To say the truth, Mr. Sinclair is neither a Dickens nor a Zola, but (as promised by the "Stirling" episode, which opened his career), a successful sensation-monger.

A Little Brother of the Rich. By Joseph Medill Patterson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

This is much upon the order of Mr. Sinclair's "The Metropolis" of recent memory. It deals with the follies and indiscretions of the rich, and the sycophancy of their imitators. We believe it was Mr. Bunner who invented the phrase "little brother of the rich," to fit the social parasite. He had in mind that creature in its simplest form. Mr. Sinclair's Oliver Montague, the go-between who is in a position to install the rich in "good society" for a consideration, is a leech of a higher order. The Paul Potter of this narrative is yet another type. At the outset he is a "Hermes in Flannels" from the upper reaches of the Wabash—raw material brought to the front at Yale by athletic prowess, and even made fit for the society of certain wealthy youths from Gotham. At the end of his course (through which he has worked his way) he is offered a respectable position in his native town, but declines it, and incidentally gives up the girl to whom he is betrothed, to take a place in a New York broker's office which has been made for him by the influence of one of his rich classmates. He sells himself to Mammon, and, by virtue of his truckling not so much to persons as to the habits and aims of the millionaire cult, becomes a sad spectacle indeed—the toady of a false ideal. Time brings in its revenges: he lives to see his own poltroonery, but not to amend it. The story of him has that fatal element of weakness which marks so much of our fiction. Great cities, prosperous societies, are full of weak-kneed gentlemen of this type; but they are merely data to be cited. The newspaper, the preacher, the statistician, are able to handle them adequately; there is little in them for the artist. There is no tragedy, no débâcle, in the ebbing of a Paul Potter: he has, at most, the slight significance of a cipher.

The High Adventure. By Hugh De Sélincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

Profane souls, who require in a novel character, action, life, should not approach this book; it is for choice spirits. Vulgarians will find in it only an effeminate young man of literary tastes who after some hesitation and thin and watery debate marries a colorless girl to the increase of his happiness. From no point of view can much be said for it as a novel. In intention, it is a delicate and very serious study of an idealistic temperament perplexed by the facts of sex till, under the stress of an innocent love and marriage, the problem solves itself. In the execution of this admirable intention, the author seems to have been hampered by a shortage in ideas, lack of acquaintance with men, and immaturity of mind. If Shelley had read Ibsen, Pater, and Maeterlinck, he might possibly have written some such book at seventeen. The only figure of any coherence and interest is the hero, Bernard. On an occasion comparable only to that on which Daniel Deronda and Gwendolen dry each other's eyes with their respective pocket-handkerchiefs, he comes to understand for the first time the mysteries of life and death. One day, after his marriage, he sees a kitten killed by a dog, and the spectacle deeply troubles him. He finds it difficult that night to speak to his wife of the affair:

> He lay as a bruised child lies in his mother's arms. [His age was thirty.] And she held him closely to her, to shield him with her body from every ill. "Tell me," she said. Her voice was low, etc. Still he did not speak, etc. "There is death," he moaned. Her hand caressed his forehead. "Everywhere waiting . . . and without you emptiness . . . blackness . . . fear," etc.

In real life there are unquestionably such persons as Bernard; but in fiction, one feels safe in saying, a hero more free from the characteristics of the male sex had not hitherto appeared.

A Lord of Lands. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A red-haired Irish switchman of a philosophic turn of mind, married to a thrifty German wife, falls upon an economic pamphlet which arouses him to the fact that as his family increases his income is slowly but surely falling below the line of subsistence. Pondering in depressed mood upon the approach of the wolf, he chances to see in a newspaper a proposition for the subsidizing of British immigrants on lands traversed by the Canadian Pacific. Out of this suggestion spring agitations, with the result that a little colony of sixteen families emigrate from the city and take up farming. The narrative is a sort of Farmers' Almanac, containing a double plea for farm-colonizing and for small farming on common sense ideas. There is no evasion of drawbacks, and there is suggestion of many modifications of hide-bound traditions in agriculture. Success for some; content even without riches; at the worst, poverty without misery, are the guerdons the author offers in his message, making of his book not alone a calendar, but a missionary effort.

Decrying old usage as a hindrance, our farmer is nothing if not old-mannered as a writer. The Vicar of Wakefield could not have written in more placid disregard of the passing moment. Indeed, the first person and the ever-consulted prudent wife and educated daughter give a reminiscent touch of the Vicar, of whom the author's good sense and humor are not all unworthy. Many, too, are the practical hints administered with an Irish twinkle:

> Too many people, when they start out to make their poultry comfortable, consult their own feelings as to what constitutes comfort, overlooking the fact that a hen's point of view is not a man's.

Hilary on Her Own. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Doubtless, in the end, Hilary, who was a very real girl, became a genial home-maker and an amiable wife and mother; for even in her effervescent youth, her nature and tastes were essentially wholesome. But in the neighborhood of her twentieth year, caged in the domesticity of an old country house, with her piquantly prosaic family, she experienced a revolt, humorous, but violent, against the routine of her daily life. When she had reached the bursting point, she informed the household with shocking abruptness that she was going to London, as secretary to some doctor at that time not discovered. The rest of the narrative deals with her adventures in search of a position, her exuberant joys as a "typist," and her ultimate return with a doctor of her own. Hilary tells her own story with unflagging ebullience, much cleverness, and a quick eye for effective realistic detail. Young ladies in their storm and stress period should not, however, take her for a model; she is disrespectful to her mother, frivolous on religious questions, impertinent with strangers, and her cleverness is at times overdone. She may be criticised also for failing to show any signs of development through her variegated experiences. Yet, passing over her manners, which would have horrified Jane Austen, she is a genuine living being, wortn knowing for her hearty picturesque talk and her power of humorous characterization.

The Alps in Nature and History. By W. A. B. Coolidge, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50 net.

This admirably arranged volume stands quite apart from the many books on the same general subject. While based on the long experience of a distinguished Alpine climber, it is not, like Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps," a record of such personal experience, and it lacks therefore the dramatic qualities which belong to the detailed description of famous Alpine ascents. It is rather a vast encyclopaedia of Alpine knowledge, arranged in a systematic, available form, and especially full in respect to topographical detail. In a work covering the ground so completely one cannot but regret that the author has purposely avoided all discussion of origin, of geological formation, as well as all explanation of the natural phenomena of this stupendous region. This side of the subject he expressly states is left to the special treatise. The Alps are studied as they now exist and as related to man, his occupancy and conquest of them, with but the briefest mention of scientific investigations. A chapter on the mountain grazing grounds, the struggle for their possession and the complicated rights of ownership, is followed by one on the snow regions and two interesting accounts of Alpine flowers and animals contributed by George Yeld and Howard Knox, respectively. The following one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the Alpine folk, their early occupancy of the valleys, their political allegiances, mother tongues, and religious proclivities, and to a very complete summary of the political history of the Alps from the Col de Tenda in the west to the Semmering Pass in the east. One of the most interesting portions is an enumeration of the great historical passes whose rôle in history as the channels of emigration and conquest is so important. The seven skeleton maps are most illuminating and give a far more exact idea of the influence of these passes upon travel and intercourse than that afforded by any general map.

The remaining half of the volume is concerned with the exploration and conquest of the High Alps from the point of view of the mountaineer who, aside from all practical ends, finds his reward for peril and fatigue in the satisfaction of obstacles overcome. In earlier times material reasons governed the Alpine dwellers in the exploration of their mountain home. In fact, the stimulus to peak climbing came from without, and with few exceptions the higher and more difficult summits were not conquered before the tide of travel set in. Mr. Coolidge assigns 1760 as "the true date of the origin of mountain climbing" and the period between 1840 and 1865 as that of the "almost complete conquest of the High Alps." Two lists, one of the principal peaks and passes arranged in the order of their altitude, the other of the principal peaks in the order of their conquest, afford interesting study and form one of the most valuable reference features of the work. It appears from these lists that a considerable number of the more celebrated peaks were ascended before 1840. The year 1865 saw the greatest number of virgin ascents, but the record was scarcely less brilliant down to the close of the century, when only some of the lower, but more difficult climbs of the Mount Blanc *aiguilles* and Dolomite needles remained. It is noticeable, however, that the Picco Luigi Amedeo, third in height of the Mont Blanc range (14,673) and thirteenth in the general list, was not conquered until 1901, and the Mont Brouillard of the same range (13,298), not till 1906.

In a chapter on modern mountaineering, the author handles with merited severity what he terms "the plague spot in Alpine matters"—guideless climbing by incompetent persons. Growing familiarity with the Alps, which by no means implies a knowledge of their perils, the increase of maps and other publications which tempt the inexperienced to a false self-reliance, and probably also the desire to cut down expenses, are responsible for a majority of the rapidly increasing number of Alpine accidents. The worst of it is that there seems to be no practical way of saving a fool from the results of his folly. The restrictions with which medical advisers and trainers surround other forms of exercise are ignored by the amateur climber. The reviewer, when making his first ascent in the Bernina group, remembers well his disappointment, after reaching the summit of Piz Zupo, on learning he was only 153 feet below the Bernina, the highest point of the range. To the question why the Bernina had not been chosen, the chief guide, to whom the choice had been left, replied with a quizzical smile: "Because I did not know to what kind of man I was to be tied." This very proper attitude on the part of one who knew how much more trying for a novice the Bernina was than the Zupo is one which the tribe of Tartarin cannot be made to appreciate.

Excellent photographs illustrate Mr. Coolidge's volume, and an admirable feature is the detailed description accompanying each illustration, by which the reader obtains an accurate idea of the relative position of the various objects represented. Finally, a list of the principal works relating to the Alps, a general map, and a full index complete a work which is a distinct contribution to Alpine literature, a résumé of remarkable interest, accuracy, and thoroughness.

The French Influence in English Literature. By Alfred Horatio Upham. New York: The Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., Agents.

This work undertakes the period from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. Though the predominant foreign influence through these years is admittedly Italian, the mass of evidence showing contact of French literature and society with English is astonishingly large. The task of beating this

material into tractable shape and presenting a coherent account of it demanded, in spite of the work of numerous pioneers, a literary historian of wide reading, vigorous organizing power, and a sound, very cautious judgment. On the whole, Dr. Upham has met these requirements remarkably well. He has diligently collected, assimilated, and recorded the results of his predecessors' labors; his text, notes, and appendices are packed with clues to his tributaries. It is a pity that the index is so incomplete. His style is, with few exceptions, alert and interested. The exposition, however, is obscured here and there by lack of transitions between paragraphs and a disposition to keep the secret till the end of the paragraph. Among the baffingly complex problems of literary relationships, he moves with great discretion; if he sometimes presses a bit of evidence overhard, he seldom rests his argument on a doubtful point. The divisions of the subject, suggested rather by the convenience than the logic of the investigator, are as follows: The Areopagus Group; the Elizabethan Sonnet; Du Bartas; Rabelais; Montaigne; Seventeenth Century Précieuses and Platonists; Romance, Drama and Heroic Poem; Minor Literary Forms. There are also a general introductory survey of the field and a brief summary of results obtained. In every chapter the main contention of the thesis is sustained and the quickening influence of French contact demonstrated beyond cavil.

The nature of the subject precludes forever a definitive treatment, yet it is, perhaps, worth while to point out a few places at which this work would be improved by condensation or amplification. In dealing with the supposed relationship of the "Areopagus" to the "Pléiade," Dr. Upham elaborates an argument of Prof. J. B. Fletcher's without making it convincing; a common inspiration in the works of Plato and Aristotle will still seem to many a sufficient explanation of the parallelism of the two groups, and the theory of conscious and detailed imitation superfluous. Rabelais, Dr. Upham feels, was an equal force with Aretino in the later work of Nash, whereas Nash acknowledges Aretino as his master and pays no tribute to Rabelais; in order to establish the contention there should be developed at this point a critical distinction between the French and Italian models. At present, the argument rests too much on circumstantial evidence and impressions of questionable accuracy. Again essays, according to our author, "were popular forms of literature in England for a number of years, largely on account of Montaigne's example, and his work furnished a model by which most of the writers worked"; but Nicolas Breton, one of the writers in question, saluted Bacon as the model and prolific father of essayists, and Dr. Upham fails to make out any profound indebtedness even of Bacon to Montaigne. In discussing the vogue of pastoral and heroic romance in the reign of Charles I., there is a similar shortcoming in the failure to distinguish between the impulse from France and the continuous English stream proceeding from the "Arcadia." The difficulty is confessed, but the arrangement of the material would mislead the unwary reader. Finally, the last two chapters are much congested, though the field is comparatively virgin and bristles with possibilities for the literary explorer.

Yet, in spite of all deductions, the book is thoroughly interesting, substantial, and of indispensable value to the student of comparative literature.

Science.

Birds of the Plains. By Douglas Dewar. New York: John Lane & Co. $4.

In this volume, Mr. Dewar has collected some forty short essays on various interesting birds of the plain region of India. The style is excellent and there is a pervading sense of humor which is all too rare a quality with writers on natural history. The author can select some bird of which most of us have never heard, and in a few paragraphs vividly portray its specific personality.

He records many new observations; for example, the tailor-bird's method of sewing. First a row of punctures is made down each side of a leaf and the two edges are drawn together and stitched with cobweb. Then the nest is built in the leaf and later the web is strengthened with strands of cotton:

> The cotton used is soft and frays easily, so that that part of it which is forced through a tiny aperture issues as a fluffy knob, which looks like a knot and is usually taken for such. As a matter of fact, the bird makes no knots; she merely forces a portion of the cotton strand through a puncture, and the silicon which enters into the composition of the leaf catches the soft, minute strands of the cotton and prevents them from slipping.

Another example of careful observation is the account of the clever ruse practised by the parasitic koel cuckoo, or brain-fever bird:

> Crows appear to dislike the cry of the koel quite as much as men do. But whereas man is usually content with swearing at the noisy cuckoo, crows attack it with beak and claw whenever an opportunity offers. This fact is turned to account by the koel. The cock alights in a tree near a crow's nest and begins to call. The owners of the nest, sooner or later, "go for" him. He then takes to his wings, continuing to call, so as to induce the crows to prolong the chase. As he is a more rapid flier than they, he does not run much risk. While the irate corvi are in pursuit, the hen koel, who has been lurking around, slips into the nest and there lays her egg. If she is given time she destroys one or more of those already in the nest. She does this, not because the crows would detect the presence of an additional egg, but in order that her young, when hatched, will not be starved owing to the large number of mouths to feed.

The author professes no profound knowledge of ornithology, but nevertheless he dabbles in such deep waters as "The Stability of Species," "Birds as Automata," and "Do Animals Think?" On these topics, he occasionally becomes rather confused. For example, on one page, in speaking of a flock of peafowl containing several albino cocks, he says:

> As a matter of fact the hens select the white cocks, not because they are white, but because of the strength of the sexual instincts of these latter. The white cocks continually show off before the hens.

On the following page he generalizes thus:

> Abnormal individuals are comparatively few in number, and they beget comparatively few of their kind, so have no chance of establishing themselves and crushing out the normal type.

We note that the author believes in sexual selection and also that he takes issue with the extreme position of John Burroughs in regard to the thinking ability of animals. But here, the comparison which Mr. Dewar draws between the idiotic impulse of a certain wealthy man to smash the china within his reach and the first nest-building instincts of a young bird, seems far-fetched and meaningless in the light of the usual theory of the genesis of instinct. The sixteen illustrations of individual birds are remarkably good examples of bird photography.

The eighth International Congress of Hydrology, Climatology, Geology, and Physical Therapeutics is to be held at Algiers on April 4-10, 1909.

The Seventh Congress for Applied Chemistry will meet in London May 27 to June 2, 1909.

Frederic Auten Combs Perrine, a well-known electrical expert, died at Plainfield October 20. He was born at Manalapan, N. J., in 1862, and was graduated from Princeton in 1883. He held important positions in a number of large corporations, including the John A. Roebling's Sons Co., the Germania Electric Co., the Standard Electric Co. of California, and the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co. of Pittsfield. From 1893 to 1900 he was professor of electrical engineering in Leland Stanford; from 1894 to 1896 editor of the *Journal of Electricity*, San Francisco; and from 1896 to 1898, of *Electrical Engineering*, Chicago. He contributed to various journals and society transactions on topics connected with his specialty, and was author of "Conductors for Distribution" (1903).

Drama.

Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

William Dunlap's chronicles of the American stage cover the period between 1750 and 1810; the works of William B. Wood and F. C. Wemys carry the tale to 1850; while Ireland's records extend from 1750 to 1860. Mr. Winter says that one of the objects of his book is to bring these annals down to the present time. He has peculiar qualifications for the task—including a profound acquaintance with his subject, the zeal of a student with regard to matters of fact, high ideals of the functions and scope of the theatre, and rare powers of narration. His volume will be a welcome addition to every dramatic library. It is full of fresh and illuminative detail, of analytical character studies, of sound theatrical philosophy, of witty comment, eloquent appreciation, and wholesome scorn. In its historical aspect, it is orderly, discriminatory, and, within its range, comprehensive, omitting little that is essential, but avoiding the empty repetitions and trivialities which make most books about the stage so tedious. On the critical side, it exhibits the brilliant perceptive and descriptive abilities of the author, together with some of his defects. Few old playgoers will be prepared to give full assent to some of his most glowing appreciations, in which judgment is somewhat warped by heat of affection and poetic sensibility. Mr. Winter, in recognizing the talents of his friends, deals in no half-measures of praise, and it must not be forgotten that many of his subjects were, as he is careful to point out in his preface, his daily and intimate associates. In such cases he is likely to appear as eulogist rather than critic. But free from sentimental influence, his insight is as clear as his diction is trenchant and copious.

Of Edwin Forrest, one of the most overrated actors of the nineteenth century, he says that he "was an uncommonly massive and puissant animal, and all of his impersonations were more physical than intellectual, while no one of them possessed any spiritual element whatever." He adds:

> In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver, and used the trick sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted, and snarled like a wild beast.

Forrest had no spark of the divine fire that burned in Cooke, Kean, or the elder Booth. This last-named actor, Mr. Winter only saw in his decadence, as Pescara, but even then, he says, "his terrific aspect, his thrilling voice, and his magnificent action imparted a sense of overwhelming power and splendor." In discussing the attributes of these notable performers Mr. Winter enunciates a truth, almost disregarded in the modern theatre, that great actors do not trust to inspiration. They may become the objects of sudden illumination, but all their effects are, as a rule, the result of calculated design. An interesting confirmation of this dictum exists in E. T. Mason's pamphlet, "The Othello of Tommaso Salvini," in which almost every motion of the actor is set down in black and white. Without this antecedent study there can be no impersonation. Mr. Winter insists upon this point in speaking of the Rip van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson, one of the most natural embodiments of modern times. Nevertheless, it was, from first to last, a compound of most elaborate artifice. Of Jefferson himself, the man, Mr. Winter furnishes a delightful study, and few competent judges will dispute his estimate of him as the most accomplished comedian of his day, but that he was "essentially an impersonator" may well be questioned. He was a greater artist than actor. William J. Florence much excelled him in the power of assuming contrasted identities, as did Edwin Booth. Concerning the latter an interesting anecdote is given. He said, talking of his Richelieu, one of his most notable achievements: "I am conscious of an interior personality standing back of my own, watching and guiding me." "This," remarks Mr. Winter, "was his clear intellect." But the peculiar significance of the actor's expression lies in its suggestion of a constant mental effort to vitalize an imaginative ideal by the suppression of purely personal impulse. And herein consists the whole, but now generally forgotten, secret of acting.

It is unnecessary to do more than refer to Mr. Winter's estimates of either Edwin Booth or Henry Irving. To both men he was bound by ties of close affection, and in the enumeration of their artistic and personal virtues he employs his choicest literary skill. With much of what he says everybody will be in accord. Booth was the last of the great tragedians and for many years had no rival on the English-speaking stage. Salvini alone was his superior. Fine as he was in Shakespeare, he was perhaps greater still in such parts as Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Pescara. Before him Mr. Winter puts Henry Irving, whom he calls "the greatest actor of my time, because he evinced a deeper knowledge of human nature, a broader comprehension and firmer grasp of the ideal, . . . and an ampler facility of dramatic expression than any other actor whom I have seen." This is strongly and adroitly put, and there is much truth in it, but there are those who think that Irving's actual achievement as an actor often fell far short of his ideals. Many will hesitate long before they admit his greatness in "Macbeth" or "Lear." But he was a wonderful man, an extraordinary actor, and set an ineffaceable mark upon the stage.

One of the most admirable and characteristic essays in the book is that upon Dion Boucicault, in which the fullest justice is done both to the merits and demerits of that brilliant but unscrupulous adventurer. Especially effective is the exposition of his sources of dramatic inspiration. With regard to the old controversy concerning the authorship of "London Assurance" a letter from Ben Webster is quoted to prove that half the proceeds of the first production was paid to John Brougham. No less interesting, and far more edifying, are the intimate personal chapters on John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, men widely different, indeed, in character, ability, and aspirations, but alike in their dauntless courage against adverse circumstance and their zeal in self-education. Barrett had not the histrionic genius of Booth, but infinitely surpassed him in artistic devotion. Mr. Winter throws much light upon the personalities of both men. He pays also a fine and just tribute to Charlotte Cushman, a rare combination of genius and common-sense. His account of her closing hours is very pathetic, and he deduces from her example a pregnant lesson on the social value of noble acting. "She did not," he writes, "fill their [the spectators'] minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness, and failure. She was a minister of the beautiful."

With the modern developments of the drama Mr. Winter has little sympathy, and he does not attempt to treat them. It is eminent actors, not plays, that he is discussing, and in these days eminent actors are rare. Contemporaneous dealers in the mystical, the abnormal, the problematical, and the unclean he dismisses with a few brief sentences, barbed with contempt. Modern stars he scarcely mentions. The present system of commercial production is to him an abomination.

In its original estate the "Samson" of the French dramatist Bernstein belongs t the same category as its predecessor, "The Thief." It is melodrama, pure and simple, of disagreeable character, but theatrically effective and animated by a definite satirical motive, apart from its main object of entertainment. But in no sense is it a work of much philosophic or social significance. Its leading theme is trite, and is not handled, except in its final outcome, with any notable freshness or originality. All its types are conventional, but in the study of the heroine there is the truth of human nature. Briefly, the story is this: A foolish old marquis and his worldly wife, supposed to be representatives of a decadent aristocracy, have practically sold their daughter—already committed to a lover in her own station—to a self-made man, a millionaire speculator, uncultivated

in manners, but honest in affection, and of invincible will. Miserable in her bondage, the young wife turns to her old lover, and, during her husband's feigned absence (one of the oldest of theatrical tricks), is taken by him to a disgraceful resort, whence she escapes disgusted and disenchanted, to confront the man she has wronged. Having forced a confession from her, the husband resolves to punish the seducer by stripping him of his fortune. To this end the husband precipitates a financial panic, in which both men are involved in common ruin. In this scene he has invited his victim to luncheon, and keeps him an involuntary prisoner while the stocks fall. As the panic proceeds, the husband taunts the seducer with his dishonor and his helplessness, and half-strangles him when he tries to escape. Manifestly, this episode is wholly theatrical and incredible, but, properly acted, there can be no question of its exciting character. In the closing act there is a reconciliation between the now bankrupt speculator and his wife, the latter responding at last to a love whose depth she had not before suspected. The moving qualities of this story, when powerfully presented, may be easily imagined, but they were not conspicuous in the version produced in the Criterion Theatre, in this city, on Monday night. In the first place, the adapter, William Gillette, who also assumes the central character, supplies an inferior text; and, in the second, he is destitute of the emotional eloquence and dramatic power essential to such a part. His passion was noisy, but impotent, and at times bordered upon the ridiculous. Moreover, the supporting cast was far from brilliant. Thus the representation of the play was generally inadequate, and there was little to compensate for its disagreeable atmosphere.

The death was announced from Boston last week of Edwin Reed, a voluminous writer on the Shakespeare-Bacon question. He was born in Phillipsburg, Me., in 1835, studied abroad, engaged in shipbuilding and management, was superintendent of the schools of Bath and later Mayor of the city, and was also a member of the Maine Legislature. His first book was "A New View of the Temperance Question" (1889). His writings on Bacon and Shakespeare are: "Brief for Plaintiff, Bacon vs. Shakespeare" (1896), "Francis Bacon, Our Shakespeare" (1902), "Bacon and Shakespeare—Parallelisms" (1902), "Noteworthy Opinions Pro and Con, Bacon vs. Shakespeare" (1905), and "Coincidences, Bacon and Shakespeare" (1906).

The death of Mrs. George C. Howard, the original Topsy in the first dramatic adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was announced last week from Boston, where she had lived in retirement since 1887. She played the character for nearly forty years, appearing in all parts of this country and in Europe. Few performers of her time were more widely known.

The death is announced from London of Robert Soutar at the age of eighty. In his day he was a good stock actor in various London companies, and was for many years stage-manager at the Gaiety. He also wrote a number of farces and pantomimes.

Music.

A MUSICAL MYSTERY.

In summing up the results of the spring and summer season of opera in London, the critics agreed that a great success had been won by Miss Destinn, the dramatic soprano of the Royal Opera in Berlin (who is to be heard at our Metropolitan the coming season), but that nevertheless the chief honors went to Mme. Melba and Mme. Tetrazzini. The latter represent the florid style of singing. The submarine cables almost melted from the glowing accounts of their triumphs. When Mme. Melba celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her début in London, society, headed by the King and Queen, filled the house; and when the prima donna came to the tremendous piece of virtuosity which brings the first act of "La Traviata" to a close, "the audience," according to one of the London journalists, "held its breath." The reporter adds:

> Her vocal gymnastics were simply amazing, and her own intense enjoyment of them was delightful. Up and down the scale she went, in trills and runs and roulades, and when she ended, like a fireworks display, with a brilliant shower of golden notes, the whole house rose and applauded with all its might.

When Mme. Tetrazzini made her first appearance in London, last autumn, she created a sensation such as few singers in our generation have achieved. This achievement she repeated in New York a few months later, and changed Oscar Hammerstein's mood from despair to delight. But for her timely arrival, New York would not be likely to have two opera houses the coming season. Her second engagement in London proved no less successful. Yet she is not one of the really great artists. It is only by her top notes in highly ornamental music that she actually shines, for she is mediocre or worse from every other point of view, including the histrionic. That a vocalist with such a limited equipment should have created so astonishing a sensation is certainly strange, if not mysterious; but this is not the mystery we have in mind at present. That is of much wider scope, the mystery of florid music in general. Why have the composers of all countries given up writing such music when the public at large evidently likes it better than anything else, demands it with applausive violence, and showers diamonds on the Pattis and Sembrichs, the Melbas and Tetrazzinis who provide it?

The Italians who founded opera, three centuries ago, had high ideals. They were so anxious that the hearers should understand the words to which the music had been wedded that they deliberately avoided not only ornament, but even melody (Caccini boasted of his "noble contempt" for it), using instead of it a dry, tuneless recitative. But the public soon tired of that sort of thing, and the shrewd composers, willing to please, began to supply not only tunes, but highly ornamented arias, which the singers still further embroidered in a most lavish style. This fashion continued throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; even great masters like Handel and Mozart were compelled to bow to the will of the public. Gluck raised a protest, but it had little effect except in Paris, where Rameau had prepared the ground for him. It was not till Beethoven, Weber, and Wagner came forward and stubbornly refused to cater to the demand for meaningless staccati, trills, rapid scales, cadenzas, explosive and long-drawn-out high tones, that the spell was broken.

And now happened a strange thing—a phenomenon belying the teachings of the economists regarding demand and supply. All the composers of all countries, the great as well as the small, followed in the footsteps of the men just named, defied the paying public, and contemptuously and persistently ignored its eager demand for ornamental music. In the German operas since Wagner, including those of Humperdinck and D'Albert, you will listen in vain for florid airs; you will not hear them in the popular operas of modern Frenchmen; Gounod employed them very sparingly, Bizet not at all; florid music is not to be found in the works of Charpentier, of Bruneau, of Saint-Saëns; while the latest of the Frenchmen, Debussy, eschews not only all ornaments, but has gone back to the recitative of the first opera composers. Stranger still, the Italians, who originated florid music and for centuries enraptured all the world with it, also have given it up completely. Verdi, in his early operas, still made some use of it, but when his genius matured and he came to write "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff," he avoided it as scrupulously as Wagner or Debussy; and all the young Italians followed his example. In the operas of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, of Boito and Puccini, and their colleagues, the decorative style known as colorature is absolutely tabooed. Why?

When the late Joseph Joachim, the "violin king," was once asked why he had so little sympathy with the admirers of a certain prima donna who was famous for her *fioriture*, he gave this memorable answer:

> What would you have? Here have I been endeavoring all my life to imitate on the violin the exquisite tones of the human voice; this singer, on the contrary, only seeks to imitate my violin.

From this point of view one can see why the really great composers have turned their backs for all time on florid

music, which reduces the voice to the level of instruments lacking the faculty of articulate speech. But why should not the minor composers try their luck with the meaningless trills and top tones and cadenzas on which the musically illiterate public dotes? Here are Mascagni and Leoncavallo, for instance. They have tried to write like Wagner, like the modern Frenchmen, like Verdi, but they have persistently avoided the florid style. Should they try it and succeed, as Goldmark appears to have done in his latest opera, "A Winter's Tale," it would be a satisfaction even to those who regard such ornaments as meretricious; for, since apparently we must have such music for the clamorous public, it would be a relief to have it at any rate in new operas. We might then bury the silly old "Sonnambula" and its companions for good and all. It is with a feeling of dismay that one looks forward to the coming season with Melba, Sembrich, and Tetrazzini all appearing week after week in the same half-dozen operas which alone have survived of the hundreds belonging to the florid school.

While the musical season in London has gradually expanded and now covers practically every month in the year, New York's season has shrunk at both ends. An attempt is being made this year to restore the month of October to its former estate; Sunday concerts began in the first week, and there have been song recitals by such favorites as Mme. Gadski and George Hamlin, while Hermann Klein's series of Sunday afternoon popular concerts at the New German Theatre has brought forward a number of artists, some known, others new. The first musical entertainment on a large scale occurred in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening, when Emil Sauer and the Philadelphia Orchestra coöperated. The German pianist began his second American tour by playing his own concerto in E minor. It had its first hearing here, and presumably its last; for while it is replete with dainty ornaments which suit the style of Mr. Sauer, it has not sufficient substance to tempt other pianists. The performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony was extremely interesting. Philadelphians are to be congratulated on having an orchestra which, if somewhat less polished than two or three others in the country, is excellent, and has in Mr. Pohlig a conductor who enables it to get at the heart of good music as few orchestras do.

Philadelphia got ahead of New York in hearing "Little Nemo," the new musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert; a run of several weeks there ensured a remarkably smooth performance at the New Amsterdam Theatre in this city on Tuesday night. While based more or less on a series of newspaper cartoons, it is in reality one of the most amusing of Mr. Smith's productions in the realm of librettos, and Mr. Herbert's music is such as only he could write—popular and of genuine musical value at the same time, like that of Johann Strauss. In the way of scenic effects and rapid changes, "Little Nemo" marks a climax of the stage painter's and machinist's art. One of Mr. Herbert's waltzes seems likely to become as popular as the "Merry Widow" waltz.

The letters of Johann Strauss, the writer of waltzes, are soon to be published in Berlin.

The Adele Margulies Trio will give its usual three concerts at Mendelssohn Hall in this city, on December 1, January 19, and February 23.

Art.

The Domestic Architecture of England During the Tudor Period. By Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton. Part I. London: B. T. Batsford. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The many methods of presentation at the disposal of a writer on architecture have in the past few years been tried out in a process of selective survival. This work happily adopts a form which is perhaps the best—a large folio, with gelatine prints of actual photographs, taken from points chosen for the double purpose of giving the facts clearly and comprehensively, and yet preserving as far as possible the atmosphere and sentiment of the subject. These photographs are supplemented by good drawings of details—some in plates and some as illustrations in the text. The pictures make the book, however, and the descriptions are wisely limited and assigned a subordinate place. In short, this volume, in size and general plan, resembles the issues by the same publishers dealing with the "Renaissance" and "Later Renaissance" in England by Gotch and Brown and by Belcher and Macartney, respectively. The three works, taken together, constitute a complete and valuable record of the evolution of the modern English house.

The introduction, a well-written exposition of the character of the Tudor style of architecture, traces its rise in the growing desire for comfort and luxury among the prosperous English people. In the Tudor period that desire found its great opportunity in the cessation of internal wars and disorders, and the consequent disuse of fortified castles. The increasing wealth of producers and traders, especially of wool growers, who led the new industrial advance; the luxury of the ecclesiastical offices; and, at last, the further adaptation of these ecclesiastical properties by the drastic process of confiscation and redistribution, in which abbeys and priories often became private residences—all these influences caused that rapid development of the English rural home characterizing the Tudor period.

The completeness of that development is indicated by the present acceptability of most of the charming examples here collected. Except a few of the more massive and castle-like houses, nearly all of them are such as appeal to lovers of country life in the twentieth century, and many of them need nothing but a few sanitary appliances to make them ideal modern houses. They have, if we may so describe it, that refinement of simple poetry and that expression of feeling—of familiar affection and happiness—which is lacking in the stately renaissance dwellings of France, and even of later England, and still more in the modern chateau or villa. The artistic elements are allied with those of nature; the composition appears to have grown as a group of elms grows; and the details are as indigenous as the materials. The views of these buildings are lessons in that art of picturesque grouping which the architects of this country were the first to revive in the present period, and which they cannot afford to abandon just when their European coworkers are taking it up. Such a book as this ought, then, to help toward recovery from the attack of academic formality, which has lately spread from the fitting field of the world's fair into the inappropriate territory of the home farm.

To pass from the general to the particular—the Abbot's House, Muchelney Abbey, is almost perfect for modern use, although it is an elaborate Gothic building of the fifteenth century. South Wraxall (about 1430) and Great Chalfield Manor House of Henry VI.'s time, show how with but little modification such features as pointed arches and tracery may become perfectly domestic and homelike; and the more stately compositions, such as Forde Abbey (1525), display, on the other hand, a dignity which is almost palatial. We may admire also the adaptability of the details to different materials. This style, which revels in wrought and carved stone when that is to be had, becomes even more fascinating in its "half-timber" guise. Ockwell's Manor House, the Mote House, Ightham, and others need no change or apology; and in brick and terracotta East Barsham and the remnant of Great Snoring Rectory are equally successful.

It is not too much to say, then, that country-lovers and home-makers will value this folio quite as much as architects. It appeals to that increasing public appreciation of art which demands detailed information instead of the popularized and abridged smattering which used to suffice. Without being technical—almost without a word of art idiom—the work presents its subject simply, clearly, and effectively.

MacLehose & Co. will soon publish a folio volume on "The Glasgow School of Painters," with more than fifty reproductions, by J. Craig Annan, of representative pictures, and an essay by Prof. G. Baldwin Brown.

"The Furniture of our Forefathers," by Esther Singleton, is to be issued this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The *International Studio* publishes a special extra number devoted to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, containing forty-five reproductions of his works, a chronology of his life and another of his production, and an agreeably written, if not very profound, "Appreciation," by C. Lewis Hind. There are, also, reproductions of Kenyon Cox's portrait of the sculptor in his fortieth year, and of a late photograph of him by DeWitt C. Ward. The subjects for illustration are well chosen, and the reproduction, with a few exceptions, is fairly successful. The chronological list of works is very full, and we have noted few errors in it. The worst of these is copied from the early editions of the Catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition, held at the Metropolitan Museum, in which, by an error of transcription, the relief portrait of Bastien-Lepage was dated 1889, instead of 1880. The error was corrected in later editions, but it was impossible to place the entry where it properly belonged in the series, and it was therefore natural that Mr. Hind should have been misled. This is the more unfortunate, as the relief in question is distinctly in the sculptor's earlier manner, and its misdating makes its style incomprehensible.

Vol. XXXV. of the *International Studio,* comprising the regular numbers from July to October inclusive, of 1908 is now complete. The magazine devotes more space than formerly to American art, and is consequently more interesting to American readers. Its choice of works for illustration is somewhat miscellaneous, but it gives a fair notion of current production in several countries. The text is less interesting than the plates. It is regrettable that the editor has not been able to enlist writers of more authority.

The A. Wessels Company publishes "Evolution in Italian Art," by the late Grant Allen, a book "practically complete at the time of the author's death, but . . . revised and brought up to date . . . by Mr. J. W. Cruikshank." Mr. Allen makes no pretence of connoisseurship, and no attempt at art criticism, his object being, rather, to consider the evolution of certain subjects and the progressive development of their treatment, from what may be called a biological standpoint. That the traditional subjects of Italian art had a kind of personality apart from that of the artists who treated them, and that the modifications of traditional treatment were often more a matter of school and of date than of voluntary choice on the part of the painter, will be no news to the well-equipped student; but it is interesting to have the point clearly brought out by dwelling upon it, as Mr. Allen has done, to the exclusion of other matters. The volume contains sixty-five reproductions of works of Italian art, from the mosaics of Ravenna, to the decorative canvases of Veronese.

The Chicago Art Institute's annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture by contemporary American artists was opened October 20. There were 340 exhibits—chiefly oil paintings and sculpture—by 219 artists.

Frederick Keppel & Co. of this city are exhibiting till November 2 engraved portraits by Robert Nanteuil (1630-1678).

An exhibition of One Hundred Beautiful Portraits of Women will be open in Paris next April.

Finance.

OUR WHEAT CROP AND PROSPERITY.

Early in the present year, the exceptionally brilliant prospects of the American wheat crop were regarded as favoring industrial recovery. Estimates indicated a yield of 737,000,000 bushels, which would have compared with only 634,000,000 in the relatively short-crop season 1907, and with 735,000,000 in the abundant year 1906. The crop promised, in fact, to exceed all precedents save that of 1901, whose 748,000,000 bushels had much to do with the maintenance of high prosperity at that time. Equally important was the fact that, as the season advanced, it became increasingly evident that Europe would take all the wheat which America could spare. In July, the Liverpool expert Beerbohm estimated that Europe's crop would run only 20,000,000 bushels over that of 1907, when the yield was so small that the reserves in granaries were heavily drawn down; and that India, one of the largest wheat producers and exporters of the world, would not provide within 104,000,000 bushels of last year. The harvests of Europe and India combined, in 1907, fell short 192,000,000 bushels. or nearly 10 per cent., of either 1906 or 1905, and the wheat in Europe's granaries, in the middle of 1908, was 30 per cent. below the level of the four preceding years. It was not difficult, then, to see how the almost unprecedented wheat harvest foreshadowed in the United States would affect our export trade, our railway traffic, and our financial welfare generally. Similar conditions in the international grain trade had pulled this country out of a slough of financial depression in 1879 and 1897.

As regards a "bumper yield" in the United States, these high hopes of early summer have not been realized. Owing to bad weather, our Agricultural Department's final estimate for October is only 659,000,000 bushels, which falls far short of the crops of 1906, 1905, 1902, 1901, 1898, and which runs only 25,000,000 bushels over 1907. But, by a curious coincidence, the earlier estimates of Europe's crops have been similarly curtailed: the Dornbusch calculation of September is 60,000,000 bushels below Beerbohm's of midsummer, and indicates a crop smaller even than the short yield of 1907.

From these facts there are two clear inferences. Europe will need an unexpectedly large amount of American wheat this winter, and America will have much less wheat to spare than we had supposed. The immediate result was a movement of grain during September, from our farms to inland markets, so extraordinarily large that the railway earnings of the month, even in the face of the industrial dulness and the small shipments of general merchandise, rose in many cases to the level of the month in 1907. Simultaneously, our wheat exports in September exceeded by nearly 50 per cent. those of the same month in 1907. On top of this came Europe's war scare, which led some persons to believe that our grain export trade must now break all records. It did not do so. The 4,400,000 bushels, shipped in the seven days ending with Friday of last week, compared with 5,600,000 in the war-scare week itself, and with 6,400,000 in the week preceding, when the September movement reached its climax. With two exceptions, last week was the only one since the new crop began to move out, in August, in which we exported less wheat than in 1907.

What did the decrease mean? It meant that Europe has not imported wheat as an immediate consequence of a "war scare." If Germany, for instance, had announced that it would resist by force of arms any effort of other Powers to restore the *status quo* in Southeastern Europe, we might have seen an outgo of wheat from here to Liverpool, up to the full capacity of departing ships; for if England is nervous about anything, it is about being caught in a war blockade with only a few weeks' provision in its granaries. But England did not really apprehend such a war.

The reason why wheat exports decreased so suddenly, and why arrivals of grain from farms at our own interior receiving markets simultaneously fell to barely two-thirds of what they were a fortnight before, was that the much-depleted storehouses of the world have been fairly well filled. At the opening of September, the "visible supply" in American granaries was less than in 1907 by 33,000,000 bushels, or 67 per cent., and Europe's stock in hand was barely two-thirds what it was a year before. This week, the "American visible" is practically the same as at this date last year. During the eight weeks' interval in 1907, the supply decreased 6,000,000 bushels; in the same weeks this present season, it increased 25,000,-

Financial.

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000. The same thing has now happened to Europe's storehouses.

September's export of wheat was not a "record": September of both 1902 and 1901 surpassed it. Nor did the 6,473,000-bushel export of the last week of September break all precedent; there was a 9,000,000-bushel outgo in the second week of August, 1901, another of 8,800,000 in the ensuing week, and one of 7,400,000 in November, 1898. But it has few other parallels, and meantime the receipts of 12,000,000 bushels at the interior receiving points, three weeks ago, broke all those records in our history. The 9,800,000 bushels delivered in the last week of October, 1902, held the record to that date. But the pace of 1908 was too fast to be maintained; our farmers have shipped to market, since midsummer, 15,000,000 more bushels of wheat than they shipped in the same weeks from the crop of 1907, larger by 76,000,000 bushels. There is much less left upon the farms. The question now is, just how the decrease will affect our market for international exchange, and our railway earnings, which received such timely help from the wheat shipments of September. But of the influence of this heavy marketing at the present high prices, on the wealth and prosperity of the agricultural West, there can be no question whatever.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Elkan Nathan. Auto De Fé and Jew. Henry Frowde.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Marjorie Daw. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Aleramo Sibilia. A Woman at Bay. Putnam. $1.50.

Anet, Claude. Through Persia in a Motor-Car: By Russia and the Caucasus. Appleton.

Ball-Reynolds, Eustace. Mediterranean Winter Resorts. Brentano's.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908.

The Week.

There is at least no apathy in election forecasts. That pleasing industry is one of the few that are not waiting to burst into activity after the election. Party leaders think that their great function in the last week of the campaign is to "claim everything." Chairman Mack is electing Bryan by majorities as large as those which Chairman Hitchcock is assigning to Taft. Slight reflection, however, will convince any student of elections that there is little to fasten to in this hurly-burly of cocksure and conflicting prophecies. If a manager knew the other side was going to win, he could not be got to admit it. What he says, either publicly or privately, is to be taken with the discount that necessarily goes with his position. In 1892, Chairman Carter was just as sure that Harrison would win, as Chairman Hitchcock is this year that Taft will. The impending Cleveland landslide had not entered into the imagination of the Republican managers. We do not say that there will be a Bryan landslide this year—for we frankly confess that we have no accurate or satisfactory means of knowing how the election is going—but we do say that it might be about to occur without the Republican chairman being aware of it. The same thing is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of Chairman Mack. As for the confident newspaper seers, their visions have so often shadowed forth the thing which was not to be, that we wonder at the airy grace with which they again mount the Delphian tripod. All the bawling about certainties does not make the judicious shut their ears to the truth that this has been a Presidential campaign so mixed and peculiar, so difficult to judge, owing to the fact that great sections of the population have given no clear sign of their intention, that prediction is more than usually futile.

The President's latest appeals to the labor vote are a confession of acute apprehension. If there were any real confidence among Republican managers that the labor vote was not actually disaffected, we should not see these renewed and rather forced efforts to prove that labor unions have every reason to be grateful to Taft, and to hope that he will fulfil all their desires. But some general truths are agreed upon by all men who have had to do in a large way with the employment of labor. One is that laboring men do not like to be coddled. More can be got from them by honest brusqueness than by wheedling. And especially will they repel condescending advice about who is and who is not their "friend." They have a sneaking idea that they know it themselves. Judge Taft has spoken for himself, on the labor issue, and has done it with force, courage, and self-respect. He does not need another to urge his suit. In particular, he does not need such advocates as are now being pressed into his service—for example, the First Vice-President of the New York Central Railroad.

In spite of the strong campaign which Gov. Hughes has made, and the demonstration of his continued hold upon the reason and conscience of the State, the air is filled with rumors that he is to be defeated by secret opposition and discreditable party "deals." The talk is of Taft and Chanler as the combination that is to win in New York. This is based, in part, upon the bitter and persistent antagonism to Hughes of Republican local leaders, and the strong suspicion that the party machine will not honestly support him. On the other side, it is broadly hinted that Tammany will not be loyal to Bryan, and will trade votes for Taft in return for Republican votes for Chanler. Ardent Bryan men are already charging openly that such a dicker is afoot. If so, it would only bear out what prominent Western Republicans told their New York friends from the beginning. They said that there need be no fear of Bryan carrying New York, since a bargain would be struck with Tammany, whereby Taft would get the electoral vote and the Governorship be thrown to the Democrats. In other words, a repetition of 1888 was to be seen, when Cleveland lost New York, but Hill was elected Governor. Such a plot, if it exists, involves great danger for Mr. Taft himself. We may be sure that he would not be a party to any such "deal," for the simple reason that it is nefarious. He is, in fact, speaking earnestly in behalf of Hughes, as he is bound to do in gratitude and common honor. But even if he were not impelled by such worthy motives, he would strongly urge the election of the Governor, if only as a means of improving his own chances of success. Splitting tickets under our complicated election laws, is a difficult and hazardous process. Voters know from experience how great is the danger of having ballots rejected altogether for improper marking, and the probability is great that, if the idea be got into the heads of Republicans that they are to "knife" Hughes, they will find that voting the straight Democratic ticket is the easiest way. Therefore the movement to defeat Hughes cannot help also being a movement to defeat Taft. If Hughes goes down before subterranean opposition, Taft is only too likely to go down with him.

If any one has thought that the opposition to Speaker Cannon is confined to the West, he must have been undeceived when on Sunday ministers of various denominations denounced his coming to Philadelphia to speak for Taft. One of the leading Methodist clergymen declared that this step would make votes for Bryan, while Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers joined in saying that his coming was "an insult to the city." Former Representative W. H. Palmer of Wilkes-Barre has announced that, if elected this year, he will not favor Cannon or any one else who opposes the Taft-Roosevelt policies. In New Jersey, the fight against two Congressmen deemed too friendly with Cannon goes on apace. Out West hardly a week goes by that some Representative is not compelled for his own safety to promise to vote against Cannon. As for that gentleman himself, he is so confident of reëlection that he is willing to leave his district and speak for the national ticket in the East. But it is clear that, even if the Republicans control the next House by a large majority, there will be a determined effort to choose another Speaker.

If, in the coming election, the Socialists cast anything like the 1,000,000 votes which they are now counting upon, we shall hear them positively forecasting a speedy supersession of the old parties, and a capture, ere long, of the entire political machinery of the nation. But that would not in the least follow. The Socialists, like the rest of us, must deal with the great capacity of men and women to change their minds. They could profitably consider, for example, the article on "A Slump in French Socialism," in the last *Contemporary*, by Laurence Jerrold. That keen-eyed and well-informed writer points out the severe reaction which Socialism in France has lately undergone. A few short years ago Socialism boasted that no public man could withstand it; with comrades in the Cabinet and an old associate as Prime Minister, it was about to complete the conquest of the nation; yet it has now fallen into political feebleness. Many causes have contributed to its present low estate. They were alluded to in the speech which Premier Clemenceau made at Var the other day. It was the spirit of violence displayed by Socialists which had aroused the sober citizens of France against them. A decline in their strength set in immediately after the terrible strikes at Pas-de-Calais. Clemenceau then put down riot by force, with the result, as he said, of bringing "anathemas" upon his head, because, in spite of "long companionship" with the Socialists, he had conceived it to be his first duty to suppress forms of violence which, if they were not suppressed, "would be the end of civilization." With sure touch, M. Clemenceau pointed out the folly of hoping to attain social justice by a "coup de force," and reminded the "doctors in revolution" of the unescapable laws of political evolution which were certain to bring their impracticable schemes to the ground. On the verge of triumph to-day, they would be plunged into the abyss to-morrow. "We must," said the French Premier, "accept liberty with all of its risks." One of these is that the people will grow weary, will hesitate, will draw back. Nothing is so certain in politics as its accompanying uncertainty. Hence the mistake of those who would deal with great masses of men as if they were but so many figures in a mathematical problem, and not human beings compact of fallible judgment and changing wishes.

The Panama merchants who are complaining about the importations by United States commissaries must be silenced, if the Republican party is to be spared unnecessary embarrassment. By some oversight, it appears, the Federal government arranged, in its treaty with Panama, to give Americans in the canal zone a taste of free trade (well diluted, to be sure, but still genuine). Commissaries are allowed to import free of duty all "necessaries of life." Under this provision, Germany is sending thither her toys, Ireland her linens, England her tobacco and leather, to the great indignation of local traffickers. What objection can our officials raise against the plan of the aggrieved to cancel this privilege? At every turn the Isthmian merchant will meet them with a paragraph from some Republican campaign book or platform wherein the rightful appetite of infant industries, the sacred standard of living, and other glorious old orthodoxies are set forth. On the other hand, it will be awkward to accept a tariff schedule and thereby double retail prices. There are several thousand intelligent Yankees in the canal zone, many of whom would carry tales home which might plant more thorns in the "standpatter's" path.

Southern lawlessness is something more than the fruit of race prejudice or the antagonism of industrial classes. The murderers who descended the other night upon Walnut Log, Tennessee, were simply squatters, like those who gave Adirondack residents trouble some time ago. Their attack was open, bold, and successful because the State, like all its neighbors, has never inspired respect for order by the only possible means—strong police and prompt, unflinching judges. In proposing that the six most sorely afflicted Southern commonwealths establish a rural patrol and coöperate in other ways for the extermination of "night-riders," the Governor of Tennessee goes straight to the heart of the matter. The sooner his people recognize that they are thought semi-civilized, the better for everybody. Canada, by the creation of the famous mounted police, for whom even desperadoes have wholesome respect, long ago showed how a sparsely populated, wild territory must be governed. So long as the South, ignoring this example, leaves the maintenance of peace to village constables, white men and black will be tortured, murdered, or ruined by any gang with a grievance or a grudge. Even though the projected conference of Governors meets at once, conditions will probably grow worse before they are better. Cotton growers all over the South are imitating the night-riders of the Kentucky tobacco counties in their effort to keep up the price of their staple. In the face of ugly opposition from influential planters, who now number about 10,000 and may double that figure before their Memphis convention shall have adjourned next month, Governors may find it hard to secure money or men for State constabularies destined to interfere with would-be cotton monopolists. Unless legislators are enlightened enough to look beyond narrow, greedy class interests, and unless fearless patrols can be found, the civil war which has been raging in Kentucky may spread through the whole cotton belt.

The question whether the War Department should rule the Philippines was earnestly discussed at Lake Mohonk last week. At present, the real control is in the hands of a brigadier-general at the head of a special bureau of insular affairs of the War Department. Upon him the Secretaries of War rely, and it depends largely upon him how much information goes out as to actual conditions. To our mind, if we are to be in the colonial business for a long time, there should be a separate department or bureau. If our forests or our Indians are worth placing under an independent head, our Filipinos are, and they should profit by the change. The Secretary of War is now much over-burdened, charged, as he is, not only with the army, but with our islands, the Panama Canal, river and harbor problems, and other matters. The result is likely to be, as in the case of Mr. Taft, that the army gets only the remnants of the Secretary's time. But aside from that, military spirit and tradition are not ideally suited to deal with the activities of civil government.

Building needless battleships so as to

make work for the unemployed, seems to be the latest thing in statesmanship. The Prime Minister of England has apparently taken up with it. In his statement in the House of Commons, when asked what the government proposed to do in face of the great numbers of men without work, he said that the Admiralty would spend $12,500,000 on new construction sooner than had been planned. And President Roosevelt went over to the same idea in replying, the other day, to a delegation from a steel company, who urged him to do something to give them government contracts and keep the men from starving. "Ah," said the President, "if Congress had not voted down my recommendation of four battleships, every man in your plant would have had employment." If this principle is to be frankly adopted, we may be perfectly sure that its application will not be limited to vessels of war. A battleship is a most unremunerative investment. It cannot be sold, and produces nothing that can be sold. If the money required to build it were put into a government manufactory—say, of hats or blankets—the capital would go on turning itself over and furnishing continual employment. The workers, moreover, would be highly favored in the matter of hours and privileges. Simply as a means of making work for those who cannot easily find it elsewhere, the building of warships is a clumsy expedient. It is also very indirect. A good deal of the money paid out goes to wage-earners, but far too much of it goes to assure employers that "reasonable profit" which, according to our latter-day Republican doctrine, it is one great end of lawmaking to provide.

To Mr. Thayer's tribute to Professor Norton, which we print elsewhere, we must add a word in our own behalf. Professor Norton was, as Mr. Thayer notes, one of the chief founders of the *Nation*—the last survivor among them, in fact, now that President Gilman is also gone. Mr. Godkin was emphatic in asserting the inestimable aid he rendered in those early years of trial. "If the paper succeeds," said Mr. Godkin in one of his letters, "I shall always ascribe it to you"; and after the success of the *Nation* was assured, Mr. Godkin declared: "Its existence is largely due to the support and encouragement which you gave me." This support and encouragement were continued through the editorship of Mr. Garrison down to the present day. For what it was and is the *Nation* is Professor Norton's everlasting debtor.

In the Canadian general election of Monday, the Liberal government came out better than anybody expected. The prophets all said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be supported by the country, but that his majority would be cut in half. In the actual result, it is diminished by only three or four seats, at most. Sir Wilfrid has a new lease of power, though it will be for the last time, as he has announced his retirement, after this term in office. His present triumph is more personal than political. A "native" statesman—as against Sir John Macdonald, who was always thought of as essentially "British," and who left that reproach as a legacy to the Conservative party—Sir Wilfrid Laurier has wonderfully kept his hold on the Dominion. But it must be confessed that he has done it, in part, by stealing the political clothes of his opponents. An old free-trader, he has, since coming to power, simply taken over the "national policy" which he used to attack, and extended it. The system of protection and bounties has been even more strongly intrenched at Ottawa under the Liberal government than it was under the Conservative. With it has unhappily come that intrusion of business into politics, and that mercenary aspect of public affairs, with which protectionists in the United States have made us too familiar.

How deeply the enthusiasm for universal peace has stirred Italy, the ceremonies at the recent unveiling of a monument to Alberico Gentili at Sanginesio, the great jurist's birthplace, made evident. Three centuries have sped since the distinguished author of "De Jure Belli" died at Oxford, where his lectures on international law had made him famous. The predecessor of Grotius, both in point of time and with respect to his dream of a parliament of nations, Gentili is regarded, particularly in his own country, as the first apostle of world-peace. The monument at Sanginesio was the least of the honors paid to the jurist. A better one was the great assemblage of nobility, officials, and university leaders, Italian and foreign, including Thomas Erskine Holland, the venerable successor to Gentili at Oxford, whose investigations have proved that the Italian scholar conceived universal peace before Grotius. The highest respect, however, was shown in the eulogies of Gentili's revolutionary idea, and in the spontaneous applause they called forth from the large throng of spectators and assisting dignitaries. It was doubtless without much exaggeration that the speakers, and after them the Italian press, declared that, could a vote have been taken on the day of the unveiling, the whole peninsula would have spoken for that great peace of which the child of Sanginesio dreamed.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The campaign closes with the issues yet undefined and with many thoughtful men still dubious as to the proper way to vote. Both the large parties and all the minor ones are radical. With the general purpose of this radicalism we are in hearty sympathy. The managers of many of our railways, Trusts, and other great corporations have been guilty of stock-watering, stock-jobbing, discrimination, oppression, and extortion; they have flagrantly defied both the written and the unwritten laws of fair dealing. Their outrages upon the people cry to heaven for redress, and yet that redress must come by orderly process and must be in accord with the fundamental laws of State and nation. We need public service commissions; we need statutes as drastic, perhaps, as the English Companies Act. Nevertheless, we must frame our healing measures in terms that can be enforced; we must not take away the right of appeal to the courts for the protection of vested interests; we must not attempt to abolish an old wrong by substituting such a new wrong as discriminating or class legislation. The essential question in regard to the parties, then, is whether their radicalism is sane and practicable.

For controlling the Trusts, the Democrats propose a scheme, supported by an elaborate argument by Mr. Bryan, which is fantastic and absolutely impossible. We have already analyzed (see the *Nation* of September 3, p. 195), this wild proposal to limit the output of any company to 50 per cent. of the amount of its commodity consumed in the Uni-

ted States. There could be no more striking instance of a vaguely conceived and impracticable remedy. As to labor legislation, both parties have drawn planks that are unsatisfactory. Of the Republican resolution the best that can be said is that it is probably meaningless. The Democrats have frankly made a higher bid to labor and have succeeded in catching Mr. Gompers and his personal followers. About the only important issue on which the Democratic platform speaks more intelligently and courageously than the Republican is tariff reduction. Both parties are for revision; but the Republicans want a tariff that will not only protect the dear workingman, but will also afford the manufacturer a "reasonable profit." This is so gross a piece of favoritism, in its sacrifice of the consumer to the greedy producer, who pays the expenses of political campaigns, that were the platforms the only thing to consider, one might swallow Bryan's absurd plan for regulating Trusts and without many qualms vote the Democratic ticket.

But other, and in this case more important, elements are to be reckoned into the account. Between the *personnel* of the parties there is not much to choose. The Republicans are cursed by the prominence of Aldrich, Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, and their tribe. They are hidebound devotees of the tariff. Close to them stands a group of corruptionists, who have been the subservient tools of the large corporations. Notorious among these creatures is Senator Foraker, whom the publication of the Archbold letters has just exposed. But in fairness it must be admitted that these men are not the whole party. Throughout the North there are many capable Republicans of high character, like Crane and Guild of Massachusetts, Hughes of New York, and Burton of Ohio. On the other hand, Bryan has unfortunately driven from the Democratic ranks those steady and conservative men who formed its main strength under Cleveland. In the North to-day, the Democracy is too largely made up of the rag-tag and bob-tail. Some of the older and wiser heads are returning to the ranks, but they have not control of the organization. In Massachusetts, the late William E. Russell is succeeded by men like George Fred Williams. In New York, Murphy, McCarren, Conners, and others almost as unspeakable are the dominant forces. The brains of the party are to be found in the South; but, in that region, the statesmen—if we may so dignify them—are parochial. Their views are neither long nor broad. They look at all questions in the light of the "race problem."

The result of this demoralization has been a terrible loss of efficiency. If the Republican party has "stood pat" on the tariff, it must also be said that the Democrats, destitute of leadership and divided in purpose, have been unable to organize an able and intelligent opposition. For such constructive legislation as we have had in the last twelve years—and there has been considerable of it—the Republicans are entitled to the chief credit. It is this pitiable inefficiency of the Democrats—to say nothing of the probable attitude of a Republican Senate—that makes us doubt whether, in the event of Bryan's election, we shall secure substantial reforms in the tariff. The Republicans, who are solemnly pledged to reduction, seem rather more likely to give it to us. In point of party *personnel*, then, and of probable accomplishment, the Republicans have a certain advantage—slight though it may be—and seem more deserving of support.

And the Republican candidate is immeasurably superior. We would not underestimate Mr. Bryan's amiable traits. He has a warm, benevolent heart; he is a kind husband and father, a good neighbor, a worthy member of an evangelical church. These are admirable qualities; but a man may have them all, and yet lack the stuff of statesmanship. He may be a brilliant orator as Mr. Bryan is, a skilful agitator, an unrivalled campaigner, and yet not be exactly the man for President. There is where Mr. Bryan falls short. Free silver is no longer an issue, but that inability to think straight and clear which made him an advocate of free silver still persists. That is at the bottom of his successive vagaries and of his present freakish scheme for the Trusts. That threatens to make trouble for us if he ever becomes President. The overshadowing issues to-day, several correspondents assure us, are anti-imperialism, anti-militarism, and tariff reform. But, apparently, that is not Mr. Bryan's idea. He has spoken on all these topics, but he seems not much interested in them, and he is not making a hard fight on any one of them. No man who has read his hourly harangues can seriously regard him as the champion of these causes. His chief energy is devoted to beating the air; he indulges in general denunciation of corporations; he appeals to the wage-earner and endeavors to stir up class feeling just as he did in 1896 and 1900. He has not been able to destroy the impression which he then made, that his temperamental inclination is toward noise and irresponsibility. Indeed, his programme is far less lucid and coherent than in the former campaigns.

We would not be understood as imagining that Mr. Taft's speeches have been beyond criticism: far from it. Some of his utterances on the tariff, his attempt to connect the panic of 1893 with the Wilson bill—these have indicated anything but a grasp of the problem. But we believe that Mr. Taft. who on the side of the domestic virtues is quite as strong as Mr. Bryan, far surpasses him as a man of affairs. His successful experience as judge, Governor-General of the Philippines, and Secretary of War have afforded him an exceptional training for the executive duties of the Presidency. And Mr. Taft's speeches, somewhat dull and unimaginative as they are, have been, in the main, tolerant and broad-minded, free from the bitterness and spirit of class rivalry which Mr. Bryan so constantly provokes. On the labor question, in refreshing contrast to Mr. Bryan's sophistries and flatteries, Mr. Taft has been direct and firm. In the years of slow recuperation from a financial panic, anything like rashness or flightiness in the conduct of government might do incalculable harm. This is the very moment when coolness, sagacity, steadiness—even phlegm, if you will—are the qualities that should command a premium. Because these are the qualities by which Mr. Taft is chiefly distinguished; because he has been bred in a tradition of public service; because he is a man of high ideals and strict integrity, we are persuaded that, in spite of all the arguments for Mr. Bryan, Taft is the man for President.

HUGHES AS A PRACTICAL MAN.

Before Gov. Hughes was renominated, the chief complaint against him from his own party chieftains was that he was "unpractical." That is a serious charge; but we are hearing less of it as the progress of the campaign brings out more clearly the facts in regard to his administration and makes more and more evident his effectiveness as a political leader. What Woodruff, Barnes, Hendricks, Ward, and the rest of the little bosses really meant was that Hughes would not let them meddle with his affairs and those of the State. They wanted the offices and the contracts for their henchmen; they desired legislation that would further their personal ambitions and fill their pockets. When Mr. Hughes refused to sacrifice the welfare of the people to such base ends, they turned against him and denounced him as "unpractical." This procedure recalls that pregnant phrase of Buckle's about those "who, on account of their ignorance, are termed practical men." But if we take the word in its ordinary meaning—"practical: capable of applying knowledge or theory to practice"—we see that Mr. Hughes is the most practical Governor New York has had, at any rate, since Cleveland.

He was certainly a capable lawyer. Ask any man of affairs whether, on the basis of achievements as a legal practitioner, he would prefer Hughes or Chanler in the conduct of a complicated negotiation, a difficult case, or an important enterprise. He would instantly tell you that, from the point of view of practical ability, Hughes has shown himself far superior. His handling of the insurance investigation, to go no farther, was a complete demonstration of his power. Yet some persons are gravely proposing to entrust the most complicated, difficult, and important undertaking in New York State to a man of obvious inferiority. A private business managed on that principle of throwing the responsibility on the less fit would go bankrupt in a year. Why, then, should we apply the theories and methods of bedlam to public business?

This question comes home with tenfold force in view of Mr. Hughes's extraordinary record as an Executive. Nothing like it has been seen within a generation. He has, as we have said, kept his eyes steadily on the needs of the State as a whole. He has never turned aside from that aim in order to accede to the demands of the machine hacks or "keep the organization satisfied" in Albany County, Westchester, or anywhere else. He has never, as Mr. Roosevelt happily turned it, supposed that to be practical was to be base. He has not traded offices for votes for the measures he has urged; he has not won support by threats or promises as to the exercise of the veto. He has relied absolutely on the justice of his cause. He has put pressure on the legislators in but one way—and that of the very essence of a government by the people—an appeal to popular sentiment. He has simply asked the Senators and Assemblymen to consult their constituents rather than the corrupt lobby which has so often dominated the Legislature.

This defiance of time-honored traditions was, in the opinion of experienced politicians, bound to lead direct to failure. It did nothing of the kind. It succeeded brilliantly. It secured, for example, the law establishing the Public Service Commissions—a great piece of constructive legislation. By that we would not say that the law is perfect or the *personnel* of the Commissions ideal. We mean that here is a practicable device for avoiding the appalling evils of unrestricted private ownership of public-service corporations on the one hand and municipal or State ownership or control on the other. The law will be amended as its defects are disclosed by actual trial, but already it can put a stop to the stock-watering, the looting of shareholders, and the cynical disregard of the comfort of patrons which have marked the operation of our street railways and lighting companies. We need not dwell on the other accomplishments of the administration—such as the important amendments to the banking laws and the acts against race-track gambling—for the story is a familiar one. It is enough to say that, in the teeth of the bitterest opposition from predatory corporations and race-track gamblers, Gov. Hughes has triumphantly carried through his programme of reform. He has been able to do this because the people have been behind him. Thus his career is the most apt illustration we can recall of that noble passage in which Morley denounces those "whose one cry to an advocate of improvement is some sagacious silliness about recognizing the limits of the practicable in politics, and seeing the necessity of adapting theories to facts. As if the fact of taking a broader and wiser view than the common crowd disqualifies a man from knowing what the view of the common crowd happens to be, and from estimating it at the proper value for practical purposes."

It was Gov. Hughes's skill in estimating and interpreting the higher aspirations of the people that forced the Republicans to renominate him. They were aware that in a State which is normally Democratic the ticket is always in danger of defeat; but they were also aware that there is not another Republican who stood the slightest chance of an election. And as a campaigner Mr. Hughes has been exceedingly practical. It is the unanimous testimony that in the West he was the only Republican speaker who made a strong impression. In this State there is no Republican platform orator within sight of him. He has considered the problems of our State government in a disciplined and serious manner, and has presented a definite and coherent policy. It is not too much to say that the opposition of Mr. Chanler has been futile and floundering. He has hesitated to avow his principles and to point out his plan for applying them. He has evaded plain questions on the vital issues. Morally and intellectually, he has shown himself far below Gov. Hughes. We grant, of course, that this community contains a large class which cares nothing about principles, because it does not understand them. Had Gov. Hughes disregarded the best interests of these men, they might still have supported him enthusiastically; but because he has interfered with their pet amusement of gambling or, in some cases, of stock-jobbing, they are ready to defeat him. But we trust that there are still enough and to spare of voters who are clear-headed and practical.

CORRUPT BANKING AND THE PANIC.

Whether regarded as a sidelight on the panic of last October, or as a picture of banking methods which were possible in New York during the period which led up to that event, the disclosures in the trial of Charles W. Morse are of great significance. Since

October, 1907, we have heard much of the "unreasonableness" of the panic. "Inexplicable" is the word some high authorities have used; "senseless" is E. H. Harriman's epithet; and we are reminded that the fact that, one after another, the suspended New York institutions have resumed payments, is sure evidence that there was no excuse for the public's sudden fright. On these allegations the testimony elicited in the Morse trial has an obvious bearing.

Of the fact that the disturbance of last autumn was world-wide, and that, as all trained students of finance now admit, the strain on capital had become so tense that a break somewhere was inevitable, we shall not now speak. Nor shall we discuss the stupendous demands which our railway capitalists and our millionaire stock-speculators had placed on the heavily depleted capital and credit fund of the United States. That of itself might explain why America was the severest sufferer. But it does not answer another question, about which more of the subsequent controversy has arisen than about any other phenomenon of the panic—namely, why New York city, the stronghold of financial resources, should have been the storm centre and the unquestionable point of weakness. Here the run on fiduciary institutions reached proportions not paralleled in thirty-five years; here the actual hoarding of money by depositors touched the largest figures in the history of banking; and here the temporary suspension of payments really began. How are we to account for these conditions?

Mr. Morse's character; the power which he had obtained over half a dozen banks, and the way in which he had obtained it; even the manner in which he had been using it—all this was as well known to observant bankers, months before the panic of 1907, as was the insecure position of the trust companies, and the certainty that, with their practices regarding investments and cash reserves, under the imperfect law of the day, they could not possibly stand a run. All that the pending criminal suit has done is to place the facts regarding misuse of fiduciary funds plainly in sight. It is now obvious to everybody that the Mercantile Bank's distress, in the week before the panic, had immediate and logical effect on subsequent events. Indeed, on reading the daily testimony one is tempted to suspect that the panic-stricken depositor had, in at least some instances, a far clearer view of the real situation than the Wall Street authorities, who should have known what was going on, but who announced, three days before the panic, that the other banks had made good the Mercantile's shortage in its daily balances at the Clearing House, and that all the trouble had consequently blown over.

Briefly summed up, the testimony shows that Morse had bought control of half a dozen depository institutions by raising loans on collateral of one bank's stock for purchase of another's; that in at least one case, stock of a bank was bought through proceeds of loans obtained from that bank itself; that "dummies" were used with the utmost brazenness, in procuring these loans—clerks and a woman secretary figuring as Morse's stool-pigeons; that, as a result, the deposits of these banks were used by Morse in a series of daring gambling ventures on the Stock Exchange; that he utilized his opportunities for stirring up the Stock Exchange, during three successive years, with "wash sales" and "matched orders"; and that he borrowed half a million dollars from one bank, in the manner and for the purposes above described, in the very week of the panic outbreak, when the bank's cash reserve was below its legal minimum. These operations, let it be observed, did not affect one obscure institution, and they were not confined to one financial adventurer. A "chain of banks," here in the heart of New York city, was being victimized; and associated with Morse, in his unprincipled speculations, were the heads of two or three great industrial corporations and the president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

The chief concern of most people, in the light of these disgraceful revelations, will presumably be to learn what may be done about it. This question has been answered already, so far at least as banking institutions under the New York State laws are concerned. At the instance of the present Governor of New York, the banking law of the State has put an end, once and forever, to such performances. The law forced upon the statute-books, in the face of angry resistance of interested parties, by Gov. Hughes and Banking Superintendent Williams, requires the trust companies to keep an adequate reserve; prevents both them and deposit banks from lending to "inside manipulators" or on private speculative ventures; and forbids the transfer of control of a deposit bank through purchase in the market, unless the Banking Superintendent is convinced of the good faith of the purchaser and gives his public assent to the purchase.

There remains the problem of safeguarding the national banks—three of which, all in New York city, Morse had in his clutches. In view of these recent revelations, it is not possible that Congress, in considering the banking question in its approaching session, can ignore the matter. The Comptroller of the Currency has given certain drastic instructions as to the future inquiries by bank examiners, especially regarding the action of bank directors. The purpose of these inquiries is well enough, but some of them are scarcely practicable, and fail to meet the real needs. The law itself needs intelligent reform, and, as experience has taught, needs it as badly as did the New York statutes.

SMALL MUSEUMS.

Small museums—we mean especially those in small cities—are mostly dead museums; and since these institutions are increasing rapidly among us, an inquiry into the causes of their failure to attract the public is not without value. One readily understands why the numerous German museums that are composed largely of the leavings of the metropolitan galleries are not beloved of the local public. But the same indifference is shown in the case of collections which, though small, are world-famous. You may have, for example, the Bergamo galleries pretty much to yourself at all seasons, while to enter the superb Wicar Museum at Lille it is frequently necessary to ring and summon a guardian. The neglect of the public for whose benefit these institutions have been founded does not seem, then, to depend upon the quality of the exhibits. Good and bad alike, the dear public shuns them.

Many reasons might be assigned for this fact. Unquestionably, much of the popularity of the great museums among their own people depends on the stimulus afforded by throngs of foreign tour-

ists—an aid that the small museum necessarily lacks. Under no circumstances can one imagine the galleries of Paris, Rome, or Florence deserted; but undoubtedly many of the good citizens who come out regularly of a Sunday would stay at home but for a consciousness that what thousands of foreigners gladly pay to see during the week, is worth seeing for nothing on a holiday. But perhaps we find the real cause of the attractiveness of the great museum in its character as a vast grab-bag. It furnishes infinite surprises. You can never be sure you have seen it all. You cannot exhaust it. It, on the contrary, exhausts you. You honor it for the achievement, and revisit it humbly. But at the small museum, perhaps really a more visitable place, you pass quickly through its modest suite of exhibition halls, and hurry out with the satisfactory conviction that you have seen it all, and need never see it again.

Here, founders and managers of small museums, is the enemy. It is this state of mind that you must combat on penalty of being reckoned among the constructively dead. The problem of injecting a little disturbing mind into this mass of complacency, is, if difficult, not unlike that which confronts the director of a small public library or the pastor of an institutional church. These bodies, too, though far better established in public esteem than museums, also lose patronage unless their policy be aggressive. So the management of a small museum cannot feel that its duty is done when deserted halls are handsomely filled with meritorious exhibits. It is not enough that the people ought to want to come. They must be made to come.

The true weapon of the director is variety. He can and should turn his stock over, so that some new and attractive exhibit is always dangling before the averted eyes of demos. Obviously, an entire museum cannot be rearranged several times a year. Certain departments lend themselves to the policy of change, others do not. Most of our smaller museums make a feature of an annual display of contemporary art. This is evidently a suitable and attractive fixture, but it provides for only a few months of each year, and it leaves untouched the more serious and important task of fostering the love of the great art of the past. Lectures in the museum, and informal conferences in the galleries, are also very useful, but they presuppose a public already kindled to the visiting point, and there is some danger that such interpretation may stiffen into pedantry or deliquesce into mere gush. The important thing, after all, is to get people to enjoy certain works of art.

The centre of public appeal may appropriately be a well-organized department of photographs of works of art, and prints, both originals and facsimiles. To these should be added a library of art, large or small, according to the means of the museum and the receptiveness of the public, and a small gallery in which several shows should be arranged every year. Such exhibitions are given successfully in the public libraries of Washington, New York, and Boston, and doubtless in many other cities. The surprising thing is that the smaller museums have let a work essentially theirs go so readily to the libraries. No possible form of museum benefaction can give such good results for a small expenditure. The price of a dubious Reynolds will start a department of art facsimiles on an adequate basis, and that of a second-rate Titian would endow it in perpetuity. The curator of such a department may play legitimately upon all the keys of public curiosity. Surely, no print department that upon Whistler's death could hang a dozen of his etchings was unvisited, and there is no reason why every museum should not have its little group of fine contemporary prints, besides the old masters, in reproductions of almost perfect quality.

If the department of prints and facsimiles—uniting as it does the academic and æsthetic interests of the museum—must bear the brunt of an aggressive policy, many other departments may well do their part. Almost all of the smaller exhibits should be shown in carefully selected groups, and for a limited period, and this implies a system of storage exhibition in which all objects are accessible to accredited persons, while usually withdrawn from the general public. These changing exhibits, none too large and tiresome, should keep alive a curiosity in the doings of the museums. And those who think they come merely to catch a casual show before it gives place to the next will hardly fail incidentally to renew their acquaintance with the permanent exhibits which otherwise they would have taken for granted at home. Of course, methods will vary according to the *personnel* of museums and the tastes of their public, but without some such observance of the law of variety we are satisfied that even the most fortunately situated small museum is doomed to join the somnolent ranks of the living dead.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

At Shady Hill, Cambridge, in the house in which he was born, Charles Eliot Norton died on October 21. For two or three years past his health had been frail, but only during the last few weeks was the end seen to be near. He was born on November 16, 1827, his father being Dr. Andrews Norton, one of the most forcible Unitarian divines of his time, and professor of sacred literature in the Harvard Divinity School from 1819 to 1830. Dr. Norton's wife, Catharine Eliot, was the daughter of Samuel Eliot (a prosperous Boston merchant) and aunt of President Eliot. The Nortons were of Puritan stock, whose pioneers came early to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. They and their kinsmen filled pulpits, feared God, and served their town and State. Two of Mr. Norton's ancestors were Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, "the Tenth Muse," and the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, orthodox of the orthodox, whose epic poem, "The Day of Doom," published in 1662, curdled the blood of sinners and brought grim comfort to the elect of at least two generations. Outspokenness and courage, practised by his forerunners, came to Mr. Norton as an inheritance. He had, further, the tradition of cultivation, and, better still, its environment; for, although the Cambridge of seventy years ago may seem in the retrospect provincial, if not parochial, it was a community in which the best men and women devoted themselves to the highest concerns of the intellectual and moral life.

Mr. Norton had lessons from a tutor and attended a private school in Boston. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1846, having among his sixty-two classmates Francis J. Child, the first scholar, and George M. Lane, the second—subsequently his colleagues in the university—and George F. Hoar, destined to become a United States Senator. He himself stood tenth, having "highly distinguished" himself in Greek and Latin, and "excelled" in political economy; and he delivered at commencement a dissertation on "Santa Croce." He entered the East India house of William S. Bullard in Boston, and for several years had practical ex-

perience in the business methods of the time. Sent in 1849 as supercargo to Calcutta, he saw something of India and the East, and returned home by way of Egypt and Europe. This first European visit may have confirmed in him the decision, which he had been slowly arriving at, that neither his talents nor his inclination fitted him for a mercantile career; but he did not yet escape from the counting-house. Nor were the years he spent with Mr. Bullard wasted, since they taught him a certain businesslike directness in dealing with practical affairs which the public in his later years hardly dreamt of, but which was apparent to any one who consulted him.

On returning to Cambridge, he received a temporary appointment as instructor in French at Harvard, to supply the place of a friend who had fallen ill. Meanwhile, he was already absorbed in the study of the great problems which were then agitating progressive thinkers at home and abroad, and in 1853 he published a volume of "Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories." The death of his father in that autumn caused him to devote the following two years to editing the elder Norton's posthumous works. Before he had completed this pious task, however, his own health, which was never robust, gave way; and as soon as he could he went again to Europe, with his mother and sisters, for a long stay. The two years he passed there proved most important in his development. They revealed to him the significance of Italy—which came later to play a great part in his life-work. It was at this time, also, that he began to form friendships with interesting Englishmen, above all, with John Ruskin, who, although the elder by eight years, found in the young American the wisest and truest friend he ever had. That friendship produced a lasting effect on both. It fired Mr. Norton with Ruskin's enthusiasm for the fine arts as a register of culture, and with admiration for Ruskin's genius, which he had already known through his books; but Norton's poised mind, and his searching, critical faculty restrained him from accepting Ruskin's doctrines in their extreme form. He studied the paintings and monuments of Italy for himself, controlled his flood of new opinions by personal examination, comparison, and reflection, and came home after two years equipped for the higher criticism of art which was then almost a sealed book in America. Italy, and his dear friend Lowell, who was now professor of the Italian and Spanish literatures at Harvard, quickened Mr. Norton's study of Dante, in which he became a master. He printed a translation of "The New Life" and, in 1860, a volume of "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy," which retains, after fifty years, its interest.

Mr. Norton settled at Shady Hill and mixed, as "to the manner born," with the group of scholars and poets and authors who gave lustre to Cambridge and Boston. Longfellow and Lowell were at the height of their fame; several of the Harvard professors had a national reputation; Holmes came often from Bostou to that circle; Hawthorne and Whittier and Emerson were familiars; Sumner reported news of the great issues which were being fought over in Congress before they were settled on the battlefield. It was the time when Boston, including Cambridge, was the acknowledged Athens of America. The *Atlantic Monthly* had begun its brilliant course, and to Lowell, its first editor, Mr. Norton had brought from England a satchelful of contributions, besides promises of support from many of the eminent British writers of the time. He himself constantly aided Lowell, who was not a willing editor, with advice and with an occasional paper.

When the civil war came, Mr. Norton consecrated his energy to upholding the Union cause. From 1862 to 1868 he served with Lowell as joint-editor of the *North American Review*, which he made a mouthpiece of patriotism. He contributed to it in about equal proportion literary and political articles. He believed in Lincoln at a time when stanch supporters of the Federal government mistrusted, undervalued, or misunderstood "the Illinois rail-splitter." He edited the leaflets of the Loyal Publication Society, which reached thousands of newspapers throughout the North and spread patriotic doctrines and courage. Recognizing the need of an enlightened journal, which should furnish independent authoritative criticism of politics, books, and art, and should represent the best conscience not less than the best scholarship of the time, he discussed with Frederick L. Olmsted, Edwin L. Godkin, and a few others the feasibility of starting such a journal, and their discussion led to the founding, in 1865, of the *Nation*. Mr. Godkin was as dauntless and self-sustained an editor as America has ever had; but we know now from his letters that it was the approval of the quiet scholar at Shady Hill that more than once gave him courage to fight on. Mr. Norton's support of the *Nation* in its early days was not merely financial and consultative, for he contributed freely to it articles and critiques; and he continued this connection during more than forty years.

Mr. Norton married in 1862 Miss Susan Sedgwick, daughter of Theodore Sedgwick, a lawyer of New York. In 1868 he went to Europe with his family and spent five years in England and on the Continent. Upon his return he found at Harvard a new régime and in Cambridge a new atmosphere; and President Eliot, the young head of the university, persuaded him to undertake a course of lectures in 1874. The next year the Corporation appointed him professor of the history of art, and during the following twenty-three years Mr. Norton's courses were the most notable in the university. In 1898, having passed three score and ten years, he retired. But his activity did not cease. Up to the last few months nothing that greatly concerned Harvard, or the public interests, or movements for social and intellectual advance, passed without his cognizance: usually, indeed, he was consulted in regard to them, and often he gave the originating suggestion.

Such, briefly, are the dates and outwardly marking events in the life of Charles Eliot Norton; but how little they convey of the man! How little they explain for a stranger the influence, deep and refreshing, which he exerted during nearly half a century! He held a unique position in America, whether as an expounder of æsthetics or as an unwavering critic of the modern tendencies towards gilded vulgarity and conscienceless money-making. When he began to utter his protests, the land was still at the stage where public men and popular writers gauged the prosperity of the country by the size of its crops, the growth of its population, the expansion of its railways and industries. Mr. Norton taught that these are very fallible meters of civilization. His teaching may sound trite now, when all the world repeats it, and yet the number of the vulgar rich increases on one side, and of the joyless, angry poor on the other. The surprising thing to many persons who, having known of Mr. Norton merely as a severe critic, came into acquaintance with him, was that the critic was without sourness or asperity. He was a man who had the truth ever before his eyes; he saw her beauty, and desired, by stripping away the false or the ugly, to let others see her as beautiful. Hence, he was never a carping critic: he always had a better to substitute for the bad which he condemned.

This quality went into all his life, and, being reinforced by sympathy and by charm, made him the chosen friend of the best men of two continents. He had a rare genius for friendship, and it mattered nothing whether its object were Ruskin or Lowell, or a college undergraduate in whom he discovered signs of promise. And here, two points are to be emphasized which reveal his nature. The terms of his friendship were perfect equality. Even when, as a young man, he entered into comradeship with men already famous, with Longfellow and Emerson and Carlyle, he was their companion and not their disciple. He never surrendered his per-

sonality, he sat at nobody's feet. His intellectual and moral qualities, coupled with sympathy and downrightness, made men of genius take him for their intimate. And in like manner he always treated younger men as equals. He never expected them to conform to his opinions, nor would he have tolerated satellites. Among the hundreds of brighter undergraduates who came somewhat closely under his influence in the course of a quarter of a century—not a few of whom have since made their mark in the world—it would be hard to mention any who could be classed as a "Nortonian." He would have been sorry to have it otherwise: for he held that the mission of culture is to emancipate and not to enslave, to train up independents, not echoes or mimics.

To his friendships the world owes some of its most precious biographical records of the nineteenth century. He edited the Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, the Letters of Ruskin, the Letters and Memorials of Lowell, the Letters and Works of George William Curtis. For Carlyle he did even more: because, when Froude brought out the falsified version of the "Reminiscences," Mr. Norton gave them in their authentic form, and went on to edit Carlyle's Correspondence with Goethe, and several volumes of Carlyle's general correspondence. As editor, perfect veracity and taste guided him: what he printed, was ungarbled, but he had a severe judgment as to what was essential, and as to how much the public has a right to know of the private or petty details of a great man's life. This body of editorial work will keep Mr. Norton's memory fresh as long as posterity has any interest in the great names in this list. His chief original book, "Church Building in the Middle Ages," grew out of his lectures on Venetian and Florentine Art. But his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" ought to rank also as original, for it remoulded in English prose one of the world's masterpieces, and is not likely to be superseded. A monograph, all too brief, on Dante, and the early translation, already mentioned, of "The New Life," belong in this reference to his Dantean studies. After resigning from the *North American Review*, he published from time to time articles in the magazines, but he was too fastidious to write copiously, and as he held that far too many books are published, he never gathered his essays into a volume. As a part of his activity as critic should be reckoned his work as stimulator and suggester. He gave the inspiration which other men carried out. The Dante Society, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Archæological Institute of America, Radcliffe College—these are some of the causes which he either founded or encouraged during their years of struggle for existence.

The secret of Mr. Norton's influence as a university teacher lay in his power to humanize knowledge. In his elucidation the mere special fact became irradiated by its connection with general laws. Thus the pertinence, the applicability to yourself of whatever art or history or nature presents to you, he unfolded very simply, but with unforgettable impressiveness. What he touched, lived: there was no dead knowledge; even erudition took on an unwonted glow. If Ruskin first introduced him to a perception of the spiritual significance of the fine arts, he proceeded, as was his habit, to investigate for himself; and he found in the beautiful severity of the art of Greece the proper counterpoise to Ruskin's romanticism. So his criticism of art had the long perspective which Ruskin's lacked, and it was free from the quality of magnificent impressionism, with its inevitable tendency to "pathetic fallacy," which troubled many readers of Ruskin. Here, too, Mr. Norton's inborn taste, strengthened and refined by ceaseless cultivation, never failed him. For many years he has been at Cambridge the Oracle of the Humanities; and from Cambridge his influence has been shed afar.

Any sketch of him, to be true, should lay stress on his strong human sympathies, his helpfulness, his good comradeship in the highest sense. Persons who suppose that he held himself aloof, in a sort of academic isolation, should be reminded that he was long the genial president of the Boston Tavern Club. So, in earlier days, those who imagined him to be a pre-Raphaelite æsthete were as mistaken as those who imagined that he read nothing more recent than Plotinus. In fact, Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," and Mr. Dooley's first papers, were read at Shady Hill, and appreciated there, long before the general public had heard of them. The best contemporary works seemed to gravitate naturally to his library. But although he was up-to-date in his manifold interests, he believed in the rights of the individual to privacy, and he set himself firmly against the shameless eavesdropping and reporting which modern newspapers practice. Such reticences and reserves as his are called old-fashioned now; but they ought never to go out of fashion.

His books remain: the memory of his personal charm, of his friendliness and varied conversation, will live as long as those live who had the privilege of enjoying them; but the one aspect of him which has been too little dwelt upon, the aspect by which he would prefer to be longest remembered, must not be passed by here. This was his citizenship. He had an abiding sense of duty to his town, his State, his country. In his young manhood he organized and taught a night school. During the Civil War, he went regularly to the city hall to pack boxes for the soldiers; he took part in every movement for their benefit and for promoting patriotic enthusiasm at home, besides editing the leaflets of the Loyal Publication Society—a work of immense service. And thenceforth, although ill-health and aversion for the controversies of the platform kept him out of active politics, he always let his position be known, whether on local or national issues, and, if there were need, he joined in organizing a corrective movement. His attitude in these matters is shown by the fact, for example, that he labored with zeal for the Massachusetts Reform Club, for the Cambridge Hospital for Incurables, for no-license and honest government, and for the welfare of his farmer neighbors at Ashfield. The measure of his influence was given in 1898, when his condemnation of the Spanish War brought down upon him a storm of abuse from all parts of the country. That the sober censure of one private scholar should so infuriate the politicians and the jingoes in and out of Washington, together with the great horde of manufacturers and camp-followers who saw their opportunity in the war, not to speak of innumerable yellow journals which profited by every sensation, and clergymen of many sects who temporarily forgot their worship of Christ, the Prince of Peace, in order to propitiate and exalt the God of Battles—all this, I think, constitutes the highest tribute ever paid in America to the voice of conscience uttered through the lips of one man, indefectible in courage and in moral vision. Happily, Professor Norton lived ten years longer, to see the country which in its wrath had vituperated him, acknowledge his wisdom and regret the consequences of its own folly. Even Senator Hoar, one of the most virulent of his abusers, sought a meeting and apologized to him. The last years were filled with public recognition. Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Cambridge, and Oxford Universities bestowed on him their highest honors. The King of Italy, in acknowledgement of his Dante studies, made him a Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy. The Harvard Alumni elected him their president, and a member of their Board of Overseers. But what gratified him most was the creation of a fund, by his former pupils and friends, for the preservation of his library at Harvard as a memorial, and the remembrances which distinguished friends and several hundred Harvard undergraduates sent him on his eightieth birthday, a year ago.

And so his life closed amid urbanity, as those who loved him would prefer. In his last weeks he was reading Shakespeare and Scott, and John Mor-

ley's latest volume of Miscellanies, and writing letters full of characteristic cheer to his friends. He had lived his life out, filling it with activity and with public and private benefits, and he welcomed death. Brought up in the simple piety of Unitarianism, instructed from childhood to cherish the reasonableness of religion, endowed with strong religious sentiments—he himself taught a class in the First Parish Sunday-school and edited a book of hymns—he grew naturally into agnosticism, and his passage from the old to the new, being accomplished without wrench, left neither scars, nor bitterness, nor regrets. He had always faced life bravely and cheerfully: what had he to fear from death? He seemed to be the very embodiment of the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, his favorite religious companion. "Habituate yourself," says that sweetest of Stoics, "to the perception of all-pervading change; dwell on it continually, and order your thoughts accordingly; nothing more elevates the mind, and emancipates it from the body. He who realizes that at any moment he may be called upon to leave the world and to depart from among men, commits himself without reserve to justice in all his actions, and to Nature in all that befalls. To what will be said or thought of him, to what will be done against him, he does not give a thought; but is content with two things only—to be just in his dealings and glad at his apportioned lot. Free of all hurry and distractions, he has but one wish—to run the straight course of law, so with a straight course following good." These sentences may serve as a valedictory for Charles Eliot Norton.

William Roscoe Thayer.

Cambridge, Mass., October 23.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

Paris, October 10.

Some years ago Mark Twain used Zola's "La Terre" to retort on a French critic of our ancestry-hunting by a slur on millions of French wives and mothers. Since then English readers have been able to learn from other French novelists the high ideal of family life which, through all revolutions, persists everywhere in France. And these other novelists are what Zola never was—part and parcel of the people whom they describe lovingly. Zola, the son of a foreign father, reared by a mother struggling bravely against the poverty which debarred from social life, transferred from the narrow college town to Paris, where poverty and, perhaps, innate Bohemianism kept him in the circle of literary frequenters of cafés and coteries, with a married life that was unconventional—in these circumstances Émile Zola viewed French society from beginning to end as an outsider, and almost as an outlaw. He saw in relief only that which fell in with his own methods of story-writing; he was affected by a definite tinge of animosity against a world of which he was never a part. Those who, for fairness sake or because they like the common people, care to read a genuine novel of the French soil (*roman de la terre*) can do no better than take up "Les 'Pagès,'" by Énée Bouloc, with its preface by the poet Charles de Pomairols (Plon-Nourrit). The author has book-learning enough in economical and social sciences to look closely into the corner of France of which he writes; and he has the love of his own people, which alone can give true knowledge. His theme is "the poetry of a whole race, eager, hard, coarse; but eager only in its toil, hard only toward itself, coarse because we look only on hands and clothes; keeping in its rut, but along the line of duty; jealous and grasping, passionately so, but only for the soil that feeds it—the great race which makes the bread and defends the fatherland." The one corner of France thus described is the old Rouergue of the central south, with characters from the aged Pierrounel of Napoleon's time to the young fellows who seek fortune in the new cities, leaving homes "amid the keen fragrance of broom and fern."

"Un Grand Homme," by Gaston Rageot (Calmann-Lévy), is a novel by a writer distinguished in more serious work. M. Rageot is the professor of philosophy who succeeded so brilliantly some years ago with a book on success; he should know what constitutes the great man—and his method of arriving—in France of to-day. Anatole France's "L'Ile des pingouins" (Calmann-Lévy), as might be expected from the detached pieces of the story which the author has intermittently confided for several years to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, is a highly symbolical story of the weaknesses of present society. It has all its maker's likes and dislikes, and, from its wilfully complicated windings, is not the easy reading we associate with the literary reputation of Anatole France. Of course, the wit, the grace of language, the persistent skepticism are the same.

"La Vie secrète" (Perrin), by Édouard Estaunié, is in many ways one of the most powerful of recent novels. This author made a deep impression on his contemporaries of twelve years ago when the question of religious education was becoming uppermost by his third novel, "L'Empreinte"—the "imprint" which persisted in the mental being of his hero from early training in a Jesuit college. The expression was happy, and has entered into current use; the French Academy crowned the work. Other novels have since appeared from his hand, with art criticism and a book of high science in his own field—for in the world of action he is director of constructive engineering at the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs. This new novel is a strong character description, weaving together for the reader's pleasure and instruction the hidden lives of various French men and women representing the mental divisions so pronounced in modern communities, particularly in France. The religious aunt, perhaps too fossilized for one that acts so independently; the Socialist nephew, who is a doctor; the rich young manufacturer, whose efforts to coöperate on a level with his workmen only set them bitterly against him; the emancipated young woman of university learning; littlenesses of half-developed minds and sway of elementary passions—all furnish many pages of intense interest, written in that clear French, most definite in its shading, which seems peculiar to those who have the "imprint" of clerical education.

The Margueritte brothers were long occupied with this seething of new thoughts against the old. One of them—for they are now working separately—Victor Margueritte, is faithful to his past in "Jeunes Filles" (Fasquelle), a novel whose title shows it deals with the new woman. Paul Margueritte, on the contrary, begins a quite different period of activity, by a romance of adventure—"La Princesse noire" (Juven). "La Folle Aventure," by André Lichtenberger (Calmann-Lévy), is also pure romance of a time when life was largely comic opera, with *précieuses* and *spadassins* and provincial *grands seigneurs*, mighty drinkers and hunters before the Lord. "L'Épouvante," by Maurice Level, is a romance of terror, with an unnecessarily grimacing face on the cover; "Popote," as its name imports, is a good-natured story, by Henri Duvernois (these two are published in book form after periodical use by the correct *Monde illustré*). Marie Anne de Bovet continues the series of her well-known short stories by "La Jolie Princesse" (Lemerre). "L'Été de Guillemette," by Henri Ardel, is of the idyllic present (Plon-Nourrit).

"L'Ile de volupté," by Myriam Harry, is in the usual style of the curiously brilliant cosmopolitan and travelled author. The island, propitious to light and tragic loves, is Ceylon. The absent husband, the present passing lover who forgets, the unhappy wife who cannot forget and dies, are not, as literature, of equal importance with the dainty, sensuous description of voyages over summer seas into cloudless climes. The manner of publication (by Fayard) is interesting as an experiment in France. The volume is octavo like a magazine, with glazed paper, to receive the hundred wash-drawings at which French illustrators are so good; and the price is but one franc fifty—less than half

that of ordinary editions of unillustrated novels. "Le Vaisseau des caresses," by Jules Bois, is less a genuine romance than a dramatic showing forth of what we owe to Buddha—"king of contemporary thought"—under starry nights of Egypt and fragrant dawns of Ceylon, with sentimental adventures in between. The author began years ago with an entertaining book on "the little religions" of Paris; he continued with the mysteries, ill-tasting, of contemporary Satanism; he went on to India, where the filth and fecundity of the religious life of the much-belauded Hindus rather repelled him; but he has evidently yielded to the charm. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The dates have now been fixed for the auction, by Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, London, of Lord Amherst's great library, which was offered in a block in 1906 for about a million and a half dollars. Lots 1 to 450 will be sold on December 3-5; and lots 451 to 1,031 on March 24-27, 1909. In recent years it has been customary to break up great libraries into several sales, but in the old days there was one continuous sale. Topham Beauclerk's 30,000 volumes were disposed of on "Monday, April 9, 1781, and the Forty-Nine following Days (Good Friday excepted)." A list of Lord Amherst's Caxtons was given in this column (August 22, 1907, p. 160). They are seventeen in number, eleven perfect. The most famous and valuable, "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye" by Raoul Lefevre, issued probably in 1474, is the first book printed in the English language. It was "translated and drawen out of frenshe in to englisshe by Willyam Caxton, mercer of ye Cyte of London." Further, he tells us that the "transiacion and werke was begonne in Brugis in the Countee of Flaundres the fyrst day of March," 1468, and "ended and fynysshid in the holy cyte of Colen the xix day of Septembre the yere of our sayd lord god a thousand foure honderd sixty and enleven." In the Prologue to the third part, Caxton says:

> For as moche . . . that Age crepeth on me dayly, and febleth all the Bodye, and also because I have promysid dyverce Gentilmen, and to my Frendes to addresse to hem as hastely as I might this said Book, therefore I have practysed & lerned, at my grete Charge and Dispence, to ordeyne this sayde Book in Prynte.

Lord Amherst's copy, the finest extant, was purchased for him by Quaritch at the sale of the Osterley Park library, belonging to the Earl of Jersey, in 1885, for £1,820. It contains on a blank leaf in front the inscription "Sir Th. Fairfax the elder, Knight, oweth this booke." When in 1756 the Earl of Jersey's ancestor, Mr. Child, bought the Fairfax library from Bryan Fairfax, this volume was valued at eight guineas. The Roxburghe copy, which had cost the duke £50, went for £1,060 10s. in 1812, though it lacked the last leaf (an imperfection not noted in the catalogue). The fine Amherst copy may be expected to bring a sum approaching £5,000, and may take its place as the most costly of all printed books. It is far rarer than the First Folio Shakespeare, which now holds that distinction.

Not less than four of the other Caxtons are from the Fairfax and the Jersey libraries. In addition, the collection includes several fifteenth century books from the presses of Wyuken de Worde, Pynson, and Notary, and the Oxford aud St. Albans presses. It contains only Vol. I. of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types; but this volume, described as "absolutely perfect and sound throughout," is of the first issue, and was bought at the sale of the Gosford library in 1884 for £500. Lord Ashburnham's copy of the two volumes, printed on vellum (now Robert Hoe's) brought £4,000 in 1897. There is also a copy of the first edition of Balbus de Janua's "Catholicon," 1460, the fourth book printed with a date, and supposed to be from Gutenberg's press. From Fust and Schoiffer's press are Cicero's "De Officiis," 1465, the first printed edition of any classic; also the edition of 1466, on vellum; and St. Augustine's "De Arte Predicandi," 1466. From Mentelin's first Strasburg press there are two 1465 editions of the same work. The Lactantius, the first book printed in Italy (at the monastery of Subiaco, by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 1465), is a fine and perfect copy, and is said also to be the last book bound by Francis Bedford. The Beckford copy, which sold for £285 in December, 1882, went in the Ives sale in 1891 for $540. The second edition of Lactantius, by the same printers in 1468, after their removal to Rome, is also in the Amherst collection. Another important early printed book is a genuine "block-book," the "Apocalypse of St. John," printed in Holland about 1455 on forty-eight leaves, blank on reverse, but bearing manuscript notes, in exceptionally good condition. It is the second edition, according to Heineken, or the fourth, according to Sotheby; and it was bought at the Crawford sale in 1887 for £500. Five leaves of another edition of the Apocalypse and a single leaf of a Biblia Pauperum are other xylographic productions.

On November 2, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sell the library of C. W. Cowan, containing a collected set, uniformly bound, of first editions of Dickens, a number of books illustrated by Cruikshank, and a series of sixty-seven autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, filling about one hundred and sixteen pages, partly unpublished. On November 3, the same firm offers the library of the late Dr. John Newton of Liverpool, containing early printed books, witb woodcuts; a manuscript Book of Hours; the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493; the first edition of the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," Aldus, 1499; the "Schatzbehalter," 1491; and the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," Zainer, 1491.

On November 5, the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection from the library of the late Julia W. Bryant, daughter of William Cullen Bryant. There are a number of books with Bryant's autograph, others with presentation inscriptions addressed to him, and presentation copies of several of his own books. Bryant's own copies of his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, with scraps of poems, notes, etc., in his autograph laid in are perhaps the most interesting volumes. The "Poems," of 1832, 1834, 1842, and 1848, each have Bryant's autograph on the title. The first edition of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is a presentation copy, as are also the first editions of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and T. W. Parsons's "Magnolia." Included are two travelling desks which belonged to Bryant, and other souvenirs.

On November 4 and 5, C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, sell the library of the late Albert S. Wait of Newport, including a collection of book-plates formed by Eben N. Hewins of Boston.

Correspondence.

AN INDEPENDENT FOR BRYAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am probably one of many thousand readers who have for a quarter of a century or more usually agreed with your position in important campaigns. I remember the thrill of satisfaction which went through us who were then young, when, in 1884, Mr. Godkin spoke for Cleveland, as only he in that generation could speak. There was no doubt, no hesitation, in his endorsement. But for nearly three months past I have read your editorial page for reasons to persuade me to support the Republican ticket—in vain.

The great issue, as I see it, is the tariff issue. This is not merely a fiscal, not an economic, but a moral issue. In thirty years, the high tariff has corrupted our political life, debauched our business standards, and hurried forward the expansion of the great Trusts which seem to menace our liberties, and to prepare the field for Socialism and anarchy. It is idle for President Roosevelt to muck-rake the Trusts and leave the tariff alone. Trusts are the children of the tariff smitten with elephantiasis.

Last month, when W. R. Hearst harpooned Senator Foraker, who had for so long enjoyed the monopoly of being the spouting whale of Republicanism, some of us exclaimed with Cowper:

> God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform.

Foraker was one of those fire-eaters, who, as Gen. Grant said, did not get heated up until the war was safely over; then he became a blatant waver of the bloody shirt, a pension-monger, a professional patriot. By a perfectly natural transition, his patriotism latterly took the form of watching the Standard Oil's interests, in return for those certificates of deposit which Mr. Archbold frequently refers to in the letters which Hearst, true patriot that he is! has shared with his countrymen. Well, Foraker is harpooned, Quay and Gorman are dead, Cannon is being so hard pressed in his district that respectable men of all parties have cause to hope that he will be beaten. But even so, protection, the Bastille of the Republican party, is unshaken. Senator Aldrich, whose tariff brokerage business probably quadruples that of any other man in Washington, felt so secure of his hold that he spent his vacation in Europe, remote from the searchlight of a political campaign. What hope can you give us that, if Mr. Taft is elected, Aldrich will not continue to dictate

the tariff which we long-suffering Americans shall pay to Aldrich's employers—the protected manufacturers?

And Judge Taft himself—what have we to expect from him in behalf of tariff reform? He made an excellent judge—a non-partisan judge. But in all his political life he has been an obedient Republican. He was singled out for promotion by McKinley—the apostle of protection—and, so far as appears, never in the past dozen years, when he has been a great figure in the Republican party, has he done anything effectual for tariff reform. His friends say that he has held himself in out of loyalty first to McKinley, and later to Roosevelt, but that when he is elected he will think with his own mind, speak with his own tongue, dare with his own will. But history is largely against this pleasant prophecy. History shows that men who reach fifty and more years, without using their powers, men whose excess of deference or of professional courtesy has been a gag and restraint to them throughout their prime, cannot suddenly learn to think, speak, and act for themselves. If Judge Taft is elected I predict that he will be mere clay in the hands of the veteran tariff potters. You will hardly urge that the Republicans will begin in March, 1909, to perform their long-promised, long-deferred miracle—"the reform of the tariff by its friends." Have you forgotten that in a previous Bryan campaign they were loud in their promises, and that after McKinley was elected they laughed with derision at the poor mugwump and anti-imperialist dupes who had been led to support them?

I submit, therefore, that since the tariff issue is the great issue, our first duty is to defeat the Republicans. Elect Taft, and you will have the tariff more firmly riveted on the country. In order to appease the insatiable beneficiaries of the tariff the Republican party has enormously increased the national expenses; it is adding to our national ideals militarism and navalism, requiring hundreds of millions outlay yearly. Through the exorbitant pension list, it has connived at the dishonesty of tens of thousands of unworthy and fraudulent pensioners, and it has undermined and demoralized hundreds of thousands more who were perfectly able to support themselves. A vote for Taft helps to perpetuate these tremendous national abuses. If Taft is elected, the Republican managers will be very quick to proclaim that the country has endorsed their party in everything.

The chief reason urged by the Republicans is: "If you elect Bryan, you will cause a terrible financial panic."

Well, suppose the panic come—has not the nation outlived many panics? And is not mere financial inconvenience infinitely to be preferred to moral degradation? The land is full of men who have experienced hard times in business, but have not sacrificed their honor. But protection, with all that it entails, corrodes, debauches, prostitutes our commercial, our industrial, our political, our civic life. The Aldriches, the Quays, the Cannons, the Gormans, the Forakers, represent the business immorality of America. It is idle to hope that, by electing on their platform Mr. Taft, you will reform that immorality.

But it is urged that Mr. Bryan will be as powerless as Taft against protection, and that personally he is very undesirable. I yield to no one in my microscopic esteem for Mr. Bryan. I think that, for the sober work of statesmanship, we might as well put an over-inflated air-cushion in the Presidential chair. But this is a crisis in which candidates are merely symbols. Now Bryan's election will mean that the American people have turned against protection. It will mean also that we have an Opposition at Washington. For twelve years this country has practically been governed without an Opposition—yet this is the balance-wheel essential to the proper functioning of our political system. The Opposition may be timid and unsatisfactory at first—but if it exists at all, it may be made the instrument for the reforms which you and many of us have preached these many, many years. Can you show cause why we may hope that, if Taft is elected, the tariff evil will be more easily removed? It is in the nature of a cancer to grow, and not to dwindle. By defeating Taft we may not immediately secure tariff reform, but we shall have written our warning on Belshazzar's wall, and we shall have taken an indispensable step forward. What considerations of "averting a panic" or of the personal flimsiness of Mr. Bryan can offset this attainment which may be coupled with the resurrection of a genuine Opposition party in Congress and in the nation?

INDEPENDENT.

Cambrige, Mass., October 18.

MR. BRYAN AS A CONSISTENT REFORMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow an old subscriber, one who has taken and read your paper almost from the start, and been in general sympathy with its positions, to express his regret at the distinctly partisan flavor you are giving it in the present campaign, and especially at your treatment of Mr. Bryan. I don't object to your support of Mr. Taft; your right to do so is a part of the independent game; but it seems to me it could be done, indeed, that independency requires it be done, without so much injustice to his opponent. As an Independent myself, who after carefully looking the situation over, have decided to vote the Democratic national ticket this year, as is the case with many of your subscribers, I have been pained to read in your issue this week, to go no further back, such flings as "Mr. Bryan is nothing if not a noisy agitator," "the instability and untrustworthiness" of Mr. Bryan," "the most charitable view is that he is a happy thought statesman," "Bryan's comparative indifference through many years to the iniquities of the tariff," "a dangerous demagogue," and a little further back, "a wholly unsafe and untrustworthy political reformer"—indeed, in almost every issue of the *Nation* something in this spirit and this vein. By the use of such language you fail to do justice to yourselves. And you certainly fail to do justice to Mr. Bryan—fail to treat him in the admirable way in which, I am glad to say, you treat Mr. Taft.

Mr. Bryan is a great deal more than a "noisy demagogue," this, too, not only in the estimation of his thick and thin followers, but of such men, if their words mean anything, as Mr. Taft, his opponent, and of such Democrats as Richard Olney, E. M. Shepard, and Judge Alton B. Parker, all three of whom will give him their votes as so much more than "a noisy demagogue" as to be worthy of being made President of the United States.

What evidence have you of his "instability and untrustworthiness?" I do not know of a position or a principle that he has held in the past that he does not hold to now. Indeed, in the very number of your paper containing the words quoted you have an editorial on "What Bryan Could Do," the point of which is fear that as President he will stick to and seek to carry out the things that from the first he has advocated in his speeches—bi-metallism, the government's ownership of railways, and the like. And again in your editorial, September 24, on "The Old Bryan and The New" you say with regard to "the propaganda for half a dozen propositions" of which "In the main Mr. Bryan's career has been made up, "by no sign or word has he abandoned them; in regard to every one of them he stands obstinate, silent, and apparently unrepentant." Pray where does the "instability" come into the career of a man which is made up of the propaganda of half a dozen propositions with regard to every one of which he still "stands obstinate, silent, and apparently unrepentant?" Your idea of stability and trustworthiness seems to be that a man must drag out and present his opinions on every subject he had once stood for every time ever after that he opens his mouth, no matter how far the occasion and circumstances into which they once fitted and which first called them forth may have passed away. Mr. Bryan has evidently more good sense than to do such a thing; is not so pig-headed as you would thus have him be; does not talk silver now because silver is not now a living issue, and because, as he himself has said, the large addition of gold to the currency has taken away the need of it which he felt there was eight and twelve years ago.

On the other hand that he is not a "dangerous demagogue" seeking for selfish ends to adjust his utterances to what is popular for the passing hour, is shown by such things—to mention only two out of many—as his advocacy of bi-metallism at the time of his second Presidential canvass, when his simply keeping hushed about it would have saved him thousands of votes, and again by his speech on the ownership of railroads, two years ago, on his return from Europe, when his words on the subject were a direct slap in the face of his overwhelming popular reception.

Worse still as regards fair treatment of him is your assertion of his "comparative indifference through many years to the iniquities of the tariff," an assertion, as your correspondent September 24 has clearly shown, which is directly counter to the widely open facts of his career. How can you charge such indifference against a man who, on his first entrance at Washington into public life, made one of the most intelligent, intelligible, and convincing speeches on the subject that it has ever called forth, a speech which in this very campaign is reprinted as the expression of his views, and who on every proper occasion since has reaffirmed his position? Does a man once known to be veracious have to go about the country shouting every time he opens his mouth that he

tells the truth in order not to be charged with indifference to the evils of lying? You speak of his "comparative indifference" on the subject. Comparative with whom? With Judge Taft? Well, compare the latter's silence in the past, his hedging on the subject in his recent speeches at the West, his mistakes, if not misrepresentations, as to the relation of Democratic administrations to financial hard times, and his preaching at one place revision, pure and simple, and at others the possibility of revision upwards—all this with Mr. Bryan's record, and say whether the difference between them is not a great deal more than the Nebraska man's "indifference."

It is not necessary for the voter to endorse all Mr. Bryan's positions in order to support him as "a genuine reformer." Worse than an academic visionary is the citizen who is waiting for any real leader upward whose views on all points are in harmony with his own or even with the end ultimately reached. God does not make reformers in that way. Even Mr. Cleveland had his bad break in the Venezuela affair. The man who never dares the wrong will never do the right. All the world's great attainments in science, art, liberty, civilization, and even religion have been made not along one straight road where the end was seen from the beginning, but by feeling for them, often blindly, along false tracks and amid scores of mistakes. A thousand worthless fads are a cheap price to pay for one workable economic truth. There are three great issues overtopping all others in the present political campaign—anti-imperialism, anti-militarism, and tariff revision. Mr. Taft with all his virtues on minor matters is weak and wavering on these great ones. Mr. Bryan with all his vagaries on lesser issues stands as firm, I will not say as a rock, but as a strong, live man, on these that are vital. And that is why I believe he should receive from us Independents not only fair treatment, but vigorous support.

JOHN C. KIMBALL.

Greenfield, Mass., October 17.

REPUBLICAN CONTROL OF CONGRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Allowing everything you say as between Taft and Bryan for argument's sake, what about the Congressional cabal, Cannon as Speaker, Dalzell, Sherman as Vice-President, etc.? In championing the Republican ticket you help the Republican party retain its supremacy, while it seems to me a change is sorely needed. Taft and a Republican Congress will be in a position to continue indefinitely not merely an absurd tariff, but also high-handed blocking of legislation necessary to protect against the saloon power the territory which has voted prohibition. In both directions we have reasons for expecting better results from a Democratic Congress than from a Republican. Your expectation that Taft as President would have more influence with a Congress of the same party than Bryan with a Democratic House and a Republican Senate is not supported by Mr. Taft's experiences as secretary and administrator of the Philippines. His recommendations have been ignored, even more than the President's. By advocating the election of Taft you are not merely repudiating Bryan, but you thereby endorse and accept in fact the whole Republican policy, tariff and Imperialism included.

H. R.

Wisconsin, October 19.

BRYAN'S FINANCIAL HERESIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Your criticism on September 24 of the perversion of Mr. Olney from an ardent advocate of the gold standard to a supporter of the high priest of fiatism, rightly emphasizes Mr. Bryan's hallucinations on the subject of sound money as of fundamental importance. In its *immediate* effects, the question of sound money is of greater importance to our country's prosperity than the tariff or any other present political issue; for the reason that the incidence of tariff taxation is indirect; and since the enhanced cost of our supplies is gradual, we are able to adapt ourselves to the increased cost of personal and business expenses. On the other hand, financial panics, which may result, as in 1893, from an unsound currency system, come suddenly upon us, suddenly close factories and industrial establishments of every kind, and instantly throw thousands of wage-earners out of employment.

Upon this vital subject Mr. Bryan is discretely silent, and he assures us that the "money question is a dead issue," because of the increased production of gold. The artful iteration of this fallacy (just as many another untruth, by constant repetition, is finally accepted as fact) seems to have fooled Mr. Olney and other former strenuous opponents of fiat money. As was pointed out in the *Nation* of September 17, in the editorial "The Old Bryan and the New," Mr. Bryan asserted in 1900 that, "although 16 to 1 had been defeated in 1896, that did not end the discussion." Fraught with even more danger was his intimation as to "saving the greenback from impending annihilation." It should not be forgotten that Mr. Bryan has not recanted or changed his financial theories; all he says is that *conditions* have changed. The natural inference is that when conditions revert to what they were in 1896, and at other times of panic or business depression, as inevitably will be the case in this land of speculation and inflation, then, in response to the demand from all quarters for "more money" will come the opportunity for Mr. Bryan to resuscitate his silver sophistries or to propose some other equally vicious form of fiat money.

ALFRED SHERLOCK.

Minneapolis, October 4.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON AND LESLIE STEPHEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: May I call attention to what seems to be Charles Eliot Norton's most characteristic friendship across the waters? In the late Prof. F. W. Maitland's delightful biography of Sir Leslie Stephen, some of the most intimate and characteristic letters are to the late Professor Norton, and Stephen himself recognized that Norton represented the tone of thought about life, art, and letters which was most congenial to himself. Considering that Leslie Stephen was in touch with all that was most distinguished in English life, this was indeed a high tribute. It was a remarkable testimony to the essential unity of the Anglo-Saxon spirit that one of the finest types among Englishmen should have found his most congenial friend in one of the noblest of Americans.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

Yonkers, October 22.

A WHISTLER MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Doubtless many of your readers are aware that a memorial to the late James McNeill Whistler, designed by M. Auguste Rodin, is about to be erected in London. The reason for the memorial, the nature of it, and the hopes of those who have worked for it are, however, not so well known.

The memorial was suggested at a meeting held in London shortly after Whistler's death, in 1903. It was called at the suggestion of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers—of which Whistler was the founder and later president, an office he held till his death. This International Society is truly international, and counts among its members such distinguished Americans as John S. Sargent, J. W. Alexander, W. M. Chase, Celia Beaux, Timothy Cole, Henry Wolf, Howard Pyle, Gari Melchers, Paul Bartlett, F. Macmonnies; and the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens was an original member. M. Rodin succeeded Whistler as president, and he was asked to undertake the memorial to his predecessor, and at once consented. The work is now well under way. It has already been exhibited in the Salon this year in Paris. It has taken the form of a life-size figure of Fame, bearing a bust or medallion of Whistler. Those who have seen it pronounce it one of Rodin's masterpieces. The original bronze will be set up in Chelsea, on the Embankment, where Whistler found so many of the subjects of his pictures, near the houses where he lived all his life, and opposite the church from which he was buried. And no more appropriate spot could have been chosen.

Within the last week, the city of Lowell, Mass.—the city in which Whistler was born, in which his birthplace still stands and has been preserved, shortly to be opened as a museum—through its Art Association has secured the American replica of the memorial, and will, by the generosity of the citizens of Lowell, and their generosity alone, erect it in the centre of the city. The sites of both these memorials are now not only definitely settled, but the bronzes are paid for.

But there is still another replica—for the committee arranged that two should be cast if the funds after acquiring the original for London should permit—one for America and one for France. The French critics already are regretting that France has not secured the second replica, and are praising the figure shown in the Salon. Why could not America present this replica to France? There have been international exchanges or presentations of works of art before. Why not again, and with great fitness and honor? Why cannot the artists and the art students of this country, who owe much to France, much to Whistler, much to Rodin, present the memorial to the republic? France has done much for American artists. We

American artists in return have done something for France, but here is a chance to do more, and we owe a great debt still. The sum needed to obtain this replica and present it to France is absurdly small—$5,000 is all that is wanted. Cannot the artists, the art students, and the art patrons of this country raise the amount in a week, as the citizens of Lowell did?

I am sure they can, and now, for art triumphs always over hard times, over wars and rumors of wars, even over elections. Here is a wonderful opportunity to strengthen our artistic ties with France, and to honor two great men—one Whistler, the greatest artist America has produced; the other, Rodin, the greatest living sculptor. In Europe, most of the subscriptions came from artists, art students, and authors, for it must not be forgotten, as it too often is, that Whistler was an author, and a most distinguished one, nor must it be forgotten that he was an American and among the great Americans. Therefore will not American artists and authors do for their own countrymen what Englishmen have done for a foreigner? Among the Englishmen who have contributed are George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Maurice Hewlett, Sir Gilbert Parker, Bernard Shaw, Sir John Hare, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, Sir Herbert Herkomer, Sir Charles Holroyd, Sir Walter Armstrong, Walter Crane, Sir James Guthrie, Roger Fry, John Lavery, and many others. The subscriptions have ranged from sixpence to five hundred pounds.

Will not you take up this matter in the *Nation*, and help us to raise the sum before election day?

JOSEPH PENNELL,
Honorary Secretary Whistler Memorial Committee.

New York, October 20.

[Subscriptions may be sent direct to Mr. Pennell, at the Century Club, No. 7 West Forty-third Street, or to Harrison L. Morris, No. 215 West Fifty-ninth Street.—ED. NATION.]

REFERRING TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a familiar old story of a lord chief justice, who, when called upon to pass judgment on a broker charged with dishonest practice, ruled regretfully that the evidence was insufficient to warrant conviction, but added: "If any one wishes to know my opinion of the defendant, I hope he will refer to me." The next morning the broker's advertisements in the London papers bore the conspicuous addition: "Refers by permission to the lord chief justice."

The tale is brought fresh to mind in reading a publisher's circular received this week. It has the imprint of The Herrick Book & Stationery Co., Denver, and of Keagan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co., London, and sets forth the merits of a costly book by Allison Emery Drake, Sc.M., M.D., Ph.D., in which is demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the author, the thesis that a great part of the vocabulary of most Aryan languages is derived from Hebrew. From two pages of commonplace notices the longest leaps to the eye by virtue of black-faced type and the appended name of Prof. Walter W. Skeat. As printed, with indications of some omissions, it is an unqualified and enthusiastic endorsement of the book. That the honored dean of English etymologists should applaud so light-heartedly a work which, if accepted as authoritative, would at once relegate to the lumber-room the "Etymological Dictionary," the thorough revision of which, now nearing completion, is to be the crowning achievement of his life, seemed an act of generosity so nearly superhuman as to arouse suspicion, and led to an examination of the original review in the *Academy* of April 11, 1908. It is impossible to believe that any reader could misunderstand Professor Skeat's intention. The clearness of arrangement of Dr. Drake's book and the method of transliterating Hebrew consonants are sincerely praised; but the review as a whole is a sweeping condemnation of the work, couched in terms of rather gentle irony. Brief quotations will sufficiently illustrate the tenor of the review and the method of the compiler of the circular. The sentences omitted in the circular are here printed in italics:

Grimm's Law, as it is called, is really of no value. Just as the schoolboy, when asked whether the sun went round the earth, or the earth around the sun, impartially said that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other; so it is with this famous "sound-shifting."

We doubt whether justice has been done to the root "quatal," to kill, slay. All that is obtained from it is the Gael. "Gaidheal," a Gael, which is entered here "in query, of course, as the real meaning has long been forgotten." But we would remark that it is exactly preserved in the E. word "kettle," with an obvious reference to 2 Kings iv., 40, "there is death in the pot."

We regret that want of space forbids us from doing justice to this great work. *It is quite certain that it must be estimated in one or other of the only two possible ways; either it is the most important book on philology that has appeared of late years, or it is the most worthless.* The author's methods are so clear and explicit that no moderate opinion is possible. *The reader must judge for himself.*

There is an amusing side to this performance that may perhaps mitigate the harshness of our judgment, though the evidence seems sufficient to convict somebody of either gross stupidity or disingenuousness. And let writers, especially of signed reviews, take warning. Ironical praise may easily be perverted to strange uses.

ALBERT K. POTTER.

Brown University, October 17.

"SOCIETY WOMEN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it not time to make a concerted effort against allowing that most vulgar phrase, "society woman" (or man), to creep into the English language? Incredible as it may seem, it has appeared now and again in quarters that are otherwise above reproach, and when once an indefensible phrase passes beyond the region of newspaper slang, where it had its birth, nothing but distinct and conscious effort can arrest it. Frivolous society is not the same thing as society. It is the social intercourse of *les intellectuels* which constitutes the really important part of society, and to devote the term, unmodified, to describing its noisy froth and foam is to throw away a most honorable and a most useful word to no purpose. Debasing the coinage in speech is (as George Eliot has ardently pointed out) a crime.

There is not the least necessity for the use of the term in this restricted sense. The English language furnishes plenty of good descriptive phrases for the people whom it is sought to characterize. They may be called the "ultra-rich," the "ultra-idle," the "fashionable," the "smart," or the "worldly." It might even be possible to bring back that good old English word, the "worldlings." Any of these terms would do, but "the worldly" is probably the best —*les mondaines* is the word devoted to this use by the French; and Esperanto warns us to put our languages into harmony, where we can actually gain by doing so. Of course, if one goes far enough back, the same objection held originally to considering that the ultra-rich constitute the world, as holds now to considering that they constitute society, but the signification of worldly is so ingrained in the English language that it would be foolish to take exception to it now. The "smart" is a good term in England, but in this country it has acquired a bad connotation.

Collectively, the group in question could be called "the gay world," or "the fashionable world," or "the idle world" (or, with Veblen, "the world of ostentatious expenditure"); while the other and more important group would naturally be called "the grave world," "the serious world," "the weighty world" ("the better world" has been, unfortunately, preëmpted for another sense),—or—here, again, the French have given us the right model—simply "the intellectuals." The word has as good ground for its use as has, for instance, the noun, "the criminal."

It is to be hoped that a word of warning will be sufficient for those who belong to the class in which good English prevails.

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Baltimore, Md., October 18.

Notes.

To their Riverside Press editions Houghton Mifflin Company will add this season three volumes: Shelley's "Banquet of Plato," 400 copies; "A Bibliography of Henry David Thoreau," by Francis H. Allen, 500 copies; and "The Life and Work of Geofroy Tory," by Auguste Bernard, 350 copies. The last-named is a large quarto lavishly illustrated.

This week Houghton Mifflin Company is publishing "The Calico Cat" by C. M. Thompson, "The Home Builder" by Lyman Abbott, "The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder," "Buddhism and Immorality" by W. S. Bigelow, Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," in four volumes, and "The Story of the Greek People" by Eva March Tappan.

Henry Frowde is adding "The Poetical Works of George Crabbe" to the series of Oxford Poets. The editors, the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Carlyle, give the author's own text, with the additions and notes made by him.

The John McBride Company announces a new translation of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," by Valerian Paget, to be published under the title of "More's Millennium."

It has heen put into "thorough-paced modern English."

The publication of the love letters of the Carlyles, recently announced, has been postponed, for the present year, at least, and perhaps indefinitely.

The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) has issued two more volumes of Scott's novels in good paper, print, and binding at the low price of fifty cents: "Woodstock," edited by J. S. C. Bridge, and "Rob Roy," edited by R. S. Rait. Both volumes are well illustrated, and provided with notes and glossary. Each editor in a brief introduction tells the circumstances under which the novel was written and the historical facts on which it is based. The edition is particularly valuable to young people who are making their first venture into the field of historical fiction.

Fleming H. Revell Company publishes an "English-Esperanto Dictionary," compiled by Joseph Rhodes, who testifies to his conviction by signing himself "Esperantisto 5260." As a summary of the grammar is included this book will be almost sufficient alone for writing the language. But an Esperanto-English supplement would be needed for reading.

There is no more appealing story in English history than that of Henry the Eighth's great-niece, who, during the brief reign of Edward, passed from the hands of the Seymours to their enemies the Dudleys, was married by the head of the latter house to his son Guilford, taken to the Tower on the death of Edward as Queen Jane, a queen of nine days, and left there as a prisoner under Mary until she and her protectors, if that word be not too ironical, went to the scaffold. It is a pathetic figure, little more than a shadow among the passionate self-seeking realities that thronged the Tudor courts, of which we have only one vivid glimpse, when Roger Ascham found her alone in her father's house, while the others were hunting in the park, a girl of thirteen, reading the "Phædo" of Plato "with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio." I. A. Taylor has made what was possible of this slender story in "Lady Jane Grey and Her Times" (Appletons), although "the times" bear, necessarily, a disproportionate relation to the heroine. This lack of balance might have been somewhat reduced if more emphasis had been laid on the religious complications of the day and less on the political, for on that side lay the real concern of Lady Jane herself. In this respect more might have heen made of the Zurich Letters, and especially of the girl's own correspondence with the learned Bullinger. But it is the fault of all these popular biographies to avoid anything that is not superficially interesting.

With Lady Jane Grey and her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, in the Tower, was another son of Northumberland, Robert, who is made the subject of a special biography by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, under the title of "The Lover of Queen Elizabeth" (Appletons). It takes some courage to continue reading in a book which begins in this key:

> In the great firmament of human personality, no star shines with a fiercer light than Elizaheth, Queen of England. And of the numerous satellites that revolve about her, radiating an effulgence that is

their own and hers, the one whose beams most dazzle star-gazers is Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

That is sufficient warning that, however familiar the author may be with the easily accessible material of Elizabeth's reign, she has little acquaintance with good style. As a matter of fact, she soon forgets this highfalutin and gives a clear account of Leicester's relations to the Queen, and especially of his connection with her intricate marriage schemes. Where it is possible Mrs. Richardson takes a kindly view of the lovers. She exculpates Leicester, rightly we believe, of direct responsibility for the death of Amy Robsart; she makes of Leicester and the Queen mere philanderers, to which one can only say, Perhaps. Our quarrel with her, however, is that she confines herself so closely to "the lover." Leicester's discreditable doings in the Netherlands she slurs over rapidly; she speaks of his influence as chancellor of Oxford, but gives no clear account of the state of education at the university or of the changes introduced; she hints at his interest in literature, but fails to connect him with the work of the Areopagites to which his nephew, Philip Sidney, belonged; she mentions his position as patron of the "Leicester players," but has next to nothing to say of the stage; she even slights the pageant at Kenilworth with its opportunities for gorgeous description. It is always the lover, or lovers, of the great Queen. There are indications that she was prudent in avoiding matters literary. In the Euphuistic jargon of the day Leicester was "eyes" to Elizabeth, Hatton was "lids." "In the entrancing presence of Hatton," she says, "Elizabeth could 'steep her senses in forgetfulness' of every anxious care;" and she thinks that Elizabeth and her court must have been familiar with the words of Ovid which Dryden subsequently rendered "their lids in slumber steep." Doubtless; but it happens there is nothing at all in Ovid about "lids," only "lumina."

There is something piquant in the title chosen by Harry Graham for his book, "A Group of Scottish Women" (Duffield & Co.). The mixture of canniness and independence in the Scotch character promises a store of humorous anecdotes; while for substance there is the full background of history from the days of that Lady Devorguilla who endowed Balliol College in the thirteenth century, through those of the Lady Jane who was repudiated by Bothwell for Mary Stuart, of Elizaheth the wife of the Lauderdale who harried Scotland under Charles II., of the Whig and Jacobite dames of the eighteenth century, down to the Miss Clementina Stirling Graham who died in 1877. It should seem easy to put together an entertaining volume of such material, but as a matter of fact the very license of the *genre* makes it difficult. A reaction takes place in the reader's mind when he sees through the *procédé* and discovers that the author is selecting among materials for the purpose merely of amusing. This is felt most emphatically perhaps in the chapter on the Duchess of Queensberry, Gay's "cheerful Duchess," "Prior's Kitty," who has a place among Scottish women only by virtue of her marriage, and who is included by Mr. Graham frankly on account of the literary anecdotes about her. The sketch of that wilful lady is entertaining, but would be still more so if arranged with some respect for chronology, and if the intent to amuse were a little better concealed. After "the femalc Phaeton," as Prior described her, the most interesting characters are Isobel Pagan and Lady Louisa Stuart. Isobel, who died in 1821, will not be so well known to the readers as most of the other ladies, although she was the author, probably, of the famous ballad:

> Ilk lassie has a laddie she lo'es aboon the rest,
> Ilk lassie has a laddie, if she like to confess 't,
> That is dear unto her bosom, whatever be his trade;
> But my lover's aye the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

Mr. Graham gives a brief but striking picture of that strange, misshapen, violent creature, whose hovel was the resort of the curious gentlemen of the neighborhood. It is she who put her head into the tent where a worthy divine was holding forth one Sunday at great length, and astonished the reverend gentleman with a nod and the words: Weel, ye're still borin' awa', I see." Mr. Graham gives also a pleasant account of Lady Louisa, the granddaughter of Mary Wortley Montagu, and the friend of Walter Scott. He might have made his chapter delightful if he had quoted more freely from the lady's correspondence.

T. Rice Holmes, to whom we are already indebted for a valuable study of Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, has recently issued a companion volume on "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar" (Henry Frowde). The plan of the work, comprising a general account and an appendix of elaborate studies on special points, is essentially the same as that of the earlier volume, but the place of Cæsar in the two books must obviously be different. Tacitus long ago observed that Cæsar showed Britain to the Romans, but did not give it to them, and while his expeditions stimulated trade and intercourse with the Continent, they had none of the wider significance of the conquest of Gaul, which Ferrero has gone so far as to declare the most important fact in Roman history. Mr. Holmes has accordingly sought to place the Roman invasion of Britain in its proper setting by telling with some fulness "the story of man's life in our island from the earliest times," and in the narrative the men of the Stone Age get more space than the Romans. The account of the pre-history of Britain is distinctly readable, and is based upon the results of archæological as well as philological research. Not only has the author worked through the enormous literature of the subject, both British and foreign, but he has kept his head in the mass of technical and controversial detail, so that his conclusions, though sometimes announced with too great positiveness and finality, generally carry weight. In the appendix Cæsar comes to his own, and the topography of his campaigns is treated in great detail. On the two points which have aroused most discussion Mr. Holmes holds that the Portus Itius from which Cæsar set sail must be identified with Boulogne, and that he landed in eastern Kent.

The latest addition to Sir Charles Lucas's series of Historical Geographies of the British Colonies (Henry Frowde) is devoted much more to history than to geography. Canada as the leading colony of

Great Britain has had two volumes allotted to it. Vol. IV., by J. D. Rogers, deals with the geography; while in Vol. V., now before us, Hugh E. Egerton is chiefly concerned with the history of the provinces and of the Dominion. Undoubtedly there is a great advantage in approaching the history of newly settled countries from the point of view of geography. Internal development and relations to neighbors depend so much upon contour of land, upon lakes, rivers, mountains, deserts, and fertile plains, that a knowledge of these physical conditions is indispensable. In the case of Canada, the geographical influence has been very great. Neighbored for nearly three thousand miles by the United States, from which for a vast part of the distance it is divided by no natural barrier, bounded on the north by inhospitable arctic regions, and provided with one mighty highway to the sea, Canada, until the age of railways had well begun, was the country of the St. Lawrence. With this approach to his subject, Mr. Egerton has been able to make his history both more intelligible and more interesting than the historian who gives slighter attention to physical features. But Mr. Egerton has not neglected other sources of information. That he was well prepared to write a history of Canada will be readily acknowledged by students who have profited by his excellent work in association with W. L. Grant in the volume of "Selected Speeches and Despatches Illustrating Canadian Constitutional Development." His clearness and fairness are seen in his treatment of such disputed questions as the settlement of the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick and Quebec, or the difficulties with the United States over the fisheries. Mr. Egerton is not the first historian to do justice to Gov. Carleton; more than one recent writer on the British North American colonies has vindicated the fame of the great Englishman who held Canada for Great Britain during the war of the Revolution. But Mr. Egerton is among the first to assign full and discriminating credit to Lord Durham for his broad-minded and patriotic, though perhaps not always technically legal, management of affairs after the Canadian Rebellion of 1837. Like the previous volumes of the series, Mr. Egerton's "Canada" is eminently readable. Perhaps the greatest drawback to the publication, in a series of geographical handbooks, of such volumes as the present, and as J. D. Rogers's on Australasia, is that their interest for general readers is likely to be overlooked. Certainly it would be difficult to find a fairer or more generally readable history of Canada than is contained in the 350 pages of this work.

For some years the Historical Manuscript Commission of Great Britain has been engaged in the work of calendaring the confidential letters and papers of Lord Grenville, Foreign Minister in Pitt's ministries, 1798-1801, Prime Minister in the "All Talents" Ministry, 1806-1807, and Tory leader until his retirement in 1823. This voluminous correspondence, now preserved at Dropmore Lodge in Buckinghamshire, passed, on the death of Grenville's widow in 1864, to the collateral line of Fortesque, and has been placed at the disposal of the Commission by the present owner, J. B. Fortesque of Dropmore. Five volumes have already been issued, and now the sixth, covering the period November, 1799, to March, 1801, has appeared. The first three volumes deal with papers of the seventeenth century and of the eighteenth until about 1797; the fourth records chiefly the formation of the second coalition against France and the abortive attempts to carry an act of union through the Irish Parliament; the fifth relates mainly to the Continental campaigns of 1799, while the sixth concerns the secession of Russia from the coalition, the new alliance of Great Britain and Austria, the abolition of the Irish Legislature in 1800, the negotiations and military operations of Bonaparte and the allies during the same year, the peace of Lunéville, and the resignation of Pitt's first ministry in February, 1801. The importance of the papers for English and Continental history has already been fully recognized, though the information which they furnish has not been embodied as yet into the histories of the period. The last three volumes are also of value as throwing light on Anglo-American relations, particularly in connection with the Jay treaty and the irritating controversies that arose over the interpretation of some of its clauses. Grenville's view of the political situation in America in 1800, as expressed in a letter to Robert Liston, is worth quoting:

> The whole system of the American government seems to me to be tottering to its foundations, and so far from being able to enforce upon the country good faith towards foreign Powers, I much doubt their power of maintaining internal tranquility.

"A Calendar of Confederate Papers, with a Bibliography of Some Confederate Publications" (Richmond, Va.), is the title of a recent volume which has an interest beyond the actual scope of the work itself. It is the outcome of an attempt to apply modern methods of calendaring historical documents to the record material of the Confederacy. In 1907 a Southern Historical Manuscript Commission was appointed, under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and a systematic effort was begun to gather and publish documents relating to the war. The commission proposes to locate, examine, and report on large or inaccessible collections, to gather into the Confederate Museum in Richmond as many of these collections, either originals or copies, as possible, and to issue from time to time reports, in the form of calendars, upon selected groups of documents. It is significant as showing the new historical spirit and energy prevailing in the South that within little more than a year after the inception of the enterprise a volume of 600 pages, admirably conceived and executed, should be put forth as a guarantee of good faith. The editor, Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University, has shown great industry, and, in the main, excellent judgment in the performance of the task entrusted to him. Occasional lapses show the handiwork of the beginner in the difficult business of calendaring, but the technique is correct and the annotations illuminating. The list of publications, constituting Part ii. of the Calendar, is a noteworthy addition to bibliographical literature and the promise of an exhaustive bibliography to come is encouraging. Such bibliography should, however, be published as a separate volume. An elaborate index of more than fifty pages completes a work which deserves all praise, not only for itself, but also as representative of a courageous and scholarly undertaking.

With the appearance of the fifth volume of the late E. J. W. Gibb's "History of Ottoman Poetry" his work, so unhappily unfinished, has been put before us, exactly as he left it, by the care of Prof. E. G. Browne of Cambridge. This, undoubtedly, is as it should be. No one could take up Mr. Gibb's personal attitude of complete knowledge, entire sympathy, and yet absolute detachedness, and if Professor Browne's half-promised seventh volume ever appears, giving a complete account of the modern school by a native Turkish scholar, its point of view will, of necessity, be essentially different. A sixth volume is now in the press containing the Turkish text of the poems translated in the whole work. In the present volume only the first 111 pages are by Mr. Gibb. They fall into three chapters; one preliminary on the three founders of the modern school, Shinásí Efendi, Kemál Bey, and Ziyá Pasha; a second on the career of Shinásí Efendi; and a third on that of Ziyá Pasha. There the thread of Gibb's life was cut, and the account of the still more important Kemál Bey remains unwritten. Of the three chapters, that on Ziyá is by far the fullest and most interesting. It contains a very charming little autobiographic sketch of his childhood and childish essays in poetry, and of his playing the sedulous ape to popular poets of his time until the literature of France claimed him and taught a more perfect way. These chapters have all the more interest in that, under the new régime, an indefinite development of Turkish literature may be looked for, and has, indeed, already begun. The last 140 pages of the volume give very full indices to the whole work by R. A. Nicholson.

C. H. Beck of Munich announces as soon to be published the second and concluding volume of Karl Berger's "Schillerbiographie."

The Zeitungs-Katalog, published by Rudolf Mosse, has made its appearance for 1908 with a noteworthy wealth of statistical data on the journalism of Germany. Exclusive of the technical journals, the number of periodicals of Germany has, during the twelve months covered by the catalogue, increased from 3,807 to 3,887. This increase is almost entirely confined to papers that appear six times a week. The largest circulation is reported by the *Berliner Morgenpost*, with about 300,000 subscribers, closely followed by the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, with a quarter of a million. The *Vorwärts* of the Social Democrats has more than 100,000, and the city edition of the Cologne *Gazette*, 88,300.

In his "Volk und Schule Preussens vor hundert Jahren und jetzt," Paul Natorf, author of the well-known "Schulpädagogik," sketches the weakness of the educational system of Prussia one hundred years ago and to-day, chiefly as the background for what he regards as an ideal scheme for national popular education. He proposes a plan covering twelve years in all (Giessen: Töpelmann).

A new metrical translation of the Nibelungenlied into modern German by Dr. H. Kamp has just appeared under the title

"Unser Nibelungenlied," in two editions, one with a commentary and one without (Berlin: Mayer & Müller).

R. Rost, editor of the *Augsburger Post*, one of the leading Catholic journals of Germany, has recently published a work entitled "Die Katholiken im Kultur- und Wirtschaftsleben der Gegenwart," in which he attempts to prove that the Catholics are retrograding intellectually and materially, because they devote such immense sums to the luxurious equipment of their churches. Thus *e. g.*, in Prussia, where the Catholics constitute only 43 per cent. of the population, they have in the past decade spent for church purposes nine million marks more than the Protestants. The Cologne *Volkszeitung*, next to the Berlin *Germania*, the leading Catholic political paper of Germany, declares that these facts are correct, and protests especially against the expense of pilgrimages to Lourdes and other shrines, and insists that more money should be given to the Albertus Magnus Verein, the Catholic association that supports poor university students of the Catholic faith in their endeavor to make scholars of themselves in secular as well as theological fields. Although the Catholics constitute one-third of the population of Germany, they furnish only about one-fifth of the students in the universities, technological institutes, and other institutions of higher learning.

Holland is to have its own Hakluyt Society, or Linschoten Society, to use its proper name. It will begin with the "Itinerario" of Jan Huygen van Linschoten, edited by Professor Kern, and will thereafter bring out two volumes a year.

The extent to which the "laicisation" of public instruction is being carried by the dominant party in France is shown by a new edition of the "Tour de la France par deux enfants." This is one of the most widely used schoolbooks, and has been reprinted 330 times. From the new edition every reference to religion has been wiped out. All mention of churches and hospitals called "hôtels-dieu" has been expunged. The picture of Rheims Cathedral has been replaced by a map. In the list of famous Frenchmen the names of St. Bernard, Bossuet, Fénelon, and St. Vincent de Paul are not to be found, and the masterpiece of Puget, the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, has been taken out.

The death is announced of Hiram Bingham, a prominent missionary to the Hawaiian Islands. Dr. Bingham was born in Honolulu, H. I., in 1831, to which place his parents had gone from America in 1820. He was ordained in this country in 1855, and in 1856 went to the Gilbert Islands as a missionary. He reduced the Gilbertese language to writing, and wrote a number of books in that tongue.

News comes from London of the death on the thirteenth of this month of R. E. G. Kirk, the well-known antiquary and record-agent. He had been connected with the Public Record Office for forty years, and was an unfailing help to searchers. He edited the "Accounts of the Obedientiars of Abingdon" for the Camden Society, and wrote many papers for antiquarian journals.

François Désiré Mathieu, cardinal-priest of Sainte Sabine, has died at the age of sixty-eight in London, whither he had gone last summer to the Eucharistic Conference. He was a member of the French Academy, and the author of several works, including "L'Ancien Régime des Lorrains" and "Étude sur Jean de Vandière."

The death is announced of Emmanuel Pradier ("Georges Pradel"), a well-known journalist of Paris and the author of a number of novels which in their day were fairly popular.

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.

The Victorian Chancellors. By J. B. Atlay. 2 vols. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Atlay's second volume brings his admirable "Victorian Chancellors" to its close. His work is distinguished by conciseness, research, preëminent fairness, and, in short, by every one of the virtues which is not to be found in Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors." The high merit of Mr. Atlay's workmanship is nowhere better shown than in his life of Lord Campbell. To this interesting piece of biography we purpose to confine our attention.

John Campbell was a representative man. He possessed no touch of genius, even in the modified sense in which that term can be applied to his rivals, Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Scarlet. There was little in his character which could be called strange or out of the way; his powers, though noteworthy, were in kind the talents possessed by hundreds of his countrymen. The peculiarity of his nature was that he exhibited in an exaggerated form all the qualities, good and bad, which have led one Scotchman after another to success in the arduous battle of practical life. He was what we have heard happily called "a very uncommon common man." His ambition was itself common: like scores of men before and since his time, he joined the bar with the determination that he would rise to eminence and become Lord Chancellor. In a letter written to his sister, just when he had abandoned the idea of becoming a minister of the kirk and had resolved to seek success at the English bar, he lays down this maxim: "Say every day 'I will be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,' and you will be made a Puisne Judge of the Court of Common Pleas"; and it is plain enough that he had no intention of limiting his success by the acquisition of a puisne judgeship. Thousands of men better and worse than Campbell have, in youth, started in the race for the Chancellorship, and have perceived, as he did, that their end could be gained only by assiduous labors. The trait wherein Campbell differed from the mass of ambitious youths is that, having made up his mind to achieve success, he acted on the principles by which alone success could be gained. He almost literally followed his own maxim. There was not, we may be sure, a day on which he did not in effect repeat to himself, "I will be Lord High Chancellor." He was right, too, in the belief that he possessed the talents necessary for the achievement of his end. He was strong in body and strong in mind. His capacity for work was boundless. His industry was not spasmodic, but assiduous. He was as hard as nails. He was as bold as brass. He knew not the meaning of modesty, of sensibility, or of tact. He was richly endowed with the talent for getting on. He also possessed two admirable qualities which are preëminently Scotch, and demand respect. He knew that success in life depends upon conduct; he foreswore all self-indulgence which could possibly interfere with his ambition. He also felt in the strongest way the ties of kinship. He was an excellent son. He was a good brother, and repaid with ardent and well-deserved affection the essential help given him by his brother, George Campbell, when such help was needed. He was a kind husband and an affectionate father. Unfortunately it is difficult not to feel that with Campbell family affection looked much like clannishness. Still, though clannishness will never be a popular virtue, and though in the case of John Campbell love of home and family contributed to success, the combination of real and self-sacrificing love for his kin, with self-engrossing ambition, ought not to conceal from a critic that in his family relations Lord Campbell displayed the best side of his character.

The talents and virtues on which we have dwelt brought to him their predestined reward. When, at the age of eighty-two, he closed his life, he had achieved three memorable feats. He had, in the first place, more than fulfilled the dream of his youth: he had sat in the seat of the Lord Chief Justice of England. He died Lord Chancellor. He had, in the next place, by sheer energy, rather than by any rich literary endowment, forced his way into the kingdom of letters; his "Lives of the Chancellors" and his "Lives of the Chief Justices" cannot be called classics, but they can still be read with pleasure. He had, lastly, in his letters and memoirs painted a portrait of himself far more truthful than any of the pictures or caricatures he has drawn of his contemporaries. Campbell's "Confessions," for such his "Life" may well be termed, rival the Confessions of Rousseau in self-revelation. Books colored by intense personal feeling have always an attraction. Campbell's autobiographic memoirs and letters have throughout the charm of individuality. To this, and to a high appreciation of the strength of Campbell's family attachments, must be ascribed the attraction which he apparently has for Mr. Atlay,

who ends the life of his hero in these words:

> Many hard things have been said and written about "Jack Campbell," but it is impossible for the student of his letters and his diaries to part from him without a feeling of something very like affection.

Why was it that "hard things were constantly said and written about Jack Campbell?" The answer is that to many of his contemporaries, and especially to his rivals, he appeared to be a selfish and a not very scrupulous intriguer. His career was one of self-centred ambition. To the attainment of success everything except family affection was sacrificed. His ambition was perfectly legitimate, but in men of great ability, especially if they occasionally boast of their public spirit, something more is expected than the mere pursuit of personal success. The element of greatness, which consists in concern about matters beyond the sphere of personal interest, seems to have been lacking in Campbell. In the midst of his career, when he had been Chancellor of Ireland, he published in a most unfortunate moment, but to the delighted amusement of his foes, a eulogy of himself wherein he states that his children "will be better pleased with the obscurity of their father than if he had gained dishonest fame; and they will have the consolation to reflect [*sic*] that he never abandoned his principles or his party, and that by remaining true to the cause of civil and religious liberty he always sought the good of his country and the happiness of mankind." As Mr. Atlay himself tells us, we have here nothing but the pride which apes humility. "What sacrifice," he adds, "it was pertinently asked, did Sir John Campbell ever make to principle? What opportunity of distinction did he ever forego from diffidence? When was he ever prevented from asking for anything he wished by delicacy?"

Every one knew the answer which these questions must receive, and all those who watched Campbell's professional course knew something more. Almost every stage of his progress was marked by suspicion of self-seeking or intrigue. When the Reform Bill was first produced, he believed that it meant revolution, and more than suspected that it would bring ruin upon the Whig Ministry. Within a week or two, he became a supporter of the bill. Not many months passed before he joined the Whig Ministry as Solicitor General. In 1834, he became Attorney-General. His rise was the fruit of some strange intrigue; his predecessor, Horne, was elbowed out of office without obtaining the compensation of even a puisne judgeship. A few years later Campbell demanded, as of right, the vacant Mastership of the Rolls. His strange claim was, he alleged, made in defence both of his own dignity and of the honor of the bar. He called upon the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, bringing in his pocket, the resignation of the office of Attorney-General. The resignation was never delivered. Lady Campbell was raised to the peerage, Sir John apparently obtained promise of further advantage to himself. His own dignity, and the honor of the bar were forgotten. Of the miserable management, pressure, or manœuvres, by which Lord Plunket was forced to resign the Irish Chancellorship which he had every right to hold, it is unnecessary to say much. Take the most favorable view possible for Campbell, assume that he had no hand in a discreditable transaction, he at any rate, at no call of public duty, accepted, if he did not thrust himself into, an office which under the circumstances a man of sensitive or of delicate moral feeling would have refused to occupy. He later became Chief Justice of England. To fill this high post, he was well qualified. Unfortunately, his appointment, whether by Campbell's fault or Campbell's misfortune, was connected in the public mind with the pressure which compelled Denman's retirement. It is a relief to know that the offer of the Chancellorship came upon him as a surprise.

Lord Campbell's devotion to literature must, it will be urged, be treated as a set off against the purely personal character of his ambition. Great faults are often pardoned in a man who is a real lover of letters. But Lord Campbell's literary achievements in reality stand on the same footing as his professional triumphs. They prove his astounding energy; they exhibit his restless ambition; they do not show any love of literature for its own sake. He worshipped the muses, if at all, only for what he could get from them. Expressions may be found in his memoirs and letters which suggest that in his eyes a main reason for reading Shakespeare was the conversational advantage of being able to make appropriate quotations. Strange though the assertion sounds, Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" lays open to the world some of his worst faults. His "Lives," it has been well said, is "among the most censurable publications in literature. The whole work is disfigured by unblushing plagiarisms, and, as the writer approaches his own time, by much unscrupulous misrepresentation." He is utterly untrustworthy. "No one who has ever followed him to the sources of his information will trust him more." This severe condemnation, Mr. Atlay, a critic as lenient as he is competent, confirms from facts lying within his own experience as a writer. Campbell's Lives of Lyndhurst and of Brougham are among the worst but also among the most interesting of his writings. They are defaced by inaccuracy and misrepresentation; they fully justify the prophecy of Brougham or of Lyndhurst that Campbell would revenge himself upon both his rivals by writing of them with hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, and that he would do this, because "such is his nature." These particular lives are interesting because malignity gives to them a point and wit not commonly found in Campbell's works. They are even more interesting because they show the fundamental defects of Campbell's character.

These defects illustrate and are illustrated by that "Life of John Lord Campbell," which in reality, though not in form, is an autobiography. Take the posthumously published volumes of his "Lives of the Chancellors" and compare them with Campbell's autobiographical memoirs, and Campbell's typical and yet peculiar character stands revealed. You have before you a revival, or a survival, of the Scotch adventurer who, during the sixty years or so which immediately followed the Act of Union, excited both by his virtues and by his faults, the detestation of ordinary Englishmen. Campbell, the last born and the most successful of his class, displayed all its typical traits. Energy, conduct dictated by prudence, intense clannishness, guided him to success, but these qualities brought upon him unpopularity both because they enabled him to elbow his way to greatness, and because qualities creditable in themselves masked closely allied faults. The belief that success is in itself a virtue deprived his ambition of all generosity. Irritation at every obstacle which delayed his rise to wealth and greatness excited in Campbell's mind something like hatred of rivals, who shone by qualities more brilliant than his own clear-headedness and indefatigable industry. If something too like envy disturbed the philosophy and detracted from the moral dignity of Carlyle we can hardly wonder that John Campbell looked with jealousy on the geniality and the genius of Lyndhurst and the rhetoric and the power of Brougham. Nor is it possible that an adventurer of the class now extinct should, in spite of his honest belief in prudential morality, have avoided conduct which excited suspicion and blame.

Mr. Atlay has the weaknesses of a biographer. He retains affection for his hero, to whose faults, however, he cannot shut his eyes. He tells us how Lyndhurst, with characteristic generosity, defended in the House of Lords the most censured, yet assuredly one of the most laudable, of Campbell's acts—namely, the appointment of Blackburn to a judgeship in the Common Pleas. Let our readers listen to Mr. Atlay's comment, and consider all that it implies.

> This was the occasion of his [Lyndhurst's] celebrated and most felicitous quotation

over the attainment by the aged Chancellor of everything that he had ever looked forward to. "We may say of him, in the words of the poet,

Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird woman promised."

The object of the compliment was happily undisturbed by the unquoted words that follow in the text:

and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for it.

CURRENT FICTION.

Over Bemerton's. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

An Englishman, who comes back to London after an absence of thirty years in Buenos Ayres; a step-cousin (or some such relation; no matter, she is a charming young woman, and that is all that matters in the end), who helps him to select lodgings, their choice falling upon rooms over a second-hand book shop kept by one Bemerton; an amusing set of relatives into whose family net the idle bachelor is gradually drawn; odd books borrowed from Bemerton and used as the source of whimsical reflections on modern life—there could be no better material for Mr. Lucas's genial, clever pen. Irrelevance and discontinuity are here a legitimate device, but it does seem at times as if Mr. Lucas was irrelevant from haste rather than from design. His hero, for instance, picks up a copy of Giles's "Chinese Biographical Dictionary" and uses it throughout the story as an arsenal of apt anecdotes and apothegms. Any one who is familiar with the wit of the Chinese as reflected in Professor Giles's volumes will be ready to applaud the ingenuity of Mr. Lucas in finding such a chorus, so to speak, for his puppets. The point is that Mr. Lucas in his haste does not appear quite to have appreciated the cleverness of his own scheme; with a little more attention he might have welded his reflections on modern London and these Chinese illustrations into as piquant a compound as has allured the reader for many a year. As it is, "Over Bemerton's" affords enough happy entertainment to make such criticism a little ungenerous.

The Great Miss Driver. By Anthony Hope. New York: The McClure Co.

In this story Mr. Hawkins favors us with neither of his two most familiar veins. He does not offer us the stirring romance which inevitably provokes comparison with "The Prisoner of Zenda"; nor does he indulge in such fantasy as his recent "Helena's Path." "The Great Miss Driver" is the more conventional novel of character and manners, a careful and somewhat elaborate work, on a rather large scale—that is, for these days when brevity is the body as well as the soul of wit. The story is of a young girl who inherits a vast fortune, is in a fair way to establish herself among the county folk, makes what the world cannot but regard as a terrible step aside from the straight road, but, thanks to her money and her cleverness, finally rehabilitates herself. It is a study of character, not a tale of incident; and the characters are well enough drawn to excite interest and hold attention to the end. Miss Driver is the person upon whom the author has expended the greatest effort, but as so often happens in novels, she is less distinct and real than some of the minor figures. Young Lord Lacey, Cartmell the family lawyer, and Lord Fillingford—all are firmly sketched. They stand on their feet and walk about like human beings; while Miss Driver, with all her greatness, still leaves us cold and unconvinced.

But when the worst has been said, the fact remains that Mr. Hawkins is a skilful literary craftsman. In this book he shows less humor and verbal dexterity than he has led us to expect; but he goes about his task with the air of a man who can handle the tools of the trade, and he produces a novel that, if not extraordinary, is at least entertaining.

An Incarnation of the Snow. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a tale of strange terrors and beauties, told in a style rising to a kind of intoxication, by a belated hunter of the Blue Flower who has found refuge from modern civilization in the mountain solitudes of India. The main narrative, called the "King's Amour," is put into the mouth of a swan, who relates it to a lovely lady sitting by a dark blue mountain tarn. Quintessential romance! But the story, passionate, vivid, shimmering though it is with light and color, is symbolical, as the author in his preface takes care to inform us:

What the Swan is to the Lake, what the Moon is to the Sky, what Párwáti (the Daughter of Himálaya) is to her Lord, that is woman to the world: the Haunter, the Indweller, the Ornament, the Fixed-Idea, the Mystic Solitary Swan in the heart of the dark blue lake of Time.

Still another veil must be removed: swan, lake, moon, and sky, the visible universe, time and space themselves are but the illusions with which deity beguiles itself. With this ancient philosophy of illusion the author is infatuated; referring again to the preface we read:

Learn, once for all, that the Ganges is more sacred than the Thames, and that all the London churches contain less religion than Benares, where calm-eyed sages sat of old by the purifying water, repeating: *One is the Deity, but the wise call him by many names:* when Oxford and Cambridge were as yet only for the bittern and the snipe.

These words the narrator heard uttered from the heart of India as he lay at noon alone in profound revery among the high hills on the edge of a dizzy precipice backed by the flaming jungle, listening to time pulsing into eternity. Whatever of fascination and of futility the literature of "escape" has for the human spirit is represented in this book.

Cousin Cinderella. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is in much the same vein of pleasant satire as Mrs. Cotes's "American Girl in London." It is a narrative of the "monologue" order, the speaker being a Canadian heiress resorting to London for the first time from "Minnebiac, Ontario," with her brother, also unmarried. The plot amounts to nothing—let us admit that she marries a lord, and have done with it—but the humor of the monologue is delightful, just that species of well-controlled inner humor which the English continue to exercise in spite of our lessons in the art of the thump and the guffaw.

Though Life Us Do Part. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

If Mrs. Herbert Ward were not so anxious to impress upon the world her personal tastes and favorite moral convictions, she might not be tempted to manipulate her material so artificially, and her novels would perhaps reflect something more like an image of life. We applaud her dislike of brutality, intemperance, and other forms of immorality; but we cannot commend the vehicle of her displeasure. Her hatred of cruelty to animals, for example, has resulted in the creation of a dog that never was on sea or land. This remarkable being has a weird power of detecting the Hyde under the Jekyll of the vivisectionist, and nourishes revenge for many years; yet 'tis a creature of the noblest feelings, and, on two occasions, rescues the drowning, and, on a third, prevents a suicide. She dislikes the modern girl with muscles hardened and complexion tanned on the links, and so, to show the ill end of such abandoned creatures, marries the female golf-champion to the wooden abomination, the vivisectionist. The man of her choice is a clergyman with "a great white heart," whose chin points upward, and whose hands are constantly blessing people, in season and out. Her affections are lavished upon an old-fashioned girl of very white mind, sweet—we have it on the writer's authority—and with the power to faint at the appropriate moment, but with little else to recommend her. With some reluctance she gives this lady in marriage to a young physician of agreeable personality, who enters upon the wedded state

in the same refined and exalted mood as that inhabited by his wife. One turns over a page or two, and, lo, it has pleased the doctor's creator to transform that chivalrous gentleman, almost as abruptly as it is here related, into a coarse, disloyal drunkard and wife-deserter. To punish him for this misconduct, so undeservedly thrust upon him, the amiable author shoots him through the head, depriving him of memory, through the throat, altering his voice, turns his hair white, gouges out his cheek, cripples him, macerates him in a shipwreck, and sends him back to his wife repentant. Rather rough treatment from an anti-vivisectionist; but what a lesson for a careless husband!

Value and Distribution: A Critical and Constructive Study. By Herbert Joseph Davenport. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.72.

This volume of 575 closely packed octavo pages is the most notable achievement in systematic economic criticism that has appeared on this side the Atlantic. The author takes rank easily with Boehm-Bawerk and Cannan. It is the irony of fate that the work must be a sealed book except to that inconsiderable number of trained economists who have followed the windings of the higher economic analysis of the past two decades. Even for many of these it will be hard sledding. The style is a bit Meredithian, and the arrangement of the page, where commonly three phases of the topic in hand are synchronously treated, is taxing. Exposition runs in double-leaded lines; misgivings, qualifications, alternative renderings coalesce in single-leaded paragraphs; and the ubiquitous and plethoric small-type footnote pursues a related or collateral query. To read the book is altogether too much like trying to follow Lasker playing three games of chess at the same time. It is quite out of the question to attempt, except in an extended and very technical review, to sift the author's conclusions upon the numerous issues — interpretative, critical, and constructive—which he advances. An indication of his point of view and an opinion thereupon may, however, be essayed in briefer compass.

In general, Professor Davenport challenges the relevancy of the social and technological concepts current in economics, and insists, exclusively, upon the private or acquisitive point of view. In "a competitive entrepreneur society" that only is to be accounted capital which appears "expedient expenditure" from the point of view of expected profit, not that which technologically is capable of increasing society's command over goods. The trade-secret bought up to prevent competition is capital to the purchaser, even if his secret stands as an obstacle to the enrichment of society. Not that Professor Davenport denies that social well-being or technical processes are in themselves of moment. But a consistent logic of actual prices, costs, values, and distributive shares is attainable, he contends, only by conformity to the private, acquisitive point of view, and ideas congruous therewith. As he puts it, "for purposes of competitive production the only important fact for cost is outlay—and not at all the direction of it"—whether for appliances that put a greater product at the service of the consumer, or for an anti-social advantage, so long as the advantage carries the chance for private gain to its possessor. In a manner somewhat akin to David Hume, who reduced knowledge to sensations and impressions, the author reduces economic ideas to categories of private gain predominantly expressed in terms of the monetary standard.

> When . . . legislatures or city councils must be bought, the necessary outlays are, for cost and value purposes, precisely like expenditures for machinery or for the control of patented processes. (p. 153).

Hence, the dominance of the point of view of the profit-seeking entrepreneur. As he says in the preface, the important thing is "to rid the science of doctrines that do not belong to it, *e. g.*, labor-time, labor-pain, utility, . . . the social organism; . . . . the tripartite classification of productive factors." (p. ix). By a curious inversion of Aristotle's dictum, Professor Davenport makes the art of money-making, not only not inseparable from economics but economics' very self. It goes without saying that there attaches no shadow of censure upon the author on the ground that he inculcates for the individual or society the acquisitive point of view. He holds that for a self-consistent organon, the dominance of this point of view is imperative.

It must be admitted that in his searching analysis of various cost theories from Adam Smith to the present day, logical chasms in the authors reviewed are disclosed which render their theories untenable as scientific conclusions. Something similar is true of his effective undermining of modern doctrines of social utility—the notion that society is a great animal and that market prices but reflect the valuations of a corporate consciousness. But if one's judgment is swayed by the incisiveness of the criticism, one's human sympathies go out to most of those whom Professor Davenport dethrones. It was a false theory of relative values that real cost, the exertion of toil and sacrifice, regulates them. But the discarded economic dictum imaged brokenly a sound moral judgment as to work and reward. Abstinence as the alleged source of capital may and does wholly fail to explain the phenomenon of interest, but the strength of the mistaken notion lay in a vital recognition of the difficult individual duty of frugality. It may be indefensible to say with Adam Smith that men acting each in self-interest "are led by an invisible hand" . . . "to advance the interest of the society" to which they belong. But the stubborn tenacity of conviction that private initiative in industry working under reasonable and honorable competition is the best attainable guarantee of social solvency will survive the crumbling away of untenable economic doctrines that have enshrined this belief. Professor Davenport may be right in his cardinal contention. If so it but emphasizes the indispensability of a complementary and authoritative ethics of industry.

The English Factories in India, 1622-1623. By William Foster. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

From January 1, 1622, to December 31, 1623—the period covered by the letters from the East India Company's agents to each other in the East, which are here calendared quite fully—the two events of greatest importance were the taking of Ormus from the Portuguese, and the so-called Massacre of Amboyna.

The first was a high-handed, daring proceeding, for the English had to carry two well-built forts, and at the same time fight the Portuguese fleet. The English sailors, hesitant to engage in an exploit for which they had not been hired, and in which they might easily be knocked on the head, were only with difficulty, by the promise of extra pay, persuaded to embark on the dubious enterprise. Furthermore, the heathen Persians, recently become the allies of the English, were not to be depended upon. Nevertheless the English were determined to fight a good fight, and did so. On April 23, 1622, the Portuguese flag, which had proudly waved for more than a century over Albuquerque's fort, finally fluttered down. The luckless garrison of some 3,000, including women and children, was shipped off to English factories. The English lost only twenty killed, but among them was William Baffin, the Arctic explorer. He was on shore with a battery getting a range "for the better leavelling of his peece," when he "received a small shot from the castle into his belly, wherewith he gave three leapes and died immediatly." The taking of Ormus made the English masters of the Persian Gulf trade, but the cost of the expedition was greater than the actual plunder taken—£18,000 in money and ten heavy guns. When the news reached England, rumor had increased the figure for the plunder to £100,000, whereupon Buckingham, as Lord High Admiral, demanded one-tenth of this sum as his lawful due. Although the company had already, at the suggestion of the King, presented £2,000 to

the Duchess of Buckingham, nothing would satisfy the Duke but he must have his £10,000. The company finally paid it, for otherwise he would have stayed their ships.

Every one knows what an uproar was caused when the news of the Dutch treatment of the English at Amboyna reached London, in May, 1624, fifteen months after the event. A demand for an indemnity from the Dutch was instantly raised and continually repeated for the next thirty years, until Cromwell, with characteristic force, made them pay up. The story of the "Massacre" grew into a veritable legend, to which Dryden, appealing to the English middle-class hatred against the Dutch, gave a final poetic but unhistoric account. The most striking thing about the letters in this volume is that this Amboyna affair is mentioned but once (Matthew Duke, at Masulipatam, to the Surat Factory, September 8, 1623), and then in a most casual, matter-of-fact way. If the Dutch seized without cause a dozen Englishmen, put them to torture, and drove them from their settlement, that was nothing to get excited about. It was only one of the natural vicissitudes of Oriental trade. Such, apparently, was the attitude of men who had lived out in the East and were familiar with the state of constant semi-war and its deeds of violence. But it was a different matter to trades people in London who lived in peace and slept in snug beds. Writers commonly speak of the Massacre of Amboyna as the cause of England's final withdrawal from the Spice Islands. This is an error. The real cause was the inability of the English to compete in trade with the Dutch east of Cape Comorin. Even before they heard of the massacre, the English at Batavia had decided to dissolve all factories in the Moluccas, Amboyna, Banda, and Japan.

There is almost as much about the Dutch as about the English in these letters. The masterful Coen, while Governor of Batavia, did much to increase the discipline, morality, and European population in the Dutch possessions. One of his proclamations that no "marchant or souldier should keepe a wench, but should presentlie marie her or cast her of, caused such a feare that heer are 30 coupells that have joyned in marrage." To the English this seemed practical morality—"a good policie to gaine men perpetually to their service."

Science.

Typhoid Fever: Its Causation, Transmission, and Prevention. By George C. Whipple, with an introductory essay by William T. Sedgwick. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

This is the most important work on the subject, in English, since Curschmann's monograph was translated and edited by Dr. William Osler seven years ago. It differs radically from the earlier work in its method of approach; for it deals with typhoid fever, not merely as a disease of the individual, to be studied and cured by the physician, but as a social phenomenon, to be dealt with on broad preventive lines by the sanitary expert. Thus the book is the expression of one of the most striking tendencies of the last two decades—the growth of sanitation and preventive medicine. The author's experience as biologist to the water departments of Boston and New York and as an epidemiologist in the Kennebec Valley, at Cleveland, O., and elsewhere, make him a worthy exponent of the new departure in science. The present volume, like his earlier works ("The Microscopy of Drinking Water" and "The Value of Pure Water") is sound and scholarly in substance, as well as orderly and pleasing in presentation. He writes primarily for the epidemiologist and the sanitary engineer, on the one hand, and, on the other, for the intelligent physician who wishes to go beyond his immediate concern, the individual diseased body, into the broader biological and sociological facts which underlie the etiology of disease. Even the lay reader, however, will find the work absorbing; for, as Professor Sedgwick says in his introduction:

> There is a fascination, a dramatic interest, in working out, even in imagination, the dark and devious paths and bypaths along which the microscopic parasites that afflict the human race travel to their appointed victims.

Mr. Whipple treats briefly of the typical symptoms of typhoid and its bacteriology, including the new blood tests which are proving of such importance in diagnosis. He then proceeds to his main problem, the natural history of the disease. The statistics of typhoid, which tell "a story of shame in many an American city," indicate a loss of 35,000 lives a year—a loss of which at least three-quarters could be prevented. Typhoid is essentially a disease of warm weather, rising to a maximum in early autumn, except in cities with polluted water supplies, where floods from melting snow cause a characteristic spring epidemic. The disease increases as one goes South, partly because of the high temperature and partly because of the larger proportion of negro population. In Mr. Whipple's book, however, his discussion of seasonal, racial, and geographical prevalence serves only as a background to the central problem—the chain of infection by which typhoid spreads in widening circles from one patient to another. The ingenious diagram which forms the frontispiece puts the matter in the clearest light. At one extreme is the infectious patient; at the other, the susceptible victim. Lines of varying length connect the two, corresponding to the commonest channels of infection: water, milk, contact, flies, shellfish, raw vegetables and fruits, and other factors now unknown. Across these lines of danger are drawn lines of defence. The physician, the householder, and the public authorities form three barriers around the patient to prevent the spread of the typhoid bacillus "at large"; their methods are disinfection and cleanliness in the disposal of excreta. From the point of view of the potential victim the most important weapons of defence are supervision of food supplies and personal hygiene.

Mr. Whipple discusses with admirable clearness and conservatism the life of the typhoid bacillus at large, outside the human body. The germ is a parasite adapted to life in the body, and in water or earth or milk it is in a hostile country and more or less rapidly dies out. The more direct the transfer from one person to another, the greater the danger. In water, for example, the reduction of typhoid germs is so rapid that 90-99 per cent. are gone after two weeks. A few resistant organisms may persist, however, for longer periods and cause isolated cases; while a sudden flood, such as that which washed the contents of an outhouse into the water-supply of Plymouth, Pa., in 1885, may strike down a large proportion of the population. Hence the proper filtration of public water is the only certain safeguard; and Mr. Whipple shows how municipal filters have reduced the typhoid death-rate by four-fifths at Frankfort, Zurich, Hamburg, Lawrence, Albany, Newark, and other places. Milk is even harder to protect than water. As a recent proof of this fact, the Jamaica Plain epidemic in the spring of the present year, in one of the most carefully guarded communities in this country, might be cited. Dealing with the milk question, Mr. Whipple says "the cause of pasteurization seems to be steadily gaining ground. Before many years the general pasteurization of milk in large cities is likely to be as common as the filtration of water." Behind all protection of food, however, lies the care of excreta. If the wastes of human life are not properly disposed of, the infection of food surely results. Dirty hands or flies or some other agent will always be found to complete the vicious circle. In the Spanish war one-fifth of our volunteer army suffered from typhoid, due not to bad water or milk, but simply to camp pollution. As long as typhoid is thus spread by more or less direct contact, the movement for pure water and milk and food must be supplemented by a vigorous campaign against uncleanliness in the disposal of excreta. Mr. Whipple's chapter, "The Typhoid Pa-

tient as a Focus of Infection," is therefore most timely in its clear statement of the imperative need for sewage disposal in general, and in particular for the disinfection of the excretions of the sick.

These general statements of the principles underlying the spread and the prevention of typhoid are supplemented by a summary of the particular circumstances of the more important classic typhoid epidemics, those of Plymouth, Lausen, Lawrence and Lowell, Somerville, Springfield, Stamford, New Haven, Ithaca, and many more. This chapter is followed by a brief discussion of expert methods of studying and controlling epidemics. As Mr. Whipple says:

To trace an epidemic to its source is not so much a study for the doctor as for the statistician, the detective, the bacteriologist, the chemist, and the engineer. The specialist has to be all of these at once.

It is well-merited praise to say that Mr. Whipple's book will help to make more men of this type.

Prof. Harry Snyder presents in his textbook, "Soils and Fertilizers" (The Macmillan Co.), a large amount of well-arranged information which should prove interesting to many general readers. At first sight it seems as if sluggish soil offers little that can engage the attention of those who are not directly or indirectly occupied with farming or gardening. But the soil has a marvellous side. Its remarkable power of separating impurities from water is one of the most puzzling phenomena in nature. If a slow current of foul water passes over and through heavy soil, it emerges sparkling and pure. It has left behind the substances which made it an offence to sight and smell, and these substances speedily become the food of plants. Dirt removes dirt, but just how, nobody can tell. Again, the immense surface of all the particles of soil in a given space is a surprise to every one. Professor Snyder quotes Prof. Milton Whitney of Washington, D. C., as saying that a gram (about fifteen grains) of rich productive soil contains from two thousand million to twenty thousand million particles. Each is irregular in shape, and hence it is impossible to estimate exactly the surface of the whole number taken together; but, if one assumes that these particles are minute spheres, the computation becomes easy. On such a basis it can be shown that a cubic foot of soil contains a surface area of from two acres to three and a half acres. It is among these minute particles that the filtering takes place, and it is here that the activities of roots are displayed. But there are other activities in this workshop: it is here that minute forms of life (certain microbes) are busy in destroying organic compounds with which they come in contact, and out of the constituents building up new compounds. Thus it comes to pass that the subject of fertilizers as well as that of soil itself proves to have many features of attractiveness for the general reader. Of course, in a textbook, many of these topics are discussed in a formal manner, and some of them are touched with merely a slight reference, such for instance, as Darwin's study of earthworms and their relations to the soil; but the treatise is likely to be stimulating and suggestive to many besides the students for whose use it was prepared.

The second and concluding volume of Dr. Hans Solereder's "Systematic Anatomy of the Dicotyledons" (New York: Henry Frowde) increases the indebtedness of botanists to the author and the translators, L. A. Boodle and F. E. Fritch. In our notice of the early volume (July 30, p. 101) attention was called to the thoroughness with which the literature of the subject had been ransacked and coördinated. In this instalment the thoroughness is as marked, and the vast amount of material brought together is made accessible by a copious index. Although it seems a hopeless task to adjust the conflicting terminologies employed by different observers, one can say that the author has gone very far towards complete and satisfactory accomplishment of this result. In a well-proportioned glossary, equivalent terms are placed in instructive juxtaposition, so that any student can form his own opinion as to the synonym. But this is not all: the author has appended what he modestly calls "concluding remarks," in which he has given a masterly exposition of histological morphology. He indicates with clearness the characteristic features of groups which are separated by their anatomical structure, and in this way puts every possible aid in the hands of theoretical and practical students. To the experts who are engaged in the investigation of vegetable substances liable to adulteration, the treatise will be especially helpful. Dr. Solereder's important contribution to our knowledge has been much aided by the effective editorial supervision of Dr. D. H. Scott, who has a remarkable sense of proportion and perspective.

The third fascicle of Oakes Ames's "Illustrations and Studies of the Family Orchidaceæ" (Boston: The Merrymount Press), adds another important chapter to the already voluminous literature of this attractive group. The present fascicle, dealing with certain species from the Philippines, contains descriptions which, from their technical character, cannot be of general interest. But there is one feature of the volume which should be brought to the attention of all lovers of fine etching: The illustrations are worthy of careful study, not only on account of their fidelity to nature, but on account of their effectiveness as simple line work. It is evident that facility in expression increased from the earlier plates as the etching proceeded. The latest illustrations leave little to be desired in delicacy or force.

"Graf Ferdinand von Zeppelin: Ein Mann der Tat," by A. Vömel (Constance: Johannes Blancke), is an interesting story of an interesting character, and is not a mere panegyric. The book contains sixteen full-page illustrations.

Prof. Odilon-Marc Lannelongue has communicated to the Académie des Sciences the results of an entire year's widely varied trials of anti-tuberculous serum on human patients. The experiments have been made on both children and adults by such responsible doctors as Jules Comby, Le Noir, Legry, and Küss. In pulmonary tuberculosis of the first and second degree the results are summed up as follows:

The serum has been used in human beings without danger; and it appears to be, in cases still liable to treatment, a useful aid to ordinary therapeutics. Moreover, it seems to result from certain observations of Küss that the bacilli, under the influence of the regression processus, diminish in number and may even disappear—a result which seems to indicate that the faculties of generation or multiplication of the bacillus are lessened.

This is regarded as a definite advance along this line of research.

The Royal Scottish Geographical Society will confer the society's gold medal upon Lord Avebury, and another gold medal upon Sven Hedin.

Drama.

The Life of Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.50 net.

In the beginning of his preface to these two substantial volumes Mr. Brereton says: "As this book tells the story of the life of Henry Irving, it follows that, in regard to the author, it is almost entirely impersonal." Actually, it is nothing of the kind, being inspired throughout by the zeal of ardent friendship and almost unqualified admiration. No proof is needed of the power and charm of Irving's character beyond the devotion which he excited among those who worked with or under him. As an authoritative record of the actor's professional life and triumphs, both on and off the stage, the book is what it professes to be, setting forth all essential facts with much fulness of detail—including financial statistics of a most interesting kind—and in admirable order. Its unexceptionable sources of information and capital index make it an exceedingly useful work of reference for the student of the theatre. Though on the historical side it is complete and accurate, on the critical it is less trustworthy. Mr. Brereton, of course, has no difficulty in giving chapter and verse for his extracts from the great body of contemporaneous eulogy of which Mr. Irving, more than any other player of his time, was the object; but he is not always judicious or ingenuous in his selections or suppressions. He quotes, for instance, many pages of the inconsiderable rhapsodies of Clement Scott and of innumerable less-known newspaper writers, but only refers briefly and slightingly to the not altogether insignificant minority who declined to swell the pæan of reckless adulation. It is true that he reprints passages from some scurrilous attacks, manifestly grounded in ignorance or malice, to which no sensible person could give any credence, but of the mass of discriminating but not unkindly criticism, which by provoking discussion was of such inestimable value to his hero in his early prime, Mr. Brereton

scarcely gives a sample. This one-sidedness greatly detracts from the value of what is in many respects an excellent piece of work.

No attempt can be made here to follow, even in briefest outline, the course of Irving's full and meteoric career, nor is it necessary. There is nothing equal to it in theatrical history, at all events since the days of Garrick. A poor boy, reared in a little Cornish village, by a choleric old uncle and his Puritan wife, set to work in London, while still in boyhood, with only the rudiments of education and no one to back him, making his way to the stage, in the face of all sorts of opposition and discouragement, and ever struggling onward and upward, until, at the age of forty, he had attained to the dramatic leadership, which he held to the day of his death—and, more than that, to a position of social and intellectual distinction which reflected new credit upon a profession fallen into general contempt—it is a wonderful story. And the most precious moral in it for all actors lies in the opening chapters, an inglorious record of incessant application, unrelieved drudgery, constant disappointment, and dauntless ambition. In these years he enacted four hundred and twenty-eight characters of every imaginable variety. Then it was that he acquired that mastery of the actor's technique, the subtleties of vocal inflection—for he was a most delicate elocutionist in his quieter moments—the extraordinary control of feature, the eloquence of his hands, his picturesque and appropriate attitude, significant gesture, and superb repose. He was a finished artist long before he was recognized as a great actor. That he had genius, if only of that degree which has been described as an infinite capacity for taking pains, is indisputable. But it was the keenness and vigor of his intellect that raised him above his fellows. In this respect, he was an improved Macready. In the realms of the higher tragedy he could not soar with Edmund Kean, with the elder Booth, or with Salvini. In such a part as Lear, he had not the power or the pathos of Phelps or of Edwin Booth.

Nevertheless, Irving, though never a great tragedian, was a great actor in many directions, especially in eccentric, imaginative, romantic, intellectual, and melodramatic parts, and his growth along these lines may be followed by any careful reader of this latest biography. His earlier successes in such purely melodramatic characters as Bob Gassit ("Dearer than Life"), Bill Sykes and Robert Redburn ("The Lancashire Lass") are not particularly significant, except as regards their eccentric quality. From these he advanced to the far finer achievement of Digby Grant, in Albery's "Two Roses," in which his gift of vivid eccentric characterization was brilliantly displayed. Next came his extraordinarily imaginative and melodramatic Eugene Aram, which also comes fairly within the category of the eccentric. This is followed by his masterpiece of Matthias in "The Bells," in which imagination, eccentricity, romance, and melodrama were blended in wonderful combination. There was tragic quality in it also, but not of the highest order. His next triumph was as Charles I., an impersonation full of romantic charm, noble dignity, and exquisite pathos. In his Richelieu again power of eccentric characterization and melodramatic effect were the predominant features. A famous critic remarked that in addressing Baradas—"Thou hast lost the stake"—he illustrated the fascination of the cobra. In "Macbeth" he offered a study of intellectual cowardice, in which terror of the mind overcame the valor of the soldier. His Othello was weak, whereas the intellectual devilry of his Iago was magnificent. Intellectuality, again, was the predominant attribute of his remarkable Richard III. His Vanderdecken was thrillingly weird, romantic, and pathetic. In Shylock, a splendidly intellectual performance, he revealed many of his most striking qualities, but Booth sounded a clearer tragic note. His Hamlet, brilliant in its variety, its originality, its distinction, and its insight, was only melodramatic in the crises where it ought to have been tragic. His Louis XI. was the most perfect example of intellectual, romantic, and eccentric melodrama known to the modern stage. In his Becket there was the elevation of tragedy, without the demonstrative power. It was the suggested might of a lofty intellect that made this impersonation so impressive and also invested Wolsey with a nobility that did not belong to him. The list might be extended indefinitely, without revealing a part in which Irving triumphed solely by force of tragic genius.

The fact is that he was not a man of violent emotions or passions and lacked the necessary organs to give them utterance, even if he comprehended them in all their heights and depths. He had a fine mind, noble instincts and aspirations, the gifts of pathos and humor—especially of the sardonic kind—a rare sense of personality (in spite of his mannerisms), and a wonderful actor's face. The finest side of him was revealed in such parts as Becket, Charles I, King Arthur, Dr. Primrose, Wolsey, and Hamlet—his most perfect embodiments were those of Louis XI, Matthias, Malvolio, whom he dignified with a touch of Quixotic pathos whose beauty and truth Mr. Brereton does not appear to appreciate, and Corporal Brewster in "Waterloo." His absolute failures, during his prime, were very few. All his characters were endowed with a large measure of his own dominating and attractive personality. As a man, indeed, he was almost more remarkable than as an actor. Mr. Brereton's plain records of his energy, his artistic devotion, his courage in times of trial, his prodigality as a host, and the number and variety of his social and other interests excite wonder and admiration. The amount of money that he spent, chiefly, it should be said, upon his productions, was prodigious. His profits on his eight American tours alone amounted to $580,000, and yet he died comparatively poor. But he had raised the stage from a slough of despond, had been honored by learned bodies on both sides of the Atlantic, had enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many of the most notable men of his time, had lived in a blaze of glory, had been knighted by Victoria the Good, and had won a place in Westminster Abbey.

"Shakspere and His Forerunners," by Sidney Lanier; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," liberally illustrated by Arthur Rackham, are promised this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Smith & Elder are publishing a sixth edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" in its original book form. Mr. Lee has added a new preface, in which he discusses recent discoveries.

Clyde Fitch has written a new comedy, "The Happy Marriage," which will be played in London by Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. In this city the part of the heroine will be assumed by Miss Doris Keene.

Next month W. S. Maugham's comedy, "Lady Frederick," which has been exceedingly popular in London, will be produced in this city. The principal feminine character—a dashing woman of the world of the type long associated with the brilliancy and varied humor of Mrs. John Wood—will be assumed here by Ethel Barrymore.

Charles Frohman has obtained for England and for America a new play, "Arsène Lupin," a kind of French "Raffles," written by François de Croisset. Its story concerns the meeting of a man and a woman who are both thieves, but who abandon their criminal careers because of their love for each other. Mr. Frohman will produce the piece first in New York.

"The Sway Boat," by Wilfred T. Colby, which Lena Ashwell has produced at her Kingsway Theatre, in London, is described as a poignant and clever little play. It certainly is not in any sense agreeable or edifying. Lady Kilross is bullied by her mother-in-law and taunted by her husband, because she has not provided an heir for the house. Therefore she throws herself into the arms of a lover, with whom, however, she declines to elope. Still, she does not think it right to conduct an intrigue behind her husband's back, and drowns herself, as the best way out of the dilemma. Miss Ashwell is said to find great emotional possibilities in the character of the heroine.

It is announced that John Drew is planning to abandon modern society drama and to appear in "The School for Scandal," and other old English comedies, including "Much Ado About Nothing," in which he will again play Benedick. Such a change

would doubtless help him to get out of the rut into which he has been sinking deeper and deeper for some years.

The announcement is made that Miss Nance O'Neill is to appear as a star in a series of Shakespearean tragedies, beginning with "Macbeth." She has already played the part of Lady Macbeth, with some success.

Fritz Lienhard has in his recent drama "Luther auf der Wartburg" completed his Wartburgcycle and arrangements have been made for its appearance on the Weimar stage this coming winter. The cycle contains also the dramas "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" and "Die heilige Elizabeth."

The new drama "Der reiche Jüngling," by Karl Rösler, the scene of which is laid in the Jerusalem of Christ's day, is to be given for the first time in Vienna.

Music.

Richard Strauss. By Ernest Newman. John Lane. $1 net.

An industrious writer of books is Ernest Newman, yet it cannot be said that he produces too many. Unlike some of the composers he discusses, he never writes a page not worth reading, and seldom one not worth preserving. He is a trained musician as well as a brilliant writer; he has ideas and opinions of his own, and expresses them with vivacity and audacity. His little book on Richard Strauss is one of the best things he has done, yet it is likely to exasperate both the detractors and the admirers of that sensational composer; the one class because of what they will regard as over-praise, the other because of what they will resent as over-censure.

The skeptics will be sure to sneer at the author's reference to Strauss as "the most commanding figure in contemporary music," and accuse Mr. Newman of confounding notoriety with fame; they will laugh at his assertion regarding Liszt, the inventor of the symphonic poem, that his "powers of construction were not equal to his powers of invention"; they will see a grave injustice not only to Liszt, but to Saint-Saëns, in the statement that Strauss carried the symphonic poem—which is the typical modern art form—"as far beyond anything of the kind that his predecessors had written, as Wagner in 'Tristan' had swung himself beyond the ken of all earlier or contemporary composers of opera"; they will hoot at the assertion that Strauss applied the Wagner-Liszt system of theme-transformation "with an audacity and brilliance of which they never dreamt"; and in view of the warm battles that have been waged against and between clever charlatans, they will gravely question the view that the great commotion raised over Strauss proves that he must be a man of "first-rate importance."

The admirers, on the other hand, will be wroth because Mr. Newman, after placing their idol on such a lofty pedestal, riddles him with so many bullets that at the end he presents but a sorry spectacle. What makes this procedure the more interesting is the fact that our author starts out with a page or two of citations—"wild and malodorous language" he calls them—from the book of an American critic who concludes that Strauss is leading music along a path that can only finish "in the corruption and rank odor of the morgue"; and then Mr. Newman proceeds to lay bare the infirmities of Strauss in language which is sometimes almost as livid, though it must be admitted that the American keeps down the loud pedal more persistently. It is the opinion of Mr. Newman that there is a tendency in Strauss to "burden music with extraneous and inassimilable literary concepts"; that in "Don Juan" he sets his foot for the first time on "the false path that has led him into so many marshes and quicksands"; that even in his best work there are "crude deformities in the building that sadly mar the total effect"; that there has "grown up in him a deep love of the grotesque for its own sake (and music happens to be the art in which the grotesque most jars upon us and most quickly wearies us)"; that the marches he wrote for the Kaiser "say next to nothing in a very highly colored way" (Mr. Newman might have said this of most of Strauss's works); that most of his songs represent "a woful waste of time and labor"; that in many of them he "relies on a display of pumped-up excitement that he hopes may be mistaken for genuine passion"; that "the score of the 'Symphonia Domestica,' for example, would sound just as well with a third of the notes and several of the players omitted." The last citation we can make in regard to the "greatest living master of orchestration" is that "he often falls a victim to the modern mania for using a pot of paint where a mere brushful would do equally well, or better."

Mr. Newman says in his preface that he does not know Strauss personally, but maintains that from one point of view this is an advantage to a biographer because it makes possible a more independent critical attitude. The "personal note" is contributed by another London critic, Alfred Kalisch, who defends Strauss against everything, including the charge of commercialism; in doing which he misses the real point. No one chides Strauss for getting all he can for his pieces; what his censors hold up for reprobation is the fact that, although he is very rich (his mother is the daughter of a millionaire brewer and he himself has made a fortune by his pieces), he continues to write potboilers and to choose operatic subjects chiefly because of their sensational advertising value. The story of his life is told briefly, of necessity, for there is little to tell, apart from his evolution from a conservative composer of absolute music to the most audacious and grotesque of programme-music makers. The symphonic poems are not analyzed in detail, but considerable space is given to the operas, including "Salome."

Few names of living French musicians are more widely known than that of Cécile Chaminade, who made her American début last Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall in this city. In America, as well as in France and England, her songs and piano pieces have a great vogue in the drawing rooms; statistics of the music trade a few years ago indicated that more of her works were sold than of any other composer for the salon, and in this matter there has probably been no change. This music seems to appeal especially to American women; Chaminade clubs are scattered broadcast throughout the country, and they will as a matter of course welcome the visitor from Paris with open arms. She had a cordial reception at Carnegie Hall, which was crowded. Men were in an even greater minority than usual, there being not more than twenty in that vast audience. It must be frankly said that the men were lucky not to be there, for a less entertaining entertainment cannot easily be imagined. Mme. Chaminade has written one song, the "Sérénade Sévillane," which may be called inspired, but that was not on her programme. The eleven piano pieces and thirteen songs presented were characterized by a singular monotony and superficiality; they were mere musical small-talk. In listening to all this one could easily fancy one's self transported back to the times when Herz and Kalkbrenner and Thalberg and Gottschalk held their own with their drawing-room pieces against Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and other great men. Mme. Chaminade's music is sometimes piquant, but it is too insipid to be called beautiful; at best there is a doll-like prettiness. And this woman's playing is as unemotional as her music. Composers, in playing their own pieces, often show a lack of the necessary technical skill, but more than atone for this by bringing out details of expression that escaped other performers. This is not true in the case of Mme. Chaminade; she plays neither like a virtuoso nor like a composer. It is a singular phenomenon. But her tour is an assured success.

There are indications that women will some day monopolize chamber music performances. One of the most successful—and deservedly successful—organizations in the country is the Olive Mead Quartet, consisting of four young women who are busy every day of the season, travelling from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Adele Margulies Trio has a woman at the piano, and last Sunday a new organization, the Maud Powell Trio, had its first hearing at Hermann Klein's popular concerts. The pianist, Miss Anne Ford, was new to the local public, but Miss Powell and Miss May Mukle are among the local favorites, and to hear them together, especially in a novelty by Schuett entitled "Walzermärchen," was a treat.

The Hess-Schroeder String Quartet will give a series of three chamber music concerts in Mendelssohn Hall, in this city, on the evenings of January 14, February 10, and March 3. The quartet is also to give concerts in Boston during the season. No tours will be made by this organization until April, when it will make a four weeks' trip in the Middle West.

One of the most important publications of the autumn will be the fifth and final volume of Thayer's Life of Beethoven. It is based on material collected by Thayer, worked out by Hermann Deiters, and put into final shape by Dr. Hugo Riemann. The volume covers the years 1824-1827. The publishers are Breitkopf & Härtel. Other impending publications by this house are Liszt's correspondence with Carl Alexander, Grand Duke of Saxony, and the third and last volume of Litzmann's biography of Clara Schumann.

Prof. Paul Kleinert, a veteran of the theological faculty in the University of Berlin, in his new volume, "Musik und Religion: Gottesdienst und Volksfeier" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), discusses the relation of music to the hymnology of the church and to popular song, and especially the services rendered by music to religion.

Art.

Sir Christopher Wren. By Lena Milman. Pp. xii.+367; 64 illustrations. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

In every country of Europe the renaissance in architecture, as for that matter the renaissance in literature, has a history of its own. Gothic died hard, and in proportion as it was rooted in the soil, left its traces upon the new pseudo-antique. In Italy and in Spain Gothic was a precarious exotic, and the deracination was easy. The French chateaux, down to Francis I., attest how hard the native architecture died there, and how building was Italianized only by a superficial decorative application to fabrics still essentially native. England had followed France through the mediæval development at the respectful distance of from a generation to a century, and in the same manner followed the new Continental fashion. To the ordinary reader it seems that Wren was the pivot of the transformation from the architecture of craftsmanship to the architecture of formula, and that the importation of classic, like the contemporaneous Gallicization of English literature, was the result of the Restoration. But this is far from being the case. From the death of Henry VIII. to the accession of Charles I. was only eighty years. But the interval had sufficed to complete the transformation through the transitions of Elizabethan and Jacobean. Inigo Jones, brought back to his native land in the train of Anne of Denmark a quarter of a century before Wren was born, was already, by dint of his Italian studies, as convinced a classicist as Sir William Chambers. Wren, however, as court architect—"Surveyor-General of the King's Works"—at the time of the clean sweep of the great fire of London, had probably the most extensive professional opportunity that ever fell to the lot of a single architect. He found the British capital Gothic, and he left it classic. But the battle of the styles, so far as there had been any battle between native craftsmanship and imported scholarship, was lost and won before his time. "Gothick," in his mouth or on his pen, was a badge not only of "bad taste," but of barbarity.

Wren had undergone no apprenticeship in architecture. He designed nothing before he was thirty. He was properly a *cognoscento*, a dilettante. "There I found Dr. Wren and several virtuosos looking upon the paintings," reports Pepys in 1668. The present biographer, writing of him as an undergraduate, notes:

> Among the scanty information we have concerning this period of Christopher Wren's life, there is not a hint or suggestion of any leaning towards art.

Wren was, in fact, rather a scientist than an artist. Mathematics, extending to mechanics on the one side and astronomy on the other, absorbed him. Pepys, again, in 1669, sets down:

> This morning I did visit Mr. Oldenburg and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr. Wren; and the sight of this do please me mightily.

Appointed to the Gresham professorship of astronomy at twenty-four, and transferred to the Savillian university professorship, warmly praised by Newton as a geometrician, president of the Royal Society, Wren would have been memorable among British worthies if he had built nothing. It was before he had built anything that Isaac Barrow, in language that did not seem hyperbolical to the Oxford of that day, described him as "once a prodigy of a boy, now a miracle of a man."

But, of course, it is Wren's work as an architect that is to justify another biography of him at this day. Lives of architects which are worth writing at all are worth writing over since photography came to let the reader see upon what the claims of the subjects are founded. The material available in this case has been judiciously sifted, and is very well presented. It is hardly to be supposed that any architectural pilgrim will visit all even of the memorable works of Wren that survive, in Ireland as well as in England, at Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Greenwich, as well as in London. The present biographer has an advantage in being at once a devoted admirer of her subject and a churchwoman of the kind to which, as a rule, the works of Wren are anathema. "We cannot all feel warmly towards Wesley or Laud," observes Stevenson. She manages to feel warmly towards Laud, and the execution of Charles is always "the treason of Whitehall." And yet, in the same breath, as it were, the restoration of the north transept of Westminster from what Wren made of it, becomes vandalism. The biography relieves Wren's memory of the common ascription to him of the west front of the abbey, as we know it. Doubtless, Wren's contempt for Gothic proceeded from a deep ignorance and from an insensibility that he shared with his contemporaries. There is a dreadful example of his Gothic at Warwick. But it is reassuring to learn that this particular outrage he did not commit. The illustrations include not only the monuments which posterity is challenged, as in the case of the most famous of them, to "circumspect," but also some quite unpretentious and unfamiliar works. As to these, it is curious to note how modern they look. If one were not told, one would take them for rather humdrum examples of Georgian; or, on this side of the Atlantic, "colonial." Upon the whole, the biography justifies itself. It was well worth doing, and it is well done.

The title of "The House Dignified: Its Design, Its Arrangement, and Its Decoration," by Lillie Hamilton French (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is evidently a variant for that trite phrase, "The House Beautiful." But "The House Swell" seems to be rather what the writer had in mind, or, to use an adjective which she overworks, "The House Important." For the humble dweller in the suburbs, who resorts to his weekly or his monthly for "Hints on Household Taste," will discover at a glance that this volume was never meant for the likes of him. One of George Ade's heroes was advised that the duty of a man who had nothing to do, and was "all clogged up with funds," was to build a country house "and work up features for the Sunday papers." To that young man and that young man's wife this work is dedicated. It is to tell them how they may defy a much more exacting criticism than that of the omnivorous writer for the Sunday papers. The path, indeed, is plain enough. Out of the 75 original illustrations, including European examples, mainly from Fontainebleau and Versailles, 21 represent the work of one firm of architects; and no fewer than 14 show the possessions of one owner, seven being of his town house, and seven of his country house. The moral for the conscientious but distrustful millionaire is tolerably obvious. But the author is careful to explain that money will not do it all. Neither, apparently, will the choice of an architect. The Thoughtful Spender must cudgel his own brains, under the penalty of being found wanting in the estimation of a severe and austere critic, who takes these things with the solemnity of a Hebrew prophet, and is strict to mark iniquity, though, of course, in general terms and without personality.

"Rugs: Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern," by Rosa Belle Holt (A. C.

McClurg & Co.), has been issued in a revised and enlarged edition, with thirty-four full-page illustrations, twelve in color, and a map of the Orient. When the book first appeared it was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of November 14, 1901 (p. 383). We then said:

For one who knows nothing of Oriental carpets, to whom Persian, Turkish, Caucasian are but names, who cannot distinguish handmade and machine work, the book is a mine of information. It is, in fact, written for the ignorant but interested public, who are many, and not for the carpet students, who are few. Its importance and worth lie in its putting together in convenient form, systematically and with accuracy, a large amount of practical knowledge on a subject which hitherto, with rare exceptions, has been treated in large expensive publications, often in a foreign language.

Since 1901 a number of other works on the subject have appeared; and in this new edition the author gives us "the results of recent investigations made in the United States, in the art centres of Europe, and in the Orient." The volume is handsomely printed and well indexed.

In Pagasæ, on the Gulf of Volo, in Thessaly, where the Archæological Society of Athens is engaged in research, two towers were recently laid bare, one dating from the fifth pre-Christian century, and the other probably from the first. The latter was built entirely of tombstones which evidently had once stood along the road leading to it. Unlike stones of this sort, which generally have reliefs or inscriptions on the front, these bear colored pictures, like those found near Saida, several years ago, marking the spot where Greek mercenary soldiers were buried. The number of such stones found at Pagasæ is more than a thousand, and many are well preserved. Photographic reproductions of some of these finds have recently been published in the *Ephemeris,* and a solid volume, with complete tablets in colors, is to be issued by the Archæological Society in Athens under the editorship of E. Gilliéron,

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water Color Club will hold under their joint management an exhibition of orignal work in water color, black and white, pastel, drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, and illustrations in whatever medium, November 23 to December 20. The jury of selection consists of Hugh H. Breckenridge, William S. Robinson, Colin Campbell Cooper, William L. Lathrop, George Walton Dawson, and James Henry Moser.

The Autumn Salon at Paris, begun a few years ago as an experiment, seems to have been accepted as an accomplished fact. This autumn, as usual, the exhibition has been eked out by a retrospective part and a foreign section—Finnish paintings. And there is a bit of sculpture and considerable decorative art. Of the contemporary painters, some are not so young or unknown. Maurice Denis, who for nearly twenty years has been a delight of the Nationale, shows a History of Psyche, made up of great decorative panels, full of nude grace, amid the charm of tender-tinted sky and water, mountain, trees, and flowers. He has already done important work from orders in Germany; and the present series is for a dining room in Moscow. René Piot exhibits another important piece of decoration, for a mortuary hall, in three divisions, Requiescat—In Pace—Miserere Mei. This artist has studied the old fresco masters in Pisa and Florence and Naples for many years. His work is the true fresco painting, meant to be executed on the wall surface, and not pasted on it. The Rest is that of eternal springtime; the Peace is the forgetfulness of the tomb; Mercy is craved for the mortal sins, pride domineering. Maufra has a great marine painting, ordered by the French state to adorn the wall of some public building. The immense advance in quality and variety of French mural painting is due to this buying public at home and abroad—for public buildings and sumptuous residences, with a church or chapel thrown in between. Some of the younger artists have surprisingly good and new work, along with direct insults to eyes and understanding. Such is Henri Matisse, who forgets that beholders are not all fools, and that it is not necessary to do differently from all other artists. The exhibits of foreign artists are in many cases pleasing. John Lavery of Glasgow has a portrait of Pauline Chase as Joan of Arc. The work of the Finnish painters is interesting, and often shows great technical skill; but the paintings are singularly unbeautiful. The figures are of a people without heaviness, but without grace. The landscapes are of dazzling snows or long, strained twilights. The retrospective sections consist of a few samples of El Greco; of forgotten engravers and designers, who deserved better fate, Bresdin and Chifflart; and a complete representation, some 175 works, of all different ages and manners of one painter whose place in historic art is assured—Monticelli. Monticelli will be finally known as a sort of Watteau of the Second Empire—courtly figures in falbalas, painted, not drawn, with what has since been named impressionism, and colored like the landscapes of Diaz. At the Exposition of 1900 a few superb works of Monticelli (who died in 1886) were a revelation to many. It is not probable that any other collection of his works will be made as complete as the present; but, wherever found, they have been shown to be worth studying in the order of time of their painting. They leave permanent impressions of life and nature during the years when France glided from romantic poetry and Corot to the splendors of Imperial country life under Eugénie, with imaginations of Francis the First and his ladies.

The pictures and art objects of Charles Séguin have been left as a bequest to the Louvre. The Museum is to choose from his collection such objects as seem desirable up to the value of a million francs.

The Merwin Clayton Sales Company of this city holds its first auction November 9. The offering will be a collection of Japanese prints, each signed.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts has awarded two prizes to *pensionnaires* of the Villa Médicis at Rome—the Prix Santour to M. Bussières, an engraver, and the Prix Henner to Jean-André-Édouard Monchablon, a painter.

From Rouen comes the report of the death of Edmond Lebel, honorary conservator of the picture gallery of that city. M. Lebel was born at Amiens in 1834, and studied under Coignet. He was one of the first to introduce engravings into provincial museums, and made the museum at Rouen notable in this respect.

Finance.

LEGENDS OF THE PANIC.

Last Saturday was the anniversary of what economic history will hereafter describe as the "panic day." October 24, 1907, now seems as far in the past as July 26, 1893, September 20, 1873, and October 13, 1857. No event of such far-reaching significance ever occurs without producing a mass of legend. What may be called the folk-lore of a panic is created in the same way as other kinds of folk-lore; namely, through efforts of the ignorant to explain, in a way that appeals to their own imagination, phenomena which they cannot understand. We do not have to go far to find such survivals from earlier panics. Mr. Taft's naïve talk in South Dakota, about the way in which the tariff bill of July, 1894, caused the panic of July, 1893, is a case in point, but it is not the only one. Bryan and "Coin's Financial School" in 1896 told us how the Money Power personally caused the panic of 1893 in order to punish Free Silver and rivet the hold of the Great Gold Conspiracy—a legend which had a vogue even wider than the story of 1873, that "London" deliberately brought on the panic to punish America for growing into so dangerous a competitor.

Naturally, those other legends of secret powers of darkness in the circles of High Finance, who pursue their enemy and crush him, even though a panic be necessary for the purpose, are always present. Wall Street itself knew all about this in 1893 and 1873, and it was almost superfluous for a New York newspaper to revive last week the tale that the panic of 1907 was the engine used by T. F. Ryan to crush his competitors in the street-car field, by E. H. Harriman to get possession of the Georgia Central Railway, and by J. P. Morgan to grasp the Tennessee Coal Company for the Steel Trust. The panic of 1907 has, in fact, an unusually full crop of legends. The notion of a "Roosevelt panic" seems not to have passed into folk-lore; even the simple-minded see the absurdity of supposing that people ran the banks because of the Railway Rate law and the fine on the Standard Oil. But the floor of Congress has heard at least one legend, told with the detail of a Grimm, as to the origin of the trouble last October. Senator La Follette—"proprement nommé," a caustic Paris financial critic remarked, in reviewing the incident—was the authority, last March, for the tale of one hundred millionaires who cornered $500,000,000 cash, precipitated the panic, and then doled out their money at exorbitant interest. People who

think that the Wisconsin statesman's dream is not an article of faith in thousands of humble minds, know little of after-panic legend.

Yet even La Follette's fairy tale had a basis in Wall Street gossip. If not five hundred million dollars, then at least twenty-five millions, were suddenly, as the phrase ran, "thrown into the Stock Exchange" at the instance of Mr. Morgan, when the strain was at its worst. Where had Mr. Morgan been hiding that money, and why? One heard this question often enough, within a stone's throw of Trinity Church. Serious and unimaginative people might reply: what happened at noon on October 24, 1907, was the representation by the president of the Stock Exchange, to the Clearing House committee, that relief must be had at once; that the banks were themselves in unwarranted panic; and that, with $250,000,000 cash still in their vaults, and with reserves barely down to 25 per cent. of deposits, it was their duty to grant credit where it was so desperately needed. Then came the assent of the banks, and the consequent entrusting of the Morgan banking house with the duty of lending $25,000,000 for their account on the Stock Exchange. All this may be recited, and it explains the facts; but how little appeal it makes to the instinct of the picturesque, as compared with La Follette's account! Even in sober history, the report that the Bank of England, in the panic of 1825, applied the Bullion Committee's rule of discounting freely in the crisis, competes very poorly with the tradition of the paying teller who discovered a dusty and forgotten box of one-pound notes in the bank's secret vaults, and used them to save Lombard Street.

Last of all, it would be interesting to learn just how large a portion of the general public still believes that the panic of 1907 was stopped wholly by the personal intervention of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, and how many believe that the Treasury's announcement of its "plan of relief" on November 17, was the cause of the subsequent recovery by the banks. It is not impossible that both these notions will figure hereafter in financial history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Actors' Birthday Book: Second Series. Johnson Briscoe. Moffat. $2 net.

Addison, Julia De Wolf. Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages. Boston: L. C. Page. $3.

Aked, Charles F. Old Events and Modern Meanings: And Other Sermons. Revell $1.25 net.

American Playgrounds: Their Construction, Equipment, Maintenance, and Utility. Edited by Everett B. Mero. Boston: American Gymnasia Co.

Anderson, Frank Maloy. The Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France, 1789-1907. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.

Bailey, H. C. The God of Clay. Brentano's. $1.50.

Bainbridge, Oliver. The Devil's Note Book. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Bloomfield, J. K. The Oneidas. Alden Bros.

Boileau-Despreaux, Nicolas. Satires, Épîtres et l'Art Poétique. Putnam. $1 net.

Boswell, C. S. An Irish Precursor of Dante: A Study on the Vision of Heaven and Hell ascribed to the Eighth-Century Irish Saint Adamaán. London: David Nutt.

Brazilian Year Book. First Issue—1908. Edited by J. P. Wileman. G. R. Fairbanks.

Bulloch, John Malcolm. The Gay Gordons: Some Strange Adventures of a Famous Scots Family. London: Chapman & Hall.

Carey, Rosa Nouchette. The Sunny Side of the Hill. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Chandler, Walter M. The Trial of Jesus: From a Lawyer's Standpoint. 2 vols. Empire Publishing Co.

Chapman, Dom John. Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels. Henry Frowde.

Collyer, Robert. Some Memories. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.25 net.

Cornwallis-West, Mrs. George. The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Century.

Cradle of the Rose, The. By the Author of The Martyrdom of an Empress. Harper. $1.50 net.

Creasy, Sir Edward. The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, From Marathon to Waterloo. Harper. $1.25.

Dalrymple, Julia. The Make-Believe Boys. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.

Davies, William H. Nature Poems: And Others. London: A. C. Fifield.

Deutsch, Gotthard. Israel Bruna: An Historical Tragedy in Five Acts. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Dobson, Austin. De Libris: Prose and Verse. Macmillan. $1.50.

Donworth, Grace. The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Ewing, J. A. The Mechanical Production of Gold. Putnam. $3.25

Ewyn, Janan. Memories of Cuba: and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Ferrero, Guglielmo. The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Vol. III. The Fall of an Aristocracy. Putnam.

Flexner, Abraham. The American College: A Criticism. Century. $1 net.

Foster, Maximilian. Corrie Who? Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Gale, Zona. Friendship Village. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

George, William. The Law of Apartments, Flats and Tenements. Fallon Law Book Co. $4.

Gowen, Herbert H. The Revelation of "The Things that Are": An Exposition of Revelation IV. and V. Whittaker 50 cents net.

Grimshaw, Beatrice. Vaiti of the Islands. Wessels. $1.50.

Hamlin, Myra Sawyer. Persis Putnam's Treasure. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

Hartmann, Sadakichi. Schopenhauer in the Air: Twelve Stories. Rochester: Stylus Publishing Co.

Herbert, George. A Priest to the Temple: or, The Country Parson, His Character and Rule of Holy Life. Whittaker. 75 cents net.

Hichens, Robert. Egypt and Its Monuments. Illustrated by Jules Guérin. Century. $6 net.

Hornaday, William T. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Scribner. $3 net.

Hough, Emerson. The Young Alaskans. Harper. $1.25.

Howells, W. D. Roman Holidays and Others. Harper. $3 net.

Hutchinson, Woods. Instinct and Health. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.

Hyde, William De Witt. Abba Father: Or, The Religion of Everyday Life. Revell. 50 cts. net.

Jackson, Gabrielle E. Little Miss Cricket at School. Appleton. $1.25.

Jackson, Gabrielle E. The Dawn of Womanhood. Revell. $1.25 net.

Jackson, Holbrook. William Morris, Craftsman—Socialist. London: A. C. Fifield.

Jevons, Frank Byron. Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Johnson, Clifton. Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast. Macmillan. $2 net.

Jones, John P. India: Its Life and Thought. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Jones, Plummer F. Shamrock-Land: A Ramble Through Ireland. Moffat $2 net.

Jordan, David Starr. The Higher Sacrifice. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.

Jordan, Elizabeth. Many Kingdoms. Harper. $1.50.

Judge West's Opinion: Reported by a Neighbor. Revell $1 net.

Keating, George. History of Ireland. Vols. II. and III. Edited, with translation and notes, by Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen. London: David Nutt.

Keeler, Lucy Elliot. If I Were a Boy. Revell. $1 net.

Keller, Helen. The World I Live In. Century. $1.20 net.

Kerr, Estelle M. Little Sam in Volendam. Moffat.

Kinross, Albert. Joan of Garioch. Macmillan. $1.50.

Knott, Cargill Gilston. The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena. Henry Frowde.

Kummer, Friedrich. Deutsche Literaturgeschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Lemcke & Buechner.

Lancaster, G. B. The Altar Stairs. Doubleday. $1.50.

Laughlin, Clara E. The Lady in Gray. Revell. 50 cts. net.

Lille, Alain de. The Complaint of Nature. Translated from the Latin by Douglas M. Moffat. Holt.

Lodge, Sir Oliver. Science and Immortality. Moffat. $2 net.

Lothman, Daniel W. Latin Lessons for Beginners. Ginn. 90 cents.

Low, Will H. A Chronicle of Friendships. Scribner. $3 net.

Lynch, Major Charles. American National Red Cross Text-Book on First Aid and Relief Columns. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $1. net.

McLeod, Malcolm James. A Comfortable Faith. Revell $1 net.

March, John Lewis. A Theory of Mind. Scribner. $2 net.

Marden, Orison Swett. He Can Who Thinks He Can: and Other Papers on Success in Life. Crowell. $1 net.

Millikan, Robert Andrews, and Mills, John. A Short University Course in Electricity, Sound, and Light. Ginn. $2.

Milton, Wm. H. The Cure of Souls; Or, Christ's Treatment of the Individual. Whittaker. $1 net.

Mitchell, S. Weir. The Red City: A Novel of the Second Administration of President Washington. Century. $1.50.

Müller, Margarethe. Carla Wenckebach, Pioneer. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25 net.

Olmsted, Stanley. The Emotionalist: The Romance of an Awakening to Temperament. Appleton. $1.50.

Oxford English Dictionary, Vol. VI. Movement—Myz. By Henry Bradley. Henry Frowde.

Page, Thomas Nelson. Robert E. Lee, The Southerner. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Pauer, Ernst. Musical Forms. Boston: Oliver Ditson. 75 cts.

Paul-Dubois, L. Contemporary Ireland. Baker and Taylor Co.

Peters, Madison C. Sermons That Won the Masses. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents.

Petit-Dutaillis, Charles. Studies and Notes Supplementary to Stubbs' Constitutional History: Down to the Great Charter. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

Pisani, P. L'Église de Paris et la Révolution. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Virgin in Judgment. Moffat. $1.50.

Preyer, David C. The Art of the Netherland Galleries. Boston: L. C. Page. $2. net.

Putnam, G. R. Nautical Charts. John Wiley & Sons.

Randolph, Althea. Jeannie's Journal: Or First Year at Boarding School. Bonnell, Silver. $1.

Reichardt, Rudolf. Die deutschen Teste in Sitte und Brauch. Lemcke & Buechner.

Rhodes, Joseph. The English-Esperanto Dictionary. Revell $2 net.

Rosenthal, A. The Differences Between the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party. 10 cents.

Rust, Lieut.-Commander Armistead. Ex-Meridian Altitude, Azimuth and Star-Finding Tables. John Wiley & Sons.
Shortt, Adam. Lord Sydenham. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Captain Thomas A. Scott, Master Diver. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 60 cents net.
Sons of the Puritans: A Group of Brief Biographies. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.50 net.
Stenton, Frank Merry. William the Conqueror and the Rule of the Normans. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, and the Miscellaneous Papers written between 1843 and 1847; Yellowplush Papers and Early Miscellanies; Paris Sketch Book and Art Criticisms. Henry Frowde.
Thomas, Augustus. The Witching Hour. Harper. $1.50.
Treasury of Verse for Little Children. Selected by M. G. Edgar. Croweli. $2.50.
Tuttle, Hudson. Arcana of Nature. Stillman Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Van Buren, James H. Sermons That Have Helped. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Vincent, E. A Modern Judas: and Other Rhymes. London: Kegan, Paul.
Weale, B. L. Putnam. The Forbidden Boundary: and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.50.
Wells, H. G. The War in the Air. Macmillan. $1.50.
White, Frederick. Bill: A Cheerful Dog. Moffat.
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Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, The. Edited by Marion Mills Miller. Wessels. 50 cents.

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The Week.

The return of Gov. Hughes has been in many ways the most gratifying result of the election. Whatever doubts honest men might feel as to the relative merits of Taft and Bryan, whatever misgivings as to the prospect of securing a comprehensive measure of tariff reduction from a Republican administration, there has been no question as to the fitness of Mr. Hughes to be Governor of New York. We need not dwell on his brilliant record at Albany. It is a tribute to his courage and integrity that he was opposed by all the worst elements of both parties. The gamblers and the stock-jobbers struck hands with the machine politicians, Republican and Democratic, in a desperate effort to defeat the one man whom they fear. The returns from the State indicate that Murphy, McCarren, and Conners, hopeless of carrying New York for Bryan, devoted all their energy to Chanler. But over this whole army of evil the Governor has signally triumphed. By a direct appeal to the moral convictions of the electorate, he rallied to his support the intelligent, high-minded voters, and these, we are thankful to say, still form a strong working majority. Thus the Governor goes back to Albany mightier than ever, irresistible, as we trust, in his advocacy of reform of the primaries, reform of the ballot, and other measures that shall weaken the influence of the bosses and the corrupt elements behind them, and shall fortify the principles of representative government.

President Roosevelt's last appointment of a general in the regular army has attracted but slight attention, probably because the choice is so good. He selected Col. Frederick A. Smith, little known outside the army, but within it rated as an officer of unusual attainments and of long and valuable, if quiet, service. The army had grown anxious lest the President should select for advancement some captain whom he met in Cuba. It is only fair to say, however, that the President's last six or seven nominations have indicated a proper desire to recognize the older men. None the less, since it is the unusual which always provokes comment, Mr. Roosevelt will be remembered for a long time in the army as the President who was responsible for the appointment as generals of Capt. Albert Mills, Capt. John J. Pershing, Major Bliss, and Major Duval, and who approved of the advancement to major-general of his personal friend, Leonard Wood. The latter, it should be said, has endeavored to make up for his deficiences in education by hard work and by ceaseless professional activity. Against promotions of this kind the army protested so loudly that they came to an end just two years ago with the advancement of Capt. Pershing, whose chief title to fame is still the fact that he is son-in-law of the chairman of the Senate Military Committee. Such erratic appointments are extremely demoralizing; and the army will look upon Mr. Taft's election as insuring quiet, steady, and sensible development.

The Secretary of the Navy having removed the ban of silence placed upon all officers who attended the recent conference at Newport, it now appears that many of the defects in the new battleships North Dakota and Delaware, alleged by the younger officers, were acknowledged to exist, but that the ships were so far along as to make far-reaching alterations impossible. The conference also hesitated about making changes in the Florida and Utah, on the ground that such action would require a complete redrawing of the plans. So these monsters will take the water admittedly defective and behind the times. But that will not prevent the Navy Department from declaring that civilian criticism of such matters is false and ignorant. This little game will go on until there is a clean sweep in the Navy Department and a complete reorganization. The wonder grows that such a reformer and navy specialist as Theodore Roosevelt has never had time or interest to undertake this pressing task.

When some "experienced" Western lumbermen recently testified that most of the talk about the depletion of our forests is nonsense, they found few believers. Even that small following will dwindle when the United States Forest Service has circulated its latest special report, wherein is made manifest the inferiority of experience to statistics. The bulletin announces:

> We are now cutting timber from the forests of the United States at the rate of 500 feet, board measure, a year for every man, woman, and child. In Europe they use only 60 board feet.

Not even the most cheerful American lumberman pretends that our country is planting new trees as systematically as the Old World. At best, it is urged that second growth often takes care of itself, and that the supply of standing timber is far greater than lay investigators suppose. The enormous difference, however, between the American and European rate of consumption destroys the value of these assurances; for, whether or not there is danger of total exhaustion of the supply of virgin timber within thirty years, as has been estimated, there is certainly wanton prodigality. Only competent regulation can offset such extravagance.

Mr. Hearst's last batch of letters, read on Saturday night, reveal John D. Archbold as corrupting the press. Not that Mr. Archbold would recognize his activities by that name. He undoubtedly felt that he was performing a patriotic duty in subscribing $5,000 to the *Southern Farm Magazine*. It advocated things which he regarded as of vital interest to the nation, and to the Standard Oil. Then there was the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*. This offender has long opposed the educational campaign in the South, the movement to suppress child labor, and other enlightened policies. But it has been strong for the tariff, and the vested interests everywhere, and so it was well worth a year's subscription of $3,000. And *Gunton's Magazine!* No one but Mr. Archbold ever dreamed that it was worth $5,000 a year to anybody. The next step proposed by that obsequious friend of the Standard Oil, former Congressman Sibley, was to obtain "a permanent and healthy control of the Associated Press and other avenues" of publicity. With that in its power, Mr. Archbold and Mr.

Rockefeller would be largely freed from such criticism as has irritated them for several years past. But such control would have been a terrible blow at the final bulwark of the American people.

The new Massachusetts savings bank, insurance, and annuity system progresses steadily. Since the Whitman Savings Bank opened its insurance and annuity department in June last, the Bridgewater Savings Bank and the Ludlow Savings Bank have become its agents in their localities. The People's Savings Bank in Brockton, the great shoe town, opens its own insurance department this week. It is through private agencies, however, that the real extension is looked for. Twenty-one business houses have become agents of the Whitman Savings Bank, or have made applications for permission to be its agents. Some of these concerns are of first-rate importance, among them the Regal Shoe Company, the Phelps Publishing Company, and the American Hide and Leather Company. Among the philanthropic organizations appointed agents are South End House, the People's Institute, and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. One of the largest department stores is advertising its readiness to take premiums for policies, and the Boston Central Labor Union has also become an agent. The labor men in Boston have been quick to see the advantages of the system, and it is proposed that eventually every union shall become an agent. Thus, it is evident that the experiment, while still plainly an experiment, becomes increasingly worth watching.

In the announcement of the Boston *Herald* that it has abandoned its Sunday "comic supplement," there lies a faint hope that American journalism may yet rid itself of a disgrace. A distinct movement against these colored supplements has for some time been noticeable. Educational conferences have resolved against them. Meetings of mothers have protested that their influence is degrading, and have called upon newspapers to discontinue them. Such public objection has been gathering force and volume; and it is in obedience, the *Herald* says, to the appeals of parents and teachers that it has resolved to banish "the clown of the newspaper establishment." Clownish and vulgar, the colored "comics" undeniably are. It is a reproach to our civilization that they should have been allowed to swarm over the land. They are a glory all our own. No other journalism has anything like them. They leave visiting foreigners aghast. For the reproach inevitably runs beyond the individual editor or journal, and is an impeachment of the taste and even common sense of the whole country. Who has not seen intelligent Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen completely puzzled by the Sunday "comic"? It is a phenomenon which they cannot in the least understand. They meet Americans freely, and find that they are not so different from other peoples. The average of our taste and manners does not strike them as extraordinarily low; and they are even ready to compliment us, until they see the Sunday supplements! Then they ask if Americans are really grown up, if they are really educated, if they really ever discriminate between what is childish and what is mature, what is tawdry and what is excellent. Material which in no other country in the world would be offered to anybody but infants or idiots, is here gravely thrust upon presumably intelligent readers, and hailed as a great advance in journalism!

We are familiar with the defence of the Sunday comic. It is alleged that the comic supplements always embody "pure morals"! It is said, too, that children require picture-writing of a glaring sort, and the quiet intimation is that most purchasers of the newspapers having Sunday comics are children intellectually. As a matter of fact, we believe, the majority of people throw away the colored supplements along with other rubbish. They regard them as a freak which may possibly interest vacant-minded housemaids or a casual coal-heaver, but which can appeal to no sensible person. A kind of false and hollow prestige has been artificially created about the Sunday comic, which a careful investigation of the facts would, we believe, entirely shatter. The experiment of the Boston *Herald* will therefore be watched with interest. That journal may find that it will gain in prosperity as well as in self-respect by ceasing to affront the taste of its intelligent patrons. The question rests ultimately with the public. Why should Americans tolerate, or patronize, a form of witless and vulgar journalism which could exist nowhere else in the world? The complaint is almost universal that American Sunday newspapers are too bulky. When they seriously set about reducing their dropsical proportions, they cannot make a better beginning than by cutting away the so-called comic supplements, which are really more tragic than comic, and more barbaric than either.

The detailed figures of the general election in Canada emphasize a fact of which the Laurier government has been cognizant since the autumn of 1905—a fact which explains why Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, were so confident that, in spite of the well-grounded charges of corruption in the Liberal party, the Conservatives would not come into office as a result of the appeal to the constituencies. The returns, taken province by province, show that the farming population of Canada would not give its support to a political party that was pledged to higher duties than those in the tariff of 1906. Three years ago, when the Tariff Commission visited each of the provinces, its members—Messrs. Fielding, Paterson, and Brodeur—were not long in discovering that where the farmers are well organized in farmers' and grain-growers' associations there was the most strenuous opposition to any new concessions to the protected manufacturers of Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia. These organizations are strong in the three prairie provinces, in Ontario, and also in Prince Edward Island; and when the Tariff Commissioners held their public sessions in the centres of population, representatives of the farmers' associations and the granges never failed to put in an appearance. From Calgary in the west to Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island, the case of these farmer delegates, when they came before the Commission, was the same. They were disappointed that the Liberals, between 1897 and 1905, had not carried out the fiscal pledges in the Ottawa Liberal Programme of 1893; they were displeased at the curtailment of the preference on British woollens, made at the instance of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1904; they were hostile to the

bounty system for the iron and steel industry; and they were emphatic in their opposition to any higher duties on imports from the United States.

Many duties were slightly increased at the revision of 1906. There were also numerous inroads on the British preference; but in response to the demands of the farmers' associations some small reductions were made in the duties on agricultural implements. Generally, however, the changes in 1906 were in favor of the manufacturers; and the changes would have been more numerous and of more value to the protected interests, had it not been for the organized opposition of the farmers. It was obvious to any one who followed the public proceedings which preceded the revision of 1906, that the Laurier government went just as far as it dared in making concessions to the protected manufacturers, and also to the bounty-supported iron and steel industries of Nova Scotia and Ontario. But Borden and Foster, the leaders of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, failed to realize where the rural voters of the Dominion stood. Borden and Foster committed themselves and their followers in Parliament to the abolition of the British preference, and to a tariff against the United States as high as Haman's gallows. This policy gained them a couple of seats in Halifax and a seat in Hamilton; but in rural Canada they made no gains.

The longer the German Emperor's "blazing indiscretion" is studied, the more incomprehensible appears his motive. International indiscretions usually turn out to the advantage of some country, or to the furtherance of some policy, but in this case William II appears to have offended everybody and to have gained no conceivable end. In his own Empire, nothing which he has ever done has brought such general disapproval upon him. If he thought to smooth down English public sentiment, his mistake seems just as huge, for the outcry and suspicion of all things German, which have so long marked certain newspapers in England, have been distinctly heightened by the Kaiser's awkward attempt to show that his policy has been pro-British. As for France and Russia, his revelation of their secret diplomatic attitude during the Boer war, has plainly provoked bad feeling, not to say rage. The inevitable effect is to bind closer their *entente* with England, instead of breaking it, as some thought the Emperor's intention to be. Yet it is at home that he will have to face the most serious consequences of his blunder. Von Bülow's proffered resignation shows clearly that the Chancellor perceives the demand of the German people that somebody be punished for a false step which has so hurt the national pride. At the meeting of the Reichstag this week unpleasant questions are certain to be asked, and the whole problem of ministerial responsibility may be raised in acuter form than ever. For a ruler who, whatever his faults of impulsiveness and vainglory, has been supposed at least to know his people well, the German Emperor's gross misreading of public opinion in his own country is certainly extraordinary.

Diplomacy never appeared to better advantage than in smoothing out the Balkan difficulties. For a time it certainly looked as if the prophets of war were at last going to be justified, so sudden and grave were the complications. Hostilities might so easily have been precipitated on the side of either Turkey or Austria, Bulgaria or Servia. But a little time and much patience and an exchange of views among the great Powers, have wrought marvels. It is now certain that there will be a European conference to pass upon the whole question, and the programme for it is nearing an agreement. The speech which the Austrian Foreign Minister made last week puts his country in a more reasonable attitude. Austria is now willing to have the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina discussed at the conference, to be sure as an "accomplished fact," but still as a step entitling Turkey to compensation or fresh guarantees. This puts Baron von Aehrenthal in line with the agreement between Russia and England, already announced, and also, in general, with the understanding reached by the Russian Foreign Minister, Mr. Isvolsky, during his visit to Paris. The whole negotiation is a fine example of what can be done in constituting an international tribunal to settle international disputes peacefully, instead of flying to arms to seek a settlement which settles nothing.

There has recently ended at Rome an international congress which was of great interest. The King and the Italian Colonial Institute conceived and executed the scheme of banding together Italians the world over for advancement of their common welfare. One thinks at once of the Pan-Germanic League, the Pan-Slavic, the Pan-Islamic movements, their fanatical race hatred, and imperialistic programmes. Pan-Italianism has only decadent Latin ideals, to wit, peace, prosperity, and culture. The delegates, who came from half a hundred lands, studied the laws of countries with Italian communities, in the hope of protecting Italians, particularly against military service and disfranchisement. They devised plans for installing, wherever there is an Italian quarter of any size, a friendly representative who shall organize clubs, warn against impostors and be socially useful. They struggled with the regulation of emigration, with the idea eventually of blacklisting countries, towns, and employers that treat Italians ill, of making return to the fatherland easy by selling cheap transportation, and of establishing a world-wide labor bureau, with government aid. They suggested the distribution of Dante and Petrarch over-sea, and the teaching of their tongue in the schools of the *stranieri*. And, to hasten the realization of their plans, it was proposed to hold an exposition three years hence, for the display of Italian emigrants' industry and culture. These are great aspirations, perhaps too great ever to be satisfied, but there is nothing in them which need disturb the most timid diplomat. Not even the most ardent *congressista* hinted at political aggrandizement, and the congress opened with explicit disavowals of that aim. How much more profitable than older kinds this modest nationalism is to the mother country, the world is witness. Italy is not spending millions in building up colonies; she lets her sons pay their own way; sends them only a few consuls, advisers, teachers, and books, and sees her banks flooded with deposits from abroad, her spaghetti and chianti exporters worked to distraction, and an army of travellers returning home for vacation to spend a year's savings. Let us allow amply for racial differences; the contrast still reads the Imperialist a sermon.

THE DEFEAT OF MR. BRYAN.

The overwhelming defeat of Mr. Bryan cannot be accepted as an unqualified endorsement of the Republican party and its policies: it is rather a sign that a reassuring majority of our citizens entertain a wholesome distrust of the fluent agitator with his cheap panaceas. In spite of corruption in the Republican organization, the electorate has turned to Mr. Taft as more likely to conduct the government firmly and steadily in a troublous time. Both candidates are men of attractive personal qualities, and on this score there was practically no choice. But Mr. Bryan has been unable to convince the country that he possesses that clearness of mind, soundness of judgment, and executive capacity which are the indispensable qualities of a good President. The people have not forgiven him his advocacy of free silver and of government ownership of railways—not because either of these policies is at present a menace, but because his adherence to them is evidence of the ineradicable mental traits of a visionary. The progress of this campaign—as in 1896 and 1900—served only to deepen the popular misgiving as to Mr. Bryan. Except in 1896, when free silver was the only question, he has failed to stand unwaveringly for definite issues. In 1900 he professed deep attachment to the principles of anti-imperialism and tariff reform; but he soon drifted away from those subjects, and devoted his energies to sweeping denunciations of capital and demagogic appeals to the laboring man. This year he followed the same uncertain course. At the beginning he spoke loudly for anti-imperialism and revision of the tariff, but before long he relegated those topics to the background, fastened his attention to a fantastic and impossible scheme for regulation of the Trusts, and in general fell into his old unstable ways. The result has proved afresh that unless the party in power is hopelessly divided and demoralized, and the country is seething with discontent, an opposition cannot succeed without a clear-cut constructive programme. In tariff reform and economical administration Mr. Bryan had issues to which the Democratic party has been historically attached, but he deliberately threw them away.

It is now plain that from the point of view of mere party tactics, of making the best of a losing fight, the nomination of Mr. Bryan was an egregious blunder. His chances of carrying New York were from the first very slight, and without New York he could not possibly win unless he could sweep a group of large Western States, say Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, or else some of the small States. While it was entirely conceivable that one or more of these States, which gave Roosevelt such handsome majorities in 1904, might go Democratic it was not for a moment to be supposed that all of them would slip their Republican moorings. A Democrat like Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, Judge Gray of Delaware, or Judson Harmon of Ohio, that is, a man of steadiness and tested capability would have been far stronger in the East, and especially in this pivotal State, and at the same time, as the vote on the State tickets in Ohio, Indiana, and Minnesota indicates, would have fared better than Bryan in the West. But the Democratic organization, dominated—we might better say destroyed—by Bryan, was in no mood to follow safe and sane guidance. It ran after Bryan and his vagaries, and it lost the support of those large centres of population the votes of which were essential to its success. This is the fourth bitter lesson which the party has had. Its only victories since the civil war were under Cleveland. Its only possible victories in the future, we are convinced, depend upon its return to the leadership of men like Cleveland and to those sound principles by which he triumphed.

To Mr. Taft we look for the fulfilment of those solemn promises—particularly for reform of the tariff—to which he and his party are committed. Notwithstanding the returns from the polls, there is widespread dissatisfaction with the recklessness and extravagance which have been encouraged by twelve years of unbroken Republican ascendency. The huge increase in the cost of government, the enormous sums spent on army and navy, the rapid multiplication of offices—all these things have irritated and alarmed sober and quiet people. More menacing yet has been the open alliance between the protected manufacturers and the Republican politicians for the exploitation of the farmers and the vast mass of the consumers. It is not conceivable that this sinister partnership can continue as in the past. The new and radical element which is gaining control of the Republican organization in the West will fight the stolid "stand-patters" like Aldrich and Cannon, and it may be set down as a certainty that if Mr. Taft does not join with them in the task of setting the Republican house in order and in casting the money-changers out of the temple, some man of foresight and power will come forward to wage the battle in behalf of the people. The great cause will produce the champion, as it produced Lincoln, and later Cleveland. If Taft be not the man, then another. But we believe that Mr. Taft will rise to the wonderful opportunity which the voters of the United States, confident of his integrity and high purpose, now offer him.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

Let me call your attention to the fact that this "night-rider" business is essentially a hopeful development. It is the first fruits of the mob spirit reaching higher with its lawless hand. I have no doubt but that the two prominent lawyers in Tennessee, who have just suffered horribly at the hands of a mob, have many a time shrugged their shoulders nonchalantly over the lynching of negroes. When the mob spirit begins, as it is beginning, to "hoist the colonels by their own petard," the dominating forces of public opinion are going to see what some of us have been pointing out all the time, that the mob that lynched the negro for the *unnamable* crime is father to the mob that lynched him for *other* crimes, and grandfather to the mob that now lynches him for *no* crime, and great-grandfather to the mob that lynches the white man and burns his property.

This extract from a private letter from a prominent Southerner goes to the mark. For years we have maintained that the lynching of negroes in the South must stop, if for no other reason than that lynching of whites was sure to follow. No mob of excited, irresponsible, drunken men, North or South, can be trusted to enforce lynch law with discrimination. Some tried it in Springfield, Illinois, only to find out afterwards that the man originally accused was innocent; they did not confine themselves to seeking him out, but killed, robbed, and destroyed at random. The forces of evil once unleashed, no one can direct and no public sentiment can control, whether in Illinois or in Tennessee or in Mississippi. Granted, if you please, for the sake of argument, that there is a higher Anglo-

Saxon law, which compels short work with the criminal where the "unmentionable crime" is committed, it has long been evident that its self-appointed instruments never stop there. They go from hanging to burning; from killing for rape to slaughtering for an impertinent remark; from lynching men to torturing women; and then, the spirit of lawlessness being well-rooted, they kill whites who have offended them, or who sell their tobacco when and where they please.

The descent of this road to barbarism is facile and swift. Examples of it are more frequent in the South, partly because that region, misled by the cessation of the Ku Klux horrors, believed that lynching could be held in sufficient check. We have in mind a community in northern Alabama where the lynchings and burnings of innocent and guilty alike became so menacing that the neighboring sheriff at Wetumpka found it necessary to form a posse and round up the entire crowd, whose "defence of white womanhood" had created a new sport—nigger-killing—superior to any other local amusement. Twelve white men were sent to the chain-gang or driven away, and there has been peace between the races and obedience to the laws ever since. Two years ago there was reported a horrible case where a negro woman in Mississippi, accused only of being the wife of a man alleged to have done wrong, was tortured as by savages, fine splinters being driven into her flesh and set on fire. Nobody was punished. No community could tolerate such a crime, and not sink in the scale of civilization. Were the law similarly permitted to fall into disrepute and disuse in New York or Massachusetts, we should have our night-riders, too. There is no such thing as saying to lynchers: "Thus far and no farther."

Every one is sorry for the prominent Tennessee victim, Capt. Quinten Rankin, whose murder has stirred that State. But if the active measures against lynching that have followed that crime mean that the sober elements of the South are at last roused, he will not have died in vain. The South has been playing with fire; it has been in the position of the man who takes cocaine to dull a local irritation only to find that his whole system has been ruined. Some striking event has been needed to convince people that lawlessness knows no color line. If out of it all comes the belief that every man, South, North, East, or West, is entitled to his day in court, this country will have taken a great step forward; and more will have been accomplished for the welfare of the South than by the opening of a thousand factories or the building of a thousand miles of railway. For lawlessness costs the South—and every other community where it occurs—in dollars and cents, as well as in the lowering of civilized standards. There must be a far-reaching programme—the arousing of public sentiment, the quickening of courts, the abolition of chain-gangs, the patrolling of the States by well-disciplined constabulary, and, above all, the relentless punishment of lynchers.

But it is not the South alone that cries for reform. We must visit the same condemnation upon mob crime wherever it occurs. For whatever its form, whether it be cattle-raiding in Wyoming or cotton-burning in North Carolina, it is one of the most infectious diseases that can afflict this republic.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

At the final hearing last week on the New York city budget, several speakers urged that a fund be provided for the unemployed. It was said, and we fear with too much truth, that New York will have to deal this winter with the problem of many men out of work. Other municipalities, and other parts of the country, will be face to face with the same question. During the first year of our business depression, we have got on surprisingly well. Workingmen out of a job have drawn upon their savings, or in the summer months have been able to turn their hand to casual labor. But unless a marked improvement comes, the second winter will bring the pinch, and the question of finding ways and means of meeting the case bids fair to be as pressing with us as it has been in Germany and England.

The difficulty is old and world-wide; its intensity is all that marks off the present crisis from those of the past. Most public men admit that no thoroughly scientific study of the problem has yet been made. This was the burden of Winston Churchill's recent speech on the subject at Dundee. All can see evils; few can prescribe effective remedies. The trouble with most of the proposals to apply temporary palliatives to a disorganized labor market, is that they directly tend to make such disorganization permanent. An inspector of the Local Government Board in England recently reported that "irregular relief work has such charms that numerous instances have been noted of men throwing up regular wages at 18 and 19 shillings a week, to earn 5 to 7 shillings [on part time] in a stone yard." There lies the ever-present danger in "making work." The work is badly and expensively done; and what is really "made" is an addition to the ranks of the habitually unemployed. President Roosevelt took up the topic in his letter of last week, Monday. He too, called for "applied science"; but made a hasty and rather unscientific jump to a conclusion, when he said that "we can solve this problem of the unemployed best by having no more unemployable." If that is anything more than a phrase, or the expression of a pious hope, it must mean that a great many defectives, tramps, loafers, and malingerers are to be either knocked on the head or else miraculously transformed. But even if there were to be, through some magic, no more "unemployable," there would come times with a lack of employment. So the need for the President's applied science would remain much as before.

With or without applied science, the English government is just now taking some practical steps which are of great interest all over the world. Mr. Asquith, not many days ago, made a careful statement to the House of Commons concerning the government's plans. He declared that the emergency, while acute, was temporary, and did not involve any question of party policy. In this, by the way, Mr. Balfour had agreed with him in advance. Some English protectionists, as reckless as they are ridiculous, have been putting it about that there would be no unemployed in England if that country had a high tariff. But Mr. Balfour has sense enough and fairness enough to disown such clap-trap; and in a recent speech at Dumfries declared that a change in the tariff would be no remedy for unemployment or oscillations in trade. Premising, therefore, that the government's measures would not be exposed to par-

tisan attack, Mr. Asquith explained their nature. In the first place, such public works as could be expedited would be pushed so as to furnish more employment. Men would be, for example, engaged at various naval stations in repair work which ordinarily would not have been undertaken till next year. The Admiralty would make haste to place contracts in November which it had not been intended to close till January. Moreover, the War Office was preparing to take on 24,000 recruits in the special reserve between now and next March. Those three items included about all that the government could do directly. Indirectly, it was loaning money to borough governments and other local authorities, in order to promote public improvements which would incidentally provide work. Up to date, this year, such loans had amounted to more than $20,000,000. Out of the money thus made available, projected water works would be constructed, sewers dug, new paving laid, etc.

This general policy of hastening, or enlarging, really useful public works, at a time when men are looking for employment, obviously has much in its favor. It is not "making work," in the futile sense. The thing is to be done, in any event; and if hastening it will help relieve temporary distress, the argument for doing so seems good. On the Continent, municipalities have long adjusted their activity in public works so as to fit the dull time in the labor market. They push improvements more in winter than in summer. Such is, for example, the announced policy of the city of Nuremberg, this year. There can be no serious objection to the plan, thus conceived. But clear-eyed statesmen will not fail to see that the method is both halting and expensive. This was plainly confessed by Mr. Asquith. In loaning money to the local authorities so that they might take on more men, it is expressly stipulated that the government shall bear the extra cost of employing inefficient labor. This is because the unemployed are too often the incompetent. To give work to them means that the labor-cost will be higher. Mr. Asquith said that it would be higher by from 5 to 40 per cent., in different places. That burden is assumed, and there can be no concealing it. Still, as between paying unskilled or lazy workmen more than they are worth, and having to support them outright in poorhouses or by out-relief, the advantage may be on the side of employment, even if costly.

The whole question is most complicated. We can feel our way to its solution only step by step. The first need is undoubtedly a complete exposition of the facts, with a rigorous study of the way in which plans of relief actually work out. Until we get something like that, we should do well to be on our guard against nostrums. Most of them reduce down, as Harold Cox has alleged in Parliament, to "preferential employment for the unfit." But the distress is genuine. The cry of the human will be heard in all our cities this winter. We must not wait for a complete and satisfying solution of the problem before doing what we can, even partially and stumblingly. Charity should be made as intelligent as possible, but the demands upon it in the coming six months are likely to be exceptionally urgent.

OUR DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES.

"The Relations of Christian Denomination to Colleges," a paper which President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation read before the Conference on Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has been published in the *Educational Review* for October, and is now reprinted in a pamphlet. The discussion is very suggestive, not only as indicating the reasons why the Carnegie Foundation refuses to aid sectarian institutions, but also as throwing light on large tendencies in higher education. Here, as in his various reports, President Pritchett speaks with candor and courage, and he makes it clear that the whole influence of the Foundation is to be thrown on the side of truthfulness and the highest ideals in education. No one who is familiar with the facts can deny Mr. Pritchett's statement:

> No publications, unless they be those of life insurance companies, have been more misleading than American college catalogues. If any man doubt this, let him visit a number of colleges and compare the claims of the catalogues with the realities.

To make the realities measure up to the claims and to make both what they should be, is the end to which Mr. Pritchett devotes his argument.

He does not for a moment intimate that a denomination may not consistently maintain a college: all he asks is that such relations shall be open and consistent. A church may hold that "in order to carry out its legitimate work and advance its cause, it must control and direct a certain number of institutions of higher learning in which men may grow up trained in its ideals and devoted to its service." Secondly, a church may conduct colleges "on the ground of its fitness and efficiency as an educational agency." There is one other relation:

> A Christian organization may take the position that all colleges and universities, being influential agencies in the training of men, are also agencies for moral and religious influence, and, therefore, the Church will seek by friendly coöperation, by sympathetic fellowship, by all the means of Christian activity, to make itself a religious influence in all institutions of higher learning without assuming their control or support.

The first conception of the college as an agency for advancing the work of the church is, as Mr. Pritchett notes, "clear-cut and consistent." But the difficulties of that method are increasing year by year. The denominational colleges established a century ago, or even fifty years ago, needed no large endowment and no elaborate apparatus in the way of dormitories, laboratories, and libraries, in order to compete with other institutions of higher learning. A college was not quite so simple a thing as Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other; but, after all, that definition was not so wide of the mark. But if any one wants a striking object lesson, let him turn to the West. The Mississippi Valley is filled with struggling little denominational colleges. Three or four decades ago, they held their heads up with the best in their region, but now they are completely overshadowed. But few of them can begin to compete with the great State universities either in quality of teaching or material equipment. The better teachers and the brighter and more ambitious youth are inevitably drawn to the universities, and the feeble colleges fall farther and farther behind in the race. Thus the denominations are not getting first-rate men from their own institutions, which, therefore, no longer serve the purpose for which they were intended. These facts Mr. Pritchett substantiates in detail by statistics which must give pause to every advocate of the denominational college; for they make it plain that, as a class, such in-

stitutions, when compared with either privately endowed or tax-supported undenominational colleges, are a lamentable failure. The theory that a church has "peculiar fitness and efficiency as an educational agency" may be dismissed in a few words. It is based on the absurd assumption that a college may properly be controlled by another organization, the primary object of which is not education, but the propagation of a certain religious faith. The secondary object is in the long run bound to be subordinated to the primary. President Pritchett's conclusion, then, is that the wisest way is for the church to exert its influence in the college just as it exerts it in the community "by helpful cooperation, by Christian friendliness, by sympathetic fellowship." From this view, few men who are not passionate sectarians will dissent.

Most denominational colleges were laboring under heavy disabilities, even before the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation. Iowa, for example, has six little Methodist colleges, but were all their resources consolidated, they could not match those of the State University of Wisconsin or of Illinois. With the Carnegie Foundation offering its retiring pensions to the teachers in the non-sectarian institutions, the sectarian will be at a still greater disadvantage. This make-weight would seem almost irresistible. Almost, but not quite; for an endowed institution dies hard. Another twenty or thirty years must probably elapse before the rank and file of the Methodists of Iowa—and their case is typical—can grasp the fact that in maintaining six colleges instead of one they are dividing and wasting their energies. Even then, it will be hard to cast aside local jealousies and formulate comprehensive schemes for consolidation and unity of effort. Common action by denominations which now maintain rival colleges will be still harder. The day when the Presbyterian lion shall lie down with the Baptist lamb is yet far off. But unless differences are sunk and money and energy are concentrated, many of the denominational colleges, so called, will be forced to devote themselves, as some of them do already, to the work of the secondary school, or fitting academy.

THE POETRY OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

In 1878 there was published at the author's charges "Poems and Transcripts" by a new writer, Eugene Lee-Hamilton. The book contained some ten narratives in blank verse, above a score of experiments in classical elegiacs, a sheaf of lyrics in freer rhythms, and fifteen versions from Goethe and the Italian poets. There can rarely have been a more unpromising first volume. The blank verse has no movement; the elegiacs have the fatal monotony of a form never really adaptable in English; the lyrics are mediocre; only the translations give a hint of technical facility. In short, "Poems and Transcripts" looked sadly like the book of verse that every cultivated Englishman is but too likely to perpetrate at the instigation of his friends. Still, it grew out of strange circumstances, and was the work of no common man. Eugene Lee-Hamilton had early made his mark in diplomacy. His youth had been passed on the Continent, and the chief modern languages were virtually native to him. Thus, in spite of the desultoriness of his schooling, he took the coveted Taylorian Scholarship at Oxford. An opening in the Foreign Office drew him from Oriel, where Cecil Rhodes was a classmate, to a desk in Downing Street. By 1869, his twenty-fifth year, he was an *attaché* at Paris. The post proved most wearing. It involved many changes of place, following the waning fortunes of the Emperor, and during the Commune responsibilities frequently of a heartrending sort. Young Lee-Hamilton recklessly added to arduous public duties severe private studies. The ultimate breakdown was fairly in sight when he was transferred to Geneva, as a secretary to the Alabama Claims Commission. By this time the apprehensions of Downing Street were aroused, for he was sent to Lisbon in the hope of recuperation in that soft climate. There the blow fell in the form of a stubborn fever which left him utterly prostrated in body and spirit. In 1874, Lee-Hamilton was carried to Florence on his back, and placed on an especially constructed wheeled couch from which he never stirred for twenty years. His mother and his young half-sister, who was to become precociously famous as the critic "Vernon Lee," surrounded him with the most delicate ministrations. But his infirmity was of a sort to baffle even the tact and love arrayed against it. The visits of friends, the reading of their letters, had to be measured by minutes. Poetry, his favorite solace, was read to him a few lines at a time. His own poems were built up verse by verse uttered at long intervals. A single line represented not infrequently a day's work. What is right to be told about these twenty bitter years Lee-Hamilton has set down in his poetry with artistic poignancy and restraint. He would have been the last man to submit to any sentimental transference of compassion for his pains to the credit of his writing.

In view of his swift progress in poesy one must regard the reminiscent narratives in "Poems and Transcripts" as perfunctory recreations. Whoever took the dubious hazard of advising him to publish was pretty well justified two years later on the appearance of "Gods, Saints, and Men." None of the twelve narratives and ballads composing this second volume represent him at his best, but we find him at least in command of his medium. The rhymed narratives run off trippingly, are enlivened by a quaint humor, make their dramatic points. Such a character study in blank verse as the "Rival of Fallopius," defending the vivisection of a human subject, is not merely grim and sententious, but has the dramatic verisimilitude for which we usually look to Browning. In the tale "The Fiddle and the Slipper," which it would be hard to excel in its kind, the weaving of the *Dies iræ* into the description of the approach to the scaffold gives a peculiar thrill. It was presumably suggested by the cathedral scene of "Faust," but it strikes for the first time a note peculiarly our poet's.

Naturally, certain literary influences were strong in Lee-Hamilton's beginnings. Goethe one finds always. Rossetti's leading is unmistakable in such a ballad as "The Rhyme of the Reeds"; in fact, Lee-Hamilton must always have found a beacon in the painter-poet. Any direct impulse from Browning I cannot detect. A kindred curiosity in all human matters, an especial connoisseurship in the monstrous passions and ambitions of the Italian renaissance, Lee-Hamilton undoubtedly shared with Browning, but their literary methods are almost antithetical. The appalling discursiveness, the whimsical indirectness of approach, of Browning you will never find in Lee-Hamilton. The two poets touch, and that casually, only in the ballad. Wordsworth at his narrative best is the truer parallel for the austere and pregnant method of the author of "The Emperor on the Ledge" and "The Rival of Fallopius." But I know no poet of our times, great or small, who was more essentially his own man than Lee-Hamilton. He literally grew into the Italy that was read and reported at his bedside, or at best viewed askance when the couch was wheeled into the garden or set bodily upon the family landau. And the moulding influence of Italy is also progressively apparent in his work. One will recall how such an experience chastened the diffuseness of Byron and lent plastic form to the vaporous visions of Shelley. In Lee-Hamilton's case we

see the clarifying process in a fairly miraculous phase. So far as accomplishment went, the paralytic who was brought to Florence at thirty was no poet at all, and the writer of "Poems and Transcripts," published four years later, was that worse thing, an indifferent poet; while the author of "Gods, Saints, and Men" (1880) was a poet to reckon with, and the sonneteer who first addressed the public in "The New Medusa," 1882, gave, as it now seems, substantial gages to immortality. At first glance so strange an apparition troubles all our preconceptions as to the inspirational quality of genius. One mistrusts a little this amazing invalid who made himself a spacious name in poetry by simply pegging away, a line or two at a time, as his pains permitted him. But Lee-Hamilton could have no more reassuring advocate than his own verse.

With "The New Medusa" (1882) and "Apollo and Marsyas" (1884) mastery in the ballad and narrative is confirmed, mastery in the sonnet is clearly forecast. On the strength of the thirty sonnets in these two volumes that sensitive critic, the late E. C. Stedman, hailed the rise of a new luminary. But for the moment we are concerned rather with the semi-dramatic poems, which here reach their culmination. We are face to face with Lee-Hamilton's genius in its most idiosyncratic and perhaps most dubious manifestation. The question whether the world of horrors to which we are introduced in "The New Medusa," "The Idyl of the Anchorite," "The Mandolin," "Sister Mary of the Plague," "Abraham Carew," "Ipsissimus" is a liveable, hence an artistic, world is not readily answered. What warrant has a poet for bringing before us not merely transcripts of insanity, but inventions even more grewsome, and legends to which his imagination has lent a threefold horrific energy? Take "The New Medusa" as a typical example, noting first that in its sinuous triple rhyme it marks a long metrical advance. First comes the idyl—the adventurer who saves and loves a fair castaway, and with her wanders about the Mediterranean. Then his awful nameless suspicion of his mysterious bedfellow:

One night I had a nightmare in my sleep
For vividness and terror unsurpassed.
Methought I felt a snake's cold body creep
About my hand and throat, entwine them tight,
And o'er my breath a hideous mastery keep.
Awhile I lay all helpless in despite
Of agony, and felt the pressed veins swell,
Then forced a smothered cry into the night.
My cry awoke me, waking her as well,
When, panting still with nightmare fear, I found
That the black locks that on her bosom fell
Had crept about my throat and girt it round
So tightly as a while to stop the breath,
While other locks about my arms had wound.

In succeeding nightmares the dread fear approaches reality, until one night the lamp reveals the frightful image of the new Medusa, described by the poet in lines, to me, of a quite intolerable explicitness. This nightly metamorphosis is the penalty of a poisoner. I spare the reader the mad flight of the lover to the wilds and his return for swift vengeance, but one trait truly

For vividness and horror unsurpassed

should be given, so characteristic is it of our author's phantasmagoric energy. The avenger grasps a sword from the wall near which sleeps the loathly form:

I seized it, swung it high and let it fall
Like thunder on the sleeping Gorgon's neck
Before her eye could see or tongue could call.
And, O my God! as if herself a snake
Which, stricken of a sudden in its sleep,
Coils up and writhes all round the injuring stake,
She coiled about the weapon in a heap—

How far the power of this sort of thing redeems its unforgettable repulsiveness depends largely upon the reader's taste and nerves. Mine are not robust enough for the "New Medusa" and three or four of the other tales. To take this attitude towards the more famous ballad, "Sister Mary of the Plague," would, it seems to me, show a certain lack of perception. On the face of it nothing can be more ghastly, more intolerable, than the subject itself—a nun who walks the hospital wards, a ministering angel by day, only to return by night a vampire, draining the life blood of those she tends. Yet the awfulness of this is balanced by the sense that it is a fate and she a product of old unconscious sin; by the shudder with which she learns her own condition, finally by the triumphant irony of the young soldier, who, dying, boasts her kiss upon his neck. It is as if there were an appeal to a hopeful average human nature to which these terrors of the night are not because it will not acknowledge them. In all it seems to me that this ballad is a model of horror distilled into a perfect form of art.

But a precise appraisal of the narratives is the less imperative because better waters lie ahead. The "Imaginary Sonnets" of 1888 mark a bifurcation. The caravels of lyric and drama are to part a little and then sail parallel to the end. To conjure up from the deep of time one hundred souls, to make each of them speak and bow himself off within fourteen intricately rhymed verses—this is no mean achievement. Among so many how shall one choose? Shall I take Henry the First's tragic appeal to the sea that has swallowed his son? Laura's placid acknowledgment of the luxury of votive verse? Sir Thomas More's pathetic farewell to his wife? Galletti's summons of Ariosto to fairyland? Faustus's apostrophe to Helena? Charles Edward's return of thanks to his last friend, his bottle? Any one of these, or of twenty others, would illustrate the extraordinary feat of making the sonnet do the work of the dramatic lyric. Let me choose instead for its cosmic sentiment the sonnet

GALILEO TO THE EARTH.
(1638.)

And yet it moves, it spins, through night and day,
With dumb terrific speed; and town and throng,
Mountain and tossing sea, are whirled along,
And not one drop is lost upon the way.

On Heaven's dustless paths the Lord can play
With heavier balls than ours; and there among
Unnumbered spheres that never can go wrong,
He's hurled us on our course and we obey.

O Earth, I feel thee quiver under foot;
I feel the whizzing of thy ceaseless flight,
As other whirling planets past us shoot;

I feel thee bounding like a ship at night
Through unseen waves. To guide us, God has put
On every skyey coast a starry light.

In the light of his whole accomplishment the "Imaginary Sonnets" seem chiefly a prodigious exercise. The skill with which this literary setting-up drill is conducted may deceive us as to its true nature. One readily forgets how artificial is the compression of these great themes within the miniature frame of the sonnet. Here are Ponce de Leon and Ezelin taken at what later were to become the crises of dramas. Does not this suggest a keen discrepancy between form and material?

For a middle-aged paralytic to dictate painfully line by line a "Fantastic Tragedy" on the Fountain of Youth seems a consummate irony, and I fancy that Lee-Hamilton would hardly have found the audacity to undertake a task of this extent if he had not sensed dimly the obscure return of life to his wasted limbs. However that be, this lyrical tragedy moves in realms of pure romance, unattenuated by the sarcasm that underlies it all. Ponce de Leon is presented not as the mild visionary we think him, but as a grim fanatic. A sorcerer who has exhausted all his arts for the recovery of youth, he at last sets out for the fabled fountain

Beyond the setting sun,
A thousand miles to westward of the west.

After infinite perils from storm, mutiny, and blistering calm, he reaches King Atalpa's realm, an island with a deathless and ever youthful monarch, where legend sets the noble fountain. And here it is eminently characteristic of

Lee-Hamilton's invention that the fountain should be not an enthusiast's dream, but a dire fraud. Atalpa is a title, not a man. The king is ever young because covertly removed and replaced before age can touch him. There is no life-giving fountain, but merely a pool, in the pestilential forest, inhabited by witches and poisoners, all devoted to the cult of the great Murdress. To her, a monstrous flower that feeds on men as the monkey cup does on flies, Ponce de Leon is induced to deliver his daughter as hostage and victim. He himself, ambushed and smitten by a poisoned dart, falls by a common spring, raving for a cup of its water. Against all this deceit shines the frail but heroic form of the daughter Rosita, whom a lover's daring does not avail to save. There is also a villain after Marlowe's heart—the Jew Barabbas was less sinister—in Agrippa, who fastens the delusion upon his master's soul and betrays to the worshippers of the monstrous flower the maiden he himself fails to win. All this is developed in blank verse of surging, lyrical beauty, varied by rhymed choral *intermezzi*. This drama has a quality that I must call operatic, meaning the opera in its most significant phases. By a just and happy instinct, the author dubbed his poem "fantastic." And indeed, though admirably constructed as narrative, it has not the element of suspense that we expect in true drama. The end is foregone, and the action sweeps through increasing, but always gorgeous horror, to an inevitable doom. Nothing of Lee-Hamilton's is more essentially musical. I love to imagine what might have happened had "The Fountain of Youth" come before that rare genius overtaken at its noon by twilight, Edward Macdowell. For years he had sought the compelling theme for the opera that was never written, and who but he could have given musical expression to the oily seas, to the forest haunted by serpents, warlocks, and stealthy warriors leagued in the defence and worship of the Flower of Death? This fantastic tragedy is, possibly, his most individual contribution to English literature. As a large, complicated, and well-rounded structure it has a unique place in his work. "Ezelin," doubtless, would have overtopped it, perhaps does, but "Ezelin" was arrested in the making.

Even before his breakdown, the legend of Ezelin, the atrocious despot of Padua, had attracted Lee-Hamilton, and upon this theme he planned a tragedy that was to be his masterpiece. For more than twenty years the project lay in abeyance, yet not forgotten, for in the "Imaginary Sonnets" one finds Ezelin's apostrophe to his infernal sire in nearly the phrasing of the unpublished drama, while the prologue and one of the choruses were published among the selections in the volume of 1903 (Canterbury Poets). In the same year, disheartened by the fate of the "Fountain of Youth," he cast the matter which lay ready in his mind into the form of a novel. This has the interest of a first draft, but the undertaking was ill-advised, and even the courageous publisher did the author the unintentional indignity of inserting a banal adjective into the title, "The Lord of the Dark (Red) Star." Amid all the distractions of recovered health, and such laborious recreations as the translation of Dante, "Ezelin" remained Lee-Hamilton's chief concern. The manuscript abounds in hints of corrections and amplifications, but in all essentials the work is achieved. Were I to divulge too indiscreetly the character of this remarkable drama, I should ill requite the courtesy that has permitted its reading in manuscript. In its own time it must make its own impression. As a great study in diabolism, the theme was especially congenial. Among the many zealots of the impossible created by Lee-Hamilton, none is more tremendous than this actual son of Satan, conscious of his begetting and determined to work his father's will on earth. And Ezelin's world is pictured as a kind of death-struggle between the organized power of darkness and the meek yet imperishable influences of the Nazarene. The choral and supernatural machinery recall "The Fountain of Youth," the scene shifts between heaven, hell, and an Italy that partakes of both, but mostly of the pit. The march of the *terza rima*, which was curiously chosen as the prevailing form, may be felt in the prologue, "Adalhita," printed in the volume of 1903. "Ezelin" is his most ambitious work, and none displays more fully a certain dæmonic quality in his genius.

"Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," that deathless record of his prolonged death in life, was to be his farewell to the bed and the contracting walls. The pains of his malady began to diminish. After a couple of years of patient effort, the tortured head was raised from the pillow; the resurrection was effected. He walked among breathing men, and dealt with them on their own terms. He renewed the old joys of travel, carrying his pursuit of the fountain of youth as far as Kansas, where he, indeed, found increase of vigor. With life came love. In 1898, Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, the well-known Scottish novelist, became his wife. It seemed as if a kind of royal indemnity had been allotted by fate for the twenty years of dearth. The Lee-Hamiltons divided their time between the charming villa which glimpses the Valdarno from the ridge of San Gervasio and travel to the most romantic sites of Europe.

Before entering the enchanted archipelago of the sonnets one or two minor landmarks ask our gaze. The little volume, "Forest Notes," published in 1899 but written immediately after his marriage, is a kind of gay salutatory to his new life. In it husband and wife set down parallel musings, mostly caught from the New Forest in which the lines were penned. It represents Lee-Hamilton in a gayly reflective vein rare elsewhere in his work. The initial poem, his sestina "To the Forest," seems to me the finest and most spontaneous example of this highly conventional form in the English language. As for the translation of the "Inferno," published in 1898, and of the "Purgatorio," which remains in manuscript, it deserves more attention than it has received. The author adopted the line-for-line system, rejecting rhyme, but preserving the eleven-syllable measure. The version is as faithful as Longfellow's, and more readable.

At last the sonnets. They are the key not merely to Lee-Hamilton's heart, but to a strange twilight world. Their colors glow as do rich fabrics in the premature brown of a December evening. About a tortured singer who wrings a tense peace from restlessness moves a whole world of sprites, products of the wind, the snow, and the firelight; about the narrow couch glimmer from the depths strewn gems and sunken gold. And all these spectral shapes and treasures find their ordered place in that stately labyrinth of the sonnet. It is a world so rich and various that the reader must explore it for himself. The century and more of poems collected under the title "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" (1894) had been written through the twenty motionless years just ended. They had been spoken line by line from the couch, which he quitted neither night nor day, addressed in the following sonnet:

TO MY WHEELED BED.

Hybrid of wrack and of Procrustes' bed,
Thou thing of wood, of leather, and of steel,
Round which, by day and night, at head and heel,
Crouch shadowy Tormentors, dumb and dread;

Round which the wingless Hours, with feet of lead
Forever crawl, in spite of fierce appeal,
And the dark Terrors dance their silent reel;
What will they do with thee when I am dead?

Lest men should ask, who find thee stowed away
In some old lumber room, what wretch was he
Who used so strange an engine night and day,

Fain would I have thee shivered utterly;
For please the Fates, no other son of clay
Will ever need so dire a bed as thee.

It would be easy to multiply examples of equal quality on themes associated with his affliction, but to do so would

give a false impression. Certain of his friends have unwittingly implied that beyond such prison lyrics there is not much to be noted. The error is a natural product of sympathy, but is perhaps all the more serious on that account. The part of Lee-Hamilton's verse which represents him as a sufferer is small in amount, and could be eliminated without much diminishing his fame. None of the Sonnets of the Wingless Hours, for example, are more admirable than the group based on elvish fancies. This childlike vein might be illustrated by "The Death of Puck," a perfect fantasy, by "The Tiny Skate," "Oberon's Last Assembly," or many another. Probably the best appreciation of Lee-Hamilton, sonneteer, would be simply to reprint from his two hundred and more sonnets those that represent the various phases of his imagination. But so many-sided is his muse that this would be impracticable in the bounds of an essay. I must limit myself to quoting the well-known sonnet, "Idle Charon," which, aside from its beautiful form, displays the peculiar wistfulness with which Lee-Hamilton felt the decline of faith in himself as in the world; and the lines to Baudelaire—a sonnet which for its metrical splendor and sustained and appropriate imagery seems to me unexcelled in the language:

IDLE CHARON.

The shores of Styx are lone for evermore,
And not one shadowy form upon the steep
Looms through the dusk, as far as eyes can sweep,
To call the ferry over as of yore;

But tintless rushes, all about the shore,
Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in sleep,
Hoar-hearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.

For in the world of Life strange rumours run
That now the Soul departs not with the breath,
But that the Body and the Soul are one;

And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

BAUDELAIRE.

A Paris gutter of the good old times,
Black and putrescent in its stagnant bed,
Save where the shamble oozings fringe it red,
Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal crimes.

It holds dropped gold; dead flowers from tropic climes;
Gems true and false, by midnight maskers shed;
Old pots of rouge; old broken phials that spread
Vague fumes of musk, with fumes of slums and slimes.

And everywhere, as glows the set of day,
There floats upon the winding fetid mire
The gorgeous iridescence of decay:

A wavy film of colour, gold and fire,
Tremhles all through it as you pick your way,
And streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.

What will strike a practised reader in these sonnets is their ease. Lee-Hamilton found no form of verse amiss, but he is never more himself than in the highly artificial stanza perfected by Petrarch. And this idiomatic command of the Italian sonnet is pretty rare in English. With us it still wears a little the air of a difficult accomplishment. In its finest examples, Milton and Wordsworth, it tends to be a miniature ode. Few English Petrarchans have overcome a certain unnaturalness, a sense of going about a sublime fixed task. This a sensitive reader will feel in Matthew Arnold, and, I think, even in Keats. In Lee-Hamilton none of this. He wrote sonnets as he breathed. With Rossetti he shared an extraordinary power of modulating this instrument of fourteen strings and five permitted harmonies. It obeys him, and, like Rossetti, he takes royal liberties with it. Given the intractable quality of the English language, it is the ability to take these liberties furtively that shows the born sonneteer. In any comparative estimate Shakespeare is naturally set apart. His genius defies parallels; he declined to be bound by the laws of the form. But this much may, I feel, safely be said of Lee-Hamilton, that no English poet has written so many sonnets of the first or nearly the first order, unless it be Rossetti or Wordsworth.

In 1903 the life of the mated poets at S. Gervasio seemed perfected through the birth of a daughter. The child Persis was promptly rechristened by the kindly Tuscans Mimma Bella, the Beautiful Baby, and by that name posterity is likely to remember her brief day in the sunshine. She lived two years, and when she was swiftly taken away it remained for her father, shattered by the blow, to write her elegy. Day by day, and then in the better intervals of ever-increasing weakness and depression, this chaplet of sonnets was put together. Lee-Hamilton outlived by little this memorial to his only child. In two years' time the father lay in the Tuscan earth beside the daughter. So, as we approach Lee-Hamilton's last, and, I think, most perfect work, criticism becomes practically out of the question. A father's grief transpires so directly from the twenty sonnets constituting the elegy "Mimma Bella" that one shares the sorrow, and finds no heart for analysis. It has little to do with the elaborately meditated effects of other English elegies—"Lycidas," "Adonais," "In Memoriam," "Thyrsis." If it recalls worthily their gorgeousness of imagery, and their stately deployment of the brave insignia of grief, it remains as immediate as a song of Burns.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

whispers in my ears as I read and reread "Mimma Bella." Or, if one insists on a parallel, one must go to the requiem of Catullus to Manlius. A similar impassioned stoicism underlies Lee-Hamilton's invocation of the shade of his infant daughter. Here is an affliction that rejects both the usual consolations of religion, the very staple of the English elegy, and also the phantasmagoric mysticism with which a Shelley and a Tennyson invest in an alien glamour the grim fact of death. This father faces a remorseless natural order which no God directs in the interest of mourning human kind. For himself, for his only child, death is the end—a physical and complete dissolution of a personality, which can persist only as it replants itself and grows in the memory of those who survive and love. Upon this slender hope of immortality for that child which the kindly Tuscans had rechristened the Beautiful Baby, he flung himself in the last months of weakness and depression. Above her tiny grave, bit by bit, he erected a shrine so exquisite that I cannot think any future time will wholly relegate it to the mortuary obscurity of the great libraries. It is published as yet only in magazine form, the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1907, from which I quote, and the *Bibelot* for June:

What wast thou, little bahy, that art dead—
A one day's blossom that the hoar-frost nips?
A hee that's crushed, the first hright day it sips?
A small dropped gem that in the earth we tread?

Or cheruh's smiling gold-encircled head,
That Death from out Life's painted missal rips?
Or murmured prayer that harely reached the lips?
Or sonnet's fair first line—the rest unsaid?

Oh, 'tis not hard to find what thou wast like;
The world is full of fair unfinished things
That vanish like a dawn-admonished elf.

Life teems with opening forms for death to strike;
The woods are full of unfledged hroken wings;
Enough; for us, thou wast thy hahy self.

It would be pleasanter, evading the superfluous task of analysis, to reprint many of these sonnets, so tender and intimate in feeling, so ample in phrase, so simple with all their wealth of imagery! For elevation and sustained poetic inspiration I can compare this sonnet sequence—an incident of yesterday's magazine—only with Petrarch's sonnets to Laura "In Morte." It would be bold to assert that Lee-Hamilton's sonnets share

the lapidary perfection of their prototypes; enough to say that they belong to the same realm of the imagination. There is this obvious difference: that Petrarch wrote as a believer. Lee-Hamilton could never set beside a sonnet sequence "In Morte" the crescendo of the "Triumphs." And yet the likeness is greater than the difference. As so many of the poets of our times, he kept, through skepticism, a sort of ineradicable mysticism. His mind refused credence, but when warmed by the imagination it readily sympathized with all that had been believed. The superstitions he had outgrown, perhaps never shared, still captured his heart. It is the ground of his strength, both in the lyric and in the dramatic modes. And this mysticism has a peculiar eerieness, a Celtic inheritance, I suppose, through his Welsh mother. For this kind of unearthly thrill I hardly know where to match the sonnet which follows, with which we take leave of the poet:

Lo, through the open window of the room
That was her nursery, a small bright spark
Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark,
And with a measured flight explores the gloom,

As if it sought, among the things that loom
Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,
And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
It tacks in search of who knows what or whom.

I know 'tis but a firefly; yet its flight,
So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
Might be a little soul's that night sets free;

And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Anderson Auction Co. will devote next week to the sale of the Napoleonic books, prints, and autographs of William J. Hillis of Albany, together with a small but important collection partly formed by Gen. Daniel O'Connell and shown at the Irish International Exhibition. The rarest and most valuable single book is the pamphlet by Thackeray: "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in Three Letters to Miss Smith of London, and the Chronicle of the Drum, By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh." London, 1841. This is the book of which Edward FitzGerald wrote:

> Have you read Thackeray's little book, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon?" If not, pray do, and buy it, and ask others to buy it; as each copy sold puts 7½d. in Thackeray's Pocket: which is not very heavy just now, I take it.

FitzGerald's copy, in the Augustin Daly sale in 1900, brought $175, and the Frederick W. French, in 1901, $295. Both were in the original paper covers, but the edges were trimmed; the Hillis copy is in morocco, but is uncut, with the original paper cover bound in. The books with colored plates by Cruikshank, Heath, and other artists, published during the Napoleonic period, always interest collectors, and many are included in the Hillis library, among them Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte", 1828, 4 vols.; Dr. Syntax's "Life of Napoleon: a Hudibrastic Poem," 1815; Mudford's "Campaign in the Netherlands in 1815," 1817; Bowyer's "Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," 1815-16; and Bradford's "Sketches in Portugal and Spain," 1812. Books on Waterloo form an interesting class, as also do the numerous volumes of private memoirs. Some of the pamphlets printed in England at the time are very curious as well as rare, such as: "Atrocities of the Corsican Demon," 1803; "Cause of the Enormities Lately Committed by the French Investigated," 1794; "The Exposé: or Napoleon Unmasked," 1809; and "The First Book of Napoleon, the Tyrant of the Earth," 1809.

The first printed book relating to the witchcraft troubles in Salem was a pamphlet of ten pages by Deodat Lawson; "A Brief and True Narrative of most remarkable Passages relating to sundry Persons afflicted by Witchcraft at Salem Village in New England, from 19th March to 5th April, 1692." The second book was Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," printed in Boston late in 1692, though the title-page is dated 1693. A copy of this excessively rare work will be offered by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, in the sale of November 11 and 12. Copies are recorded in the British Museum, Boston Public Library, Massachusetts Historical Society, American Antiquarian Society, John Carter Brown, and Lenox Libraries, and three copies are known in private collections in New York city. Sabin said of it: "Of all the works by the Mathers, this is probably the rarest; it is, perhaps, also one of the most important." Woodward's copy, with the last leaf in manuscript, brought $290 in April, 1869. Brinley's copy lacked nine leaves. A copy with the title defective sold for £16 in London in July, 1892; but this price simply shows that the importance of the book was not understood, and it is probably the same copy (having meanwhile passed through several other hands) which was priced in 1903 by a New York bookseller at $1,500. The book was immediately reprinted in England, Justin Winsor said, "from a duplicate copy of the manuscript"; but several years ago the present writer, having a copy of the Boston edition and one of the first London edition (two others were issued in 1693) side by side, discovered that Dunton, the English publisher, took a copy of the Boston book, broke it into five pieces, and gave it out among two or more printers. Taking the Boston book as a basis, the sections were: (1) preliminary pages and pp. 1-16 of text; (2) pp. 33-68; (3) pp. 69-102; (4) pp. 103-134; (5) p. 135 to end. The first section, when set in the quarto form of the English edition, made the preliminary pages and pp. 1-16 of text. The next page should have been numbered 17, but is instead numbered 33, the number of the Boston book. Space will not permit the enumeration of the various other points of proof.

On December 7-12 Frederick Muller & Co. of Amsterdam will sell an important collection, including early printed books, and books with woodcuts; a few fine books on birds from the collection of C. I. Temmick, including several hundred drawings of Schlegel, Rochussen, Schouman, and other artists; and seven of the original "Jesuit Relations" and other books on America. On December 8 and 9 they sell the library of J. F. A. Lindsen, director of the Utrecht Museum, comprising books on several branches of art.

Lord Amherst's library, the sale of which was noted in this column last week, is rich in early editions of the English Bible, beginning with a manuscript of Wycliffe's original version of the New Testament, written about 1400. There are two other manuscripts of Wycliffe's version, revised by Purvey, of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century; and two copies, both imperfect, of Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, printed 1530-1531, the first edition of any part of the Old Testament in English. The Coverdale Bible, the first edition of the Bible in English, printed probably at Zurich in 1535, lacks only the title, the first two leaves of dedication, and the map, but it is one of the best copies ever offered. The Ashburnham copy, lacking title, brought £820 in 1897; and the Appleton copy, lacking several leaves, sold in this city in 1903 for $3,000. The Coverdale version, which was printed at Southwarke by James Nycolson in 1537, probably the first Bible printed in England, is much rarer, only eight copies being known, all imperfect. The Amherst copy is a large fragment of 316 leaves. Other notable English Bibles in the collection are: Matthew's version, 1537, a perfect copy; the first edition of the "Great Bible," April, 1539, lacking the title to the New Testament; the second edition of April, 1540; the first edition of the "Bishops' Bible," 1568; and the first edition of the Genevan or "Breeches" Bible, 1560. The collection of prayer books and other liturgical works, mostly connected with the Church of England, is equally remarkable. Among them are no less than eight editions of the King Henry VIII "Primer," printed 1531, 1533, 1535, 1538, etc.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company holds its first book sale of the season on November 11 and 12, a portion of the library of William Berrian of Brooklyn, including books on India and Egypt, some items of Americana, and a large lot of engravings.

Correspondence.

TALKING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article, "Under-Languaged Americans," in your issue of October 15 brings up the old contest between the grammatical and natural methods of study. Far be it from me to sound again the horn of either faction; but I cannot resist putting into words what, maybe, every teacher knows, but what has not fallen under my eye in print.

One of the leading reasons why our high school children are not taught French or German conversation beyond the "red cow" stage, is that the teachers themselves are unable to go further. They have been ex-

cellently trained under the system that they teach, can give the rules for the omission of the article before a partitive noun, or for the absolute superlative with *am*, but they simply cannot converse with reasonable fluency or correctness of accent. This is particularly true of French. The large number of teachers of German parentage in certain parts of the country entails a slight modification of this statement as regards the latter language. How can it be expected that a generation of teachers trained under the notions of language teaching that have prevailed in our schools and colleges for so many years, should be equipped otherwise than as they are?

There is a remedy. Let these grammarians spend their vacations in Berlin or Paris: they will probably never be able to lick their accent into such shape that it will be classed as a foreign product, but they can at least gain fluency and intelligibility—which are the chief things. But is it not rather unreasonable to ask a teacher who is paid $750 a year to spend $300 of it for the vacation, to gain something which has weight only with interested observers like the writer of your article, and little with the committee on teachers? And is it not natural that a teacher who does save up the $300 should invest it in a six weeks' tour rather than in eight weeks in Paris following the excellent courses of the Alliance Française? Americans have to contend with the natural barriers of distance and cost of passage that their English cousins can almost ignore.

Moreover, we are a very insular people with all our progressiveness. Most of our boys think it a rather foolish business, this French. They regard its ultimate use in travel or business as an extremely remote contingency; they repeat, when urged to acquire an un-American pronunciation, the pleasing fact that one can always get along with English. Many of them cannot understand why the French and Germans do not speak English, anyhow. American boys are no more stupid than English boys, but they have our national peculiarities—which do not tend to make them take on what is an integral part of a foreign life.

The movement must begin higher up. Fathers and mothers have got to encourage in their children the desire to make a few sentences in a foreign language; colleges must require on the part of their language men some facility of expression in the tongue they profess, provide conversation courses for their students, and demand of their feeding schools some attempt at preparation in this direction. It is true that a requirement of this sort would mean the cutting down, in most cases, of the number of pages read that an applicant could present for entrance, for the preparatory teacher has only his so-few periods each week. And yet such a demand is needful to bring about any general movement toward a change of methods.

There really ought to be some place in America where our teachers can hear the French of Paris and the German of Berlin, and be exercised in the use of both. The rank and file of the profession have access to no place where they may acquire in a year or so a reasonable familiarity with the languages they are to teach as these sound upon the tongue of a native. In such an institution there should be a score or more of cultivated Frenchmen and Germans, first class preparatory school men preferably; men with wives and children to whose homes students might have access; men imbued with a crusading zeal against the American accent that assassinates their noble languages. It should be a year-round school; all its servants should be French and Germans, with a common-school education; it should be as thoroughly un-American in language and as thoroughly American in spirit as possible; that is to say, an organized attempt to transplant a bit of Europe into our land, and a business-like endeavor to remove from us what is truly a cause of reproach among the nations.

Why do not several of our great universities try this? And if any one of them is trying it now why do not all modern language teachers know about it? What they need is not lectures on Hugo and Goethe, but the opportunity to hear good French and good German, and to exercise their own under competent supervision, whether the subject of discussion be shoes or ships or sealing wax. Such an institution or such a department of an already established institution would do a magnificent part in raising the standard of modern language teaching in our high and preparatory schools, and—let us bow to the spirit of the hour—it would pay.

ALGERNON COLEMAN.

Norfolk, Va., October 25.

THE RHODES SCHOLARS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In relation to the record at Oxford of the Rhodes scholars from the United States, perhaps a word remains to be said.

These students, a fine, manly set of fellows, are not individually the best representatives of their particular States nor of their colleges in America. They are chosen from the list of students taking Greek, a number usually ranging from 1 to 20 per cent. of the men in each institution. Taken as a whole, these are no more likely to stand high as scholars than the representatives of any other group that might be chosen. Good scholars in other fields do not try to "make up" Greek in order to make themselves eligible, regarding such cramming as illegitimate. In general, those students with adequate means have preferred to go to Germany at their own expense, rather than to go to Oxford as Rhodes scholars.

Moreover, the tests by which honors are granted in the English examination system are not of a kind with which most of these had had experience at home, or which is likely to command their respect. To "make up" a subject by the intensive study of a few books with immediate reference to examination, is, rightly or wrongly, regarded in America as a vicious system, not to be commended in its results nor for its results. The whole competitive idea is alien to the best type of school work in America.

Besides all this, the facilities for study at Oxford are great in a few lines only, and these not appealing to the majority of strong men among American college students. In the *Nation* of October 22 Mr. George L. Fox thinks it remarkable that the School of Natural Science at Oxford, with seven distinct lines of examinations leading to a degree, should have attracted but two Rhodes scholars from America. It is perhaps as remarkable that it should have attracted any, for the facilities for work (not for examinations) in this field offered to the Rhodes scholar, are pitifully small in comparison with those of any German university, or any one of a dozen in America. The great value of the opportunities offered at Oxford to men who need just what Oxford gives cannot be questioned, but Oxford at its best represents a highly specialized type of culture, and the strong young men of our American institutions have ideals of another sort. If Oxford-trained men were to meet these on their own ground in the fields, let us say, of pure or applied science, the distribution of "firsts" would be somewhat altered. We are sending good, clean, wholesome boys to Oxford, with occasionally a brilliant one, but are not sending and are not likely to send the strongest type of American scholarship, if scholarship is measured by effective intellectual effort.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, October 30.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND SYDNEY SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Literary tradition credits Sydney Smith with a command of invective that checked the eloquence of a Billingsgate fishwoman:

"Madam, you're a triangle; you're a rectangle; you're a hypotenuse; you're an individual."

"I'm no more an individual than your mother was."

Was Smith simply making use of a stratagem employed with signal success a generation before by Beaumarchais at the Halles centrales in Paris, to ward off a verbal attack from an irate "poissarde": "Vieille onomatopée! s'écria-t-il, infâme catachrèse!"—a volley which is said to have put the enemy to ignominious flight?

R. T. HOUSE.

Weatherford, Okla., October 14.

A MISPRINT IN POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the "curious misprints" referred to by Dr. W. J. Rolfe in the *Nation* of October 22 may be added one which has appeared in several American editions of Pope's works, in which, in a line of the "Messiah,"

> Exalt thy towery head and lift thy eyes,

the word "towering" is substituted for "towery," thus spoiling a splendid line and making a needless pleonasm in asking that which is already towering to exalt itself. As Pope wrote the line, and as it stands in the best editions, it is "Exalt thy towery head," *i. e.*, turreted or guarded with towers, answering to the Latin "turrita."

The same error, "towering" for "towery," appears in many successive editions of the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church in which the passage beginning "Rise crowned with light" is made to do duty as a hymn, though perhaps not well adapted to the purpose. This error appears to have escaped for many years the notice of many revisers of the various editions of this Hymnal.

S. C. CHEW.

Roland Park, Md., October 30.

AWAITS THE INEVITABLE HOUR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your number of October 22, Dr. Rolfe amends the usual reading of the lines from Gray's "Elegy:"

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,

by making the word "hour" the subject, and thus changing "await" to "awaits." May it not be that the current version is more in accord with the thought than what Dr. Rolfe accepts as the original? The verb, in its usual acceptation, implies that the complement is something in the future, the subject being something present. I find the following examples in the Oxford Dictionary: "The tigre his time awaiteth"; "Gabriel sat . . . awaiting night."

Simon Newcomb.

Washington, October 28.

"IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reply to the letter entitled "Ignorance of the Bible," in your issue of October 22, I would say that there is one influence in operation which may correct the growing ignorance. That is the spread of Christian Science. It is probably safe to say that the average Christian Scientist is at least ten times as devoted to the study of the Bible as the average member of any other Christian denomination.

Homer Reed.

Kansas City, Mo., October 25.

Notes.

The third volume of "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," bringing his life down to its close, is nearly ready for publication by the McClure Co. Gen. Schurz died before this volume was completed, but he left a mass of material from which Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning have been able to finish the interrupted work.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the early appearance of Andrew Lang's "Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." The comparison of this work with the biography recently published by Anatole France will no doubt be much in order.

From the same house will come another volume on the Stuart family by Miss A. Shield, whose "King Over the Water" was well received last year. The new work will be entitled "Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York," and will, like the earlier work, have a preface by Andrew Lang.

The twelfth and concluding volume of Swift's prose works in the Bohn Library is announced for immediate publication. The editing, as of the earlier volumes, is by Temple Scott. The edition contains an essay by the late Sir Frederick Falkiner on the portraits of Swift and Stella, another essay by the Dean of St. Patrick's on the relation of Swift and Stella, a bibliography by Spencer Jackson, and a general index to the twelve volumes.

A Norwegian playground two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle is vivaciously described by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond in "Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The main purpose of the book is to narrate the author's experiences in the ascent of thirty-three mountains, and there is much detail which can interest only the keen mountain climber. In the closing chapter she gives special instructions to those who may be inclined to try the peaks of Arctic Norway. The interest for other readers lies in the fact that the book shows, as no other within our knowledge does, how delightfully a summer can be passed in camp or in one of the little settlements in this region. To most it is simply a land of ice and snow, but Mrs. Le Blond tells of woods "filled with beautiful lady ferns, amongst which when we walked we were hidden to the shoulder"; and of hillsides clad with gorgeous crimson mantles of bilberry making a "perfect combination of stern mountain form and glittering ice, with warm-hued tender lowland beauty held together in an ever-clinging embrace by the fjords." Then, too, the simplicity of the life and its resources in fishing, hunting, and sailing, as well as in climbing, and the kindliness and trustworthiness of the natives, are not the least of its attractions. To the vivid word pictures are added 71 reproductions of photographs, which show not only the wondrous scenery, but also many of the stirring incidents of the ascents.

In his "Foreword" (a most ungentlemanlike word) A. Smythe-Palmer states that the project of his "Ideal of a Gentleman" came to him twenty years ago, and that the present collection (published under that title by E. P. Dutton & Co.) is the fruit of reading through all these years. In fact the sources are abundant, from the Egyptian moralist, Ptah-hotep, B. C. 3300, to poets still living to-day. The extracts from these writers, mostly English, are arranged under fourteen heads, such as "The Historical Idea of a Gentleman," "Definition of a Gentleman," "Ancestry," "Manners and Good Breeding," "The Poets' Gentleman," "Ironical and Abusive Acceptation of 'Gentleman,'" etc. It may be ungrateful to quarrel with a book which is evidently the fruit of much labor, but the plan seems to us essentially faulty. A large part of the quotations might be in another section just as properly as in that where they stand, and altogether a chronological arrangement would have been far more significant than this arbitrary classification. Then we must think there are quite too many passages like those from "The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk" of Sir A. Edmonstone. From him there are long flabby pages, whereas of Castiglione ("Castilio," he is here put down) there are only four brief paragraphs, although Castiglione is the great authority, in England as in Italy, for what may be called the Renaissance-Platonic gentleman. In like manner the whole subject of love, which, as the author might learn from Chesterfield, to go no further, has played so conspicuous a part in the formation of manners and courtly character, receives scant attention. And there are extraordinary omissions. We can find in the index no reference to such writers as Méré and Richardson, nor have we chanced upon any quotation from them in turning over the pages of the text. Yet Méré's writings on *l'honnête homme*, as our compiler might have learned from Pascal or from Sainte-Beuve, are the richest storehouse of material for the study of that type of gentleman; while Sir Charles Grandison certainly ought to have a place in this company of Christian models. These are no slight blemishes, but on the other hand these 500 pages of close print contain a vast amount of interesting material, some of it brought from out-of-the-way places, and presenting altogether a curious aspect of human nature and human ideals. The book as a whole is apparently meant for edification, and it accomplishes its purpose in the most exemplary sense of the word.

In "Park Street Papers" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), Bliss Perry includes five of his graceful New Year's prologues to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and cordially appreciative essays on Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Aldrich, and Underwood. The desire to please cheerful readers of sound intellectual tastes, which has shaped his editorial policy, has also, perhaps unconsciously, determined his attitude as a critic. He has the "toastmaster's" fondness for life under its social, cultivated, and genial aspects, and, having a genuine esteem for the characters of his guests, displays at times a toastmasterly indulgence to their literary deficiencies. If long familiarity with the literary has bred in him a slight superiority to literature as such, it has increased his regard for the judgment of the middle class consumers. His own style—direct, racy, never oversubtle—has a kind of case and democratic open-heartedness. He has a keen sense for a characteristic story, an illuminating letter, a chance, telling phrase, and employs them with great skill in bringing out a personality under discussion. These biographical talents, together with a temperamental affinity for the subject, have made his portrait of Longfellow especially interpretative, and sympathetic. But when he concludes the essay with the assertion that "no truer poet ever lived," one feels that he is guilty of an uncritical *non-sequitur;* the logic of his argument demands rather: "No more cultivated and delightful gentleman ever lived." In general, Mr. Perry shuns the fine discriminations of purely literary criticism. If he overrates the poet in Longfellow out of regard for the gentleman, he underrates the poet in Whittier for the contrary reason. In compensation, however, he does hearty justice to Whittier's service as an abolitionist, and delineates with firm hand the rugged, sincere features of the citizen and the man. The sketch of Aldrich with pipe and dog "mitigating the severities" of the editorial den is entirely delightful; and the chapter on Underwood, who just escaped being the first editor of the *Atlantic*, is full of interesting information on the origins of the magazine and its distinguished early contributors. The writers who made the fortune of "4 Park Street" are perhaps still too near to our hearths and hearts to receive their last judgment; pointing out their faults is like pointing out the faults of our fathers and mothers. Emphasizing their human values to the past and present generations of Americans is the much more grateful task accomplished by these papers; after reading them, one turns to Hawthorne, Longfellow, and the rest with a freshened interest and a higher esteem.

"To awaken a vital conviction of the genuine reality of moral problems and the value of reflective thought in dealing with them" is the aim of "Ethics," the latest contribution to the American Science Series (Henry Holt & Co.). And in achieving this aim the authors, Profs. John Dewey and James H. Tufts, have lifted their volume above the level of textbooks. Their success is due largely to their guiding rule:

As against the *a priori* claims of both individualism and socialism, the need of the hour seems to us to be the application of methods of more deliberate analysis and experiment. The extreme conservative may deprecate any scrutiny of the present order; the ardent radical may be impatient of the critical and tardy processes of the investigator; . . . but the cruder method of trial and error and the time-honored method of prejudice and party controversy need not longer completely dominate the regulation of the life of society.

Every form of ethical dualism is attacked. In place of classical oppositions between "the will and the deed," "duty and desire," "the self and society," the authors develop the conception of an "organic," moral life in which "the problem of morality is the formation, out of the body of original instinctive impulses which compose the natural self, of a voluntary self in which socialized desires and affections are dominant, and in which the last and controlling principle of deliberation is the love of the objects which will make this transformation possible." The choice and arrangement of material are admirably calculated to indicate the methods and the general direction of ethical analyses. The book falls into three parts, of which the first records the history of moral evolution, the second introspectively examines the moral life and typical ethical theories, while the last studies the social side of conduct, with particular attention to contemporary problems. From the teacher's point of view, the work is of singularly even merit throughout; but its second and third divisions are most attractive to the general reader. Here are applied two principles which have been counted among the characteristics of pragmatism: the principle that "no moral act is a means to anything beyond itself," and the corollary that every act must be determined by the particular situation which it is called to solve. Against the analyses based upon these, the objection often holds that the crucial task of weighing ends against means has been slighted. An instance of this is the study of the open *versus* the closed shop. The writers say that the right of a small group to exclude others from its benefits depends upon *only* two conditions, viz., a morally justifiable end (such as a desirable standard of living) and the thwarting of this end by admission of outsiders. But how about the methods of securing the desirable standard of living? What if these injure persons outside the group? Such questions should have been explicitly forestalled; for their problem is the most difficult, if not the central one. In waiving them now and then, the authors create the impression that the value of ends may be abstractly computed, a doctrine which none is more eager than they to repudiate. This improper simplification seems due less to false principles than to an almost inevitable lack of special knowledge about some problems. The scientific ideal of letting one's opinion follow facts rather than hopes is never abandoned. The result is a practical, undogmatic view of human conduct.

In a handy volume of a thousand pages the John C. Winston Company has brought out a "Universal Self-pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language," edited by Charles Morris, which appears to us to be excellently devised for speedy reference.

"The International Encyclopædia of Prose and Poetical Quotations," compiled by William S. Walsh, and published by the John C. Winston Company, differs from most books of its class in the kind of quotations included and in the treatment. It in fact combines with ordinary collections of "elegant extracts" something of the book of phrase and fable and something of an author book. Thus, we open by chance to page 103, and find four words: Burns, Byron, Cæsar, Calendar. Under the first two are gathered characterizations of the poets from their own works and from others. Under Cæsar is given, in various forms, the motto "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." Under Calendar we have the doggerel "Thirty days," etc., in five variations. Often a doubtful quotation is followed by a brief explanation of its origin. Altogether a cursory inspection of the work gives the impression that it may be more than ordinarily useful. The indexes are full, the printing careful except for the occasional Greek passages which show a sovereign contempt for the rules of accent.

Of the twenty-three papers in the last number of Archæologia (the Publications of the London Antiquaries) more than half are on subjects relating to English history. Among the most interesting are those of St. John Hope on the "Episcopal Ornaments of William of Wykeham and William of Waynfleet," and the "Funeral Effigies of the Kings and Queens of England"; that of the Rev. O. Y. Reichel on "The Treasury of God and the Birthright of the Poor"; and Trice Martin's "Clerical Life in the Fifteenth Century." A large amount of space is also devoted to Roman Britain. St. John Hope and Mr. Ashby contribute two articles each on the excavations of 1905 and 1906 at Silchester and Caerwent; Prof. F. J. Haverfield, Philip Norman, and Mr. Reader write on "Discoveries in Connection with Roman London." Of the remaining papers that of Horace Sandars on "Pre-Roman Votive Offerings from Despeñaperros," is one of the most important.

"The King's Customs," by Henry Atton and Henry H. Holland (E. P. Dutton & Co.), purports to give an account of "maritime revenue and contraband traffic" in England, Scotland, and Ireland, "from the earliest times to the year 1800." The authors are officials in the customs service, and the volume contains a brief—and somewhat pointless—preface by F. S. Parry, deputy chairman of the Board of Customs. Although the book comes to us with the *imprimatur* of the Board of Customs, it cannot be accepted as a satisfactory history of the subject with which it deals. For the period prior to the accession of James I, the authors have "sampled," to use their own expression, the Rolls, the works of Hale and Rymer, and Hubert Hall's well-known treatise; for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they have carried their investigations further afield, and have collected not a little new material of interest and importance. In form, their narrative is best described as annalistic, and, along with matters of greater importance, one finds such entries as this:

A Treasury warrant was issued to provide £200 to furnish a regiment of soldiers with new shoes and stockings to replace those worn out in chasing smugglers;

or this:

In 1770, on account of the volume of business, the London commissioners agreed to breakfast together at the Custom-house.

But, while the book cannot be accepted as a history of the customs, it contains a certain amount of valuable new material, particularly upon the subject of contraband trade in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. American readers will be most interested in the chapters which deal with the attempts to enforce the regulations imposed upon colonial trade.

"State and People in Early Rome," by Charles W. L. Launspach of the Middle Temple (George Bell & Sons), is one of those books, far too common in England and America, which possess no particular value for scholars, yet do not serve the general reader. Mr. Launspach's thesis is "that the early Roman state was a conscious imitation of the ancient *gens* or family, that its theory of government was founded upon the relations existing between kinsmen, and that these, again, were determined by religious notions which later became transformed through developments within the city and external influences." About this there is nothing very novel, as readers of "The Ancient City" of Fustel de Coulanges will recognize, nor do the citations from Mommsen with which Mr. Launspach's chapters are buttressed make these formulæ of institutional development any more adequate at his hands than they are in the pages of that brilliant French scholar. The author's mind is legal and schematic, rather than historical, and he does not seem to realize that many of the foundations upon which he builds—such as the patriarchal theory, the primitive Asiatic civilization of the Aryans, and the chronology and constitutional history of the early republic—have been seriously shaken by anthropology and by historical criticism. The most substantial chapters are those on family law, which show a fair acquaintance with legal literature, but as a whole the book must be pronounced a belated survival of an earlier stage of scholarship and thought. The problem of the origin of the political and legal institutions of Rome will always possess a certain fascination for students of history and of law, but books like Mr. Launspach's do not bring us nearer its solution. A curiously modern inversion of thought appears in the statement (p. 74) that the Romans "relieved" women of responsibility in public affairs and "deprived them of the political power and influence which responsibility connoted."

The edition of the "Select Epigrams of Martial, Books vii to xii," edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake, was noticed in the *Nation* of March 7, 1907 (p. 221). By bringing out another volume of the "Spectaculorum Liber and Books i to vi," the editors have produced a fairly complete, though cleansed and purified, Martial, admirably adapted for supplementary reading

in the classroom. The same introduction is printed in both volumes. It would have been an excellent device to allure the student into independent reading, if the editors had seen their way to prefixing a translation into easy Latin of Nisard's essay on Martial. The decay of the classics is due in part to the inability of editors and teachers to give to their authors such a living and present significance as Nisard gave to the decadent poets of Rome.

The Latin hymns, especially those of the earlier part of the Middle Ages, exert a perennial appeal, due quite as much to the rugged virility of their fresh inspiration as to the continuing fashion of hymn-singing. Daniel Joseph Donahoe—a lawyer, we believe—has ventured to add to our already fairly rich treasury of English translations from this source metrical renderings of one hundred and sixty Latin hymns, ranging in date from the times of St. Hilary to those of Pius VII ("Early Christian Hymns"; New York: The Grafton Press). Some universal favorites, like Peter Damian's "Gravi me terrore pulsas," the Venerable Bede's "Hymnum canentes martyrum," and Bernard's "Hora novissima," are omitted, but many others of the same class are included, and with them a considerable number of less widely known hymns from the Roman Breviary. Unfortunately most of this last class are of very slender merit. Mr. Donahoe's renderings of the really great hymns fall very decidedly below the level attained by our best translators of the same verse, even when he does not confine himself to a closely literal version of the original. One line may serve as a bad example. He renders the first verse of "Dies Irae," "Day of ire, that direful day," where the jingle of "Ire" and "dire" is disastrous, to say nothing about the adequacy of "ire" in itself. The translator is more at his ease in less high company. The attempt to render elegiacs and sapphics in "the metres of the original" is a failure. Even Tennyson could not have done that. But in general Mr. Donahoe's understanding is correct, his pen facile, his spirit sweet and sympathetic, and his versions eminently readable. The rendering of the "Pange Lingua" of Fortunatus is a good example of the translator's best style.

Since the remarkable success of Dr. Adolf Harnack in his semi-popular lectures on religion, which resulted in his volume "Das Wesen des Christentums," several theological teachers have ventured similar courses, among them Dr. Reinhold Seeberg. No recent German teacher of doctrinal theology with conservative leanings has secured the hearing attained by Professor Seeberg. His sincerity is unquestioned, his learning extensive, his philosophic penetration of high order. His lectures on the plan of Harnack have had wide circulation in Germany, but in their English version, as "The Fundamental Truths of the Christian Religion," translated by the Rev. George E. Thomson and Clara Wallentin (G. P. Putnam's Sons), they scarcely do their author justice. It is doubtful if they will convey much meaning to one who is unfamiliar with current German theological discussion. Their treatment of large topics in metaphysics and theology is much too brief to be clear.

Evangelicalism within the Church of England has found a sympathetic and worthy historian in the Rev. G. R. Balleine's "History of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England" (Longmans, Green, & Co.). In the moderate compass of some 300 pages he sketches the growth and progress of evangelical ideas within the Anglican communion, and estimates the contribution of evangelical churchmen to the cause of English religion. He starts with the Wesleys, Whitefield, and the Oxford Holy Club, and follows the fortunes of the party down to Bishop Ryle and churchmen who are still living. His descriptions of some of the humbler and more earnest evangelical ministers, such as Fletcher of Madeley, are drawn with special care. Mr. Balleine writes as an advocate, though not as a narrow partisan. The weaknesses of the evangelicals, particularly in the early part of the nineteenth century, are somewhat glossed over. The reader of this volume would not suspect that one could write with justice such a scathing rebuke of evangelical superficiality and commonplace as is contained in George Eliot's well-known essay on the sermons of Dr. Cuming. Doubtless Mr. Balleine felt that this side of the case has been presented sufficiently by the opponents of the evangelicals, of whom the English Church has had not a few. It remains true that the present essay does not exaggerate the benefits which English religion has received from the spiritual descendants of the Wesleys.

The attention of those who follow the discussion in England over the position of the national Church, its function in the state, and its part in the religious life of the nation, may well be called to four brief but weighty Hulsean lectures on "The Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches," by Prof. J. Howard B. Masterman of the University of Birmingham (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Professor Masterman's argument for a national Church as essential to the highest development of national life deserves careful consideration. His first lecture, on "The Religious Significance of Nationality," is especially strong. His indictment of the Roman Church as crushing nationality is severe, but his spirit is at all points broad and kindly, and his argument throughout is conducted on a high plane.

In ancient days, maps, crude, perhaps, in some respects, were often enlivened with wonderful pictures that appealed to the imagination; all the beasts of fable were depicted as inhabiting the unknown regions of the earth. Oliver Herford has taken it upon him to restore some of this vanished glamour. "The Simple Jography; or, How to Know the Earth and Why It Spins" (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.) is provided with maps and suggestive illustrations. Thus the White Sea is a rectangle all white; the Red Sea a similar rectangle in red squares. There is an ocean scene in which a liner is shown riding victoriously over a Marcel wave. An effigy of Paderewski serves to illustrate the Magnetic Pole. France is called "the greatest Millinery power on Earth." Under Turkey we read: "The Turks are a fearless people. They have many wives." There are paragraphs devoted to the Folding Beduins and the Hall-Roomanians. In the chapters entitled "Civilization and Powers," Mr. Herford says:

> Each race, however, believes that his own particular tint is the only fit tint for a Civilized Human Being. . . . There is only one way to wipe all the other tints off the Globe. To this end each Family spends most of its money in training vast numbers of slaves in the art of destroying Human Life. These Slaves are called Soldiers. Each Family is rated according to the power of its Soldiers to destroy other Families. Hence the Civilized Powers.

In the chapter on Governments, there is equally keen satire. After defining a Republic as a government by the wealthiest, the author says:

> In an Absolute Monarchy, the People are controlled. In a Limited Monarchy, they are cajoled. In a Republic, they are sold. For the successful operation of Limited Monarchies and Republics it is necessary to delude the Common People into the belief that they are managing their own affairs. This is accomplished by means of a House of Commons, Chamber of Deputies, Senate, Reichstag, Duma, etc. These merry contrivances are designed on the principle of the revolving squirrel cage, furnishing harmless exercise without progression.

Some of the text is rather far-fetched, and some of the puns are venerable. But there is a good deal that is clever and amusing.

Gustav Frenssen's novel, which was such a powerful indictment of the German colonial policy in West Africa, "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," was reviewed in the *Nation* of April 4, 1907 (page 314). It is now translated by Margaret May Ward, and published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Detlev von Liliencron will publish in the near future his *Lebensroman* under the title "Leben und Lüge" (Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler). The book contains, among other things, the war diary of Liliencron, here published for the first time, and the author's judgment of himself and other poets.

The Gutenberg Verlag of Hanover, already favorably known for its Bibliothek wertvoller Memoiren, has now undertaken the publication of a Bibliothek denkwürdiger Reisen, to be edited by Dr. Ernest Schultze. The series will begin with Cook's "Voyages," edited by Dr. Edwin Hennig; and Commodore Perry's "Reopening of Japan," edited by Dr. A. Wirth. George Bogle's Mission Journey to Thibet and Thomas Manning's Journey to Lhasa will soon follow.

A "Tagebuch über Napoleons III. Gefangenschaft auf Wilhelmshöhe" is announced by E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin. The author, Count Karl von Monts, as Governor of Kassel in 1870-71, had charge of the Imperial prisoner and reports here with considerable fulness the life of Napoleon during these autumn and winter months. The book is edited by the Count's grandniece, Fräulein Tony von Held.

The title of Udo Gaede's work of nearly two hundred pages, "Schiller und Nietzsche als Verkünder der tragischen Kultur" (Berlin: H. Walther), is practically self-explanatory. The author has discovered a number of striking parallels in ideas and ideals between these two thinkers.

Prof. Gerhard Budde of Hanover, who has already published, especially for the use of students, several outline summaries of the work of non-German philosophers, has now added a "Philosophisches Lesebuch für den deutschen Unterricht" (Hanover: Hahn).

With the coöperation of Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena he has furnished an excellent chrestomathy of characteristic extracts from the writings of Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schleiermacher, Herbart, Schopenhauer, Fechner, Lotze, Trendelenburg, Wundt, Helmholtz, Schmoller, Paulsen, and Eucken. Each selection is accompanied by a biographical introduction.

Meyer's Historisch-geographischer Kalender, 1909, has just been issued by the Bibliographisches Institut of Leipzig and Berlin. The 366 pages contain an excellent and well illustrated review of the affairs of the world. This is the thirteenth issue of this standard annual.

Herder, Freiburg-im-B., has just brought out in four volumes all of Dante's works, with the Italian and German in parallel columns. The translation, which is new, is by Richard Zoozmann.

Dr. Peter Thomsen has undertaken a "Systematische Bibliographie der Palästinaliteratur," of which Vol. I covers 1895-1904 (Leipzig: Rudolf Haupt). Scholars are fortunately in possession of the Palestine bibliography from 333 to 1895, as reported in the former volumes of the *Zeitschrift des deutschen Palästinavereins;* but the mass of material has become so great that this journal could not publish even a selection of the best works in this field, and what the *Orientalische Bibliographie* offers is anything but complete. An index of authors adds to the value of the book. It is Dr. Thomsen's purpose to issue such a bibliography every five years.

The three hundredth anniversary of the death of one of Germany's greatest hymn-writers, Philipp Nicolai, the author of "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," and "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern," was marked by the publication of two excellent memorial brochures. One, from the pen of Prof. V. Schultze, is entitled "Philipp Nicolai: Zum Gedächtnis seines dreihundertjährigen Todestags" (Mengerinhausen: Wiegel); the other, by Heinrich Hübner, "Philipp Nicolai: Ein Sänger, Tröster, und Wächter der lutherischen Kirche" (Elberfeld: Lutherischer Bücherverein). The second biography, which is more ambitious, is richly illustrated.

Dr. J. E. Belser, member of the Catholic theological faculty in Tübingen, has just published a new commentary on Ephesians, entitled "Der Epheserbrief des Apostels Paulus" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder). The work is particularly rich in its patristic citations, and is a more valuable contribution to the history of the exegesis of this difficult letter than to the interpretation itself. The author but rarely enters upon the burning questions of modern criticism.

Dr. George G. A. Murray has been appointed to the professorship of Greek at Oxford.

James Inglis, well known as a writer for the press under the pseudonym "Maori," has died at Sydney, Australia, at the age of sixty-two. He had travelled much in India and New Zealand, and turned his experience into books. His publications include "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," "Our Australian Cousins," "Our New Zealand Cousins," "Tent Life in Tiger Land," "Our Ain Folk," and "The Humor of the Scot."

Reginald Bosworth Smith, for many years assistant master at Harrow School, has died in his home at Bingham's Melcombe, Dorset, at the age of sixty-nine. He was an historian of note, having published "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," "Carthage and the Carthaginians," and "The Life of Lord Lawrence." Of late years he had written chiefly on bird life.

The death is announced, in his eighty-third year, of Charles Aubertin, rector successively of the Universities of Clermont, Poitiers, and Nancy. Besides editions of Latin and French classics, he published "L'Esprit public au XVIIIme siècle," and "Les Origines de la langue et de la poésie françaises."

STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. II.: A Century of Colonial History, 1660-1760. Pp. 614. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The author begins with an account of the colonial policy of the Restoration, which he finds was determined by the financial needs of the king and his courtiers. Three chapters devoted to the history of New England, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey show how this policy was applied, or how it wasn't. What is called "The Gallic Peril, 1664-1689," is the subject of another chapter. Professor Channing thinks the peril was real, being averted only by the skilful negotiation of Dongan, and the loyalty of the Indians—to the Albany trade. This peril was apparently the "one thing needed to induce James to take the final step of consolidating all the colonies north of Pennsylvania" (p. 151), although in another place we are told: "It is impossible to say how far the royal brothers were actuated by fear of French aggression" (p. 166). A chapter on the Stuart Domination in New England and one on the English Revolution in America bring the story down to 1688. The rest of the book, considerably more than half, is devoted to the period from 1690 to 1760, though the early part of this period receives much more attention than the later.

Students of American colonial history have looked forward to Professor Channing's second volume with peculiar interest, because it promised to cover the eighteenth century—one of those important periods about which every one talks and few write. Certainly it has its difficulties from the point of view of presentation: there seems to be no obvious principle of unity which will serve to make the facts either intelligible or interesting. It is more perplexing even than the seventeenth century, and one cannot well say more than that. After 1688 there are no more interesting Puritan experiments in government; no more Quakers hanged; no more revolutions; no one wants soul liberty any longer; liberty to trade is the thing. Events move monotonously, relieved only by quarrels over money or border wars with the French or Indians. What is to be done, then? One way is to settle down to a draught-horse pace and plough through the history of each colony in turn—a tedious business. It has been done, and no one wants to do it again. Professor Channing, we are glad to say, has avoided that. Perhaps a better way would be to regard the colonies as a single part of the British colonial empire, and to seek for the coördinating principle in the conflict of two main tendencies: on the one hand, the policy of the English government and the institutions of colonial control growing out of that policy; on the other, the needs of the colonists and the strengthening of institutions growing out of those needs. Such a method would require immense research, an easy mastery of facts, great systematizing and architectural capacity, and a talent for interpretation in terms of institutional life.

Professor Channing has not followed any plan of this sort, either. He offers a chapter on the Reconstructed Colonial System, and one on the last Navigation Act; three chapters on the quarrels between Governors and Assemblies in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, which for the most part do not get beyond 1730; five descriptive chapters on economic, religious, and intellectual conditions; and two chapters on the rivalry between French and English. The descriptive chapters are excellent, though every one will not agree that there was "no scarcity of metallic money" (p. 496); we should say, rather, that the paper money movement was due in no small measure to the scarcity of specie, and the trade with the foreign islands was necessary to the Northern and Middle colonies because it was the principal means of getting metallic money. The chapters on the French and English rivalry are also excellent—the best account that we have. But, good as these features of the work are, those who have expected from Professor Channing some original grouping of the facts, some brilliant and illuminating interpretation of the colonies as parts of the British Empire, are certain to be disappointed. Professor Channing eschews theories and abstractions and large generalizations, and he does so, we suspect, consciously. "Tendencies" do not mean much to him. If history is the orderly unfolding of any definite plan, historians, one can imagine him saying, have had no luck in finding out what that plan is. He probably has a poor opinion of the *zeitgeist.* To take live facts out of their

personal setting, and group them arbitrarily around legal or constitutional or methodological abstractions, is to take the meaning out of history. It is enough for the historian that he should be very sure of his facts, and then relate them in the order in which they occur, and so far as possible in their personal setting, as clearly, as simply, as interestingly as possible, without technical or pseudo-scientific jargon. Well, Professor Channing *is* very sure of his facts, he has taken immense pains to be sure of them; and he does relate them clearly, simply, and interestingly. The personal element is everywhere present, the legal aspect of things is neglected. The even narrative flows on without storm or stress, following the subject, with clever turns here and there. Professor Channing has the air of saying: "This is what happened in this place, and at this time, to these people; interpret as you please."

But if Professor Channing will not bore us with any philosophy of history, it is a pleasure to record that he by no means measures up to Renan's wonderful standard; his history is not composed "with as much supreme indifference as if it were written in another planet." No! Professor Channing has his likes and his dislikes. He does not like the Stuarts, for example. He has some sharp sentences at their expense. But there are good reasons for not liking the Stuarts; and Professor Channing's not liking them is so far from being a party matter that he does not like the Revolution Whigs either. They gave a show of constitutional action that "savors somewhat of comic opera" (p. 190). It cannot, of course, be denied that the Whigs of 1688 made a show of constitutional action. They made an immense show of it. But the comic opera would have appeared less glaring to Professor Channing, perhaps, if he were more interested in the legal side of history. One might almost say that the legal side of history is one of his dislikes: Prof. Herbert L. Osgood's elaborate work has struck him, for example, principally as containing the best account of Bacon's Rebellion.

Besides the likes and dislikes, one may here and there fall joyfully upon phrases that reveal the survivals at least of certain conventional and comfortable theories. The century from 1660 to 1760, we are told (p. 3), was for England "a positive retrogression." Here we seem to feel a little the breath of the *zeitgeist*. Retrogression from what, we ask. What was the goal? The Reform Bill, perhaps? Or universal suffrage? Or Socialism? There is a difficulty there. Take another example. Had the colonial governors been men of force and character, "they would have exercised an important influence upon colonial life and constitutional development"; but, "*fortunately*, they were usually persons of quite opposite qualities" (p. 247). Why fortunately? We know what Bancroft would have said. Are we to suppose that (to borrow the manner of the immortal Huck Finn), Professor Channing he says the same? Well, it is difficult to write history without having any theory about it. We believe that Professor Channing has some very good theories about it, and only regret that he has concealed the best part of them. That, however, is a small matter. We commend Professor Channing's book to scholar and reader alike: a better one is not likely to appear soon.

The Continental Congress at Princeton. By Varnum Lansing Collins. Princeton: The University Library. $3 net.

In a handsome volume of three hundred pages, Mr. Collins, formerly reference librarian at Princeton, acting under the auspices of the Princeton Historical Association, has dealt with a phase of American history hitherto in large measure neglected. Actuated by local zeal as well as by wider historical interest, he has written an account of the mutiny of the Lancaster and Philadelphia troops in June, 1783, the consequent flight of the members of Congress from Philadelphia to Princeton, and their sojourn there during the summer and autumn of the same year. The story, both in its official and social aspects, is told by Mr. Collins with such thorough knowledge of all the sources of information in print and manuscript, with such a keen sense of the significance of the events, with such an eye to the picturesque and dramatic phases of Congressional life in the rural New Jersey town, and with such attention to matters of style and arrangement, as to make it in all points a model of its kind.

The interest lies mainly in three directions: the story itself, with its vivid portrayal of the personages concerned at work and at play; the official activities of Congress and the business actually transacted at Princeton; and, lastly, the significance of the events from the point of view of our national development. Each of these aspects is amply and admirably worked out. Pages are devoted to ceremonies and celebrations, to the housing of the visitors, to their dress and manner of living, and to the many other social and domestic incidents which clothed Nassau Hall with a new and unexpected glory. The narrative is supplemented with many letters, speeches, and poems, while the appendix contains unpublished documents deemed by Mr. Collins too valuable to be discarded entirely: Boudinot's household accounts with a local merchant, certain lists of Princeton citizens, correspondence with Dr. Thomas Wren of England, to whom Princeton gave an honorary degree, and two commencement orations. The volume is embellished with a number of full-page facsimiles, portraits of Washington, and other pictures. The portrait of Washington, selected for a frontispiece, is appropriately that of Peale, painted during the sitting of Congress, by order of the college, and placed, as the minute of the trustees stated, "in the hall of the college in the room of the picture of the late King of Great Britain, which was torn away by a ball from the American artillery in the battle of Princeton."

Mr. Collins devotes ample space to the business side of the session, and makes it clear that the summer debates, though often conducted in a dilatory and half-hearted manner, were far from fruitless. He summarizes the work of the session as follows:

> The peace establishment problem had not been solved, but Washington had been thanked for his services as commander-in-chief. the Federal residence question apparently had been settled, and a long advance had been made toward the cession of public lands to the United States and the inauguration of amicable relations with the Indians. Important treaties had been ratified, a foreign minister [Van Berckel, the Dutch representative] had been received with due ceremony, and the first halting steps had been taken by the United States toward the occupation of a ranking place among the nations of the world.

These were results of conspicuous moment, yet they appear to have been attained almost accidentally, in no way the outcome of foresight and efficiency on the part of the representatives assembled at Princeton. Though bulking large in a summary, these positive accomplishments are almost lost sight of when followed day by day in the proceedings, where wrangling and jealousy, inertia, and indifference seem, in the eyes of most observers, to hold the more conspicuous place.

In his comments on the historical significance of the events Mr. Collins states nothing that differs essentially from the conclusions of others; but he has laid so firm a foundation of fact upon which to base his opinions that what he says has peculiar force and value. His final chapter contains a brief but thoroughly satisfactory review of the situation, the leading features of which may be stated as follows: A small part of the army, driven to desperation by failure to obtain its pay, rose in mutiny against the power that had called it into existence. Congress, fearing actual physical danger, retired in undignified flight to Princeton. This event made clear, perhaps for the first time to the world at large, how anomalous was the position that Congress occupied—the only central government, yet unprotected by the States whose representative it was and impotent to guard itself against the disgraceful threats of an angry military mob. Such

a beginning of our career as a nation was ominous for the future. The war had developed no permanent solidarity of interests, no largeness of view, no true national spirit. The members of Congress, as formerly at Philadelphia and afterward at Annapolis, viewed their duties at Princeton with exasperating nonchalance, and even in the throes of some definite accomplishment quarrelled and obstructed progress. Little wonder that men like Washington and Hamilton grew indignant at the unwillingness of the members to sink their local interest in a statesmanlike regard for the common welfare, and urged the need of an indissoluble union under one federal head. The great importance of Mr. Collins's work lies in the clearness with which it shows that even before peace with England was more than a rumor, events had betrayed the worthlessness of the Confederation and its impotence in the presence of grave dangers. Yet five disastrous years were to pass before the American people awoke to a sense of their peril and their disgrace.

So admirable a presentation of Congressional life during this period of five months should serve to call renewed attention to the wealth of information that lies buried in the voluminous papers of the Continental Congress now in the Library of Congress, and to aid in bringing about not only their more extended use by historical scholars, but their eventual publication by the government. The journals of Congress, now being published in a new edition, need at every point the illuminating and humanizing elements which the less formal papers furnish. Quite apart from his more immediate purpose of throwing light on a neglected episode, Mr. Collins has presented a convincing demonstration of the value of this and other similar material.

CURRENT FICTION.

Helianthus. By "Ouida." New York: The Macmillan Co.

When Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida") died last January, she left an unfinished story which is here published in a volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages. We are bound, then, to overlook certain inconsistencies, to ignore some threads of narrative which apparently lead nowhere, and to accept the book with all its imperfections on its head. Taking it as it is, we may regard it as a sort of last will and testament of the author. In spite of defects, perhaps because of them, it smacks of "Ouida" on every page, and is another interesting revelation of her remarkable talent.

The conception is grandiose—the fortunes of dynasties and great nations hanging on the outcome of a love affair between a prince and the daughter of an arch revolutionist. The canvas is ample, stretching across all Europe. But the characters, as in so much of "Ouida's" earlier work, fall short of complete vitality. It would not be fair to say that the members of the royal family of Helianthus—the King, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Prince Orthyris, the hero—are mere types. Yet all of them, and also the beautiful heroine, Ilia Illyris, leave us a little cold. For all the pains that have been bestowed upon them, we do not greatly care what befalls them. More successful, on the whole, is the portraiture of the country in which they live. In description "Ouida" was a writer of no slight power, and she evidently exerted herself in the presentation of Helianthus, which is Italy with something of Greece thrown in for good measure. The blue of the Mediterranean, the massive hills, the groves of olives, and the charming gardens—all are made vivid to the eye in a style whose effectiveness not even "Ouida's" purple patches can seriously impair.

But the prime fault of "Helianthus" as a novel is that for the first half or two-thirds the story fails to carry the reader along. It is, indeed, not so much a story as a political tract, a satire on royalty, imperialism, and militarism. "Ouida" was an intense republican, a passionate humanitarian; and here she gives these qualities free rein. The bickerings, the jealousies, the meannesses of kings, and their gross ignorance of and indifference to popular desires and welfare; the selfishness, the plundering, the cruelty, the murder that are cloaked by such sounding terms as "patriotism," "fatherland," and "national glory"; the relations between Helianthus and its neighbors — Gallia (France), Candor (England), and the Guthonic Empire (Germany)—the outward shows of friendship, the secret malice and plottings—upon all these things the author pours her bitterest scorn. She draws us, for example, this picture of the Emperor Julius (William), the war-lord of the Guthones. It is undeniably a caricature; but the sting lies in the fact that many of the lines are fatally true:

> Julius had a manner of telling his army that he expected it to massacre its fellow-countrymen, whenever desired, which rivalled the finest times of mediæval despotism. He had a felicitous familiarity in his relations with the Deity, coupled with a reverential admiration of himself and of his own acts, his own speeches, his own talents and policies, which John of Gunderöde [King of Helianthus] admired respectfully, though the stolid common-sense of his own temper prevented him from equalling them. To rise to those supreme heights of self-adoration it is needful to have more than one *grain de folie* in one's moral and mental composition.

It would be easy to quote columns of such clever and cutting sentences. But it is already clear that one who cares less for a novel than for "Ouida's" last fierce onslaught on the hypocrisies of our civilization should read "Helianthus."

The Devil. By Adriaan Schade van Westrum. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

This is a novel founded upon the version of the Hungarian drama of the same name produced at the Belasco Theatre in New York, and it is illustrated from photographs of several scenes of the play. The task of one who runs dramatic material into the novel mould —much simpler than the opposite process—is to avoid adding too much. In this case the adapter has acquitted himself well; he has supplied costumes, properties, scenery, and business without lessening the objectivity of presentation or impairing the terseness and verve of the dramatic version. With the devil left out, this is the story: A young artist loses his money at Monte Carlo, is set on his feet by a millionaire, makes a reputation by painting his model, abandons her to become engaged to an heiress, whom he also deserts. At the end of the book, he and the millionaire's wife set out on the primrose path. To the eye, the devil appears as the most modern of gentlemen, differing from others only by the superiority of his intelligence; virtually, he is the externalized passion of each character in turn, dialoguing with reason in the critical moment. The admirable technique displayed in the conduct of this embodied evil is perhaps more readily appreciated by the reader of the novel than by the spectator of the play; for the sulphurous personality of such an actor as Mr. Arliss makes one forget the essential subjectivity of the fiend. The disengaged satirical tone of the book and its cynical ending would have commended it to the gentlemen of the court of Charles II.

Gilbert Neal. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Harben's work represents a sincere impulse to express the life of simple people in Georgia, the life with which he is evidently most familiar. His method is movingly ingenuous; he writes not only of the people but from the people. Hence his acceptableness to the popular reader. There is no nonsense about him, no condescension from the sophisticated to the uncouth. When his heroine says, "If she were to die, it would be awful on uncle and the children," she is not employing a form of locution which seems to Mr. Harben either odd or amusing; nor, on the other hand, is he disturbed by the rather florid turns of speech with which his characters are wont to decorate the vernacular. This is not the way the common

people talk, but it is the way they think they talk, or would like to talk, or at all events wish their persons in fiction to talk. If at one moment, we read of a weeping girl, "she pressed her damp face more firmly against his neck," at the next we hear that her hand "had lost the pliancy of grief, which had controlled it only a moment before." We know that we are not dealing with a ruthless realism; and we are prepared for the ensuing cry of the hero: "No, no, no, God forgive me, no! . . . The blackguard lied like a dirty dog, and I wish I'd killed him—killed him!"

The plot of the tale is delightfully melodramatic and Southern. The hero is an honest young farmer, the villain a dishonest young parson. The farmer's sister and the parson's wife are, as it were, the "two little Evas" of town-hall histrionics, and the parson's sister is the dashing adventuress to a miracle. The action turns upon the obvious fact that any honest young man ought to kill his sister's betrayer on sight. In this instance, to be sure, the betrayer does not quite betray, or the killer quite kill; but the intentions of both are of the best. The only human being in the story is one Daggart, village store-keeper and money-lender, and, as he says, "just a natural man, by hunky."

The Leaven of Love. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The very stylish and coquettish young person on the cover of this book we take to represent the Christian Science heroine. She is a triumphant young person, as the story goes, carrying her amiable evangel to the just and the unjust, unaffectedly happy in leaving everything to God except conversation. She speaks the now familiar dialect of Mrs. Eddy and her band, smiles as persistently as Malvolio, and "demonstrates" a weeping sinew from a young man's wrist, with the nonchalant air of the trained magician. The book has that tone of comfortable liveliness which marks this amiable and prosperous sect. There is much contented basking in the consciousness that here at least is to be found the most profitable of earthly investments.

Chaucer and His England. By G. G. Coulton. 32 illustrations; pp. xii+321. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

In this book we do not read merely of Chaucer the poet, as in the studies by Lounsbury and others; nor do we read the politico-social history of England in the fourteenth century. The author attempts to portray just that England in which Chaucer lived and wrought. Of course, the poet's personality and gifts are brought out with clearness and force, but the present work is in the main rather about Chaucer than upon him. As such we welcome it cordially. When we weary of the construction of the framework of the "Legend of Good Women," or the niceties of Chaucerian scansion and grammar or the question whether the translation of the "Romance of the Rose" is by Chaucer or by another, we may turn with relief to the broader questions of society, church, state. We have not space for a detailed analysis of Mr. Coulton's work. Even the list of chapter headings would fail to suggest the wealth of material here gathered. We must restrict ourselves, therefore, to selecting a few topics for illustration.

Mr. Coulton knows his poet and quotes him freely and aptly. Yet the manner of quoting is puzzling, not to say irritating. On one page he sets up Chaucerian English, with at least an attempt at exactness; on another page he presents the poet in quite Victorian garb. Compare p. 163:

> And when I saw he wouldë never fine
> To readen on this cursed book all night,

with p. 146:

> He was a very perfect gentle Knight.

or with p. 161:

> This Pardoner answerëd not a word.

One need not be a passed Chaucerian to know that Chaucer never wrote or spoke "perfect"; we urge Mr. Coulton to look up the word in the Oxford Dictionary. Nor did Chaucer write "gentle," but "gentil"; there is a distinction. And "answerëd" for "answerdë" is in disregard of Chaucerian grammar. Sometimes Mr. Coulton gives the references for his quotations, sometimes he does not. Now, although most of us can locate a Chaucerian line at a pinch, we grudge the time. The present reviewer would echo M. Jourdain's exhortation, "Faites comme si je ne le savais pas." The reference, p. 21, to "Chaucer's *contemporaries*, Lydgate and Hoccleve," will certainly trip the unwary; one might as well speak of Dryden and Pope, or Pope and Johnson, as contemporaries.

After Chaucer himself, the author most frequently cited by Mr. Coulton is Langland. This is eminently wise, for the author of the "Vision of Piers the Plowman" not only was a genius after his own fashion and worthy to stand by the side of Chaucer, but presented that aspect of life which the court poet usually ignored. Occasionally, it is true, Chaucer gives a perfect sketch of homely life, notably in the description of the widow and her cottage in the "Nun's Priest's Tale." But in the great main, if we seek to learn how the lower classes moiled and suffered, we must go to the "Vision." And whoever has once read that extraordinary poem will always revert to it with enhanced pleasure and respect. It is, in truth, a bolder effort and moves along broader lines than any single piece of Chaucer's. So many of Mr. Coulton's topics touch upon Langland rather than upon Chaucer that one is almost tempted to change the title of the volume to "Chaucer and Piers Plowman and Their England." On the other hand, Gower, Chaucer's real "contemporary," is cited with comparative infrequence. Gower, we all know, is dry and pedantic, and consequently repellent. We suspect, however, that a minute study of all his writings, Latin and French no less than English, might yield more information than has been commonly admitted.

Chapter xvii., "The Gay Science," goes pretty deeply into the mediæval conception of love. As might have been expected, Mr. Coulton points many a moral by referring to Dante. Though we do not feel called upon to controvert bluntly any of his views on Dante, we take the liberty of believing that Dante stood quite outside and above his world in ethical purity; was, in fact, the quintessence of purity for all time; whereas Chaucer, even at his best, was of the earth earthy. The difference is fundamental and organic. And Mr. Coulton's conception of Emily, in the "Knight's Tale" (p. 222), is to us a puzzle. His words are:

> Chaucer himself could not have made her a Die Vernon or an Ethel Newcome; with fuller modelling and more freedom of action in the story, she could at best have become a sort of Beatrix Esmond.

We are unable, however, to trace the slightest kinship between 'Trix and Emily; the one is caprice incarnate, the other is the good girl who always does what she is bid.

The last two chapters, xxiii. and xxiv., "Priests and People" and "Conclusion," should give us much food for thought. Here we are confronted with the eternal question: What and how much did men believe? What was the Church to the humble layman, what to the scholar and thinker? Mr. Coulton would probably be the last man to assert that he had answered the question definitively; for he is well aware that in such matters there can be no final word. In general his doctrine seems to us true and illuminating. Of Chaucer in particular we may hold that he was at once a believer and a skeptic. Yet on one point, at least, we would join issue with Mr. Coulton. At pp. 36, 72, 312, and perhaps elsewhere, he treats the so-called "Retractation," appended to the "Parson's Tale," as genuinely Chaucerian. Does he really believe this? We do not. The "Retractation" reads more like the pious invention of a later hand.

The index is insufficient for a book of such complexity. Of the illustrations

we are constrained to say that, although they are pleasant to look upon, they do not always illustrate Chaucer or Chaucer's England.

The Strength of Nations. By J. W. Welsford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

This volume presents another "argument from history" to prove that Great Britain is doomed to ultimate ruin, unless she adopts the programme of the "tariff reformers." It illustrates very well the advantages of the so-called "historical method." So long as he confines himself to present-day conditions, the economist is obliged to deal with problems the elements of which are more or less familiar; but if he will go back to remote ages, he can readily free himself from the embarrassments which inconvenient and stubborn facts oppose to the development of preconceived theories. In justice to Mr. Welsford, it should be said that he makes the most of the opportunities which the historical method affords.

He is content to begin with Rome, and does not undertake to show that freedom of trade ruined the ancient monarchies and empires of the East. The Roman Empire, he maintains, declined and fell because of "foreign imports." First, the provinces ruined Italy by supplying her with food and manufactured products, and the provinces, in turn, were ruined by imports from the outlying parts of the world. Constantinople then became the centre of Mediterranean traffic, but neglected "productive" industry for foreign trade, and so, in time, lost her supremacy. Under Charlemagne, "Europe for a short time lost its national character, and became a brotherhood," but this experiment with "the brotherhood of man and universal free trade" ended in war—which shows how wrong the "philosophers" were and are. England became the first true nation, by developing industries and "founding commerce upon production." The Italian cities, on the other hand, some of them "producing towns" and others "trading towns," could form no union; and thus Italy was ruined by "free food, free trade, and disunion." The Hanseatic towns were indifferent to "the interests of German workers," and so the league "was no real union." The German Empire failed to adopt a protective policy in 1523, through the machinations of wicked merchants, who were bringing in foreign manufactures, and thus German unity and freedom were destroyed. Holland developed trade at the expense of industry, and thereby brought about her own undoing. France became strong in the seventeenth century through protection, but sacrificed her advantage in the commercial treaty concluded with England in 1786. This treaty wrought havoc in France and speedily brought on the Revolution, the true causes of which have been wickedly "obscured" by the "free-trade historians." The Revolution, in reality, "began with an influx of British goods," and ended after the sale of such goods was prohibited in 1793.

Thus the story runs, with frequent castigations of Adam Smith, Cobden, and the other miscreants who in divers times and places have plotted against the welfare of their fellow-men and retarded the progress of the race. Foreign trade is a terrible thing except in non-competing products, as in exchange between temperate and tropical regions. To import goods which you can produce yourself, albeit at greater expense, involves waste of energy and tends to depress industry. To draw an income from foreign investments is worst of all, and exhausts the country that receives it, even as Italy was ruined by the tribute exacted from subject provinces. Finally,

> In an economic union of the British Empire, tropical raw material will be linked to British industry, and the new combination will have no need to fear foreign competition.

Mr. Welsford's theories of international trade need not be criticised here. They represent the crudest type of protectionist thought, and may be dismissed without further remark. His appeal to the facts of history is so grotesque as to be positively diverting. The Roman Empire was ruined by free trade! Italy and Germany failed to attain national unity on account of unregulated foreign commerce! The French Revolution was caused by the treaty with England in 1786! Adam Smith was paid by Charles Townshend to visit France, learn the "schemes of the French economists," and then advise the British government in matters of commercial policy! The "Wealth of Nations" "was manufactured mainly for exportation," and served admirably the purpose of compassing the ruin of England's rivals! And our own civil war, we learn, was caused, not by slavery, but by the desire of the South to secure free trade. After reading all this, the critic wonders how Mr. Welsford came to overlook the striking and significant fact that ancient Troy was ruined by free importation of a wooden horse "dumped" on her shores by the wily Greeks. In conclusion it should be observed that our author does not carry his investigation so far as the decade preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the distress of the laboring classes during that period he would have found some useful evidence of the beauties of taxes on grain. But, then, as we have already remarked, the historical method loses many of its advantages as the protectionist approaches times that we know something about.

Science.

Lectures on the Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention. By Edward Bradford Titchener. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.

"I suppose that every experimental psychologist," our author remarks in one of his lectures, "has, at one time or another, been confronted with the skeptical question: 'What, after all, has the experimental method done for general psychology?'" He adds that, as a rule, it is not easy to find an answer; but for a satisfactory reply he might well have referred his questioner to his own book here considered. It is seldom that one meets an author who is so well equipped for his task by years of labor, and whose studies have left him more keen in the endeavor to view all sides of his subject without bias, and more thoroughly imbued with that power of balanced judgment which alone gives significance to the work of the scientific writer. And such an equipment is the more welcome, for the fields chosen by our author remain in obscurity, while modern research has thrown brilliant light upon coördinate psychological realms of no greater importance.

It cannot be said, however, that the writer is without his own bias. As he himself says:

> If you are favorably impressed by a scientific theory, the facts that support that theory crowd in upon you, while the outstanding facts, those that cannot connect with the trend of consciousness, fail to present themselves; you mean to be impartial, and the conditions of attention make you one-sided (P. 98).

This bias in our author's case is in favor of sensationalism, one to which the psycho-physicist is naturally liable, as in his typical experiments he must of necessity deal largely with sensational data. This bias is shown throughout the book, but has especial influence upon Professor Titchener's discussions in the realm that he designates by the common term "feeling," a word so vague in meaning that it surely should be eliminated from all scientific psychological works where it can be replaced by any other. In the lectures relating to this subject he gives less weight to non-sensational theories of pleasure and pain than is their due, although his eminent fairness of mind prevents him from glossing over the objections to theories in which, as a sensationalist, he would naturally be expected to take a special interest; such, for instance, as Stumpf's theory of *Gefühlsempfindungen*.

A mere glance at the "index of names" will satisfy the reader of the author's erudition, which, it is clear, has been assimilated rather than merely retained. As would be expected from the translator of Wundt's principal

works, he devotes much of his space to a study of this master's views, but he discusses them with no sign of slavish advocacy, giving them, in fact, little more weight than he gives to the opinion of other investigators, not always men of note, whose work appears to him to be worthy of attention. It is natural perhaps that a man of his special training should pay special attention to the thought of German writers; but this predilection has led Professor Titchener to overlook some valuable contributions by men of other nationalities, among which we may mention those of our own Prof. R. S. Woodworth. These are especially important in this connection because they tend to discredit the sensationalist dogma which dominates our author's thought.

The questions which Profeessor Titchener discusses are too technical for detailed treatment here. His general problem is one of problems; his principal aim is to determine what points in his chosen fields demand elucidation, and are worthy of investigation; to explain how they have been treated, and to indicate wherein they lack such clearness as the experimentalist may hope to give to them by his method and mode of approach. And in this attempt the author has been eminently successful. He has laid out enough work that promises important results to keep the psycho-physicists busy for a generation. Collections of classroom lectures are not often inspiring, but this work is a welcome exception to this rule. It must add much to its author's reputation, if for no other reason than that it sets for all other workers in the same realm of science a pace the maintenance of which will call for all their energies.

The Musée Océanographique in Monaco, which is to be dedicated this coming winter, will contain an exceptionally rich collection of specimens of submarine fauna and flora, which are the fruits of the scientific journeys of Prince Albert of Monaco. The prince is having erected in Paris an Educational Institute for Oceanography, which is to coöperate with the Museum.

Dr. Cuthbert Collingwood, a British physiologist, zoölogist, and botanist of note, has died at the age of eighty-one. He wrote many papers for the *Linnæan Transactions* and other scientific journals, hesides his books: "Ramhles of a Naturalist in the China Seas," "A Vision of Creation," "The Bible and the Age," and "From Beyrout to Bethlehem."

The death is announced at the age of thirty-three of Duncan MacNaughten, a Scotch ornithologist, who had already made a name for himself by his studies of bird-life in Scotland.

The death in his seventy-fourth year is announced of Adolf Wüllner, professor of physics at the Technical Hochschule of Alx-la-Chapelle. His "Lehrbuch der Physik," in four volumes, was a popular text-book which had reached a fifth edition.

Dr. Friedrich Bezold, professor of otology at the University of Munich, has died at the age of sixty-six. He had made a special study of the treatment of deaf-mutes, and had written largely on diseases of the ear.

Drama.

The Age of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

It is not easy to give a fair report on this latest incursion of Mr. Swinburne into criticism. Some veneration is due to a name so high among the living makers of literature, even though that name may denote many things distasteful to the present reviewer; yet in strict truth these essays can scarcely be characterized otherwise than as "sound and fury, signifying"—let us say the author's temper more than Shakespeare's age. Here, in nine chapters, Mr. Swinburne sets down his impressions of Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Heywood, Tourneur, and other selected dramatists. He has himself an intimate familiarity with these writers—it is doubtful if any man of to-day has read them more continually and more enthusiastically than he—and he requires of the reader almost the same sort of knowledge. We can admire this stalwart contempt for the ignorant, yet after all to write as if even the ordinary student held in memory the plots of all these Elizabethan plays so as to understand the critic's passing comment, is to fire much of one's powder into the air. And, to continue the metaphor, Mr. Swinburne, when he is really serious, always discharges two barrels at a shot, one at the subject in view, the other at a supposed adversary. Thus, he is not content with expressing his opinion that Webster was not "morbidly fascinated by a fantastic attraction toward the 'violent delights' of horror," but he must prelude this with the exclamation: "In all the vast and voluminous records of critical error there can be discovered no falsehood more foolish or more flagrant than the vulgar tradition," etc. Well, the vulgar tradition is generally right, and a vulgar critic might, if he dared face the vast and voluminous wrath of Mr. Swinburne, point to many scenes in which Webster revels in the very dregs of physical horror. Again Thomas Campbell once compared Webster and Euripides, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. Beware! Campbell, Mr. Swinburne first declares, is "ignorant and incapable of understanding," and then adds: "As there is no poet morally nobler than Webster, so there is no poet ignobler in the moral sense than Euripides. . . The degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England, is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man." Such mouthing exaggeration calls to mind a phrase applied to Mr. Swinburne in a recent book—"the howling dervish among critics"; or, is Mr. Swinburne merely ironic, and has he been laughing in his sleeve at us all these years?

It is fair to add that this chapter on Webster, as it deals with one of Mr. Swinburne's enthusiasms, is the least reasonable in the book, without the compensation of that torrential eloquence which, in some of his earlier works—his volume on Blake, for example—gave to "airy nothing" a sublime force. It contains, indeed, the nearest approach to a philosophical idea to be found within these covers—but, then, the idea is forthwith turned to false conclusions. The passage, as typical of Mr. Swinburne at his strongest, may be quoted at length:

> Æschylus is above all things the poet of righteousness. "But in any wise, I say unto thee, revere thou the altar of righteousness": this is the crowning admonition of his doctrine, as its crowning prospect is the reconciliation or atonement of the principle of retrihution with the principle of redemption, of the powers of the mystery of darkness with the co-eternal forces of the spirit of wisdom, of the lord of inspiration and of light. The doctrine of Shakespeare, where it is not vaguer, is darker in its implication of injustice, in its acceptance of accident, than the impression of the doctrine of Æschylus. Fate, irreversible and inscrutahle, is the only force of which we feel the impact, of which we trace the sign, in the upshot of "Othello" or "King Lear." The last step into the darkness remained to be taken hy "the most tragic" of all English poets. With Shakespeare—and assuredly not with Æschylus—righteousness itself seems subject and subordinate to the masterdom of fate; but fate itself, in the tragic world of Webster, seems merely the servant or the synonym of chance. The two chief agents in his two great tragedies pass away—the phrase was, perhaps, unconsciously repeated—"in a mist": perplexed, indomitable, defiant of hope and fear; bitter and skeptical and bloody in penitence or impenltence alike. And the mist which encompasses the departing spirits of these moody and mocking men of hlood seems equally to involve the lives of their chastisers and their victims. Blind accident and blundering mishap—"such a mistake," says one of the criminals, "as I have often seen in a play"—are the steersmen of their fortunes and the doomsmen of their deeds.

That is well said and true, but it is not true that Webster, because he reduces the world to a fingerboard for Chance, is the most tragic of our dramatists and most noble morally. On the contrary, it may be said that chance is essentially non-tragic and non-moral, and that this element of chance in Webster, this dying in the mist, makes him profoundly striking, bewildering, overpowering, but untragical in the sense that "Macbeth" and "Agamemnon" and "Hippolytus" are tragical. The elevation of tragedy, as opposed to the

mere terror or grewsomeness of calamity, is due to the conquest of moral order over chance, to the feeling that the hounds of heaven track their prey with unerring scent through all the hurly-burly of an otherwise incomprehensible world.

We have dwelt thus on this study of Webster because it is the most Swinburnian in the book. Candor will add that Mr. Swinburne becomes more critical just as he becomes less serious and less himself. From the other essays one might pick a number of shrewd judgments on minor points, and of happy discriminations in taste among plays of mediocre significance. As examples of this we may cite his comment on the poems attributed to Dekker, and his praise of Marston's satire of Euphuism. But, as a whole, it can only be repeated that the book must impress any sane reader as the cry of an enraged and baffled romanticism, of a romanticism that, like some wild beast at bay, snaps and snarls at common-sense.

The third volume of the Variorum edition of Beaumont and Fletcher will come from G. Bell & Sons some time this month. The volume contains five plays, viz.: "The Faithful Shepherdess," edited by W. W. Greg; "The Mad Lover" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," edited by R. Warwick Bond; "The Loyal Subject," edited by John Masefield, with an introduction by R. Warwick Bond; and "The Laws of Candy," edited by E. K. Chambers.

To the useful series, French Classics for English Readers (G. P. Putnam's Sons), the latest addition comes in a selection of Molière's plays, translated by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, with an introduction by Prof. Brander Matthews. The latter sketches the dramatist's career in a rapid outline of some twenty-five pages, in which are condensed, for popular reading, most of the undisputed views concerning Molière's life and work. Each of the eight plays selected is preceded by a brief explanation of its design; here, however, one or two suggestions may be hazarded. It is held by more than one authority to-day that Molière, in "Les Précieuses ridicules," directed his satire not at the genuine great ladies, but against their understudies, so to speak. Fuller comment might also be given on the social conditions which rendered possible the flourishing of so peculiar a type as Tartuffe, and the amazing genius which converts this specific variety of hypocrite into a permanently universal representative. The Englishing of the original is for the most part faithful. Minute comparison of the prose plays here rendered with so well-known a version as Van Laun's demonstrates the unflinching precision of Professor Page's usual method; he rarely grants himself the easy luxury of the evasive paraphrase, and in instances where Van Laun mistranslates supplies the equivalent for Molière's phrase. A good example appears in "L'Avare" (iii. 5), where Harpagon recommends as cheap and filling food "quelque bon *haricot* bien gras," etc. In Van Laun we find the all but incredible blunder of "some good fat *beans*"; to Professor Page the original very properly suggests "a good fat mutton (?) *stew*." Again, in the same play (i. 10), Valère, in a well-sustained sporting metaphor, speaks of characters "qui se *roidissent* contre le droit chemin de la raison." Van Laun has it "set their faces," while in the present translation we read "*balk* at the straight road of reason." Between "flimsy sparks" and "effeminate young beaux" (*damoiseaux floucts*), a reader may hesitate to choose. And in the poetical plays, which are here for the first time reproduced in corresponding English verse, Professor Page has contrived to follow the original almost step by step without falling into that mechanical style which is too often the mark of the translator. At times, of course, the "little less," which seems its inevitable result, implies the sacrifice of some of the epigrammatic pungency, the true flavor of the Molièrean couplet. Contrast

Things are not far advanced yet, in the country

and

La campagne à présent n'est pas beaucoup fleurie,
("Tartuffe," i, 4.)

Or, again:

I must be singled out: to put it flatly,
The friend of all mankind's no friend for me

and

Je veux qu'on me distingue; et, pour le trancher net,
L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.
("Le Misanthrope," i, 1,)

Singularly enough, the translations offered in the latter play, of the "sonnet" of Oronte and the quaint verses preferred by Alceste, have a more genuine smack of the original.

H. G. Voigt, a young and ambitious writer, has recently published (Stuttgart: J. F. Steinkopf) two historical dramas, which, though far from perfect, give promise. One is entitled "Wendungen: Historisch-dramatische Dichtung über die Zeit Gregors VII"; the other, "Perpetua; Dramatisches Gemälde aus der Zeit der Christenverfolgung." The lines are iambic pentametre and very smooth.

The representation of "The World and His Wife," seen here for the first time in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, has enough of substantial merit to make amends for its minor shortcomings. It is a new and modernized version by Charles F. Nirdlinger of the "El Gran Galeoto," long regarded as one of the greatest achievements of the Spanish dramatist, Echgaray. The theme is the potency for evil in irresponsible and malicious gossip, and it is handled with remarkable ingenuity, verity, and genuine tragic power. In spirit it is a latter-day variation of the story of "Othello," with pharisaical suspicion and credulity the motive, instead of Iago's jealousy and hate. The story is very simple, and, in spite of its rapid development, entirely reasonable. A noble gentleman, devoted to a wife who loves him with equal sincerity, maintains in his household a young friend, to whom he is bound by every tie of affection and gratitude. The three associate on terms of charming and honorable intimacy, without suspicion on the one side, or thought of wrong on the other. But the idle and censorious world soon sees in the youth a lover and in the husband an unsuspecting victim. The latter hears the gossip through the agency of a suspicious and malignant brother, and is so distracted by jealousy that he no longer has any sense of justice. Finally he is fatally wounded in a duel, and dies cursing the unfortunate wife, who had risked even her good name in a final effort to save him. Thus, by force of unavoidable circumstance, the true friend and the faithful wife are driven into each other's arms in self-defence. It is a vital piece which holds the interest unceasingly, and moves with swift and nicely calculated action to a thrilling climax. Mr. Nirdlinger's attempts at the modernization of it are not happy; are, indeed, often out of harmony with the rest of the piece, but he has not interfered with the main outlines, and his version, if unequal, is, at least, theatrically and dramatically effective. Few better plays are likely to be seen this season. The representation is of somewhat more than respectable quality, though not brilliant. Cooper Cliffe gives an able and striking impersonation of the jealous husband—with an undeniable note of Spanish color in it—and William Faversham is, on the whole, satisfactory as the suspected friend. Miss Julie Opp lacks many of the qualities supposed to be inherent in the character of the heroine. The piece was well received on its merits, and is likely to have a long run.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement at the Hudson Theatre in this city will begin on November 9, when she will be seen in the "Lady Frederick" of W. Somerset Maugham. That excellent actress, Jessie Millward, will also have a prominent part in this play.

Miss Julia Marlowe has decided to begin her new season with a production of Mary Johnston's poetic play, "The Goddess of Reason," which is a romance of the French Revolution.

Charles Frohman has the American rights of a new comedy by Alexander Bisson, "The Marriage of the Star," and will produce it before the end of the present season.

The London Play Actors have been giving a performance of "The Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher, or, rather, of an emasculated version of that powerful and poetic but not too pleasant play. Esme Berenger was the Evadne; Kathleen Rind, Aspatia; Edwyn Holloway, Amintor; and H. A. Saintsbury, Melantius. This is probably the first time the play has had a stage hearing in England since the days of Phelps at Saddler's Wells. For many years it was prominent in the repertory of Macready.

The Dramatic Productions Club, which proposes to continue the work of the extinct Pioneers at the Court Theatre, in London, has decided to deal with the works of British authors only. Its first choice has fallen upon a three-act piece named "Isaac's Wife," by F. D. Bone and William Share. Mr. Bone was the author of a little one-act play entitled "Pride of Regiment," produced some months ago at the London Haymarket. "Isaac's Wife" deals with a phase of military and social life suggested by one of Kipling's earlier stories.

Music.

Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Neumann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

When Wagner produced his four Nibelung operas at Bayreuth in 1876, it was his intention to have a similar festival every year and to reserve those operas exclusively for these occasions. The deficit of $40,000 in which the first festival resulted did not augur well for the success of his plan; he was, however, not ready to give it up when, on August 27 of the same year, the director of the Leipzig Opera, August Förster, asked permission to produce the Ring. Wagner answered: "My work is not finished: the performances have revealed to me many imperfections. Give me time to repeat my work next year here at Bayreuth in a carefully revised form." Five months later, however, having realized the impossibility of giving another festival, he wrote to Förster that he had been compelled to abandon his plan of reserving the Nibelung's Ring for Bayreuth for at least three years, and was willing to let Leipzig be the first to hear that work. The offer was eagerly accepted, but the negotiations were broken off by a misunderstanding. Wagner asked 10 per cent. of the receipts and an *Ehrensold* of $2,400. Förster took this in the sense of an advance payment merely, and when he realized that it meant an extra disbursement he broke off the negotiations; nor was he willing to resume them when Wagner subsequently waived that *Ehrensold;* for Förster's doubts as to the profitableness of this work had grown. But when his season ended with a deficit of 121,000 marks, he was in a mood for listening to the advice of his assistant, Angelo Neumann, and Wagner's offer was accepted; the trilogy was produced in the composer's native city with surprising success, both artistic and financial. When, subsequently, Neumann became manager of the Leipzig Opera, Wagner showed his confidence by allowing him to form a Travelling Wagner Theatre, which gave Nibelung performances in the principal cities of Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland, Belgium, England, and Russia. From 1876 till a few weeks before Wagner's death those two men constantly exchanged letters, which are printed in this volume, and lend it a unique interest, not only because they belong to a period when Wagner was not so prolific a writer as he had been previously, but because they reveal him more clearly as a business man than any other collection of his letters does.

The most important of these letters, however, are those which indicate his attitude toward "Parsifal." At the time when Mr. Conried broke the Bayreuth monopoly of that music-drama there was a great outcry in Germany because of Wagner's alleged solemn declaration that "Parsifal" should never under any circumstances be produced outside of Bayreuth. His real attitude is made clear in a long letter to Neumann dated only a few months before his death (September 29, 1882), which may be commended to those who fancy that a "sacrilege" was committed at our Metropolitan Opera House. In this letter Wagner says that, while he lives, he wants to keep "Parsifal" for Bayreuth; that he knows of no one who could carry on his work there after his death; and that if death or illness should prevent him from continuing that work, he is willing that Neumann should have "Parsifal" for his Wagner Theatre, provided it be kept on its high level.

Neumann had met Wagner before the first Bayreuth Festival. He happened to be in a room at the Hotel Marquardt in Stuttgart on the very day when Wagner, in the adjoining room, received the message from King Ludwig inviting him to come to Munich. Neumann was so fortunate as to be present at the rehearsals under Wagner's direction of two of his operas in Vienna, in 1875, and gives some interesting details. These rehearsals bore fruit, subsequently, at Leipzig, for they gave Neumann a deep insight into Wagner's methods. Nevertheless, when the Ring operas were being prepared in Leipzig, Wagner sent both Hans Richter and Anton Seidl to see that his intentions were carried out. Seidl was his special protégé; and Wagner insisted that Neumann should engage him as conductor:

> I beg you to make this possible. This I urge less in view of Seidl's material interests (for I have at this moment another good place for him) than for the advantage of the Leipzig performances of my operas—and I know what I am talking about. None of the other conductors knows my tempi and the correspondence between the music and the action. Seidl I instructed personally. He will conduct the Nibelungen for you better than any one else. If my word is in this case not sufficient I shall never recommend any one else to you.

Neumann did follow this advice, and had reason to congratulate himself, for without Seidl the Travelling Wagner Theatre could not have won such brilliant triumphs. This truth is enforced by an anecdote told by Neumann. The conservative Ferdinand Hiller, an arch enemy of Wagner, who had written most abusively of the "Tannhäuser" overture, heard Seidl conduct this overture at a concert in Cologne. During the intermission Hiller asked Neumann to be introduced to Seidl, to whom he addressed these manly words: "I have come to tell you that I have to-day heard the 'Tannhäuser' overture for the first time."

Neumann's book is brimful of good anecdotes like this, showing Wagner and his helpers behind the scenes. To cite only one more: At a rehearsal in Berlin Wagner addressed these words to the orchestra:

> I beg you, gentlemen, not to take the *ff* too seriously; wherever there is one, change it to *fp*, and change the *p* to *pp*. Remember that there are so many of you down there and up here only a single human throat.

When this work was first published in German it was reviewed at some length in these columns (see the *Nation* of October 24, 1907, p. 381). The translation by Edith Livermore is generally smooth and idiomatic, but there are some strange and quite inexplicable errors, among them the repeated use of "libretto," or "book," for "Partitur" (score); the transformation of "an important compact" (*bedeutungsvoller Vertrag*) into "a disagreeable encounter." There are also a few injudicious omissions, among which that of two interesting paragraphs about Nikisch is to be regretted.

Mrs. Thedore Thomas has given many of the orchestral scores used by her husband to the Newberry Library of Chicago. The gift includes ten volumes of Thomas's own autograph and manuscript scores. Among them are Bach's "A Stronghold Sure Our God Remains," as adapted by Mr. Thomas, the most important works of the German composers from Bach to Wagner, and works by Berlioz, Rousseau, Rameau, Grétry, Mehul, Paisiello, Palestrina, Cimarosa, Chopin, and others.

Grieg's operatic fragment, "Olaf Trygvason," had its first scenic production on October 8 at the National Theatre in Christiania.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR CLUB.

It cannot be said that the nineteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club, at the American Fine Arts building, has anything very remarkable or epoch-making to show. But then the work that is remarkable or epoch-making is always rare, and the collection maintains a fair average, and includes a few things of interest and promise.

Water-color and pastel are dangerous mediums, because so much can be done with them that should not be done. Their possibilities tempt more than one exhibitor to display his own undoubted, though mistaken, cleverness. There is a great deal of this sort of cleverness in the three large portraits of women by Thomas P. Auschutz; they are skilful in their way, even daring, but the same effects would have been much more legitimately rendered with oils. Other work could be pointed out in which the same fault

appears, if on a less elaborate scale; the space covered is out of all proportion to the materials employed, and the quality obtained is the last which should be sought for. On the other hand, there are no better examples of drawings in which water color is used simply and directly than Charles H. Woodbury's two studies of the sea, which have also, in addition to their technical excellence, a distinct charm of color and feeling of movement. Something of the transparency of water is lacking in his Breaking Waves, but the action is expressed with true dramatic force. The Tide and the Cliff reveals the same careful observation, the same power to render movement, and it has besides a very delicate beauty in the quiet sky, with its pale tints of green and rose. Both are among the finest drawings we have seen by Mr. Woodbury.

Nothing in the collection, however, is more interesting than the proof of the increased preoccupation of artists with the beauty of New York. When there are subjects so suggestive and picturesque at home, the tendency to wander to Holland, France, Italy, or wherever it may be, in pursuit of motives that have already served again and again, strikes one as more than ever useless. Colin Campbell Cooper in Afternoon, West Side, New York, suggests admirably the dignity and impressiveness of the skyscraper, like a great white castle, springing high above the mass of rose and white houses, against the pale, luminous American sky. The skyscraper has a distinct character of its own, and Mr. Cooper has had the intelligence to discover it. Moreover, in this drawing, he has set himself an extremely difficult problem of perspective, for he looks both down into the deep street far below him, and up to the cliff-like walls beyond. We question if, actually, it would ever be possible for any one, even the artist, to take in the detail with which he fills the street and the nearer houses, and, at the same time, get so complete an impression of the scene as a whole. Incident must be sacrificed to the aspect of a scene, or else the eye wanders from place to place, finding a dozen pictures instead of one. But in this case the detail has most likely been put in deliberately to help to give the scale. Oliver Ainsley's concern is rather with the illumination of New York on a Summer Night, and the splendor of its lights, flaming from the high houses through the blue and purple shadows. J. E. Jackson is content to see Madison Square from a more conventional point of view, such as the squares and streets of any other big town might have furnished him, the surrounding buildings serving only as a dim background. Altogether the accomplishment so far may be small, but there is promise in the signs that artists working in New York are awakening to the beauty at their door, and seeking their inspiration in it. During the greatest periods of art, the masters seldom troubled to go further astray than the life and the world they knew.

Alexander Robinson relies less upon subject for character, than upon his own vision and methods. Well-worn Dutch and Italian haunts of painters have provided him with his themes. As for his vision, things present themselves to it in blocks of color, often crude and violent; as for his methods, he arranges these blocks in a mosaic of paint, with no great regard for intervening values, something in the manner of Frank Brangwyn. The result is at times brilliant, at times brutal. The other more notable contributions come from Hermann Dudley Murphy, whose impressions of Beach and Lagoon may be reechoes, but are not without tenderness and charm; from Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, who shows how well she can work in colors for reproduction in black-and-white, and whose delight is in arrangement, in pattern, until it threatens to blind her to everything else in nature; Charles Warren Eaton, whose impressions of night are full of suggestion; and Charles L. A. Smith, whose mannerisms are marked, but not as yet unpleasant. There is good drawing in the foliage in Edward Dufner's Summer Evening, and the serious study of Moon Shadows in Miss Adelaide Deming's drawing has won for her the Beal prize.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish Frank Weitenkampf's "How to Appreciate Prints" early this month.

Whistler, that master of terse expression in two arts, seems likely to be the perpetual cause of diffuseness in others. It is rather difficult to see, for example, why Otto H. Bacher's agreeable magazine articles "With Whistler in Venice" should reappear in a large, expensive, and lavishly illustrated volume (The Century Co.). It is a pleasant enough picture that Mr. Bacher gives of "Jimmy" as the chum and tyrant of a group of Duveneck's young pupils at Venice in the year 1880. But the thread of reminiscences is spun out very thin, and nothing seems quite worthy of the dignity of covers unless it be the chapters on Whistler's technical methods in producing the now famous Venetian etchings. Here Mr. Bacher, an accomplished etcher himself, writes with authority, and adds something to Mortimer Menpes's abundant memorabilia of a similar sort. The picture of "Jimmy" running the nitric acid over an unbanked plate is vivid and instructive, suggesting his extraordinary dexterity. Mr. Bacher presents many of his own etchings of Venice, made during his association with Whistler, and if the contrast with a better known "Venetian set" is a bit damaging, Mr. Bacher's firm line bears reproduction far better than the filmy meshes of the Whistler prints. There are facsimiles of notes by Whistler and an interesting photograph of the Renaissance portal portrayed and glorified as "The Doorway." The book will supply a welcome footnote or two for the authoritative memoir of Whistler. Meanwhile, the reproductions of many of the Venetian etchings, each in two states or more, and the story of the Traghetto plate (p. 165f.) may be useful to those who believe Whistler's magic was exempt from painstaking.

Under the title "Ur-Engur: A Bronze of the Fourth Millennium in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan" (New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman), C. H. W. Johns of Queen's College, Cambridge, gives "a brief treatise on canephorous statues," including an examination of the Morgan statuette. After describing the Greek canephorous maidens, the "basket-bearers" (who officiated in great festivals), and their artistic representations, he enumerates the similar Babylonian and Assyrian figures, and from a comparison of the two groups concludes that probably the Greek custom is of Semitic origin. The Semitic figures are of two sorts: in one the materials in the basket appear to be for building; in the other they are supposed to be for sacrifice. It is to the latter class that the statuette under consideration belongs. It was bought by Mr. Morgan in 1907, in Paris, and was said to have come from Nippur, and its dedication to Ellil, the god (the Bel) of Nippur, supports this view. It is thirteen and a quarter inches high, and is regarded by Mr. Johns as excelling all similar Semitic figures in grace of pose and feature. He gives an account of the works carried on by Ur-Engur (whose inscription it bears, and who is now regarded as the founder of the dynasty of Ur), with some remarks on the uncertainty of the reading of his name, and on the difficulty in fixing his date, which, however, in any case is very early. Further discussion of the subject may be found in an article by B. T. A. Evetts, in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology for February 3, 1891. The material so far discovered does not throw much light on the origin of the basket-bearing, and the derivation of the Greek custom from the Semitic must for the present be regarded as only an hypothesis.

Paul Neff of Esslingen announces for the near future "Volkstümliche Kunst in Schwaben," prepared by Paul Schmohl for the Württemberg Zentralstelle für Gewerbe und Handel, with the coöperation of Prof. Eugen Gradmann. The work will contain more than 500 characteristic reproductions of the best architecture of the country.

The excavations of the Roman Theatre, which was discovered in 1899 in the basement of the Palazzo Reale, at Turin, have been completed during the past summer. The ruins extend through the garden to the Via Venti Settembre, along which, it is now seen, a broad arcade ran. The walls project but little above the level of the street, yet enough remains to preserve the entire ground plan, with the entrances and steps. No inscriptions have been found, except those previously announced. A broad avenue is building, which will lead from the Venti Settembre to the new wing of the palace. When this avenue is completed, the excavations will be opened to the public.

The prizes of the Roux foundation have been announced by the French Institute. In painting, the first prize (5,000 fr.) went

to M. Jacquier, the second (2,700 fr.), to Mlle. Rondehay, and the third (2,000 fr.), to M. Lefeuvre; in sculpture, the first prize (5,400 fr.) went to M. Gaumont, and the second (3,000 fr.) to M. Villard; the first in architecture (2,700 fr.) to M. Tournon, and for miniatures the first (1,000 fr.) to Mlle. Routchine.

The death of Charles Landelle, painter of portraits and of Oriental scenes, removes one of the oldest exhibitors at the Salon, where his first picture was shown in 1841. He was born in 1821, and studied under Delaroche and Ary Scheffer.

The death is also announced, at the age of fifty-seven, of Frédéric Houbron, a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and well known for his clever water-colors.

The Grolier Club of this city will hold an exhibition of etchings by Joseph Pennell November 6 to 21.

The *Athenæum* gives an account of important excavations made by Prof. J. Garstang of Liverpool University at Saktjegözy, in Asia Minor, about thirty miles west of Aintab due north of Aleppo. He has discovered a temple surrounded by a wall two metres thick, the main gate of which is decorated with lions and composite figures consisting of winged human-headed quadrupeds with tails terminating in birds' heads. These and other figures showed unmistakable traces of Assyrian influence in their design, and the deities represented may be actually Assyrian. But the treatment is different from that of any Assyrian sculptures known, and indicates that the work is probably that of Hittite artists about the eighth century B. C. No inscriptions were found. Within the temple walls lies a great mass of broken pottery, with a neolithic floor at the bottom. Among the fragments are some of the Cretan ware, known at Minoan.

Finance.

Dr. Stuart Daggett's "Railroad Reorganization" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is the fourth volume in the series of Harvard Economic Studies. It treats of seven of the more important reorganizations effected between 1892 and 1896, as well as of the notorious performances in Rock Island in 1902. The seven earlier reorganizations are those of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Southern, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, the Union Pacific, and the Northern Pacific. The author describes the conditions that caused the embarrassment of each road, explains the problems encountered in reorganization, and discusses the readjustments finally effected. Interesting, in view of last spring's developments, is his criticism of the Erie Road:

> The earnings have greatly increased [that is, since 1896], its capitalization has grown in less proportion; but it has not yet a sufficient margin of surplus earnings to meet a decline in prosperity without serious misgivings.

The Rock Island reorganization of 1902 is shown to have been a mere stock-jobbing operation, by which the road "has lost its former stability, and must await a period of lessened earnings with serious apprehension." The concluding chapter discusses excellently the general problems involved in the reorganization of railway properties. Dr. Daggett has made a careful study of an important subject, and has produced a useful volume. It is no criticism of his work to add that "inside" information not yet available to one in Dr. Daggett's position and time for further tests of the stability of certain railway systems will be needed before the final word can be said upon some of the aspects of railway reorganization.

The Macmillan Co. has brought out a third edition of "The Modern Trust Company," by F. B. Kirkbride and J. E. Sterrett. The only material change from the first edition (see the *Nation* of February 8, 1906, p. 118) seems to be the addition of two pages to one of the appendices. In welcoming the first edition we called attention to the failure of the authors to deal adequately with the very important subject of State regulation of trust companies, and expressed the hope that this deficiency would be remedied in subsequent editions of what promised to be, and has actually proved, an exceedingly useful volume. We observe with regret that no effort has been made to improve the book at this point, and this in spite of the fact that the events of the past year have greatly increased interest in the subject. It is necessary, therefore, to repeat our former criticism that, as the book stands, "it fails to give us all that we have a right to expect from a comprehensive treatise upon trust companies."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abarbanell, J. R. The Heart of the People. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co. $1.50.
Abbot, Lyman. The Home-Builder. Houghton, Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Alderson, Albert William. The Extinction in Perpetuity of Armaments and War. London: P. S. King & Son.
Ames, Joseph B. Pete, Cow-Puncher. Holt. $1.50.
Anderson, William. Japanese Wood Engravings: Their History, Technique, and Characteristics. London: Seeley & Co. 75 cents net.
Archer-Shepherd, E. H. The Ritual of the Tabernacle: A Devotional Study. London: Rivingtons.
Babbitt, James B. Physical History of the Earth in Outline. Boston: E. E. Sherman.
Baring-Gould, S. The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Frederick A. Stokes.
Bigelow, William Sturgis. Buddhism and Immortality. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Brereton, F. S. How Canada Was Won. H. M. Caldwell.
Brewster, Edith Gilman. To the Zoo; The Cheer-Up Book. Kansas City, Mo.: The Rust-Graft Shop.
Bridge, J. Frederick. Counterpoint. Oliver Ditson. 75 cents.
Brooks, John Graham. As Others See Us: A Study of Progress in the United States. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Burnett, Francis Hodgson. The Good Wolf. Moffat. $1 net.
Carolyn Wells Year Book of Old Favorites and New Fancies for 1909. Holt. $1.25.
Chesson, W. H. George Cruikshank. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Chitty, J. R. Things Seen in China. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Cicero's Philippic Orations, i, ii, iii, v, vii. Edited by John R. King. Henry Frowde.
Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales. Edited by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Crowninshield, Francis W. Manners for the Metropolis. Appleton.
De Bary, Richard. The Land of Promise: An Account of the Material and Spiritual Unity of America. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Deland, Ellen Douglas. Miss Betty of New York. Harper. $1.25.
Dimock, A. W., and Julian A. Florida Enchantments. Outing Publishing Co. $3 net.
Donoboe, Daniel Joseph. Early Christian Hymns. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Eaton, Walter Prichard. The American Stage of To-day. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Edgeworth, Maria. Tales that Never Die. Edited by Charles Welsh. H. M. Caldwell. $1.25.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I. A-Art. Scribner. $7 net.
Everts, Katherine Jewell. The Speaking Voice. Harper. $1 net.
Flagg, James Montgomery. All in the Same Boat. Life Publishing Co.
Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. Washington: The City and the Seat of Government. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3.
Fornaciari, Raffaello, Fra il Nuovo e l'Antico: Prose Letterarie. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Fournier d'Albe, E. E. New Light on Immortality. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Franklin Bicentennial Celebration, 1906. Calendar of the Franklin Papers. Vols. II. to VI. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. The Heart of a Geisha. Putnam. $2.
Friedländer, Ludwig. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gaelic Fairy Tales. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, Celtic Press.
Gamble, R. W. Animal Life. Dutton. $2 net.
Glasgow Gallery, The. H. M. Caldwell. 35 cts.
Gerard, Dorothea. Pomp and Circumstance. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
Gibson, A. H. Hydraulics and its Applications. D. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Gibson, Charles. The Wounded Eros: Sonnets. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Gilder, Richard Watson. Poems. Houghton Mifflin.
Godley, A. D. Oxford in the Eighteenth Century. Putnam. $2.25 net.
Gould, Elizabeth Lincoln. Barbara and the Five Little Purrs. H. M. Caldwell. 75 cts.
Graefe-Meier, Julius. Modern Art: Being a Contribution to a New System of Æsthetics. 2 vols. Putnam. $10.50 net.
Henry of Navarre: A Romance of August, 1572. Putnam. $1.50.
Hewitt, Emma Churchman. How to Train Children. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.
Holmes, Richard S. The Victor. Revell. $1.50.
Horsburgh, E. L. S. Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age. Putnam. $4.50 net.
Hurlburt, Jesse Lyman. Stories About Children of All Nations. Philadelphia: John C. Winston. 75 cents.
Hurlburt, Jesse Lyman. Stories of Our Naval Heroes. Philadelphia: John C. Winston. 75 cents.

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Long, John Luther. Felice. Moffat. $1.
Lowes, Mrs. Chats on Old Lace and Needlework. Frederick A. Stokes.
Lucas, E. V. Anne's Terrible Good Nature. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
MacDonald, Alexander. The White Trail: A Story of the Early Days of Klondike. H. M. Caldwell. $1.25.
McCord, P. B. Wolf: The Memoirs of a Cave-Dweller. B. W. Dodge. $1.
Mallock, W. H. An Immortal Soul. Harper. $1.50.
Meade, Edward Sherwood. The Story of Gold. Appleton. 75 cents net.
Memorials of Two Sisters, Susanna and Catherine Winkworth. Edited by Margaret J. Shaen. Longmans, Green.
Merriam, John C. Triassic Ichthyosauria. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press. $3.
Miller, William. The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566). Dutton. $5 net.
Monckton, C. C. F. Radio-Telegraphy. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Mumford, James G. Surgical Memoirs and Other Essays. Moffat. $2.50 net.
Munroe, Kirk. Under the Great Bear. Harper. $1.25.
Murdoch, W. G. Burn. From Edinburgh to India and Burmah. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Musson, Louise Walbridge. The Frau von Colson's Christmas Eve. Kansas City, Mo.: The Rust-Graft Shop.
My Busy Days. Verses by Edith Barnes Sturgis. Pictures by Margaretta S. Hinchman. D. Appleton.
Olmsted, Millicent. The Land of Never Was. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.
Poems from Punch. Edited by Francis C. Burnand. H. M. Caldwell.
Poole, Fanny Runnells. Mugen: A Book of Verse. Bridgeport: Niles Publishing Co. $1.
Prelini, Charles. Graphical Determination of Earth Slopes, Retaining Walls and Dams. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Prout, Ebenezer. Instrumentation. Oliver Ditson. 75 cents.
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Schloesser, Henry H. Count Louis: And other Poems. London: A. C. Fifield.
Schouler, James. Ideals of the Republic. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Scott, Walter: Ivanhoe; Kenilworth; Talisman. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Shackford, Martha Hale, and Judson, Margaret. Composition—Rhetoric—Literature: A Four Years' Course for Secondary Schools. Benj. H. Sanborn.
Sihler, E. G. Testimonium Animæ: Or, Greek and Roman before Jesus Christ. G. E. Stechert. $2.25 net.
Smythe-Palmer, A. The Ideal of a Gentleman. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Suess, Eduard. The Face of the Earth. Vol. III. Henry Frowde. $5.75.
Tardieu, André. France and the Alliances: The Struggle for the Balance of Power. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Thompson, Charles Miner. The Calico Cat. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Warner, Amos G. American Charities. Revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge. Crowell. $2 net.
Warren, Waldo Pondray. Thoughts on Business. Second Series. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.
Watt, Lauchlan Maclean. Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy. Dutton. $2 net.
Wheat, Lu. Ah Moy: The Story of a Chinese Girl. Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Whipple, Wayne. The Story-Life of Lincoln. Philadelphia: John C. Winston. $1.75 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's speech at the dinner of the Commercial Club in Cincinnati last Thursday night was excellent. The mixture of good humor, modesty, and serious purpose was admirably fitted to produce the right effect. Mr. Taft said nothing new, nothing which he himself had not said many times during the campaign, but the reiteration, not by a candidate but by a President-elect, has great weight and hits the temper of the country perfectly. People will be confident, after the election, that what they hoped before is true—namely, that the new President is a calm and sagacious man, who will preside with firmness, yet with intelligence and caution, over a nation facing a struggle back to normal conditions in industry and finance. We believe that recovery was on the way, in any event. Bryan's election would probably have checked it for a time, how long it is impossible to say. Yet there can be no doubt that Mr. Taft's success at the polls, with his reaffirmation of his determination to allow no obstacle to be placed in the way of honest enterprise, will help the natural process of restoration. Sentiment has so large a place even in business affairs! If men fear that they are going to be ruined, often they *are* ruined. On the other hand, if there is a general expectation of better times, the higher courage and the brighter hope will do much to make the times better. It is in the light of these elementary truths that Mr. Taft's speech appears so reassuring.

Not the least gratifying feature of the election was the complete frustration of the hopes which Bryan pinned to the labor vote. People express surprise that organized labor could not be "delivered" by Gompers *et al.*, but when was it ever delivered? The uniform history of attempts to make or break candidates at the word of command by labor leaders, shows that, in this country at least, the thing cannot be done. Rival leaders always jealously spring up to contest the right to speak for the organization; the members suspect personal motives or pecuniary corruption; divisions and recriminations ensue, and the whole affair breaks down. Gompers ought to know, for he has tried the same plan before, against Mr. Littlefield and other Congressmen, and abjectly failed. His pitch of arrogance this year was only preliminary to the deepest humiliation he has yet experienced. He led Mr. Bryan to think that 80 per cent. of the labor vote would go to the Democratic candidate. No precise figures can be had, but judging by this city, nothing like that proportion went to Bryan. All of his grovelling before organized labor profited him nothing. Judge Taft's manly stand was both better morals and better politics.

Mr. Hearst cannot even claim to have defeated Bryan and Chanler; for the little fringe of votes which his personally conducted Independence League cast was negligible in the large result. This is a severe blow to an impudent charlatan, who has been boasting about the irresistible political power of his newspapers. He and his hirelings have talked as if, when his various newspapers spoke, 5,000,000 readers said amen, and 1,000,000 voters rushed to record their approval at the polls. That humbug is now exploded.

President Roosevelt did well to defer till after the election any public utterance on the attempt to appeal to religious prejudice against Mr. Taft in the campaign. This was a force subtly at work in many parts of the country, particularly in the Middle West, and if the result had been close, might easily have turned the balance against Mr. Taft in critical States. The fact was well known to newspaper correspondents and other sounders of public sentiment. They found many acknowledged instances of pious Republicans who would not vote for Mr. Taft because he was a Unitarian, and they suspected the existence of many more. Yet this was an issue which could hardly be much talked about while the campaign was in progress. Openly to attack or rebuke the ignorance and intolerance which would transform a Presidential election into a test of orthodoxy, might only have made matters worse. Mr. Taft's complete silence on the subject was both dignified and well-advised. It all along remained true, nevertheless, that one of the strongest grounds for the hopes of Mr. Bryan's friends lay in the appeal which was quietly made in his behalf on the score that he was a devout Trinitarian. There never was a more plausible or fetching campaign document than one which was circulated by the million in the West, and which dealt with Mr. Bryan as "the squarest Christian I ever knew." One page had a picture of "the little church by the cornfield," where gospel hymns were often sung to the leading of "Mr. Bryan's clear baritone voice." There was no mention of Mr. Taft or of Unitarianism, but the appeal was all the more taking for merely showing how good a Presbyterian Mr. Bryan was, and how good a Methodist his wife. This document fell in admirably with the class feeling which it was sought to arouse in Mr. Bryan's interest; for in many Western towns and villages, a Unitarian is looked upon not only as an infidel, but an aristocrat. This whole play upon religious prejudice was most artful; and it is one cause more for rejoicing that Mr. Bryan's defeat was so overwhelming that no one can say a single State was won for him by an appeal that ought never to be made.

In dismissing the matter as "an outrage," the President seems certain that it is a "foul slander" to affirm that a Roman Catholic, otherwise well fitted ror the Presidency, could not be elected. We wish that the facts were so, but fear that they are not, as yet. Archbishop Ireland ought to be a good witness regarding anti-Catholic prejudice in politics; and he has recently testified on the other side. It is an ideal state of things which President Roosevelt assumes, not the actual world of inherited and inveterate theological animosities. They die hard. We have lately seen their ugly survival in England. And we strongly suspect that, if occasion arose in this country, we should see the unhappy spectacle repeated which Sydney Smith described, of politicians bawling that Protestantism was in danger, in order to get for themselves places and pensions. Yet the po-

sitions which the President lays down are impregnable. With no established church or religious tests in our government, a candidate's or a President's private belief, or lack of one, ought never to be urged against him as a political argument. To prove this, Mr. Roosevelt did not need to cite the miscellaneous religions represented in his Cabinet. It is clear that the President has the broadest and most comprehensive spirit, theologically. We might well sigh, "Oh, si sic omnes!" but the late campaign shows that all are not so, and that we have yet much to do in this country before religious suspicions and jealousies and intolerance are banished from our politics.

By their votes on the divorce law referendum the citizens of South Dakota have materially helped to clear the American name of the disrepute into which "divorce mills" have brought it. The scandalously lax statutes do not represent public opinion any more truly than the "jokers" in corporation laws do. Like the latter, they have been foisted upon the public by interested parties. Once on the statute-books, only organized effort could expunge them. The evil had to cry out on the street in order to provoke its cure. It has cried out, and the South Dakotans have voted that divorce-seekers must live a year in the State and present their cases only at regular terms of the court. Although the new law seems to vary in some important details from the uniform statute drafted by the national divorce congress, it approaches the latter in spirit and effect. The first conspicuous result of the campaign against easy-going morality is surely not the last.

We fear that Representative Fowler of New Jersey is not the Jack to kill the Giant Cannon. A man of indisputable ability and of value in the House in matters financial, he cannot be compared in personal popularity to the "Old Man," as the Speaker is affectionately called. Indeed, as matters stand now, it will take hard work to defeat Mr. Cannon. His personal friends return to the House in troops, with the appeal, "Do not break the old man's heart by turning him down." It will be pointed out that his constituents rallied to him in extraordinary numbers, and that this is probably his last term. Moreover, the Speaker will have the remainder of the existing Congress in which to strengthen his fences. Even Senator La Follette, who has campaigned openly against Cannon, and is pushing Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin for the Speakership, only ventures to prophesy that Mr. Cooper will "eventually succeed Cannon." Yet one part of Congressman Fowler's letter asking for votes against Mr. Cannon, has much force. Another term of so narrow and reactionary a Speaker would surely endanger the next House. In spite of the great sweep for Taft, the Republicans lost eight or ten Representatives; and in the elections of 1910, might easily lose control of the House entirely. This would prevent Mr. Taft as President from having a Congress in sympathy with him politically.

New York's United States Senators have been such a public disgrace that no change can fail to be for the better. Compared with Platt and Depew, Woodruff thinks that even he would appear a statesman. This has been the danger, regarding the election of Platt's successor. As in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king, so after these years of horrible misrepresentation of the Empire State in the Senate at Washington, there was a chance that some brainless product of machine politics might set himself up as a fit candidate, only because he was not so unspeakable as Platt. But the confident mention of Secretary Root's name has already been taken, not only in the State, but throughout the country, as promising to end the intellectual and moral barrenness of New York's representation in the Senate. For sheer ability, no man stands higher in Washington. The keenest foreign ministers are more impressed by his mental power than by that of any other member of the government. In two high offices—the War Department and the Department of State—he has displayed his qualities of broad comprehension and penetrating analysis, combined with an extraordinary business faculty. In point of equipment for duties in the upper house—provided his health be firm—Mr. Root would overtop any Senator New York has had since Evarts. The only questions to be raised are those respecting his political eligibility and his activities and affiliations as a corporation lawyer. But whatever the final choice of the Legislature, the discussion of the Senatorial succession has done good. It has brought out the fact that the people are in no mind to see the Taft and Hughes victory in this State "tapered down to Tim," or any other nonentity. The signs are bright now that New York will insist upon having a Senator who can hold his head up among his fellows, and enable her to hold her head up among her sister States.

The murder of ex-Senator Carmack because of editorial utterances displeasing to the murderer and his father, is but another illustration of that intolerance of criticism, free thought, and free speech which remains in the South as a heritage of slavery. It is five years since Mr. Gonzalez, editor of the Columbia, S. C., *State*, was similarly butchered by Lieut.-Gov. Tillman; and since then there have been other cases, in which the principals were of lesser political or social importance. Sooner or later, the whole South must come to a realization of the injury such crimes do, for the progressive minority is already awake to the facts. But as this latest murder shows, the road to enlightenment and tolerance is yet long and arduous. The newspapers of last Tuesday reported that twelve men had "met death in Birmingham, Alabama, by pistols within the last eight days." The county in which this city is situated is known to fame as having annually more murders than occur in a year in the entire British Isles. Of what use are courts and law officers if private vengeance is to be supreme?

The conviction of Charles W. Morse and Alfred H. Curtis, on the charges of misappropriating funds and falsifying accounts in the National Bank of North America in this city, is a fit sequel to the panic of 1907; and the exemplary sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, for Morse, the chief offender, is severe but, we believe, salutary. The penalty has not been hastily imposed in the heat of excitement and anger aroused by the panic itself. A year has elapsed; and the fury which is determined to find some scapegoat, no matter whom, has died out. Mr. Morse did not cause the panic, in the sense that no such disaster would have occurred without his peculiar activities; but that

those exploits immediately precipitated the catastrophe there can be no dispute. His punishment should be a sharp warning, not only to speculating bank owners and officers, but to financial adventurers like those who on the witness stand last month confessed with cynical effrontery their participation in Morse's speculations, at a time when every well-informed man knew how Morse had obtained the money for these ventures. We believe also that the conviction and sentence carry their warning to others than the group of stockjobbers who victimized this particular chain of banks, and shared in this particular gamble on the Stock Exchange. During seven years past, the public has had repeated evidence of use of fiduciary funds, directly or indirectly, to promote the reckless speculations of millionaire operators who control great institutions. The diversion of life insurance surpluses to such base uses is an old story; but it is not the only one. We do not suppose that the officers of powerful banking institutions which equipped the great Wall Street speculations of 1899 and 1901 and 1906 resorted to the clumsy practices of Morse and Curtis; but the moral responsibility of these bankers is much the same as that of the unlucky culprits in the Bank of North America, who transgressed the law and were caught.

The death of ex-President Palma will not ripple the political waters in Cuba. A man of mediocre ability, he was chosen President because he appeared to be safe and sane, and, owing to his long residence in the United States, free from party entanglements. The collapse of his government in the autumn of 1906 was really pitiful. It is only fair to say, however, that his life had been threatened by men now living in Havana, and that his Cabinet had proved treacherous to him. Perfectly honest himself, he could not detect the dishonest even in his immediate neighborhood. But as the work of reconstructing Cuba has gone on, the Americans who are in charge of it have been compelled to ask themselves whether the impossible was not demanded of Palma. Certain it is that the reorganization by Gen. Wood had not been thorough enough. What Cuba needed most of all was modern laws under which the people might become accustomed to free institutions. Now under Gov. Magoon the right laws have been drawn, but our troops are to leave in February before the American officials themselves have had a chance to see how the laws work in practice. It will take a President of great force and ability to run the new machinery and keep the repaired ship of state afloat.

Whenever Europe is passing through a critical time, the Guildhall speech of the English Prime Minister is waited for with peculiar interest. Mr. Asquith's remarks Monday night, at the inauguration of the new Lord Mayor of London, were distinctly reassuring. He forecast the speedy rolling away of the war clouds in the Balkans. With friendly words for Turkey and Austria, Russia and France, he did not fail to assume a conciliatory attitude towards Germany. The Prime Minister bore testimony to the spirit of friendship which the Kaiser had shown on his visit to England a year ago, and also in all the diplomatic negotiations that had followed, and protested against the notion that there was any movement in Europe to "isolate" Germany. This, however, will not prevent Germans from believing that they are isolated, diplomatically; and they will see fresh proof in the significant sentence appended to the French note on the Casablanca affair, that Great Britain and Russia were aware of the contention of France, and cordially supported it. All the sharper, therefore, have been the questions put to Prince Bülow in the Reichstag. To the proceedings and speeches in that body, the attention of Europe is now transferred.

"I represent the better minority, the Germans who love peace," declared the Kaiser in his famous interview in the London *Telegraph*. But his most devoted followers, the Conservative party, emphatically deny that he represents them at least. He cannot dismiss Baron von Marteuffel's stinging reproof as the malevolence of an enemy. The men who have stood by the Kaiser through thick and thin "express the reverential wish that greater reserve be displayed in the future" in the Imperial utterances, "which not infrequently bring our foreign politics into a difficult situation." And when in the Reichstag on Tuesday he was the general target for a fierce assault, the Chancellor was forced to reply that the Emperor would in future "exercise the reserve which, in the interest of a uniform policy and the authority of the crown, is indispensable. If this proves not to be so, neither I nor any one of my successors could take the responsibility." The Kaiser seems temperamentally incapable of heeding this warning, but he can scarcely fail to perceive in it the drift of his people toward responsible parliamentarism. If his meddling with foreign affairs is at last frightening even those who worship him as the appointed of God, the chances for a ministry responsible to the Reichstag have suddenly improved. If that comes, the Kaiser may flatter himself that he did more than anybody else to accomplish such a result.

In dealing with the difficult question of the unemployed, careful investigation and thorough sifting of vague assertions are the beginning of wisdom. This was well shown in the debate in the Commons, on the government's proposals for the relief of the unemployed. Keir Hardie produced some astounding figures of the number of men out of work. By a system of deduction from reports of trades unions, he concluded that 750,000 skilled men were out of employment. But it could "safely be set down," he said, that the number of unskilled workmen was twice as great, namely, 1,500,000. This calculation gave 2,250,000 men out of a job; and by a "very moderate estimate" of those dependent upon them, the appalling total of 6,750,000 as the real number of people involved. But these figures were riddled in the reply by John Burns. He showed that every test of statistics discredited Mr. Hardie's swollen statement, and contended that, to accede to the demands made in the name of humanity and the duty of the state, would "make for universal bankruptcy in the interest of universal loafers." Mr. Balfour intervened in the debate to charge that the high percentage of the unemployed was "largely due to the want of confidence inspired by the government." But Mr. Asquith silenced him by showing that the figures were "much higher" in 1879, under the Tory government of Lord Beaconsfield, and also in 1887 when Salisbury was Prime Minister.

A TRIUMPH OF INDEPENDENCE.

That the election of 1908 establishes a high-water mark of independent thinking and voting, is, all in all, its most gratifying feature. If the returns mean anything, it is that the old cry of "the party, right or wrong," has lost most of its potency. Of this fact there is evidence on all sides. Every one is acquainted with life-long Republicans or Democrats who for the first time supported candidates of another party. The old fear of splitting a ticket has disappeared—witness the extraordinary variety of ballots which delayed the count in Ohio. The man who deliberately bolts his party's nominees is no longer stigmatized. The respectability of independence is now well established.

The wholesale voting against Bryan in the four States which went for Taft but chose Democratic Governors is, of course, the most striking indication of the progress we have made since the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. The voters who have grown up since then cannot realize the bitterness with which the original Mugwumps were assailed for their "treachery" to the Republican party. Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, and the other leaders of the movement were vilified from one end of the country to the other. In stalwart party organs, like the New York *Tribune*, they were described as "perverts" who had "set up a new standard of private morality and civic virtue." Such attacks can no longer be made on the armies of those who choose their candidates because of character rather than party tags. No newspaper to-day would, like the Chicago *Tribune* of 1884, speak of political independents as "brawling Pharisees and canting hypocrites." As a matter of fact, too, the influence and circulation of the independent newspapers have grown steadily, and it is the hidebound party organ which to-day is held in contempt.

But the extent of the independence displayed in this election is more significant than the mere vote against Bryan. For it must be remembered that, if there was much bolting in 1896, there was then great public excitement; the duty of defeating Bryan was urged as an act of the highest patriotism. This year there was no such appeal. The vote against Bryan was not due to any single and threatening heresy. It was a deliberate verdict upon the man himself, all of his beliefs, and his character, as revealed during the last twelve years. We should have had every reason to be proud of the electorate's discrimination and judgment had we nothing to record beyond this anti-Bryan vote. But many other instances may be cited to prove the emancipation of the voters. In almost every State, the man behind the ballot proved his ability to see through the pretences of demagogues, the wiles of politicians, the humbug of partisan pleas, and to act for himself.

The most amusing example comes from Georgia, which had a Vice-Presidential candidate in the defender of lynching, John Temple Graves. Time was when the Georgia newspapers displayed considerable uneasiness over the Hearst-Hisgen campaign. But when the votes were counted, Mr. Graves rejoiced in the suffrages of precisely *eighty-five* of his fellow-Georgians. More inspiring was the success of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, in Denver, against both machines, all the bosses, and corrupt corporations by no less than 10,000 votes. The choice in Cincinnati of Henry T. Hunt, a Democrat, and a graduate of Yale, less than thirty years of age, as prosecuting attorney, in the face of the opposition of Boss Cox, showed that there, too, the rascals could not carry off a minor office by howling for the national ticket. In Delaware, the virtues of a minor candidate were recognized in the hurly-burly of a Presidential campaign by the choice of a Democrat, Andrew G. Gray, son of Judge Gray, as attorney-general, in the face of a Republican majority of 2,500. In New Hampshire, Taft received 20,000 majority, but Quinby, the machine candidate for Governor, only 5,000. In Michigan, Taft ran 127,500 votes ahead of the Republican candidate for Governor; and in Illinois 175,000 votes ahead of Bryan, while Gov. Deneen had but 20,000 more than Adlai E. Stevenson. In Missouri, conditions were reversed: Hadley, a Republican, was elected Governor by 17,000, while Taft went in by only 4,200. Here in New York, aside from the triumph of Hughes, the election to Congress of Senator Foelker, and the defeat for re-election by 800 votes of Senator Wemple, who opposed the anti-gambling bills, are pointed illustrations of the new political conditions our bosses find it so hard to understand. Wemple was beaten by 800 votes in a district that went 4,000 for Hughes—plain proof that he misrepresented his constituency last spring. Indeed, we could fill several columns with cases that are quite as striking.

Surely, these results assert anew the vigor of our citizenship and the essential wisdom of our electors. They should afford fresh inspiration to reformers everywhere by their convincing demonstration that American voters are exercising more intelligence and discrimination than ever before.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Talk of reorganizing the Democratic party is inevitable after such a defeat. Little of it, however, has gone beyond generalities and platitudes. These it is, of course, difficult to avoid. When you say that, in a country where government by party is established, there is need of a strong Opposition, to which rule can safely be entrusted in case those in power prove recreant, you have merely stated an undisputed thing. Everybody agrees to the principle. It is only over the application that differences arise. Yet we must be concrete—even personal—if we are to get on a single step; and granting that, for its own sake and the good of the nation, the Democratic party ought to be strengthened, the first question is plainly that of leadership. It is necessary to decide, at the start, which Democratic leaders are to be cherished and followed, which to be discarded.

First among the latter, every clear-eyed Democrat places Mr. Bryan. The demonstration is complete that his party can never be restored to anything like its old strength so long as he continues to clutch the leadership. He said last week that he could not go out of politics, if he wished. That may be true; for even if, as has been suggested, he turn preacher and become a Methodist bishop—and a splendid one he would make!—he would still be a politician. But there ought to be some way of preventing the blight of his Presidential candidacy from defeating his party in advance once more. If Mr. Bryan were the devoted Democrat he professes to be, he would take himself out of the way. But since such self-abnegation is not to be expected, the South, in this matter, should take a prompt initiative. The Southern States are prac-

tically the only ones left in the Democratic electoral column, yet it is probable that nowhere is Mr. Bryan more distrusted and disliked. Southern leaders speak of him with the greatest bitterness, yet in three campaigns they have lain down before him. It is now time that they made a stand. Their plain warning that he can never again have the votes of Southern delegates in the national convention, would go far toward removing the incubus of his possible candidacy.

Coming nearer home, the need is urgent of getting rid here in New York of the men who have aspired to lead, but who have actually wrecked, the Democratic party—the brutal and illiterate Conners, the treacherous and greedy Murphy. If these creatures had been successful, they would have remained abhorrent to honest men; defeated and discredited, they should speedily be ousted from party control. In their case, reorganization of the Democracy means something like fumigation. Thousands of Democrats would hail the expulsion of such vermin. Some of them, we understand, are already conferring about the best way in which to tackle the job. The lately and quietly formed "Cleveland Democracy" in this city seems to have been intended not merely for the campaign, but for the time of party purification afterwards. The work must be undertaken by somebody. Just as Democratic success in the nation is impossible with Bryan at the head of the party, so is it in New York until Conners and Murphy be made to walk the plank.

Signs of party cheer are not wanting in the West. In the very moment of repudiating Bryan, the Democratic party gained several Representatives in Congress, with one United States Senator, and won notable victories in critical gubernatorial contests. The election of Judson Harmon as Governor of Ohio shows how Democratic and independent votes can be got for a man of ability, character, and steady convictions. In Indiana, too, the Democratic party proved that it was regarded as an eligible alternative to the Republican, when the people desired to rebuke and expel the latter. Gov. Johnson in Minnesota displayed his extraordinary hold upon the confidence of the best people of his State, by winning his reëlection with a majority of 27,000, although the State went for Taft by 90,000. If either Johnson or Harmon had been the Presidential nominee in place of Bryan, the story of last week would have been very different.

The moral of their success is the lesson for Democratic reorganizers. What is wanted is, first, clean and enlightened leadership, such as Gov. Johnson's or Judson Harmon's, and then a clear and honest appeal to the average decent citizenship. We have had enough of trying to win by truckling to the labor vote, or scheming to get the gamblers' vote, or boasting of the support of ruffians. On top of disgrace, that has only brought defeat. To reorganize means to exorcise the evil men and the evil doctrines which have steadily pulled down the Democratic party from its prestige under Tilden and Cleveland.

THE BATTLESHIPS AGAIN.

It is difficult for a layman to follow the ins and outs of the battle of the battleships. Not long ago it was announced that the Newport conference of naval officers, called last summer to take action on the charges of defective construction brought by Henry Reuterdahl and Commanders Sims, Hill, and Key, had found most of the complaints well-grounded, but had refused to order radical changes because of cost and delay. An official summary of the findings, published on Saturday, must, however, have produced on the average man the impression that the plans were, in the main, satisfactory, though in a number of specific instances the critics of the present plans were upheld.

The fact is that in the designs of the new Delaware and North Dakota many defects were admitted; but to remedy them all would have cost an enormous sum, particularly in the case of the North Dakota, which was launched Tuesday, and would probably have delayed the ships for a year. For instance, the conference voted that the five-inch battery of this vessel was too low to be used efficiently in "*ordinary trade-wind weather*"; yet this is the battery relied upon for defence against torpedo attacks. Commander Key's particular plan for the mounting of these guns was rejected, but his criticism that they were also protected by armor that was too thin, as well as wrongly placed, was upheld; for the conference recommended that in the Florida and Utah, the latest monsters, there be eight inches of armor instead of five. And Commander Key's contention that the No. 3 twelve-inch turret should not be set between the engine and boiler rooms, with the powder magazine completely enveloped in steam pipes, was sustained to the extent of urging that in future designs no magazine be allowed so close to steam pipes. The conference also sided with Commander Key in the matter of splinter-proof armor for ventilators and the inferior calibre of the main battery guns as contrasted with those of the newest English ships; and condemned the location of the twelve-inch turret No. 4 on the North Dakota and the Delaware.

As to the armor belt, Commander Key was not supported in his argument that it should be five feet below the water-line, and at least eight inches above. The conference voted to place the belt six feet below the water-line, but adopted the following resolution:

> Resolved, That the lower edge of the main water line armor belt should be placed with reference to that water line at which the ship is most likely to float when engaging in battle.

The significance of this decision appears from the fact that Rear-Admiral Evans maintains, with Mr. Reuterdahl, that the armor belt was too low, and Rear-Admiral Sperry reported that several of his ships show an overdraught of about two feet at full load. Where does this testimony leave Rear-Admiral Brownson and the other chiefs of bureaus who have so strenuously maintained that our vessels were beyond improvement? That officer asserted on December 21 last year that the Reuterdahl charges were "ill-natured, ill-considered, and absolutely untrue in all important particulars"; and added his belief that "our water-line armor theory and practice are correct." He will hardly ascribe to ill-will or ill-nature the fact that 90 per cent. of the officers of Rear-Admiral Sperry's fleet approved the criticisms of Commander Key. To the outsider, then, the result of the Newport conference seems clearly to indicate that the honors of the engagement rest with the critics; and the votes of the conference advising no alterations in plans of ships now under way are merely a refusal to interfere seriously with their progress and to increase their estimated cost.

In view of these facts, it is vain to affirm, as some of the newspapers do, that the North Dakota is so infinitely superior to the Dreadnought as to make comparisons impossible. Her armor and two of her turrets are misplaced, a magazine is encased in steam pipes, her secondary battery is unusable in ordinary trade winds, her armor for those guns three inches too light, her ventilators and uptakes insufficiently protected, her main guns admittedly inferior to those of English ships of her class. To apply superlatives to such a ship is ridiculous—particularly as she is to have only a twenty-knot speed. The English Invincible made twenty-eight knots on Saturday for a period of eight hours, and has run twenty-five knots an hour with only seven-tenths of her power. But, then, as we are giving our new torpedo-boat destroyers only 29½ knots, from three to five knots less speed than the new British and German boats of this type, it doubtless seems to our mossback Navy Department quite proper to have battleships eight knots slower than those of the British Admiralty.

THE RETIREMENT OF PRESIDENT ELIOT.

The announcement that President Eliot is to retire next March will come as a shock to thousands of persons who have never even seen University Hall. The country has come to look upon him as a great natural force, like the Gulf Stream, unwearied by the flight of time, unworn by incessant activity. Yet at the age of seventy-five even the strongest man is entitled to throw off some of his burdens. This is not the occasion to review President Eliot's career as a whole; for he has, we trust, years of beneficent toil still ahead of him; our purpose is merely to touch on a few of the aspects of his administration at Harvard, and the causes which have made his the most notable career in the history of American education.

President Eliot would be the first to point out that he was fortunate in both the place and time of his labors. Harvard was the oldest college in the United States; it had the longest tradition of culture; it was at the centre of the most highly educated and thoroughly civilized part of the Union. Then, too, he assumed the presidency in 1869, just at the beginning of that period of enormous agricultural and industrial expansion which followed the civil war. America was growing rich rapidly, and Harvard has shared this prosperity. Other colleges have also had their part in this general advancement: why has Harvard taken the lead? Why is it the foremost university in America to-day? There can be but one answer: Because President Eliot has displayed in extraordinary measure the qualities of a great leader. The graduates of Harvard, in their letter on his seventieth birthday, said: "With prophetic insight you anticipated the movements of thought and life; your face was toward the coming day." This is perhaps the best definition of a leader—a man who sees in the long march of events the coming of the inevitable, and sets himself to hasten it.

President Eliot foresaw the coming of the elective system. It had, indeed, already come, here and there, in a limited way. Many educators, however, were not aware of the fact; others caught half-glimpses of the movement and stubbornly—shall we say blindly?—resisted it. He perceived the impending revolution and unhesitatingly cast his influence for it. He was quick to observe that, with the development of scientific research in its many branches, with the quickening interest in historical studies and economics, in the fine arts, and in modern languages—that under these circumstances the old hard and fast curriculum was bound to break down; that it had broken down. No college could pretend to minister to the intellectual needs of mankind which confined its students to the narrow round of the classics, mathematics, cut-and-dried philosophy, and a smattering of physics and chemistry. The new wine was bursting the old bottles. President Eliot dared greatly. Under a storm of criticism he boldly converted Harvard into an experimental laboratory for the application of the elective system. That experiment has not yet ended. We may not have mastered all the principles involved; we are still overwhelmed by the mass of details to be coördinated and subordinated. But whatever final results the centuries may bring, we can say now that President Eliot achieved a success which astonished his supporters and confounded his opponents. Practically all the colleges of America have followed the example which he set at Harvard.

The elective system is based on the theory that the best educational product is to be obtained only when student and teacher enjoy the widest intellectual freedom; and to this theory President Eliot has adhered with unswerving consistency. Indeed, he is often accused of pushing it to extremes. The student is allowed unrestricted range in the choice of courses; the professor's academic freedom has, as President Eliot himself once expressed it, been subject to only two limitations, "those of courtesy and honor." Then, too, in picking his faculty the president has followed a policy equally liberal. He has never shown that suspicion or dread of unusual intelligence, that predilection for mediocrity, which marks some of our heads of universities. He has selected the ablest men he could find, whether graduates of Harvard or not, and Harvard has thus escaped the blight of inbreeding. And all these policies have been carried out with wonderful executive skill—keen judgment of men, grasp of detail, foresight, patience, steadiness, and tolerance.

To find a man who can fill President Eliot's place is, of course, impossible. His attention to public questions and his utterances on such subjects as labor and its rights have made him the foremost private citizen of the United States. But it will take a long time for the next president of Harvard to establish such a reputation. Even the administrative work will have to be rearranged; for the giants who can lift the load to which his shoulders have grown accustomed are few. Nor are Harvard's problems all solved. The practical application of the elective system is full of difficulties. The system has been abused at Harvard and elsewhere. Small institutions of limited resources, ambitious to present an imposing list of courses in the catalogue, have sacrificed the instruction in the old studies with well developed disciplines, in order to spread the teaching thin over a broad field. If Harvard has been able to escape this form of enfeeblement and demoralization, it has had other troubles to contend with. Committees of the faculty are still trying to devise means by which students shall not divide and dissipate their energies in too many directions, or shall not slip

through on "soft" courses and practically avoid all study. These, however, are minor matters; for if Harvard can maintain a distinguished faculty, can make the conditions of life and teaching at Cambridge so attractive as to draw to service there the finest minds and characters in America, the rest will be comparatively easy. This, then, is one of the most formidable tasks of President Eliot's successor. To accomplish it will mean, as the letter of resignation puts it, both "greater labors and satisfactions."

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

It is not often that one meets in current German fiction a work untainted by the decadent tendencies of the young generation, and yet in harmony with the spirit of the time. The latest novel by Carl Hauptmann, who is lecturing in this country under the auspices of the Germanistic societies, answers this description. Though four years the senior of Gerhart Hauptmann, Carl did not make an impression on the public until after his brother had reached the climax of his power in "Hannele." Those who read Carl Hauptmann's philosophical treatise, "Die Metaphysik in der modernen Physiologie" (1893), little suspected that his next production was to be a play that would rank him as a rival of his famous brother. "Marianne" (1894) established his position, and his second drama, "Waldleute" (1895), more than fulfilled the promise of the earlier play. "Sonnenwanderer" (1896), a volume of poetical prose, or a collection of lyrical sketches rather than a work of fiction, justified all claims of his admirers. In this book the intimate sense of nature and the strong emotional quality had a ring of sincerity which differentiated it from the writing of the majority of his colleagues; for, while their outlook upon the world was circumscribed by the metropolis and was based upon the teachings of Nietzsche, Carl Hauptmann had come into close touch with the simple folk of his native soil and in the primitive phases of their life had begun to trace the eternal problems of the human race. With admirable force he succeeded in embodying the occult powers of nature in the sinister figure of the blacksmith in his "Bergschmiede" (1901). Against the background of the never-ending struggle for daily needs he gave us curious glimpses of the inner life of the people in his book of short stories, "Aus Hütten am Hange" (1902). Alternating with what might be called prose poems of a strange, elusive beauty, his portraits of the peddler, the shepherd, and the vagabond in "Miniaturen" (1904) stand out with a realism convincing but never repulsive. Upon a sympathetic understanding of the common people is also based the novel "Mathilde" (1902), a simple transcript from reality of a life which, though not without sin, contains an element of dignity and nobility.

The latest work by Carl Hauptmann, "Einhard der Lächler" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), sounds a strong personal note. It is not difficult to trace in the art of the hero, a painter whose delicacy of line and color irritates his more robust masters, elements derived from the author's own sensitive art. Nor is it improbable that the philosophy at which Einhard arrives after the painful struggles of his youth bears some resemblance to the poet's own reading of life. Though the story opens with that conflict between father and son, the subject of many recent works which are not inappropriately styled tragedies of youth, the character of Einhard is strongly differentiated from that of other rebels against the traditions and conventions of family and school. Einhard Selle is not so much a child of modern culture as of nature: witness his frequent flights into the wilderness and the solitude of mountains or moor. Indeed, he comes late to his Plato and Spinoza. Not a saint, but just a man human enough to feel his kinship with the lowliest, Einhard Selle, the artist whose *chef d'œuvre* is his life, the sage who meets every phase of his existence with the smile of acceptance, is a character of a quality rare in modern fiction. Upon the large canvas of the two volumes the author has limned the figures of men and women in all walks of life with the firm and sympathetic touch of one who knows and understands. Einhard's father, the man of duty who had dreamed but once in his life; the worthy provincial lithographer in whose shop Einhard is to learn to walk the straight and narrow path; the teachers and students at the academy; the golden-haired Dorothea, whose matter-of-fact attitude disillusions the sensitive artist—all are striking delineations. The action of the story, it must be added, lags towards the end.

The most original work of fiction recently published in Germany is "Die Insel der Seligen" (Berlin: S. Fischer), by Max Burkhardt, novelist, dramatist, and critic. It is a book full of surprises. When the reader in an early chapter is treated to double murder and robbery, he expects a contribution to picaresque fiction. As the trial is recorded with an intimate knowledge of technical details, the book approaches the *Tendenzroman;* for the defendant is convicted and sentenced to the death penalty on purely circumstantial evidence. But on the eve of the execution a Cabinet crisis raises to responsible ministerial positions men who are opponents of capital punishment, and who substitute deportation to a criminal colony established on one of the Dalmatian Islands. There the convicts are free to live and administer justice among themselves. The climax is reached when the father of the humanitarian scheme, the Minister of Justice himself, falls into disgrace and is deported to the scene of his experiment. There he finds that, though he had denied the right of the state to kill, in his colony the individuals themselves resort to the death penalty for offences against life and property. Serious as is the problem involved, humor enters largely into the treatment, and makes the curious book fascinating reading.

Hans von Hoffenthal's new novel, "Das Buch vom Jäger Mart" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), did not severely tax the author's inventive powers; it is a familiar story, but charmingly told. The titled land-owner, covetous of the peasant neighbor's strip of soil needed to complete the outline of his estate, is an old acquaintance; so is the stubborn rustic, who even in the face of poverty will not cede a foot that had belonged to his forefathers. Nor is the friendship between their sons a novel feature. The interest rests solely in the sympathetic unfolding of the character of the son of the peasant. There is no ranting against the prerogatives of the aristocracy and against army life; yet the experiences of this youth, Martin Insam, are not without a serious message. The very happy ending, however, is too gross a concession to the taste of the average reader. Another subject that enjoys considerable attention from German novelists of the day is the nobleman in peasant garb. Such is the hero of the posthumous work of a woman hitherto hardly known outside of the magazine world of her Swiss home, Frau Maria Schlumpf. "Der Weibermann" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) merits the appreciative introduction by Ernst Zahn; for it is a book of unusual strength and singular simplicity. It speaks well for the author's gift of characterization that the reputation of her hero as *Weibermann* rests upon far more solid ground than the charms of the conventional "ladies' man." He is the friend and adviser of the women of his neighborhood, because they intuitively recognize the force of his character, and feel that his arm is to be relied upon in the hour of need. He has strength without hardness. The woman who is his counterpart has more hardness than strength. Headstrong, haughty, and passionate, Crescentia obeys solely the voice of her pride, while Wolfgang is the man of duty, and, above all, duty towards others. There is a third remarkable character in the book—Frau Lisabeth, widow of the *Hochbühlbauer*, not unwilling to pose as the woman needing a man's help in the management of her affairs, and yet resenting Wolfgang's quiet, masterful ways when he assumes the tasks imposed upon him

by the deceased. The delicacy with which the author touches the eternal femininity of the sturdy *Hochbühlbäuerin* shows no little insight and admirable artistic tact. By far the most ambitious of these stories of rural life is Frau Clara Viebig's "Das Kreuz im Venn" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). Its five hundred pages suggest the large canvas and the broad treatment of her earlier works. Unlike "Einer Mutter Sohn" and "Absolvo te," this novel is concerned less with individual characters than with a whole community. Situated in a picturesque valley, with its vast stretches of lonely heather and silent pine forests, the town of Heckenbroich is periodically menaced by an epidemic of typhoid. But the simple peasant population and the native authorities protest against the establishment of waterworks, urged by a minority which is ready to accept innovations coming from a larger world. While the burgomaster places his trust in God and in the perfect wholesomeness of the waters of the Venn, and with his pious wife plans new and larger gifts to the church, the people drudge in the factory, and the convicts sent by the government to begin drainage work set about their tasks dumb and sullen as beasts beaten into submission. When the epidemic is finally over, the burgomaster is more popular than ever; for has not his wise economy saved the community from the unnecessary expense of establishing the waterworks? His trust in the power of the church, the only pillar of society, is stronger than before. Thus life in the village unfolds itself in scenes of striking contrasts, which give full play to the author's realistic manner.

Protest against the conventions of healthy bourgeois society is not a new note, but it enters unobtrusively yet effectively into the spirit of "Friede Wend," by Sofie Jansen (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The story is that of a child whose mother had trespassed against the hallowed traditions of her patrician family by marrying an artist. When the mother found that she could not strike root in the alien atmosphere of her husband's world in Düsseldorf, she returned with her child to the parental roof. The child, however, is made to suffer for the sins of the father it has never known. Friede feels that in the esteem of her numerous uncles and aunts, and even her grandmother, she is not on a footing with her cousins. When from her joyless girlhood she grows up to a hopeless womanhood, she is still thrust into the background, until one of the cousins, after long years of waiting, makes her his wife. But her child dies at birth, her health gives way, and she finally takes refuge in suicide. The strength of the work lies in graphic descriptions of life in the old house which seems a relic of the past, and is thus symbolical of the attitude of its inmates towards life. The ever-present family which is the chorus of Friede Wend's tragedy, presents a variety of types drawn from life with amazing skill. It is a first work that deserves notice. Margarete Böhme's new novel is no less original than her "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen," and is far more likely to be legitimately successful. "Apostel Dodenscheit" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.) is the story of a man who, like Friede Wend, has to suffer for the unfortunate marriage of his mother—the daughter of a Hamburg merchant-prince who had eloped with her dancing-master. The training which Kola Dodenscheit receives from the tutors appointed by his family and duly acquainted with his history, is of the kind that makes rebels. But, arrived at manhood and independent of the family, the rebel turns reformer. He who had never known happiness, now attempts to bestow it upon others. In his position as editor and lecturer in Berlin, that hotbed of new movements, he meets men and women equally devoted to ideals. Such types the author observes keenly and portrays admirably. The book is quite out of the ordinary both in matter and manner.

Among the very latest novelists to arrive, Otto Gysae shows a marked individuality. A seeker for unusual problems and characters, he has also evolved a manner of his own. He avoids the obvious as assiduously as Henry James, and presents his portraits of men and women and his situations in a similarly suggestive though sometimes irritating style—fragments of sentences, phrases apparently disconnected, isolated words which, when viewed alone, sound meaningless. Yet life pulses strongly through the pages of "Die silberne Tänzerin" (Munich: Albert Langen), and the men and women are of flesh and blood and enlist our sympathies or awaken our antipathy as if they were real and we were witnessing the grim tragi-comedy of their existence. Frau Ante, delicate, sensitive, an alien in the world of material comfort and moral complacency into which she has married, and Erik Termonde, who flees from that world into which he had been born to his bachelor home, the exquisitely appointed residence of a man devoted to a superior art of living, are figures one does not easily forget. Other portraits are sketched with a subtle touch of caricature. Martin Beradt, another newcomer, has some traits in common with Otto Gysae. His "Go" (S. Fischer) is as much the tragedy of a woman's soul as of a child's. Mother and son, of morbid disposition, live in a world the husband and father knows nothing of; for he is of the kind that sees only the gross material facts of life and craves nothing that cannot be grasped through the medium of the senses. It is not surprising that the real world which the boy finally enters when he is sent to school, involves him in bewildering and fatal conflicts that finally tempt him to suicide. Despite skill of narrative and characterization, this first work provokes regrets that the author should have chosen such a lugubrious subject. The ugly, the evil, and the morbid, cultivated by the literary revolutionists of the eighties from sheer reaction against their predecessors, like Wolf and Baumbach, is still a powerful influence with the young generation. While in all these books the characters are more interesting than the plot, in "Tröst-Einsamkeit," by Fedor von Zobeltitz (Egon Fleischel & Co.), it is the skilful invention that holds one's attention in spite of the tax upon the reader's credulity. The book contains, however, some fine bits of characterization. The chapters in the Dutch capital, where Graf Dahlum attends a family reunion and is made to feel like an outsider because he had settled in Germany, are delightful. The humor of the author makes even the improbable romanticism of the latter half of the tale palatable.

The stort story is represented by several volumes worth mention. Hermann Bahr, novelist, dramatist, and critic, like Burkhardt, calls his collection "Stimmen des Bluts" (S. Fischer). It affords glimpses into curious by-paths of the soul—morbid idiosyncrasies, inexplicable impulses, strange and appalling sensations. The characters are all more or less abnormal. Occasionally the tension is relieved by a touch of humor, as in "Lenke" and in "Erinnerungen," which is the most enjoyable of the sketches. But the dismal and the uncanny impression produced by the suggestion of some hidden sinister power—the voice of blood which is the voice of fate—prevails throughout; and the stories are not likely to appeal to any but the ultra-modern taste. Max Hochdorf properly calls his book "Dunkelheiten" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), for he, too, limits his efforts to the description of gloomy scenes and the treatment of psychic, if not psychopathic, problems. One of the tales, "Arete," with the scene in Athens, and the main characters an artist monk and his sinful model, is worked up to a fine dramatic climax. "Der Stoiker" is gruesome; "Das Wunder der Mona Erika" suggests Gottfried Keller in the vigorous and realistic treatment of the romantic subject. Max Grad, one of the cleverest writers of short stories among the women of Germany, is sane and sincere, and rarely strays into the labyrinth of exceptional problems. Her tales of ordinary people and ordinary lives are told with simplicity and ease, and not without some fine poetic qualities. She has a fund of humor, too, and one of her most delightful characters is Factotum Wohl-

fahrt, a quaint figure in a little German university town. Her "Lebensspiele" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the most enjoyable of recent books of short stories.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the current number of the *Library*, W. W. Greg has a second article on "Certain False Dates in Shakespearian Quartos." His preceding article was noted in the *Nation* of May 21. He has now made drawings of the various watermarks (twenty-three in number) which he has found in the paper of various copies of the nine quarto Shakespeares under discussion. The only conclution he can come to is that the printer of the books was using up a most remarkable lot of small remnants of different kinds of paper. He has given up the, at first glance, very strong evidence of a cracked woodcut ornament, as he has found several instances which "estahlished the astonishing fact that the cracks in the block opened and closed and the breaks grew greater and less quite irrespective of the date of printing."

Vol. XIV of "American Book-Prices Current" is now in the hands of subscribers, a full month earlier than it has ever heen issued hefore. The volume is practically the same size as last year, 12,700 lots of books and autographs heing recorded. These have been selected from about 116,000 lots, described in 169 catalogues. The edition printed has been based, in recent years, upon the number subscribed for upon going to press, one hundred copies being printed in addition to the number actually subscrihed for. This year the edition is 675 copies.

The first part of the lihrary of Henry W. Poor, comprising 1,046 lots, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city November 17, 18, and 19. The catalogue, 194 pages, contains about thirty reproductions of title-pages and bindings. A considerable number of important early printed hooks will be offered, among them the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua, printed at Mainz by John Gutenberg, 1460, but with the first fifty-one leaves supplied from a later edition; Cæsar, the third edition, Rome, Sweynheim and Pannartz, 1472; Dante's "Divina Commedia," Venice, Vindelin de Spira, 1477; the first edition of the "Imitatio Christi," Augsburg, Zainer, about 1471; Plutarch's "Vitæ Illustrium Virorum," Venice, Jenson, 1478, one of the most beautiful books from this press; and a Latin Bible, Nuremherg, Koberger, 1477. There is also a long series of hooks from the Aldine presses, including the first Aldine Sophocles, 1502; Homer, 1504; Lactantius, 1515; Æschylus, 1515; and Livy (in five vols.), 1518-33. Some of the notable volumes of early English poetry are: Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600; Chaucer's Works, Kele's undated edition, about 1545, and Kyngston's, 1561; Gawin Douglas's translation, "The Bukes of Eneados," 1553; Phaer and Twyne's translation, "The whole xii Bookes of the Æneidos of Virgil," 1573; Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," 1532, the Lefferts copy; and Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," 1595. There are several rare books on gardening: the first edition of Parkinson's "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris," 1629; Barker's "Country-man's Recreation," 1653-54; and Redouté's "Les Roses," a large paper copy, with plates in two states and with two of Redouté's drawings. There are only a few important items of Americana, one, however, Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England, with the Eastern Indians," 1726, seldom offered, is in the original sheep. Beverley's "History and Present State of Virginia," 1705; Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1699; McCall's "History of Georgia," 1811, 2 vols.; and Ethan Allen's "Reason the Only Oracle of Man," 1784, are other rare pieces of Americana. Among rarities in modern first editions are "Sir Hugh the Heron," 1843, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's first puhlication; FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat," 1859; and Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," 1840, two vols. Another interesting item is a folio volume containing autograph letters of thirty-four Presidents.

Stan. V. Henkels, who is now connected with the auction house of Samuel T. Freeman & Co., Philadelphia, will sell on November 19 and 20, books from the libraries of C. T. Bratten and Virginia C. Boggs. A set of the original Townsend edition of Cooper; Ben Jonson's Works, 1616-1640; Lodge's "Portraits," a large paper set; McKenney and Hall's Indian Tribes, 3 vols., 1836; and Roberts's "Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia," six vols., 1842-46, are likely to interest collectors.

A collection of autographs to be sold at auction in Berlin on November 23, 24, and 25, by J. A. Stargardt, contains a large number of letters hy Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Herder, Klopstock, Tieck, Wieland, and other German writers, as well as a few English autographs, among them those of Darwin, Pope, and Carlyle. Among manuscripts of musicians are fine letters or documents of Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn, Mozart, and Schumann.

On November 23, 24, and 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, sell a collection of books and manuscripts, including important works on natural history; first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever; Burton's Arabian Nights, the original edition; a complete set of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 64 vols.; first edition of the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493; Heppelwhite's "Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Guide," 1789; a fourteenth-century manuscript of Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum"; Ptolemy's Geography, the editions of 1490 and 1511, as well as the 27 maps, without text, of the exceedingly rare edition of 1478. The original manuscripts and drawings of several important works on plants, birds, etc. are offered, containing altogether 3,840 original water-color drawings.

The Lord Amherst Library, the sale of which has been already noted, is especially rich in old herbals and other books on gardening and the agricultural arts. The list contains Anthony Askham's "Little Herball of the Properties of Herbs," 1550, the Wilbraham copy, lacking one leaf; the first edition of the Great Herball, 1526, also a later edition, 1561; three editions of Dodoen's "Niewe Herball," 1578, 1586, and 1595; three editions of Gerard's "Herball," 1597, 1599, and 1633; Tusser's "Hundredth Good Poyntes of Husbandry," 1562, and three editions of his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," 1577, 1580, and 1586; and Mascall's "Booke of the Arte and maner howe to plant and graffe all sorts of trees," 1572. The library contains few important items of Americana, the best a perfect copy, with the two exceedingly rare maps, of "A True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discoverie for the finding of a Passage to Cathaya, by the Northwest, under the command of Martin Forbisher Generall," 1578. This book is by George Best, who accompanied Frobisher on all of his three voyages. The Amherst copy, formerly Heber's and Lord Crawford's, brought £100 in 1887, and there is no more recent record of sale at auction of a perfect copy. The maps are almost always lacking. Cunningham's "Cosmographical Glass," 1559, contains on page 200 "A Particular Description of Suche Partes of America as are by travaile founde out." De Quiros's "Descriptio ac delineatio Geographica Detectionis Freti," 1612, contains the first printed account of Hudson's discovery of Hudson's Bay. We also note the rare Paris edition, 1587, of Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo"; Monardes's "Joyful Newes out of the New-found World," 1578; Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1598-1600, with the rare "Voyage to Cadiz," but as usual, without the map; Ptolemy's Geography, editions of 1490, 1508, 1513, 1525, and 1548; and a set of "Purchas his Pilgrimes," 5 vols.

Correspondence.

JONSON AND MILTON ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his notes upon Milton's poem, "On Shakespeare, 1630," Prof. David Masson remarks:

> One might almost suppose, from the wording of these lines, that there was a proposal, in or about 1630, to erect a London monument to Shakespeare. It may be, however, that Milton had no such suggestion to move him, but merely thought for himself that Shakespeare did not need a monument. (Cambridge Edition, Milton's "Poems," III, 162.)

Indefatigable student though he was, Professor Masson seems never to have noticed —nor, as far as I can discover, has any one after him pointed out—the interesting parallelism between this poem by Milton and lines 19-24 of Ben Jonson's "To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare." Jonson's verses were prefixed to the First Folio of Shakespeare's works, Milton's to the Second Folio, which appeared nine years later. For comparison I place the lines together:

JONSON.

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou are a monument without a tomh,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we bave wits to read and praise to give.

MILTON.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast huilt thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

It will be noticed that Milton's poem is in the same metre as that of Jonson's, the heroic couplet. The address to the poet is the same in each, "My Shakespeare." And the subject is the same in each, the most fitting "monument"—the same word being used in each poem—for Shakespeare. Jonson affirms that the poet is "a monument without a tomb," alive still in his living book, and in the appreciation and praise of his readers. Milton asserts that, though Shakespeare is dead—thus correcting Jonson—yet he is not in need of any such "weak witness of his fame" as a memorial of "pilèd stones," but that he has built for himself "a livelong monument" in the "wonder and astonishment" of those who read him, bereaving them of their fancy in such a way as to make them "marble with too much conceiving," and so to lie

sepulchred in such pomp . ..
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Such being the striking parallels between the two poems, it seems to the writer that the probable origin of Milton's lines was as follows: Milton, in looking over the First Folio, came upon Jonson's verses. As he read them, his own imagination kindled and he developed his own poetic conception, which he felt to be an advance upon Jonson's, and to put the truth more accurately than his. When it became known that a second edition of Shakespeare's plays was to be issued, Milton sent the lines to the editors in the hope that they might have the same place in the new edition which had been occupied, in the earlier volume, by the poem which had suggested them.

Whether all this be true or not, it seems at least probable that Jonson should have the credit of inspiring the later and greater poet.

EDWARD S. PARSONS.

Colorado College, Colorado Springs, October 26.

"SELF-COVER'D" IN "LEAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The compound adjective "self-cover'd" in the passage,

Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. ("Lear," iv., 2, 62-63)—

part of a speech of Albany to his wife, Goneril—has always been a crux in Shakespeare exegesis, and many attempts at explanation have been made or emendations of the text proposed, which will be found recorded in the notes on this word in the "New Variorum." All of these, whether explanations or emendations, are more or less labored and forced, and none of them is convincingly satisfactory. We wish to offer for the consideration of Shakespeare students an emendation which has occurred to us and which, we believe, is not only more plausible than any yet advanced, but also very likely restores the text to its original form. It has the transcendent merit of rendering the meaning of the line perfectly plain and simple, with the additional merit of improving it metrically.

It is our notion that the syllable "dis-" was dropped out, either through a printer's or through a copyist's error, and we would therefore substitute for "self-cover'd," "self-discovered," meaning self-revealed. That this omission may have occurred is rendered all the more probable by the fact that the passage of which these lines form a part is one of those not found in the folios, but in the quartos, which, as is well known, are notorious for misprints, printers' sophistications, and the like, and the texts of which, moreover, were very probably taken down in shorthand at a performance.

(1.) With regard to the meaning of the line with the text changed as we suggest, it is clear that Albany regards his wife as changed in character from the woman he married and that he calls her a self-discover'd, *i. e.*, self-revealed, thing, because by her actions and words she has just disclosed her true nature.

(2.) The addition of the syllable "dis-" creates no metrical difficulty, as might at first blush seem to be the case, but, as we find on examination of the readings of the quartos, on the contrary results in a decided improvement of the verse. As the line now stands "changed" must be made a dissyllable and the stress in the second foot must fall on the unimportant word "and." We find, however, that one of the two quartos of 1608 prints the word "changed," "chang'd," showing that the printer understood it to be a monosyllable. Assuming, as we well may, that this is right and making our suggested emendation, we scan the line thus:

Thŏu chāng'd ănd sēlf-discŏvēr'd thĭng, fŏr shāme,

which obviously makes the line a better one and which, as we have shown, admits of a plain and simple interpretation of it.

FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE,
LUCIUS H. HOLT.

Springfield, Mass., October 28.

SOME LINES FROM TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 22, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, writes in a letter entitled, "Some Curious Misprints" (p. 382): "Tennyson said that he had almost rather sacrifice the sense than have two s's come together." Yet the following line occurs in the "Leonine Elegiacs":

The ancient poetess singeth
That Hesperus all things bringeth

On page 383 Dr. Rolfe says that when the "Palace of Art" was first printed (1832), the following stanza was inserted in a footnote, but was afterward suppressed:

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars, etc.

But the suppressed line really spoke of the "poles of *moonless* Mars!"

DANIEL HOLSMAN.

Philadelphia, October 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I wrote "moons of Mars," instead of "moonless Mars," it was a slip of the pen. The point of my comment on it was that the poet changed it after the moons were discovered. If he had written "moons of Mars," it would have been as remarkable as Swift's anticipation of the discovery. I give the early reading correctly in the notes of my "Select Poems of Tennyson" (1885).

Tennyson's remark on the sibilants was made to his friend Knowles in referring to "In Memoriam" (xl), where the first edition had "In such great offices as suit." The poet said when reading the passage to Knowles: "I hate that. I should not write so now. I'd almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together." This collocation of letters occurs, however, occasionally in his latest revised text; and there is at least one instance in "In Memoriam," where (cxi) "for fashion's sake" is still the reading; the other line (in xl) now reads, "In those great offices that suit." In cxi the poet might have read, "fashion sake," as Shakespeare—whose archaisms he occasionally copies—does in "As You Like It," iii, 2, 291. He also has "for heaven sake" ("John," iv, 1, 78), "recreation sake" ("I Henry IV," i, 2, 174), and "digestion sake" ("Troilus and Cressida," ii, 3, 190); as elsewhere "sport sake," "credit sake," "safety sake," etc.; to say nothing of cases with sibilants, as "conscience sake" (still allowable) "goodness sake," "Venus sake," etc.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., November 3.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Rev. Herbert A. Jump does good service in your issue of October 22 by adding his testimony to that of many other protestants against the "vast and growing national ignorance of the Bible." This he illustrates by some telling instances which could no doubt be duplicated all over the country. It is not desirable, however, to underestimate the forces which tend to abate this ignorance, and your correspondent seems to do this when he says that the millions of copies printed by the Bible societies "are being circulated for the most part in foreign lands as accessories to the missionary activity of the Church." This is quite contrary to the fact..

The annual report of the American Bible Society for 1908, a fairly typical year, shows the total issues of the society at home and abroad to be 1,895,941 Bibles, Testaments, and portions (*i. e.*, single books), of which 989,321 were issued from the Bible House, in New York, and 906,710 by the society's agencies abroad. Some of those printed in New York were sent abroad and some books were imported from other publishers abroad and from the society's own foreign agencies, but in round numbers nearly or quite half of the total were actually used in this country. The total output for ninety-two years is 82,316,323 copies, and probably much more than half of this vast number have remained here to enlighten our national darkness rather than the darkness of China or Africa. Without attempting to estimate what private publishers are doing (which represents a very substantial addition to these figures), the American Bible Society, with its auxiliaries, has been ministering for nearly a century to the American people. Its books go, of course, to certain special and otherwise neglected classes, to prisoners in penitentiaries and reformatories, to charitable institutions, to soldiers and sailors, to the blind, and in general the friendless and neglected, whom it is ready to supply gratis if necessary; but also a large proportion of this forever circulating library passes directly into the homes,

churches, and schools, especially the Sunday-schools of the "forgotten millions" of whom President Eliot once wrote, the "plain people" of the nation. The Sunday-school class which your correspondent is teaching is quite possibly supplied with these books which go to tens of thousands of Sunday-schools which would otherwise go untaught, and perhaps he has one of our pulpit Bibles in his church.

The limitation on the usefulness of the American Bible Society to the American people, is not its activity in foreign countries, where it is as much needed as here, and we trust not the "salaried secretaries" to which your correspondent alludes, but chiefly the too scanty and uncertain revenue which continually cripples its activities and forbids their enlargement. There is now a prospect of better things. The largest sum of money so far as we know ever offered to any Bible society by a living donor is now offered by Mrs. Russell Sage, who proposes to give $500,000 on condition that the society can secure subscriptions for $500,000 more before December 31, 1908, the whole $1,000,000 to be used as endowment, thus securing in larger measure what your correspondent evidently desires. Contrary to some newspaper statements, the money is not yet "rolling in." As usual, the poor and moderately rich are the first to give, but large givers have yet to appear. The Bible Society being a millionaire in its issues, quite naturally feels that millionaires in money might like to support it. Now is their opportunity! We beg leave, therefore, to invite all the friends of the Bible, rich and poor, from Maine to California, to share with us the honors and privileges of the campaign which did not end November 5, but must be continued until the whole amount is secured.

We are well aware that the mere circulation of the Book is of little use unless it be accompanied by other means of grace. If there could but be a renaissance of some almost forgotten customs in American life! —a revival of family worship, for instance, making the Bible a household book; a revival of Sabbath keeping; or perhaps (in spirit) an American reproduction of the Cotter's Saturday night, where even the *Nation* might be accompanied by the Book which it so aptly and so often quotes; in short, a general return to the pure and undefiled religion of an elder day—then, Sunday-school classes in Maine or elsewhere could not achieve such miracles of ignorance as your correspondent portrays. The Bible Society has indeed a great trust to administer. Does it not deserve the support, not only of all good Christian men, but all good American citizens?

JOHN FOX.

Bible House, New York, November 6.

DE GUSTIBUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a note which appeared in your issue of October 29, regarding the autumn Salon at Paris, there occur the two following sentences:

Some of the younger artists have surprisingly good and new work, along with direct insults to eyes and understanding. Such is Henri Matisse, who forgets that beholders are not all fools, and that it is not necessary to do differently from all other artists.

Will you allow one of the fools whom Matisse has thoroughly taken in to protest against these phrases? They are more hackneyed than the oldest mumblings in the most archaic extant rituals. There is nothing so hoary in the sacrificial Vedas. They have been uttered with head-shakings in Akkadian, in Egyptian, in Babylonian, in Mycenæan, in the language of the Double-Ax, in all the Pelasgic dialects, in proto-Doric, in Hebrew, and in every living and dead tongue of western Europe, wherever an artist has appeared whose work was not as obvious as the "best seller" and "fastest reader." Of what great painter or sculptor or musician of the last century has it not been said in the cant phrase of the Boulevards—"C'est un fumiste. Il cherche à épâter le monde"?

Henri Matisse seems to me to think of everything in the world rather than of the need of "doing differently from all other artists." On the contrary, I have the conviction that he has, after twenty years of very earnest searching, at last found the great highroad travelled by all the best masters of the visual arts for the last sixty centuries at least. Indeed, he is singularly like them in every essential respect. He is a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer. Of his color I do not venture to speak. Not that it displeases me—far from it. But I can better understand its failing to charm at first; for color is something we Europeans are still singularly uncertain of—we are easily frightened by the slightest divergence from the habitual.

Fifty years ago, Mr. Quincy Shaw and other countrymen of ours were the first to appreciate and patronize Corot, Rousseau, and the stupendous Millet. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* It is now the Russians and, to a less extent, the Germans, who are buying the work of the worthiest successors of those mighty ones.

B. BERENSON.

Boston, November 3.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT ALESIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was a little astonished on reading the letter about Alesia (October 1, p. 322). The site of Cæsar's Alesia has not been "identified by a military explorer," but has been known as such since the sixteenth century; the "military explorer" alluded to, the late Col. Stoffel, did not even identify the traces of Cæsar's trenches around Alesia, because these trenches had been discovered by Creuly, Saulcy, Bertrand, and others before Stoffel came to work at Alesia. The statuette mentioned further on is that of a *dead* Gaul, not of a *reclining* Gaul; casts of it may be procured from the Museum at Saint Germain. Lastly, M. Déchelette never claimed for himself the discovery that Gallic pottery had found its way to Italy and to Pompeii; I do not know what M. Ferrero said about that, but if the error be his, it remains no less an error. M. Déchelette has very carefully stated the facts, "Vases ornés," I., p. 95, and, with his usual honesty, given due credit to Dragendorff.

SALOMON REINACH.

Saint Germain en Laye, October 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am grateful to M. Salomon Reinach for commenting with his undisputed authority, on the details of my letter. I did not intend attributing the discovery of Cæsar's Alesia to my "military explorer," who is simply the *chef de bataillon*, Espérendieu; his energy and perseverance in these recent years have made the success of the present excavations, of which alone I was writing and which are indeed "identifying" these remains of Roman Gaul. Signor Ferrero, whose "Alésia" I am much astonished M. Reinach did not notice on its appearance in the Paris *Figaro* (September 11), certainly does attribute to M. Déchelette a discovery—"one of the most important among those of which archæology has boasted for fifty years: he has been able to prove that many vases, apparently Greek, which have been found in the European provinces of the Empire, even in Italy, had been manufactured in Gaul."

My own aim was to draw attention to excavations which are not so well known to your readers as to M. Reinach, and especially to the use made of them by Signor Ferrero in illustrating the part played by Roman Gaul in the rise and decline of the Empire.

S. D.

Paris, October 30.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for next week the following books: "University Administration," by President Charles W. Eliot; "The Teacher," by Prof. George H. Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer; "Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation," by Prof. William M. Cole; and "A Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray," edited by Prof. Albert S. Cook.

The third volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" will be published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons. By the same house announcement is made of three new issues in the Cambridge English Classics, viz.: "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," Vol. VI; "Giles and Phineas Fletcher's Poetical Works," Vol. II; "George Gascoigne's Works," Vol. II; and "The Clerk's Tale and the Squire's Tale" of Chaucer.

The Club of Colonial Reprints, Providence, R. I., announces as its fifth publication: A Scheme for a Paper Currency, together with two petitions written in Boston Gaol in 1739-1740, by Richard Fry; with an introduction by Andrew McFarland Davis. According to the circular issued by the club:

This "Scheme" was not known to Mr. Davis to be still in existence when he prepared his "Currency and Banking in the Province of Massachusetts Bay" or his "Tracts Relating to the Currency of the Massachusetts Bay," and its publication adds one more to the series of original pamphlets available for study by those who wish to understand the sad experiences which taught the people of Massachusetts, a hundred and seventy years ago, that an unsound currency is an affliction which injures every class in the community.

The edition is to be limited to one hundred copies.

The fun of Edward Lear's "Book of Limericks" is still fresh enough to warrant a new edition of the volume by Little, Brown & Co. Besides the "Books of Nonsense," with their incalculably absurd pictures and

limericks, the volume contains the "Nonsense Songs" and "Laughable Lyrics."

Three volumes of the new Oxford Thackeray (Henry Frowde), to be completed in seventeen, bring before us "The Yellowplush Papers," etc., "The Paris Sketch Book," etc., and "Barry Lyndon," etc. They are printed on the opaque India paper and in the clear type to which the Clarendon Press has accustomed us. The illustrations, however, are in many cases made from bad plates. As for the material, it is the old Thackeray canon established since 1886, with a few additions from more recently discovered sources. The editor is quite right in saying that much of the new matter attributed to Thackeray is of doubtful authenticity, and that still more of it is trivial and unworthy of preservation. Professor Saintsbury, upon whose judgment the selection rests, has also furnished introductions, sketching the author's life and commenting critically on his works. Professor Saintsbury is an agreeable toastmaster at such a banquet. He touches lightly and passes on. Occasionally, as in his remarks upon the "Meditations at Versailles," he comes close to the secret of Thackeray's charm. He does not conceal the faults of taste and judgment in that much-disputed piece, but he still sees that it "has a scornful, melancholy magic of style that atones for much, and the whole article is full of wonderful broken lights of phrase and portraiture." We shall await with curiosity Professor Saintsbury's introductions to the greater works.

"The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by S. Baring-Gould, comes to us from Frederick A. Stokes Company in a new and cheaper edition. It is in a single volume, well printed and very fully illustrated. Mr. Baring-Gould does not write as a specialist, but he has the power of sustaining interest in a narrative.

For those going abroad at this season of the year we may recommend the sixth edition of Eustace Reynolds-Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," published by Brentano's. Morocco, Algeria, and Egypt are included in the itineraries, as well as the European coasts.

It is evident from the enormous output of books of travel that the modern author has missed the irony of Heine's caustic remark, when informed by Gautier that he intended to visit Spain in order to write a book on that country: "How will you manage to write a book on Spain after you have been there?" To record passing impressions, to describe the scenic panorama, to gather material for a historic background, and to make judicious use of the camera is all so temptingly easy that to-day Heine would probably say, "How could you do otherwise?" Journeys through Persia by automobile and across Europe in a motor-boat are, however, of sufficient novelty to justify two volumes which have just been issued by D. Appleton & Co.: "Through Persia in a Motor Car, by Russia and the Caucasus," by Claude Anet, translated by M. Beresford Ryley; "Across Europe in a Motor Boat: A Chronicle of the Adventures of the Motor Boat Beaver on a Voyage of Nearly Seven Thousand Miles Through Europe by Way of the Seine, the Rhone, the Danube, and the Black Sea," by Henry C. Rowland, illustrated by Herbert Deland Williams. Both books are decidedly interesting and amusing. M. Anet conveys the distinct impression that he has really been to Persia. He possesses style, not that of Anatole France, but style, nevertheless, that light touch and delicate fancy of his race which charms. For one who was so short a time in Persia he has caught to a remarkable degree the spirit of that land of incongruity and paradox. No modern book presents so graphic and so true a picture of Iran and its people, or conveys more information than is unobtrusively scattered through this record of personal experience. In spite of Heine's fling at the trutbfulness of the traveller-author, M. Anet's volume can be honestly recommended by one who knows the route he followed, as a work in which veracity has not been sacrificed to imagination. An excellent series of practical suggestions for a motor journey to Ispahan is found in the concluding chapter. Mr. Rowland's narrative is a more matter of fact one, abounding in technical details of a struggle with a refractory engine and a storm in the Black Sea which ended in the loss of the Beaver and the narrow escape of its occupants. The book has also its humorous side, an Anglo-Saxon humor enlivened with slang and an occasional oath, in sharp contrast to the Gallic flavor distilled by M. Anet, who had two charming and intrepid feminine companions. Mr. Rowland's story, like his journey, is rather for the sterner sex, but is graphically told and holds the reader's interest to the end.

Crete has, during recent years, eclipsed Cyprus in the interest of students and travellers; but a welcome will be found for the massive volume "Excerpta Cypria," issued as "materials for a history of Cyprus," by Claude Delaval Cobham through the Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book, of over 500 quarto pages, is made up of extracts in English dress concerning the character, history, and antiquities of the island, gathered from the works of eighty different travellers of varied nationality, ranging in date from Strabo to the second half of the last century. A few documents are included, and a rather full bibliography appended, including one on the not yet forgotten Cesnola controversy. The book is eminently readable, and the translations are made in good style, and, so far as tests have been possible, with reasonable accuracy. But the compiler's assertion that within the range of the individual excerpts nothing has been omitted which directly concerns the island is not quite true, at any rate of the quotation from Strabo.

Part 3 of the Publications of the American Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1899-1900 (Greek and Latin Inscriptions, by Prof. William Kelly Prentice, of Princeton University) bas now been issued by the Century Company, in the same stately form as the preceding volumes already noted in these columns. The title suggests baldly technical material and treatment; but though the editor's work is thorough and scholarly, the volume, which is richly illustrated from photographs and drawings, will be of interest to many others than epigraphists, and the consistent translation of the individual inscriptions will render them serviceable to readers whose knowledge of the original tongues has acquired the honorable debility of age. Many of the inscriptions, and the very agreeably written introductory chapter on their character and purpose, throw an extremely valuable light upon the ritual and manner of life and thought of early Christian communities in the Syrian East.

Although ostensibly intended primarily for Bible students, "The History of tho Ancient Egyptians," by Dr. James H. Breasted, professor of Egyptology in the University of Chicago, is suited to a wider circle. It is to some extent an abridgment of his larger "History," which appeared three years ago; but it contains also the results of discoveries made in the interval. Professor Breasted is one of the most competent, if not the most competent man now living, to write such a book. He has gathered, while working under the auspices of the German government, a complete collection of the hieroglyphic texts of an historical character, and has issued a translation of them in five large octavo volumes. Upon the basis of this great *corpus* his histories have been written, and to it the reader is constantly referred. Under these circumstances it seems quite superfluous to say anything further in commendation of the volume, except to remark that the story is told in a plain and lucid style, without ornamentation, and with the earnestness of a man who has something to tell and is intent merely upon the telling. The size of the book makes it convenient for the pocket, and it is safe to say that it will be seen much more often than the larger book, in the hands of those who are making the Nile trip, and who wish to be as well informed as possible regarding the history revealed by the texts and monuments of Egypt. (The Historical Series for Bible Students. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

From so charming an essayist and accomplished a versifier as Austin Dobson, the recent "De Libris: Prose and Verse" (The Macmillan Co.) is a distinct disappointment. The volume contains a dozen pieces of prose, evidently the gleanings from a year or two of casual contribution to newspapers and magazines. Some of the articles are palpable book reviews, and are no better than many others of their kind. On the eighteenth century, Mr. Dobson writes with uncommon fulness of knowledge, and his papers "Bramston's 'Man of Taste'" and "Fresh Facts about Fielding" are not without value. The two little essays on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson are appreciative and at the same time discriminating. The chief interest in them, however, lies in the illustrations—drawings by Miss Greenaway and Mr. Thomson never before published. But of the papers as a whole, it may fairly be said that they lack distinction of substance or style. The verse is even farther below the standard. Some of the stanzas doubtless served their purpose, when read at a dinner, but they are not what we expect from the author of "Old-World Idylls" and "At the Sign of the Lyre."

"The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (The Century Co.), could hardly be other than entertaining. She lived for many years among the most distinguished people in Europe, and noted not only their political significance, but their clothes, manners, and temperaments. She has avoided duplication of her son's life of his fath-

er, and has abstained from reference to intimate personal concerns. Mrs. Cornwallis-West is able to write with such detachment of Lady Randolph Churchill as to exploit somewhat drolly her beauty and personal charm. Among the illustrations we have her in every aspect, in infancy, at ten years old, by Sargent, in fancy dress, in a riding-habit, as a Red Cross nurse. The letters printed and the conversations quoted abound in allusions of the sort that people usually leave their heirs to publish. Doubtless, however, considering the temptation, Mrs. Cornwallis-West wonders at her own moderation. There is nothing ill-natured in the book, and apparently nothing indiscreet. Admirers of Mr. Bernard Shaw will be interested to know that on receiving an invitation to lunch after a very slight acquaintance he responded by telegraphing: "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" To which Lady Randolph replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners."

"Oxford in the Eighteenth Century" (Putnam), by A. D. Godley, is one of that class of books, rapidly increasing in number, which are almost spoiled by spurious vivacity. Mr. Godley has gone through the material dutifully, he writes with a sense for English rather above the average, he has an attractive theme, but he mars all by the supposition that it is dull to be orderly, and that the reader's mind cannot dwell on one subject more than five minutes. When he forgets himself and, as in his sketch of Hearne, tells a straightforward story, he is interesting. For the most part he bustles about among hints and half-told anecdotes and apologetic allusions in a manner that tires without instructing, and teases without amusing. Here and there comes in a good story, such as that related by Pastor Moritz, in 1782, who, coming late at night into the Mitre Inn, "saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him," discussing theological and other topics, until "when morning drew near, Mr. M—— suddenly exclaimed, 'D——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All Souls'.'" In which story the accent should properly be placed on the "theological" as much as on the "beer"; for it may be suspected that there are not many clergymen to-day who would have the spirit for such doughty discussions any more than the stomach for such potations. With all his diligence Mr. Godley has missed some of the most characteristic events of the age, as, for example, the expulsion of George Selwyn, in 1745, for participation in the unholy rites of the Franciscans, as related in a letter of Capt. Nicholson. Now and then we question his statements, as when he says that "few so far mortified the flesh as to take a walk." In dates and facts he is generally accurate, but he has erred in ascribing the writing of "Terræ Filius" to 1726. It was written in 1721, and published in book form in the later year.

Number XXXVI of the Yale Studies in English (Holt & Co.) contains a translation of Alain de Lille's "Complaint of Nature," made by Douglas M. Moffat, professedly in the service of Chaucer students. "The theologian," as the translator observes, "whose great stores of recondite learning made him the 'Doctor Universalis' of his day, the 'Alain who was very sage,' the 'Doctor SS. Theologiæ Famosus,' is now known chiefly because of two lines in the blithe and famous poet of Early England." That is true for England and America, no doubt, but the rhapsody "De Planctu" contains more than one passage, notably the opening description of Nature, of a curious beauty worth reading for its own sake.

The old controversy as to the authorship of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," usually attributed to the Rev. Charles Wolfe, is revived again in "The Writer of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' Discovered," a little volume by R. C. Newick (Bristol, England: T. Thatcher). Mr. Newick believes he has found new material in a private library of manuscripts recently given to the public at Bristol. He charges Wolfe with being an impostor, and says that a certain "soldier of the Ninth Regiment," named Joseph Wolfe, was the real author. In support of his statement, he examines the incidents in the lives of Charles Wolfe and Joseph Wolfe. Although the former was seventeen at the time of Sir John Moore's death, and likely to be impressed with such an event, Mr. Newick holds that Joseph Wolfe was the only survivor who brought back the details of the burial, and that Charles Wolfe could not possibly have acquired the facts so as to write as he did with historic accuracy.

Whatever one may think of some of the ideas which have prevailed in the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions there can be only admiration for the devotion with which some of the young people whom it has stirred to missionary endeavor have striven for their ideals and the enthusiasm with which they have pursued their high calling. One of the most noble of these youth was John Lawrence Thurston, whose brief and self-sacrificing life is described in "A Life with a Purpose," by Henry B. Wright (Fleming H. Revell Co.). He was a member of the Yale Missionary Band, which preached foreign missions with great enthusiasm in many cities, and later he went to China, where he was stricken with tuberculosis when he had scarcely begun his work. By singular winsomeness of character and unusual intensity of zeal and largeness of plan he effected, even in his brief months of service, a large amount of good.

For over thirty years, in Auburn, N. Y., and Chicago, the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson was a forcible and inspiring teacher of methods in preaching, and in the Christian ministry. His sage counsels, distinguished by rugged common sense, are gathered up in "The Ideal Ministry" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). The volume is largely occupied with suggestions as to preparation for preaching and the composition and delivery of sermons.

On September 3 (p. 215) the *Nation* printed a review of Count Vay von Vaya's "Nach Amerika in einem Auswandererschiffe," a book of interesting impressions of this country gained by an Hungarian prelate who accompanied a band of emigrants. We are glad now to see the book in English, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. as the "Inner Life of the United States."

The first volume of Ernst Schultze's "Kulturgeschichtliche Streifzüge," entitled "Aus dem Werden und Wachsen der Vereinigten Staaten" (Hamburg: Gutenberg Verlag), is really little more than a collection of twelve essays, written in journalistic style, on certain phases of life and thought in America. Four are devoted to the Indians, one to Booker T. Washington, while probably the best deals with the American theatre.

Baron Helfert, the eminent Austrian historian, continues at nearly ninety years of age to produce books that would do credit to a writer half a century younger. His "Geschichte des lombardo-venezianischen Königreichs" (Vienna: Hölder) deals with the Risorgimento period on which he is one of the recognized authorities. It contains a review of the history of the kingdom in the period following the downfall of Napoleon, making use of many interesting documents. Among them are some extremely curious police reports concerning Caroline, wife of George IV of England.

The veteran Austrian author, J. Schipper, bas just published a collection of papers entitled "Beiträge und Studien zur englischen Kultur- und Literaturgeschichte" (Vienna: Stern). The first half deals chiefly with the universities—material gathered during the writer's visit to Great Britain as the official representative of his government at the fourth centennial of Aberdeen. The second half consists largely of Shakespeare studies.

In the series Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: Göschen), Ludwig Salomon has published a work of 186 pages, called "Allgemeine Geschichte des Zeitungswesens." As the author of the excellent "Geschichte des deutschen Zeitungswesens," in three volumes, completed only two years ago, the writer is exceptionally equipped for this summary of the newspaper publications of all the peoples of the earth.

Waldemar Schütze sufficiently explains the character of his new work, "Schwarz gegen Weiss," in his sub-title, "Die Eingeborenenfrage als Kernpunkt unserer Kolonialpolitik in Afrika" (Berlin: Schwetsche & Sohn). In many respects the author's judgment on the negro and the possibility of his becoming fully civilized is anything but enthusiastic or hopeful.

It was hardly wise to publish all the letters, reviews, and essays of the late Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, as Adolf Frey has recently done in his two volumes, filling eleven hundred pages, entitled "Briefe Conrad Ferdinand Meyers: Nebst seinen Rezensionen und Aufsätzen" (Leipzig: Haessel). A large amount of this matter is new and interesting, especially Meyer's correspondence with such men as G. Kinkel, Wolfgang Menzel, F. Th. Vischer, and especially L. von François; but not a few of the youthful and family letters could have been omitted.

The "Einführung in eine Philosophie des Geisteslebens," by Prof. Rudolf Eucken (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), is a summary of the philosophy of the famous author intended chiefly for the general reader and written with special reference to the problems and perplexities of the times. In connection with this book, attention should be called to a study of Eucken's philosophy in its relation to that of Kant, published as a brochure by Kurt Kesseler, "Die Vertiefung der kantischen Religionsphilosophie

durch Rudolf Eucken" (Breslau: Kreuschmer).

The Kirchliches Handbuch (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder)), a new venture by the Catholic theologian, H. A. Krose, S. J., and in its first volume covering the years 1907 and 1908, is evidently intended as a Catholic rival to the famous Protestant Kirchliches Jahrbuch of Pastor J. Schneider. It contains full statistics and reports of the Catholic Church, particularly in Germany. Among the valuable features of the work are the statistics of Catholic foreign mission work, something that heretofore has been difficult to secure.

The economic and social philosophy of the Church Father Augustine, especially in its bearings on the teachings of Christianity, has recently called for two works of considerable value. Prof. Theodor Sommerlad's volume "Das Wirtschaftsprogramm der Kirche des Mittelalters," which appeared some months ago, aimed to prove that the ideas of Augustine on economic and social problems were a great departure from the gospel teachings. Now Prof. Ignaz Seipel, in "Die wirtschaftsethischen Lehren der Kirchenväter," published by Mayer & Co., Vienna, as one of the Catholic series Theologische Studien der Leo Gesellschaft, edited by Albert Ehrhard and F. M. Schneider, endeavors to defend Augustine against this charge.

Prof. Adolf Ehrhard of the University of Strassburg, in his last volume, "Das Mittelalter und seine kirchliche Entwickelung," in the series, Kultur und Katholizismus (Munich: Kirchheim), attempts to give a popular exposition of the evolution of mediæval civilization. According to Ehrhard, this whole evolution is the result of the relations, sometimes friendly, mostly hostile, between Pope and Emperor, or, as he puts it, of the two fundamental factors of the middle ages: the Germanic-National and the Latin-Catholic. He writes from the point of view of the Papacy, but his book, taken as a whole, cannot fail to impress through its originality and pleasant style.

In the Classiques Français of Messrs. Putnam the "Satires, Épîtres, et l'Art poétique" of Boileau make a book even pleasanter in type than other volumes of that dainty series. But it does not seem to us that the preface of Augustin Filon adds to the value of the edition. Boileau, he says, was not a poet, although a great writer in verse; neither was he a critic, although "un homme de goût, dont les opinions ont fait loi, et qui, venu à son heure, a orienté la littérature française dans une direction où l'attendaient ses plus grands succès." To try to support such a paradox as this is merely to waste, or pervert, words.

We have received from the Florentine publishers Bemporad a tiny pocket encyclopædia, "Enciclopedia Tascabile Bemporad," which has many features to recommend it. Resembling the little manuals of information that are sold on our railway trains, it is much better done. Geography, politics, and natural science, including agriculture, domestic economy, physiology, and medicine, occupy most of the 364 pages. On the biographical side it is weak. Of interest is the select vocabulary of sport, almost exclusively English. Its general accuracy speaks well for that of the more serious sections. The editor is of advanced, not to say revolutionary, views, actually advising his fellow-countrymen to sleep with the window open. For the desk the little book will hardly replace the indispensable small Larousse, but for travellers it is distinctly useful.

A somewhat detailed report of a human sacrince occurring among the Bagobos around Mount Apo in Southern Mindanao is given in the editorial notes of the *Philippine Journal of Science*, Section A, Vol. III, No. 3. The affair was thoroughly investigated by the district governor, and the facts were obtained from his report, which forms the most circumstantial account of an event of this kind that has ever been made. The French scientist Montano and the German scientist Schadenberg made brief investigations among the Bagobos over twenty years ago, and certain Jesuit missionaries, especially Fathers Gisbert and Doyle, have written of their customs. But many exaggerated stories about the Bagobos are afloat. The reports of the Jesuit fathers having established the fact of human sacrifices among them, some careless writers have gratuitously added cannibalism. This charge the Bagobos themselves deny, and there is no evidence at all to support it. Their victims, when the occasional human sacrifices occur, are slaves (members of a neighboring unwarlike tribe), and are usually aged or decrepit. In this latest case, the first authenticated human sacrifice in some years, the victim was a deaf and partly blind slave boy of eight years. The sacrifice was arranged primarily in behalf of two widows, in order that the spirits of their departed husbands might cease from troubling them and allow them to obtain new husbands. Moral suasion and instruction, with force in the background, are being applied to break up this custom, as has been done in the case of the head-hunting tribes of northern Luzon.

A Simplified Spelling Society has been organized in England. Prof. W. W. Skeat of Cambridge is president. The vice-presidents include Sir James Murray, editor of the Oxford Dictionary; Sir William Ramsay, of University College, London; and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. The secretary is William Archer.

The Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, a prominent Seventh-day Baptist, died at Watch Hill, Pa., November 4. He was born at Scott, N. Y., in 1836, was graduated from Alfred University, and studied at Union Theological Seminary. After some years as an active pastor, he became corresponding secretary of the American Tract Society; he was also for a time the editor of the *Sabbath Outlook* and a member of the staff of the *Philanthropist*. Among his books are: "Sabbath and Sunday: Argument and History" (1870), "Biblical Teachings concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday" (1884), "A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church" (1886), "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from A. D. 321 to 1888" (1888), "Paganism Surviving in Christianity" (1890), "Swift Decadence of Sunday: What Next?" (1899), and "Letters to Young Preachers and their Readers" (1900).

John Harvey Treat, author of a number of books and pamphlets on genealogy and history, died at Pittsfield, N. H., November 8, at the age of sixty-nine. After graduation from Harvard he engaged in business at Lawrence, Mass., for a number of years. He had given to Harvard a large entomological collection, a good many books, and a fund for the purchase of works illustrating the history of the Roman catacombs. He was author of "Notes on the Rubrics," "The Catholic Faith," "The Treat Genealogy," "Truro Baptisms," "Ancestry of Col. John Harvey," "The Catacombs of Rome," and "History of the Tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul."

Prof. Lewis Campbell, the distinguished Greek scholar, has died at the age of seventy-eight. His education was received at Glasgow and Oxford universities, and he was appointed to the professorship of Greek at St. Andrews in 1863, retiring as emeritus in 1892. His chief work is the edition of Sophocles, published by the Clarendon Press, in two volumes—a work which in taste and judgment ranks well with Jebb's edition, if not above it. Other publications are "Æschylus in English Verse" (1890), "Guide to Greek Tragedy" (1891), "Life of Benjamin Jowett" (with E. Abbott, 1897), "Religion in Greek Literature" (1898), "Letters of B. Jowett" (with E. Abbott, 1899), "Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare" (1904), besides various school editions and minor works.

Archibald John Little, traveller and author, died in London November 5 at the age of seventy. He was born in London and at the age of twenty-one went to China and established the Chungking Trading Company. He was a frequent contributor to periodical literature; among his books may be mentioned "Through the Yangtse Gorges," "Mount Omi and Beyond," and "The Far East."

The death is announced of Robert Fitzroy Bell, secretary to the Scottish Universities Commission. He was the founder of the *Scots Observer*, to which W. E. Henley contributed some of his most characteristic writing.

ENGLISH PROSODY.

A History of English Prosody. By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. From Shakespeare to Crabbe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

This second volume, a book of nearly 600 pages, confirms the opinion that Professor Saintsbury is here in a field peculiarly suited to his talents. In his other exhaustive work, "The History of Criticism," where the estimation of purely literary values was crossed by many currents of philosophy and history, he was pretty nearly at his worst—he can at will sound the depths of bathos—and left one always with an uneasy feeling that, in summing up the work of any critic, he was perhaps missing precisely what that critic stood for. In his present work, granted his manner of treatment, the reverse is true; one feels that he almost always selects what is salient and deals with it adequately. It is the fact that a good deal must be granted. As a book of reference for the student who wishes statistics, definitions, tabulations, and the

like, the work is next to useless. Characteristically enough, the two chapters which deal with the prosodical theorizers of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries are decidedly the poorest in the volume. Here Professor Saintsbury's touch-and-go flippancy is not entertaining, but annoying. Perhaps no one could lend much human interest to the metrical discussions of the Areopagites in the days of Queen Elizabeth, or to the treatises of Bysshe and his followers under the Georges; but at least one might give a clear notion of just what these misguided gentlemen were doing and saying, whereas Professor Saintsbury, it must be admitted, only adds his own perfunctory pertness to the reader's probable ignorance.

In these things Professor Saintsbury is weak, but they are a negligible part of his plan. He is strong in his treatment of metre from the purely literary point of view, as the means for producing certain æsthetic effects. So frankly does he merge prosody in this larger field that it is often almost lost to sight, and there are scattered through his pages innumerable bits of general criticism as keen as are to be found in any of his supposedly less technical treatises. As an example of excellent criticism, where the metrical point of view is still kept, we may mention his paragraph on Jonson's famous lyric, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eeyes," put together from fragments of Philostratus. "The triumph, the charm," he says, rightly, "is in the way in which bits of mere prose are turned into a magical unity of living verse. The single trochee at the beginning, never repeated *as a foot*, but thrown back to by the trochaic words 'only,' 'nectar,' 'rosy, etc.; the subtle beauty of the four-times-repeated rhymes, each of the resonant and suggestive quality, in the even places, and the long-distanced ones in the odd; above all, the ineffable and almost intolerable cadence and soar of the whole, are things that cannot be admired, studied, rejoiced in too much." Again the whole section dealing with Prior is admirable for its union of metrical and æsthetic judgment. One feels here how intimately associated are the mechanical instrument of verse and its poetical effect. It follows as a result of this method of criticism that Professor Saintsbury is most precise, not when he is defining, but when he is describing metrical impressions by means of metaphor. It is not every critic who could make the contrast of Shakespeare's and Milton's blank verse as vivid as this:

> That marvellous billowy flow of verse on which Shakespeare floats us, with an occasional break or ripple, but mostly "too full for noise or foam," is not what Milton aims at. His verses do not float; they march, and march magnificently, quickening and slackening, altering formation slightly, but always with more touch of mechanism in them than we find in Shakespeare, with more of the earth, and less of the wind and the water, if with hardly less of the fire, in their composition.

This is something more than an irrelevant purple patch; it is a climax to Professor Saintsbury's regular mode of approach.

There are three great moments in the prosodic history of the period, each of which Professor Saintsbury treats, again granting his method, with equal judgment and knowledge—the development of blank verse, of the Caroline lyric, and of the heroic couplet. Blank verse introduces us to the Elizabethan drama; and here, we think, Professor Saintsbury is stronger in his brief estimations of some of the minor poets, particularly Marlowe and Chapman, than of Shakespeare, where his paragraphs sprawl in a certain disarray. From the utter decomposition of blank verse under Suckling and the other Caroline dramatists, he then passes to Milton, where he is at his best, and very good. Here a definite problem keeps him to the point: whether Milton admitted extra syllables into his lines; or, to give a specific illustration, whether he read his verse

> May I | express | thee unblamed? | since God | is light.

or

> May I | express | th' unblamed? | since God | is light

The question touches the root of prosody and compels Professor Saintsbury to come closer than anywhere else to developing a tangible theory. He has first to repudiate the accent-counting tribe, who mark off a certain number of accented syllables in the line—five or four or three—and let the rest of the syllables huddle about as they will. For these gentlemen, these theorizers driven to madness by the goad of Teutonic chauvinism, he has ridicule and regret. He perceives rightly that they are the victims of pedantry and of perverted hearing. "I have," he says, "no organs which will enable me to patter or skate over three short syllables in

> ănd ĭn lŭxū | rious cities where the noise,

till I clutch, panting, the blessed *u* of *-u*rious.'" And he likens this kind of scansion "to a drunkard staggering from post to post"—or better:

> But the most perfect simile to my fancy is one the material of which most people know who have been unlucky enough to be quartered in a railway hotel on the side overlooking a shunting yard. They will remember how, in the dead waist and middle of the night, they were aroused, and kept awake till it was time to get up, by something like this—
>
> RAM!.....ra-RAM!....ra-ra-ra-RAM!....
> RAM-ra-RAM!..ra-RAM-ra!....RAM!

The simile is as characteristic of Professor Saintsbury's prose as of the theory he is combating. He is emphatically right, we think, in making the foot the essential factor of rhythm, and in insisting that such a line should be considered as made up of five parts, thus:

> And in | luxu | rious cit | ies where | the noise.

But at this point he comes into conflict with a contrary set of theorizers, more common in the past when pedantry consisted in enforcing a rigid regularity, than to-day when pedantry oftener swings to an impatience with all rules whatsoever. In Milton's day, and for long after, most practicers and students of blank verse regarded it as made up of feet of two syllables each, without exception. If an extra syllable tried to get in, it was either repressed by hypostrophation, or, if that was impossible, regarded as a sheer interloper. Any one who has read the books printed at the time knows with what riotous tyranny the apostrophe is used to delete offending syllables, reducing *the* to *th'*, *be* to *b'*, *countenance* to *count'nance*, etc. Milton's own poems were so printed, and might lead one to suppose that he admitted no exception to the normal ∪ — | ∪ — |. Against such a supposition Professor Saintsbury has marshalled an array of examples from "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" which ought to convince any fair-minded reader that Milton's verse is full of the most exquisite substitutions of trochee and anapaest and spondee for the regular iamb. We should differ with Professor Saintsbury on a minor point only, which is perhaps a mere matter of words. It seems to us probable that Milton himself looked upon these substitutions as irregularities introduced to prevent monotony; that he did not regard the anapaest "thee unblamed" as an equivalent of the iamb "th' unblamed," but as a permissible suspension of the smooth flow of the rhythm. In many substitutions, where the utterance of three syllables cannot be crowded into the normal time of two, this is undoubtedly true in fact; in other cases it would mean that Milton's ear and theory were not in agreement. This whole discussion brings us to the verge of that awful abyss at the bottom of which lie whitening the bones of so many prosodists: What is the *foot*, and what, if anything, is quantity? Professor Saintsbury, with his usual jauntiness, waives the question; but he promises a chapter to it in his third volume, and until then his critic must also suspend judgment, although it may be said that many sentences in the present volume point in the right direction, while a few are ambiguous.

Over the treatment of the Caroline lyric and the heroic couplet we must pass rapidly. Professor Saintsbury is never more eloquent than when he discourses on the beauty of the "common measure" as used by the Carolineans. The peculiar qualities of that stanza are really a discovery of his own, and

he is within his right in adopting a boastful tone when analyzing them. Of the development of the couplet he gives the best account extant, particularly in his skilful discrimination between the two currents in the seventeenth century, the one, of which Chamberlayne is the leader, tending toward excessive enjambment; the other, including Waller, working for absolute regularity. The second movement won the day, as every one knows, with the Restoration poets. Despite his notoriously romantic sympathies, he deals pretty fairly with this stopped couplet, which in comparison with its freer sister was likened by Keats to a rocking-horse beside Pegasus. Over Dryden, at least, he is enthusiastic, even if Pope is manifestly antipathetic to him and Goldsmith he absurdly underestimates. And some of the shrewdest of his remarks touch on the inevitable harmony of phrase and idea with the form of this metre. In enumerating the advantages of the stopped couplet within its own field, he, however, fails to lay sufficient emphasis on its value in that moral criticism of life which was the first aim of the eighteenth century, and he misses altogether its usefulness in tiding the poet swiftly and neatly over the uninteresting points of a narration. Had he seen these two qualities of heroic verse, he would have had a better word for Crabbe.

These three—blank verse, the Caroline lyric, and the heroic couplet—are the main themes of Professor Saintsbury's second volume, but many minor movements are included. He is excellent, if a little too indulgent, over the Elizabethan sonneteers; has many suggestive observations on the eight-and-seven-syllable lines; shows how the anapaest was first really dignified by Dryden and Prior; falls foul of the lyric of the eighteenth century, utterly missing, as some will think, the true qualities of Gray and Collins. On the whole, the book is wisely planned and executed, and makes good reading even of prosody.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Diva's Ruby. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the third, and we hope the final, appearance of the least readable of Mr. Crawford's heroines. As "Fair Margaret" she was bad enough; as "The Primadonna" worse; and as the Diva she is a sheer weariness of the flesh. It is sad to find this skilful *improvvisatore* reduced at last to such feeble inventions. His air of nonchalance, of the popular performer who may safely do his second-best, increases almost as rapidly as the list of his works. Really, there is little to be said of such story-telling as this; an able-bodied, intelligent, grown man ought to be in better business. One cause for gratitude we have here: the famous Paul Griggs, official strong man of Mr. Crawford's fiction, is permitted a needed rest. It was painful to find him in "The Primadonna" once again trotted out and put through his weight-lifting exercises. Rufus Van Torp, the American financier, is the only person in the present tale with any pretensions to human reality, and he is as much bogy as man. In fact, he is a Paul Griggs of the financial world, one of your ugly heroes with a will of iron, who bowls over whatever obstacles come into his path by dint of sheer "cussedness." At the end of "The Primadonna," it will be recalled, Margaret Donne (or Madame Cordova) accepted Logotheti, the Greek-Parisian and financier, and the rival of Rufus Van Torp for her hand. But Rufus did not know when he was beaten, and it would seem to be an object of the present tale to show what happens when Yankee meets Greek. It must be said, however, that fate holds as strong a hand against Logotheti as Van Torp's. The peaceful adjustment of the difficulty, at least, is due to the affair of the rubies. The ruby story has the elements of a brilliant and fantastic romance, and it is a disappointment, after the first chapter, to be brought back to Madame Cordova, Mr. Rufus Van Torp, and their not very thrilling amours.

It may be said, further, that Mr. Crawford ought to brush up his American slang. It is all very well for Van Torp to say of a certain mildly amusing Mrs. Rushmore, "She's got the celebrity habit"; but when he says, by way of explanation, "She's a dandy after lions," he is voicing the mere invention of an exiled fancy.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is melodrama—granted; but melodrama of so high a grade, so joyous an enthusiasm, and so compelling an interest as to give its reader an hour of uncritical pleasure. The life depicted calls for dark shadows and for splashes of color, and Mr. Fox has spared neither the one nor the other. On the first page, June's red gown strikes the keynote sustained through the book. Some of the characters grow wearisomely blatant, but the majority of the participants in the Falin-Tolliver feud furnish a skilfully subordinated, though lurid, background for the principal theme. John Hale, a young engineer, looking for coal in the mountains of Kentucky, finds simultaneously an apparently rich vein of cannel and a beautiful young mountain girl. He makes the most of both treasures, the coal by mining, the girl by education. The coal proves but a pocket, and he becomes poor in purse, though by personal sacrifice he keeps June in happy ignorance at school. When she returns, exquisite and accomplished, and finds her benefactor and betrothed a poor man, coarsened by toil in manner and appearance, it seems for a time that he is to be beggared in heart as well. June's native nobility, however, rises to the recognition of his, and we leave the pair holding fast their long-deferred happiness. This story is delightfully set among the mountains, which the writer, as usual, describes with intimate knowledge and love.

Angel Esquire. By Edgar Wallace. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Thoughtless people often confuse the detective story with the dime novel. As a matter of fact, most dime novels are not stories of crime and bewilderment, but tales of adventure, in which the interest is sustained by nothing but the sheer swing of the action from page to page. The publishers of "Angel Esquire" are in error, therefore, when they describe the book as a "rattling good detective story." It is not a detective story, but that much rarer thing, a dime novel as well written as detective stories have been since Poe and Conan Doyle showed us how. There is in the book but one attempt at employing the machinery of mystification and prolonged suspense, and that is quite unsuccessful. On the contrary, we have from chapter to chapter a succession of conflicts and heroics which are of the very essence of the dime novel. There is a brilliant outlaw who is good at heart and holds a roomful of cutthroats at bay until some one puts out the lamp; there is a detective who pulls the good outlaw through a secret door just as he is about to be bludgeoned to death; there is a wicked lawyer who has turned his house into a labyrinth of secret closets, traps, and sealed steel chambers in which he does away with his enemies by flooding the room with the fumes of hydrocyanic acid. To tell of such things with really exceptional literary grace, as the author has done in the present instance, is even harder, we imagine, than to raise the detective story to the level of literature.

Amabel Channice. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

Miss Sedgwick has gone over to the enemy. We have grown used of late years to the division of new fiction into the exclusive categories of the "quite clever and dreary" and the sweetly flat. The keen and subtle analysts, the unflinching realists, the genuinely powerful portrayers of passionate emotions and dramatic situations have so long concentrated their energies on what the average reader, with half-shrinking fascination or wearied dislike, denominates "unpleasant" that we have almost for-

gotten that "strong" applied to a modern novel can mean anything but strong-smelling, and that though ginger may be hot i' the mouth, gingerbread is none the less good wholesome food. Almost—but Miss Sedgwick's novels, exquisitely subtle, penetratingly analytical, undeniably original, still from time to time unfolded their delicate charm to prove that there remained one writer whom no one could call obvious or *banal*, and who yet could find endless material for her talent in the characters and feelings of men and women unstained by the grosser vices. Now she has fallen from her high estate. In "Amabel Channice" we have the woman with a past, the illegitimate child, the lustful man of the world, the fashionable beauty unashamed of a twenty-years' liaison—in short, the same sickening old stock-figures we have come to expect in "powerful" fiction. Tbis is not to say that Miss Sedgwick does not wear her rue with a difference. There are taste and dignity in her handling of her theme; there is fine character-drawing in the portrait of her unusual heroine; above all, there are the rare insight and sense of spiritual values which, on the whole, constitute Miss Sedgwick's chief distinction, in her treatment of the relations between her characters, especially at crucial moments. But oh, the pity of it!

Salthaven. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author is here at his most characteristic. The growth of his familiar episode into a book has not impaired its quality. His droll figures and his inventive ways of involving them in adventure seem inexhaustible. We meet again his mariners ashore indulging in every conceivable wile and eccentricity; his dames, buxom, coy, or flirtatious; his land oddities of many sorts; and two young persons of positive attractiveness, the rough-running of whose love is the pretext for the continuous vaudeville of the story. Through all the new varieties of mask, the voice remains the voice of Jacobs. There is provender for all his many readers from the enthusiastic admirers to those who simply do not mind him.

The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America: Acadia. By Nicolas Denys; edited by William F. Ganong. [No. 2 of the Publications of the Champlain Society]. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

No more interesting or important work bearing on the early history of Canada could have been selected by the Champlain Society for publication at the time of the Quebec Tercentenary than this painstaking account of the geography and natural history of what is now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with parts of Quebec and Maine; nor could there be a better editor than Professor Ganong, whose studies of the times of Denys and the principal theatre of his American adventures have made him the first authority on this and kindred subjects. It is strange that a definitive edition should have been delayed so long, when we reflect that Denys's narrative has, from the moment of its publication in 1672, been the storehouse from which later writers have borrowed.

The parentage and youth of Nicolas Denys are somewhat obscure, but he was born at Tours in 1598 of a family closely allied to the lesser nobility, if not actually noble itself; and the lack of education shown in his journals indicates that he probably ran away to sea at an early age. We first hear of him in 1633 at Port Rossignol, near the present town of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, where, in company with several other Frenchmen, he established a deep-sea fishery. From this time until his death in 1688, probably at Nepisiguit, in the present province of New Brunswick, he spent his life on this side of the Atlantic, and almost entirely in the then French province of Acadia (including Nova Scotia and parts of the adjacent provinces, which went under the name of L'Amérique Septentrionale), acting for the most part as agent or partner of adventurous Frenchmen, whose influence at court had secured grants of land and privileges, the inevitable vagueness of which led to never-ending bickerings and even bloody quarrels among the grantees. His days were filled with adventure, success alternating with failure, hardship, and even imprisonment. The culmination of his career came in 1654, when he was appointed by the King to be Governor and Lieutenant-General over an immense tract, embracing half of Acadia and the whole island of Newfoundland, together with a monopoly of the fisheries on the coasts of Acadia "as far as Virginia." With his wife and two children he reigned at Saint Peter's like an independent prince. His cast of mind, however, and his objects in life were always more commercial than political; his attention was wholly occupied with the Indian trade and the fisheries. In 1667 his prosperity suffered a severe reverse through a controversy with a rival, La Giraudière, in Nova Scotia; and the next year the destruction by fire of his entire establishment at Saint Peter's brought on his financial ruin. Soon afterwards he returned to France, where he published his book, and where he continued to reside for some years, leaving his son to represent him in Acadia. The latter part of his life was spent in more or less successful attempts to secure regrants of lands and privileges which had lapsed on account of his inability to fulfil the conditions of his original charter. The final result of all these negotiations was the formal revocation of all his charter rights and the grant, in their stead, of an extensive seignoury at Mirimichi, which, however, was not actually confirmed until after the death of Nicolas, when his son Richard inherited the estate.

Denys, as has been indicated, was a man of no education, and his book possesses no charm of style; but his omnivorous eye and his painstaking, businesslike method of observation and narrative have resulted in a mass of information in regard to the geography, resources, and fauna of the old Acadia. Professor Ganong's superb volume comprises an historical introduction, a bibliography, a bibliographical description of Denys's book (this part contributed by Victor H. Paltsits), a full list of collateral documents, an excellent translation of the two original volumes, sense for sense rather than word for word, and, finally, Denys's original French text. The well-reproduced illustrations consist mainly of title pages and cuts from the original work, and photographs of the sites of many of Denys's establishments. There are also a dozen helpful maps. Professor Ganong has used as the basis of his task the copy in the Harvard University Library, and he has wisely reproduced it "in every particular, letter for letter, misprints, errors, and all, as nearly as modern type can be made to do so."

General History of Western Nations from 5000 B. C. to 1900 A. D. Part I.: Antiquity. By Emil Reich. 2 vols.; pp. xxvi.+485; x+479. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

These two volumes belong to the author's projected "Bibliotheca Historica," which is to comprise three elaborate historical atlases, two volumes of source material, and a series of monographs, centring about a "General History." The last-named work, beginning with the two volumes here under review, will be continued in a volume on Christianity, and several others will be required for bringing the subject down to the opening of the twentieth century.

A noteworthy feature of the present work is its iconoclasm. The author has nothing good to say of current methods of historical research. For instance, he sets it down as a fault of recent historians that, while recognizing the importance of personality for well-known times, they have absolutely eliminated it from pre-history. Lycurgus, Theseus, and Romulus have been abolished, and the institutions ascribed by the ancients to their authorship are now declared to be the result of long developments. But this theory of development is, in the eyes of Dr. Reich, effectually opposed by the typical fact that Moses could have done for Israel what we know

Mohammed did for the Arabs. The author attacks, too, the current economic theory by means of a counter-proposition that economic causes were not active in ancient Greece and Rome. Race, which still receives much attention from historians and archæologists, is unimportant; for people are speedily remoulded by every new environment. Craniology, which was to give us the clew to the beginnings of history, has no scientific foundation. The evolutionary theory, implying general progress, has not been proved:

> It is more (or perhaps less) than doubtful whether we are really superior to the Greeks, or even to the Romans; and whether the festival day of mankind was in Athens under Pericles or in New York under Mr. Cleveland.

This destructive spirit runs throughout the work.

But the author is equally active in the reconstruction of history on principles which are in great part new. He aims "to do for history what Bichat has done for anatomy, Bopp and Pott for linguistics, or Savigny for Roman law." His treatment is general, not in the sense of being a summary, or digest, of special histories, but rather of a study of general facts. History he regards as a unit; its process is one paramount current—the Europeanization of all humanity. Europeanism may be analyzed into three principal elements, Hellenic civilization, Roman polity, and the Christian religion. The growth of a nation, like that of an individual, is largely the result of conflict. Those nations have developed most which have had powerful enemies to contend against. The intellectual superiority of the Phœnician, for example, is to be explained by the nearness of great powers in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates; that of Hellas is due to the ever-present danger from the Orient. The chief influence on a nation, at least in the early stages of its existence, accordingly, is not geographical but geo-political. An exposed nation is not only stimulated by conflict, but gains inestimably by the influx of strangers:

> The foreigner, whether he arrives in compact masses or individually, is one of the richest types of history. As a rule his very status as a foreigner quickens his energy, his wits, and endows him with a certain superiority over the native population, from whose national weaknesses he is often free.

Secondary to geo-politics are economic conditions, the relation of man to woman, personality, and ideals. These are specifically the five forces which, in the view of Dr. Reich, have had most to do with shaping the destiny of every nation.

The value of these synthetic principles, whatever it may be, is largely offset by the glaring faults of the work. It contains many errors of detail; long periods, like that of the emperors, are inadequately treated; the theories it upholds are often pushed to extravagant lengths; and the spirit of the author is unnecessarily combative and egotistical.

Rousseau and the Women He Loved. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Mr. Gribble has seen fit to attach a sensational title to a book of real importance. The fact that, however one approaches Rousseau, whether biographically or critically, one runs against the women he "loved," so far from justifying mention of them, makes it redundant. Mr. Gribble argues wittily in defence of it, maintaining that you have but to murmur to yourself "Charles Darwin and the Women he Loved," or "Immanuel Kant and the Women he Loved," to see by contrast how philosophical a conception is hidden behind the present title. A suspicion of the commercial motive lurks, however, in the mind.

A new life of Rousseau might have been predicted at about the present time. Since Morley's was written, a good deal of fresh biographical material has come to light, necessitating in some instances a fresh critical estimate. Lemaître's brilliant book of a year or two ago, which is likely to give form to the popular judgment for some time, rather irritatingly ignores these accessions to knowledge, although some of them at least had come to his notice; and while Lemaître disclaims the title of a biography he argues a good deal from biographical premises, sometimes unsound. His primary confession, "J'ai pu me tromper sur quelques faits," must, in fact, recall the famous exordium of Jean Jacques himself: "Commençons par écarter tous les faits." Mr. Gribble is, of course, not without obligations to M. Lemaître. His philosophical and literary conclusions are generally in accord with those of the French critic, and add but little to the body of current opinion. A difference of religious feeling, it is true, leads the two writers to different estimates of such matters as the discussion with the Archbishop of Paris, but they look at their subject with the same air of mingled pity and disgust, and treat it with the same epigrammatic finality. But Mr. Gribble has been at pains to use the facts which M. Lemaître presented in so little detail. The most striking innovations are perhaps three.

In the first place, the whole question of Rousseau's life at Les Charmettes is revised in view of the documents published by M. Mugnier. Among these is the lease of Les Charmettes, the scene, according to the "Confessions," of an idyll. But this lease shows that Madame de Warens took possession of Les Charmettes, not in the summer of 1736, as Rousseau says, but two years later; in other words, after Wintzinried had become his rival. In the dry light of this fact, the whole story of the "Confessions" fades away. Other evidence helps to show that, instead of being the chosen comrade of Madame de Warens in her retreat from the world, he was an awkward third party, often left to himself in paradise, and living at the expense of a woman whom he had ceased to interest. Les Charmettes is doubtless still a shrine for sentimental pilgrims; but these must henceforth realize that it was the scene of one of the greatest love stories of literature, not of history. Mr. Gribble believes that its composition, when Rousseau was old and unhappy, when his mind was weakened, when he realized that he had never attained the happiness he had dreamed of, was a half-unconscious effort at self-consolation. He had pretty nearly come to believe that he had had a romance, as George IV came to believe that he had charged with the Guards at Waterloo.

Mr. Gribble makes full use, too, of the family papers published in 1904 by Auguste de Montaigu, a descendant of Count de Montaigu, the ambassador to Venice, whom Jean-Jacques, his secretary, abuses so freely in the "Confessions." Rousseau's well-known account of the matter gives him the centre of the stage; he was practically the head of the embassy, was intrigued against, was unjustly and insolently dismissed and robbed of the salary that he had earned. After one hundred and thirty years, the ambassador's version came to light. He had written home that his worthless secretary was dismissed for insubordination, for forging custom house certificates, and for general impudence. His salary was withheld until certain just claims on it had been satisfied. Among other things, Rousseau had presented bills for expenses he had not incurred. As luck will have it, Rousseau corroborates the charge by writing in the "Confessions": "From Lyons, I should have liked to take the Mont Cenis road in order to pay a passing visit to my poor mamma." The inference is that he did not go to Chambéry, but he said that he had been there and was allowed his expenses for the journey. The memorandum is in the Montaigu archives.

The most important and wide-reaching contribution of the last few years to Rousselliana is Mrs. Macdonald's discovery of the alterations made, in the handwriting of Grimm and of Diderot, in the manuscripts of Madame d'Épinay's "Mémoires," to conceal their treacheries toward Rousseau; yet this discovery is dismissed by Mr. Gribble in a footnote with the remark that it is "a fine piece of literary detective work, though it need not make as much difference as

she thinks to our estimate of Jean-Jacques's character." That is as may be. Perhaps our estimate of Rousseau's conduct in the actual affair of Madame d'Houdetot, with its ramifications as recounted by himself does not need the sinister coloring of Madame d'Épinay's version. But when we note that the main phenomenon in his psychological history is the gradual growth in his mind of a persecution-mania, which finally clouded his whole sky, it is surely worth while to find that no man had ever better cause for first entertaining the idea. Rousseau was treated by this group of friends as a sensitive child is often treated by shrewder companions. He was habitually teased and mystified. By the cruel coöperation of his playmates, he was always "it." His uneasy sense of the untrustworthiness of his friends is substantiated by Mrs. Macdonald's researches; and seeing the lengths to which they were willing to go, we must admit that a stronger head than Rousseau's might have received from the events which led to his leaving the Hermitage a tendency towards the *folie de la persécution*.

Of Rousseau's incontestable place among the forces that have influenced history, Mr. Gribble is somewhat impatient. He seems to ask himself how it can be. The "Contrat Social" commits suicide by self-contradiction; "Émile" embodies a system which can only be carried out in circumstances so abnormal as to be virtually unattainable; the "Nouvelle Héloïse" limps along from one dilemma to another, improvising a new theory of life when the old one has landed the story in an *impasse*. And yet the publication of these absurdities has changed the aspect of a great many things. Nature and women and the whole plight of mankind are seen under a different light. Mr. Gribble gives it up; he says it is "genius," and lets it go at that. M. Lemaître also gave it up; when he compared the meagre fund of thought in Rousseau's work with the immensity of its influence he declared him to be "strange, mysterious, tragically predestinate, and, much more than he to whom Renan applies the formula, 'créé par un décret spécial et nominatif de l'Éternel.'" Rousseau is, in fact, a nightmare to the quantitative critic. He analyzes him into so many parts of Montaigne, so many of Tronchin, so many of Madame de Sévigné, or what not, and is powerless to explain why a combination of these relatively peaceful ingredients becomes a source of prodigious radio-activity. The truth is that even people whose business is with style do not fully recognize how mighty a matter it is. Doubtless, the style of a great writer, even more than the voice of a singer or the beauty of a woman, is the better for the accompaniment of reason; but, after all, it is, like them, independent of it. A man who could write like Rousseau needed not to be a thinker. He could have persuaded his world to ancestor-worship or to Christian Science, to celibacy or to polyandry, to a diet of nuts or to cannibalism, for 'tis style that makes the world go round.

A Motor-Flight Through France. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Mrs. Wharton's new book is brought out in a handsome, dignified form which suggests her "Italian Backgrounds," but, unfortunately, in the place of Peixotto's charming drawings, it is weighted down, both literally and metaphorically, with many stupid, obvious photographs on heavy glazed paper. Was Mrs. Wharton too indifferent to the outward form of her book to make any choice of illustrations? One suspects it, for something of the same indifference, the same formlessness is true of her own part in the work. The enormous overplus of material, the crude arrangement in three unrelated, unbalanced narratives, the absolutely abrupt ending, as of a letter of which the last page has been lost, all insistently suggest the pot-boiler. There's odds in pot-boilers, however, and no one but Mrs. Wharton could have written one like this. If she has neglected form in the mass, she never ceases to be the artist in detail. Never has her felicity of expression, her choice of the one right word, been more evident or more sure. The sentence we italicize in the following excellent sketch applies very neatly to the author's own style:

> Save in the church itself, how frugally all the effects are produced—with how sober a use of greys and blacks, and pale high lights, as in some Van der Meer interior; yet how intense a suggestion of thrifty compact traditional life one gets from the low house-fronts, the barred gates, the glimpses of clean bare courts, the calm yet quick faces in the doorways! From these faces, again, one gets the same impression of *remarkable effects produced by the discreetest means.*

The more one appreciates Mrs. Wharton's rare powers of analysis and of imaginative reproduction, the more one wishes she had concentrated them upon one region and given us a picture of a French province as complete and unforgettable as that of Northern Italy in her "Valley of Decision." In elaborating such a study she would have had time to record more of such shrewd and pleasant reflections as those which occur to her as she contemplates the nose of the sculptured Cardinal in Rouen Cathedral:

> We live in the day of little noses: that once stately feature, intrinsically feudal and aristocratic in character—the *maschio naso* extolled of Dante—has shrunk to democratic insignificance, like many another fine expression of individualism. And so one must look to the old painters and sculptors to see what a nose was meant to be—the prow of the face; the evidence of its owner's standing, of his relation to the world, and his inheritance from the past.

But the motor is waiting, and Mrs. Wharton and her reluctant readers must rush on. For motor-travel as a means of seeing the country she makes an ingenious plea, but her own tale refutes her. Nowhere does she remain for more than the briefest of impressions, and again and again she is whisked past the very places she longs to see. And the reader, most of all, is left lamenting.

In recounting such tours as these, much space is naturally given to architecture, and here Mrs. Wharton frankly and engagingly owns herself an amateur, pleading cleverly for "the kind of confused atavistic enjoyment that is made up of historical association, of a sense of mass and harmony, of the relation of the building to the sky above it, to the lights and shadows it creates about it—deeper than all, of a blind sense in the blood of its old racial power, the things it meant to far-off minds of which ours are the oft-dissolved and reconstituted fragments." Strong in her confidence in this "lesser yet legitimate order of appreciation," she does not hesitate to use the word "Gothic" in the good old "literary," unstructural sense—as in her description of Beauvais; indeed, one almost wonders that, being thus free from bondage to the precisians, she does not pause to worship the wonderful appealing "Gothic" of St. Ouen at Rouen, a Gothic just touched with coming decadence, a pathetic grace like that of Fletcher after Shakespeare, or that she fails to see in the grave front of Noyou, austerely bare, a kinship in spirit if not in structure to the grim Norman abbey-churches at Caen.

To sum up, one may say that this is a book to give keen pleasure to all who have themselves visited the scenes which Mrs. Wharton recalls so surely and charmingly, but that it is too wide in scope, too crowded with detail, too hasty in movement, to be very satisfactory to the untravelled.

Science.

"Medical Inspection of Schools" (New York: Charities Publication Committee) is "one of the by-products of the research supported by the Russell Sage Foundation for the purpose of studying so-called 'retardation' among school children." The authors, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, former director of physical training in the New York public schools, and Leonard P. Ayres, superintendent of the Porto Rico schools, 1906-1908, are at once statisticians, critics, and practical advisers. The volume brings together substantially all the methods and

details of medical inspection practised in European and American schools. Charts and forms used in discovering and following up physical defects and disease are reproduced; laws governing school physicians are accurately reported; and four typical systems of administration explained. Not a few significant conclusions are drawn. For instance, the investigators favor the creation of a medical staff, which shall be under the control of the educational authorities, and which shall be charged with the duty of examining pupils for non-contagious defects. To the layman the most surprising verdict, however, is that reached in the study of retardation and physical defects. It is shown that children outgrow many of the afflictions which interfere most seriously with learning:

> No other conclusion seems possible as an explanation of such great falling off as we have in the case of enlarged glands, with which 40 per cent. of the six-year-old children suffer, but which are found present in only 12 per cent. of the sixteen-year-old ones; or in that of defective breathing, where the reduction is from 21 to 10 per cent.; or in that of adenoids, with a fall from 23 to a little over 2 in the same years.

This statement exposes the fallacy in those much-aired statistics which, by reckoning chiefly with the two lowest grades, register a terrifying percentage of defectives among New York city school children. Cautious without quenching enthusiasm, lucidly exhaustive and admirably arranged, the monograph will assist not a little in the great work, scarcely begun, of supplying the sound body that is needed for the sound mind.

A very good teacher may find a few helpful suggestions in A. Davison's "Human Body and Health" (American Book Co.), but the pupils for whom it seems to be intended will find much of it decidedly misleading. The book is abundantly illustrated, yet many of the pictures, despite a general typographical excellence, can only confuse the student; a few are admirable, a large number ridiculously unclear or wrong. Here and there the author shows familiarity with recent progress, as, for example, in describing the movements of the stomach and Schaefer's method of artificial respiration, which, however, is not fully and correctly explained as to its practical application. Each chapter ends with some "suggestions for the teacher" which must cause the reader to suspect that neither author nor teacher has a call to teach physiology. Last of all comes a sort of glossary containing several curiosities, the chief of which is that "Mas'saging" is "pressing or squeezing any part of the body in a definite way," a most comprehensive definition.

Old English gardens are at once brought to mind by the title, "Holly, Yew and Box," by W. Dallimore (John Lane Co.), but the volume deals with these three elements of the garden, rather than with the garden itself. The illustrations of English holly trees are exceedingly effective, and indicate the high value of these plants in the construction of picturesque combinations. The minor illustrations, which show the great variety in shape and margin of the holly leaf, will surprise every reader who has seen only the common forms used for Christmas decorations. When to the wide differences in shape one adds the wider differences in the color of the leaves, it is easy to see why the group should have attracted such careful attention from the late Mr. Moore and the author of this treatise. The volume contains much besides a mere botanical review of the holly. The patient box, which has borne so much mutilation from formal gardeners, and the sombre yew also, find here congenial treatment, but they and a few other evergreen trees are kept a little out of proportion by the greater space deservedly assigned to the hollies. Lovers of trees and of the folk-lore of trees will find in this work much of deep interest.

Otis Tufton Mason, since 1884 curator of ethnology in the National Museum, and since 1902 head curator of the department of anthropology, died at Washington, November 5. He was born at Eastport, Me., in 1838, and was graduated from Columbian University. He was a member of many scientific societies in this country and Europe. Among his writings are: "The Hupa Indian Industries," "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture" (1894), "Origin of Inventions" (1895), "Primitive Transportation," "The Land Problem," "Cradle of the North American Indians," "The Antiquities of Guadeloupe," and "Aboriginal American Basketry" (2 vols., 1904).

News comes by cable of the death, November 8, at the age of sixty-one, of Prof. William Edward Ayrton, electrical engineer and inventor. He was educated at University College, London, was from 1873 to 1878 professor of natural philosophy and telegraphy at the Japanese Imperial College of Engineering, and since 1884 professor of electrical engineering in the Central Technical College, South Kensington. His publications include "Practical Electricity" (eleventh edition), and many papers in scientific journals.

Drama.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Victorien Sardou, the dean of French dramatists, died November 8 after an illness of several months. His death causes the sixth vacancy this year among the forty "Immortals."

For nearly fifty years Sardou was prominent among the dramatists of France. He was born in Paris in 1831, the son of a professor who wrote classical books for students. From the first, therefore, he lived in a literary atmosphere. As he grew up, he began to study medicine, but a little later turned to history. He was desperately poor, and in order to continue his study he was obliged to give lessons in history, philosophy, and mathematics—he had been educated in the College of Henry IV—and to write occasional articles for reviews and newspapers. In these varied occupations he laid the foundation of that mass of miscellaneous information, especially historical and archæological, which was of such value to him in after life. Soon he was led to try his fortune in the theatre. His first attempt was a serio-comedy entitled "Les Amis imaginaires," some of the ideas of which he afterwards worked up in "Nos Intimes." What became of it, no one knows. His second venture, when he was only twenty, was more ambitious, an historical tragedy, called "La Reine Ulfra." He dedicated it to Rachel, but she would not listen to it. "No, no," she exclaimed; "a piece laid in Sweden is impossible; tell the young man to write a Greek tragedy, and, perhaps—who knows?—I will play in it.'

In 1854 he completed a piece, "La Taverne," which was accepted at the Odéon. Some one in authority thought that it would be a good idea to get the word "students" into the title, and so the piece was announced as "La Taverne des étudiants." Unfortunately, the students conceived the notion that the piece was an assault upon them, and they practically hissed it from the stage At last Sardou had a stroke of good fortune. Being poor, he had, of course, got married, and his wife, Mlle. de Brécourt, brought him to the notice of her friend, the famous actress, Déjazet, who then directed the theatre that bore her name. She took a lively interest in his work, produced a number of his plays with success, and so started him upon his career. His "Candide" at once made him a man of mark among contemporaneous playwrights, and he confirmed good opinions with "Les Premières Armes de Figaro." He next made a hit with "Les Gens nerveux," in which he had Theodore Barrière as a collaborator. But the triumph which he won with "Les Pattes de mouche" was all his own. This play, known on the English stage as "A Scrap of Paper," was recognized immediately as one of the cleverest of modern comedies. It was evident that a new master in the art of stage situation and plot development had arisen.

It is not necessary to enumerate all Sardou's plays. A mention of the most successful will suffice. His comedy, "Les Femmes fortes," was well received, but was excelled in almost every way by "Nos Intimes," a comedy which held its own for many years upon the French stage and has been adapted repeatedly. His "Les Diables noirs" was suppressed by the censor; but he was soon to the front again with a variety of plays, including "La Famille Benoîton," which is generally admitted to be one of his best works. This also has been adapted under a number of titles. Among the pieces next in order were two of his sensational social plays, "Séraphine" and "Fernande," both well known in this country and England. After the war, when political animosities were bitter, M. Sardou brought out a political comedy, or lampoon, called "Rabagas," dealing with contemporaneous personages and events, with a boldness and clearness of allusion and a vigor of caustic comment which were

often the cause of riotous demonstrations. Gambetta was the object of some of his fiercest attacks. The piece was played all over France, and provoked disturbances wherever it was heard. This was followed at no long interval by his "L'Oncle Sam," which was suppressed by the censor on the ground that its ridicule of republican institutions would give offence in the United States. This advertisement only attracted attention to the piece, which, after a few judicious emendations, was produced in this country with considerable success. He then entered upon a period of brilliant invention, in the course of which he wrote the romantic melodrama, "Ferréol," which had a long run at the Union Square Theatre in this city; "Dora," famous here as "Diplomacy"; "Daniel Rochat," in which the question of religious marriage was argued; and "Divorçons," one of the cleverest and most cynical of comedies. In 1881 he began a new phase by writing a series of plays for the use of Sarah Bernhardt and other star performers. The first four of these were "Fédora," "Théodora," "La Tosca," and "Cléopâtre." For Coquelin he invented "Thermidor," with its theatrical use of revolutionary records; for Réjane, "Madame Sans Gêne"; for Henry Irving, "Robespierre," and the pretentious but sadly inadequate "Dante."

Even this long list does not begin to exhaust the tale. Sardou wrote librettos for the musical stage, fairy pieces, theatrical recollections, a novel or two, and various addresses, including that which he delivered when admitted to the French Academy in 1878. He was also a competent stage manager. He conducted his own rehearsals, and no detail of the representation escaped him. A natural actor, he interpreted each of his characters for the instruction of the professional performers.

So copious and so varied was his output; so constant his popularity after his early years of failure; so substantial his acquirements that his name is surrounded by a certain glamour, which makes it difficult to see him in his true proportions. Of his commanding abilities, his wide and curious, if not always profound, learning, his keen power of observation, his satirical and humorous gifts, his grasp of life in all its external phases, his rare faculty for devising and solving dramatic problems, and his extraordinary sense of theatrical situation, there can be no question. He was a master of the mechanical arts of play-building. Yet he will never be accorded a high place in the ranks of creative dramatists; for he was not a creator in the true sense of the word, as he dealt with incident rather than character.

It is no disparagement of his great natural gifts to say that he was fortunate in his time and his opportunities. The French stage was well supplied with dramatists when he came upon the scene, and, although he was too capable to be exposed to the temptation of plagiarism, he was too alert not to avail himself of the lessons taught by the best contemporary models. One can trace in his plays the influence of Augier, Feuillet, D'Ennery, Dumas, Belot, Meilhac, Halévy, Scribe, and others. He did not, however, obliterate the memory of the predecessors in whose footsteps he followed. His social plays will not bear close comparison, except in the matter of construction, with those of the younger Dumas; he never wrote a better melodrama than D'Ennery's "Les Deux Orphelines," or a more effective theatrical romance than Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre." The best work of Augier—such plays as "L'Aventurière," "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," or "Les Effrontés," for instance—possesses qualities beyond the range of his capacity. Then, too, his several plays for star performers were marvellously adapted to their purpose; but in spirit and quality they were essentially theatrical and commercial.

Thus it was, that for the theatre of high ideas, in spite of his fertile fancy and executive genius, Sardou did little. He was an opportunist, prompt to recognize and eager to gratify the cravings of a popular taste, without seeking to elevate or direct it. The scope of his ambition may be calculated from the size of his fortune. As a theatrical artificer he was supreme, but mechanics are not the whole of drama.

THREE NEW FRENCH PLAYS.

PARIS, October 24.

The Paris season has opened with three diversely noteworthy plays, among others which do not rise above the average level of stage amusement. "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," by André Rivoire (at the Théâtre Français) is a poetic, if not a theatrical, event. The author is the most taking versifier of his generation of poets—a man of thirty-six—the youngest generation being made up of poets of twenty. He describes his work as a "fantasie"; translated, with the daintiness of the verse vanished and the light love comedy coarsened, it might seem little more than an operetta among plays. The piece uses the popular legend of the old Merovingians as the author's poem "Berthe aux grands pieds" had already done. Every French child knows about the good King Dagobert, so absent-minded that he put on his breeches wrongside out, and his prime minister, the good St. Eloi, whose business it was to put everything right. I doubt if even a dark-age saint would stand moral sponsor for the fantastic young King's absent-minded love between his Queen and her handmaiden, ending in packing the Queen back to Spain and "off with her head!" for the handmaiden. The command is executed as it was for Alice in Wonderland, to the relief of the audience, who actually are moved by the poetic fancies and the refined acting. It is doubtful if an Anglo-Saxon audience would rise to the poetic point of view, which, in the absence of the light gayety of the verse, might be quite lost in what would be thought the essential impropriety of the story.

"L'Émigré," by Paul Bourget (Théâtre de la Renaissance), has been done by the novelist without collaboration of any professional playwright. It is done over, rather than extracted, from the novel. The story is known: a noble, whose ancestors for a thousand years have served France, is a forced emigrant, so to speak, in his own country, the Republic having no use for Frenchmen like him. His son, in spite of tradition and education, takes up with the new order, even when Church and Army—all that remains vital of the old—are attacked. Paul Bourget's theory of "L'Étape," that in families there is no profitable leaping up or downward across intermediate stages, gives him the tragic story: this renegade to his order is not its genuine scion; an adultery long past explains how he came into the species; and his marriage, after reconciliation, takes him away from it, leaving the old marquis the last of his race. Paul Bourget has made visible efforts to portray fairly the two Frances, and his play has interested, without leading up to incidents which sometimes make the French stage resemble a political hustings. Can it bring Old France and New nearer to believing in the good faith and real merits of the other?

"Israel," by Henry Bernstein (Théâtre Réjane) has naturally less literary merit than the two other plays and more theatrical mechanism. It has also six letters in the title, to which this successful playwright seems to hold. It is a bold attempt on the part of an Israelite author to bring the French Jew and the anti-Semite Frenchman face to face on the stage. The plot is nearly a counterbalance for Paul Bourget; the young hero, noble in name, "vive-l'armée!" and anti-Semite, learns that he is the adulterous son of the Jew—and commits suicide. Of course, the piece is not evolved so baldly as that; there is brought out in action an entire theory or Aryan and Semite, and particularly the idea that there are Jews on both sides of everything. The play well wrought, with Réjane at her tragic best, could not prove a failure; but it has given offence, which outside of divided France could not be understood. Even M. Bernstein seems unconscious of it, which is just as well for the play's fortunes.

S. D.

"The American Stage of To-day" (Small,

Maynard & Co.) consists chiefly of the reviews—with amplifications and additions—written by Walter Prichard Eaton in his capacity of dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Eaton is a young man of much natural ability, fortified by extensive reading, who has a copious vocabulary, a fluent and attractive style, a pretty wit, the courage of his opinions, and a fine contempt for those who do not happen to agree with them. But he is lacking in catholicity of taste, breadth of view, and power of comparison. Nevertheless, his essays, with their curious admixture of common sense and vagrant or flippant fancy, provide excellent entertainment and contain a variety of wholesome truths about existing theatrical conditions. But the brilliancy of expression is seldom attended by corresponding solidity of judgment. Mr. Eaton's admission that "he has no hard and fast theory of the drama" is significant. He adopts for his motto "Scire quod sciendum," and, in his zeal for what he calls realism—a term which in so far as it applies to the theatre is sadly in want of scientific definition—seems to think that nothing that is human should be alien to the stage. This, of course, would open the floodgates. He holds that the ideal of the modern theatre is the recreation of reality "as surely, as vividly, as directly as possible." In common with other advocates of the decadent stage, he fails to perceive that to restrict the theatre under the false pleas of truth and realism to the reproduction of the actual, or, rather—for such is the "progressive" tendency—of whatever is strange, repellent, or abnormal in vital experience, would be to strip it of imagination, destroy its chief claim to be counted among the arts, and leave it without excuse for existence. All true lovers of the theatre cling to "one hard and fast theory" about it, and that is that it ought in itself to exemplify a combination of all the arts, and be one of the most powerful moral and educational influences at the disposal of civilization. Unfortunately, few contemporary writers about the stage are old enough to have good standards to judge by. This is proved by the extravagant laudation bestowed upon the inferior performers of the present day. They find the poetic drama dull because it is no longer capably interpreted.

The highly praised "Lady Frederick," one of the earliest comedies of W. S. Maugham, which has had a year's run in London, was presented in the Hudson Theatre of this city on Monday evening, and failed to justify all the high expectations founded on reports. It is a piece of no particular brilliancy, originality, or purpose—bearing many marks of juvenile imitativeness and inexperience—but it is a not unskilled variation of an ancient theatrical theme, is written with considerable smartness—of a somewhat cheap order—and contains some effective theatrical situations. A reformed rake of mature years is called upon by his sister to rescue her son from the clutches of a woman whom she believes to be a mere adventuress. He recognizes in the enchantress a brilliant Irish woman, with whom long ago he was deeply in love himself, and attempts to influence her first by means of cajoleries and then by veiled threats. She retaliates in kind, and, having compromising letters in her possession, proves a formidable antagonist. The duel is lively while it lasts, but in the end she displays great magnanimity, disillusions the amorous youth by revealing the secrets of her toilette, and disproves the most damaging reports about her own character. Thereupon the reformed rake marries her himself. This is a story of the theatre, not of real life. Both the incidents and the personages have often done duty before. Mr. Maugham's use of them is that of the clever amateur and the dialogue which he has written, although full of humorous lines, savors too strongly of the lamp, to create the impression of spontaneous wit. Moreover, it loses much of its legitimate point at the Hudson through incompetent utterance. Miss Ethel Barrymore has the beauty but none of the brilliancy—either of mood or manner—appropriate to the adventuress, and Bruce McRae is hopelessly miscast as the man of the world. The only really satisfactory performer is Miss Jessie Millward, and she has little to do and no one to play up to her.

St. John Hankin is the author of a new one-act comedy, called "The Burglar Who Failed," which has just been produced with success at the Criterion Theatre in London. It is the story of a housebreaker who, while in the pursuit of his regular business, is confronted by a muscular and courageous young woman, who beats him into subjection with a hockey-stick. Then he becomes penitent, tells a pitiful tale about his professional discouragements and the difficulties of reformation, and so works upon her sympathies that she connives at his escape and gives him the promise of honest employment on the morrow. The burglar was represented by that excellent comedian, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Many of the leading actors and actresses of the British stage have decided to give a matinée in His Majesty's Theatre, London, November 30, in recognition of the dramatic art of Italy, as represented by Adelaide Ristori, to whose memory a monument is to be erected at her birthplace, the village of Cividale, in Italy. The programme is being arranged by H. Beerbohm Tree in coöperation with Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir John Hare, and Sir Charles Wyndham. The list of the committee includes the names of practically all the distinguished actors on the British stage and of many eminent painters.

Music.

A NEW OPERATIC POLICY.

Operatic managers and their press agents have a habit of magniloquently proclaiming each new season as the most brilliant ever planned. For once this assertion may be accepted as an approximation to the truth. The constellation of operatic stars to be seen and heard during the next twenty weeks at our Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses is dazzling. Leoncavallo lamented not long ago that it was useless to write any more operas in Italy until New York gave back to that country the great singers whose patriotism could not resist American dollars. Germany laments the loss of her best singers, and so does France; while we have so many of these great vocalists that some of them will get what nas been wittily called "hush money," since it will be impossible, especially at the Metropolitan, to give the guaranteed number of appearances, which nevertheless must be paid for. Among the noted singers to be heard this season are Destinn, Eames, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Morena, Sembrich, Gay, Homer, Bonci, Burgstaller, Burrian, Caruso, Schmedes, Reiss, Campanari, Goritz, Feinhals, and Scotti, at the Metropolitan; and Melba, Garden, Tetrazzini, Labia, Zenatello, Dalmores, Renaud, Sammarco, Gilibert, and Dufranne, at the Manhattan.

Notwithstanding this array of talent, the singers are by no means to have everything their own way. Heretofore it has been generally the policy to trust to the fact that, in the opinion of the large paying public, "the singer's the thing," and the opera of secondary importance. But of the present season the popular singers are not to be the only feature; we are to have a number of new and interesting operas. For this reform Oscar Hammerstein is responsible. His surprisingly successful experiment of producing operas by Charpentier, Debussy, and Massenet that had been previously shunned, refuted the inveterate belief that the public does not want operatic novelties. Pleased with his success in venturing where Mapleson, Grau, and Conried had feared to tread, he is about to make his local patrons acquainted with Massenet's "Grisélidis" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Breton's "Dolores," Jan Blockx's "La Princesse d'Auberge," which will be absolutely new here; and Massenet's "Manon." Saint-Saën's "Samson et Dalila," and Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de perles," which to most of our opera-goers will be as good as new. It is to be regretted that to these he is going to add the morbid "Salome" of Richard Strauss.

It is probable that even if Mr. Hammerstein had not set a good example, the new managers of the Metropolitan would have paid more attention than their predecessors to fresh works. The versatile Andreas Dippel is in sympathy with operas of all schools, new and old, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza, during the ten years of his management of La Scala in Milan, made a specialty of producing new operas in Italian, French, and German. The joint managers have been casting about for unfamiliar operas to enliven the stale Metropolitan repertory, and their promises, most of which will probably be kept, are certainly alluring to those who believe that in music as in literature and the drama new productions should have a hearing. Of special interest will be

D'Albert's "Tiefland," the most successful German opera since Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; Humperdinck's new opera, "The Children of the King," which is to have its first performance here on any stage, probably under the composer's own direction; and Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth." Italy will be drawn on for two works new here—Puccini's "Le Villi" and Catalani's "La Wally"; while Paris will contribute its latest success, Lapana's "Habanera." Bohemia is to be represented by Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," and Russia by Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades." "The Pipe of Desire," by Prof. F. S. Converse of Harvard, is also promised. This will be, as the prospectus says, "the first work by an American composer to be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House." One cannot help wishing that this honor had been bestowed on the "Azara" of Professor Converse's predecessor, John K. Paine.

The difficulty of launching new operas successfully in this country has been due largely to lack of good singers and to the fact that production has been delayed till near the close of the season, when it was almost impossible to give the requisite number of repetitions. Over and over again it has been shown that even such operas as have inherent vitality have to be kept on the stage for a time at a loss, before the public patronizes them to a profitable extent. The Metropolitan can afford to take the risk of such loss, though it is not great, because the subscription there is so large as almost to cover the expenses in any contingency. The conditions, then, are full of promise to composers. Nothing stimulates production like encouragement. Debussy, for example, allowed his pen to rust because no one seemed to want his "Pelléas et Mélisande"; but he set to work at once when he heard of the happy fate of his work in New York, which led to its acceptance at a number of German opera houses; and he has already promised the Metropolitan managers two new scores, one on the subject of Tristan, the other based on a tale by Edgar Allan Poe.

The new operas will not only be sung by leading artists, but they will have the benefit of the improvement made in the choral and orchestral forces. The managers of the Metropolitan, having *carte blanche* in the matter of expense, have engaged two choruses and two orchestras, one for works in Italian and French, the other for the German operas and those that are to be sung in English. This will insure the advantage of division of labor and give more time for rehearsing.

With a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" the season of grand opera was opened at the Manhattan on Monday night. The experience of two seasons has taught Oscar Hammerstein that if he would succeed he must produce operas with an ensemble of stars. He had four on this occasion—Maria Labia, Giovanni Zenatello, Maurice Renaud, Charles Gilibert, and with the aid of Cleofonte Campanini, they gave one of the best performances of Puccini's opera ever heard here, although this work is one of the trump cards of the Metropolitan. Zenatello is no Caruso, but at times, he comes very near being one; he sang the part of the lover admirably. In the rôle of the Sacristan, Gilibert showed once more that in the hands of a great artist no part is small. Renaud had to contend against the Scarpia of Scotti, one of the strongest impersonations to be seen at the Metropolitan. He could not surpass this vocally, but in make-up and action the Frenchman was even more remarkable than his rival; his Scarpia was the sanctimonious, lascivious, and cruel "cross between a confessor and a hangman," as Sardou's imagination conceived him. Special interest attached to the Tosca of Signora Labia, the young Italian soprano, who won fame in Berlin, and who made her American début. She emphasized the appealing, womanly side more than her predecessors, Ternina and Emma Eames, did. Her voice is of beautiful quality, and endowed with genuine dramatic feeling.

Edward MacDowell had a premonition that he should not live after his forty-fifth birthday. He was always distrustful of his powers, and severely critical toward his own music; some time before his mind began to fail he destroyed all the manuscripts he did not wish to leave behind. He spared, however, "Lamia," his third symphonic poem, and his widow, a few months ago, placed it in the hands of Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston, who published it. As soon as it had left the press, it was produced at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the same orchestra played it in this city last Saturday afternoon, and on the previous evening it was performed at one of the People's Symphony Concerts in Carnegie Hall. The impression made at the first hearing was that the piece was well worth producing, and this impression was deepened at the second hearing, when the superior membership and training of the Boston orchestra enabled the conductor to reveal the youthful MacDowell's astonishing instinct for rich, varied, and appropriate coloring. The composition is an embodiment in tones of the moods inspired by the story of Lamia. MacDowell was not a believer in the Berlioz-Strauss style of programme music which attempts to follow such a story step by step; his symphonic poem is therefore simply an attempt to produce in the hearer's mind a succession of moods or emotions such as are aroused by reading Keats's poem; and in this endeavor he has succeeded admirably. The melodies and harmonies are not so individual as those in his last sonatas and songs; but they are, nevertheless, fascinating, and it is likely that "Lamia" will be heard hereafter quite as often as his other orchestral works.

The dancing of a Beethoven symphony by Isadora Duncan at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday afternoon surely was something new under the sun. It remained for this American woman to accept literally Wagner's remark that that master's seventh symphony is "the apotheosis of the dance" and to endeavor to reflect in her bodily movements and facial expression the emotions suggested by the music. Beethoven did not even use a poetic "programme" for his symphonic works except in the "Pastoral," and that he did in an apologetic manner. What he would have said to Miss Isadora Duncan's execution of a mimic-saltatorial programme can only be imagined by those who know in what strong language he sometimes expressed himself. The combination spoiled the music, from which it distracted attention, without offering as a substitute anything worth looking at more than ten minutes, for Miss Duncan's mimic gifts are limited. She copies her postures from Greek statues and vases, and apparently sees no incongruity in associating these with modern German music. She is to appear next Saturday in a series of dances illustrating the music in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide." Here, at any rate, the subject is Greek and the incongruity of the procedure will be less obvious.

Wassily Safonoff will begin the sixty-seventh season of the New York Philharmonic Society with two concerts at Carnegie Hall Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. There will be many new players in the orchestra. Arthur Hartmann, who has not hitherto been heard in this city, will be the violin soloist. The programme comprises Toccata in F, Bach-Esser; overture, "Manfred," Schumann; concerto for violin, No. 3, B minor, Saint-Saëns; and tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Richard Strauss.

August Vianesi, the first conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, died in this city November 3. He was born eighty-one years ago in Milan and was selected by Victor Maurel to go to Paris to conduct the performances at his Théâtre des Italiens. His success was so great that he was invited to become first conductor at the Opéra in Paris. Then in 1883 Henry E. Abbey brought him to this country, but at the end of the season he returned to Paris. When Abbey & Grau resumed the management of the Metropolitan, Signor Vianesi came back to New York. Later he conducted the French opera in New Orleans. For the last ten years he had been teaching in New York.

Art.

Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Unter Mitwirkung von 320 Fachgelehrten des In- und Auslandes, herausgegeben von Dr. Ulrich Thieme und Dr. Felix Becker. Vol. II. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann; New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Vol. II. of the Thieme and Becker Lexicon of Artists (see the *Nation* of May 21, p. 474) leaves us in doubt as to the possibility of completing the work in twenty volumes, as proposed. If A takes up at least a volume and a half, so that the second volume only brings us to Bassan, there would seem to be a deliberate purpose of crowding

the later parts of the alphabet in the fashion, say, of the French "Biographie générale"—a plan by no means praiseworthy. But everything in the two volumes as we have them affords great hope for the completeness and excellence of the whole work.

This second volume does not contain so many celebrated names as the first. Antoine-Louis Barye, sculptor and painter, is perhaps as important as any, and he receives nearly three columns. Good judgment is shown in avoiding the natural tendency to assign too much importance to the small bronzes which, of all Barye's work, are best known outside of France. The larger monuments are well appreciated, though not all of them are described—we do not find mention of those set up in Baltimore by Henry Walters. Fra Bartolommeo della Porta properly calls for more extended treatment, not so much because of higher rank in art, as because of the vast amount of information accessible in relation to that typical painter of the early Italian renaissance. The article, signed Fritz Knapp, takes up five pages, including the brief list of the works contained in different galleries of Europe. It is curious to note that nearly two hundred persons are entered under the names "Bartolommeo" and "Bartolomeo," so that it becomes the student to remember the familiar surname of the one great man "of the city gate" in Florence. Arnolfo di Cambio, the architect, receives nearly nine pages by K. Frey, and this, although the first sentence declares: "Ueber Sein Leben und seine Werke besteht spärliche Kunde." One of the purposes of the Lexicon, however, as stated in the first preface, is to treat fully the biographies of artists upon whom little has been written, while less space is allotted to artists, even of importance, who have been the subjects of much discussion. But it is evident that, with great buildings to be described, the church of Santa Croce, the new cathedral at Florence, and tombs at Orvieto and Rome, much is to be said of the artist, even if the details of his life are meagre.

Among Americans, George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, receives a column by Edmund von Mach. We are inclined to regret the brevity of this contributor's notice of Paul Wayland Bartlett, a sculptor strong in completed work and strong in promise. His work, in collaboration with J. Q. A. Ward, as in the great pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, does not seem to be mentioned. Several American architects have brief notices—Grosvenor Atterbury, D. Maitland Armstrong, and James D. Baker; but one of the most admirable designers of modern times, George Fletcher Babb, is omitted from the list. The late Henry O. Avery is named as an architect, and his father, Samuel Putnam Avery, as an engraver, which indeed he was, in his youth; but it is perhaps a matter of regret that the father's great services as art collector and patron, and as founder of the Avery Architectural Library, a memorial to the son, should receive no mention at all. It is, however, a question how far other than purely technical production should be considered in the Lexicon. Thus, in the long notice of Adam von Bartsch, space has been reasonably well apportioned between the little-known engravings by that artist and the renowned Dictionary of Engravings; but the bibliographical account of the great book in its twenty-one volumes has been less interesting to the writer than the judicious and careful work as draughtsman and engraver on copper. The Avery Library, indeed, would not deserve mention but for its unequalled excellence and extent, and its unique quality as being limited, by severe regulations, to architecture and the arts of decorative design.

Korean and Japanese art is treated under the names of Arihisa, Ariië, Ariyasu, Asa, and Baiitsu, and these articles are accompanied by bibliographies and lists in which European as well as Oriental books are named and paintings of importance are catalogued. The art, revived in very recent times, of printing in full color from mezzotinted plates, is recognized. Four lines signed by E. Richter are devoted to S. Arlent-Edwards, who lives in Williamsbridge, N. Y., and has made a reputation by his large mezzotint engravings printed in strong and vivid colors.

English names and titles in this volume seem to be given more accurately than in the first; and yet it is hard that Douglas Jerrold's name should be printed with two curious blunders, occurring as it does in the bibliography which follows John Wykeham Archer, the English engraver and painter.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* for October contains an important article by Francesco Malaguzzi-Valeri on Campione, Lake of Lugano. This village contains numerous remains of old sculpture, which are fully illustrated, but curiously enough almost nothing by those stonecutters that made its name famous in the fourteenth century. A series of frescoes representing the story of John the Baptist reveals the influence of Giotto, and may be dated within a generation of his time. A Last Judgment, signed Lanfranco and Filippo di Veri, of Milan, 1400, has many northern characteristics, and seems a kind of anticipation of the manner developed by certain Lombards and Veronese of the fifteenth century.

The *Zeitschrift für Geschichte der Architektur*, a monthly magazine under the editorship of Dr. Fritz Hirsch, has just completed its first year of existence. In the list of contributors are such names as Joseph Strzygowski and Wilhelm Dörpfeld. Among the varied contents of the first year, there is a series of interesting articles on the primitive aspect of the exterior of the Theodoric tomb at Ravenna by Strzygowski. The *Zeitschrift* also brings carefully prepared reports and bibliographies from France, Belgium, Italy, America, etc. The English and American section is in the hands of Morton H. Bernath of New York city. The publisher is Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung, Heidelberg.

One of the most interesting archæological achievements in recent years was the opening of the Sancta Sanctorum, the ancient private chapel of the Popes, near (formerly in) the Lateran in Rome. It had long been known in scholarly circles that the chapel contained treasures that might throw much light on mediæval Roman art—a chapter by no means sufficiently known. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., professor in the University of Innsbruck, whose reputation rests on his monumental work on Rome and the Popes during the middle ages, at last received from Leo XIII and afterwards from Pius X, the permission not only to enter the chapel, but also to open the altar, and its thirteenth century grating, behind which is the treasury. The contents surpassed all expectations. Many products of ecclesiastical art, such as jewelry, ivory carvings, pixides, enamels, and textiles almost perfectly preserved, were brought to light. These furnish excellent illustrations of the activity of Byzantine artists in Rome, from the ninth to the twelfth century. The results of the investigations of Father Grisar, together with excellent reproductions of the important pieces, are contained in his recent volume "Die römische Kapelle Sancta Sanctorum und ihr Schatz: Meine Entdeckungen und Studien in der Palastkapelle der mittelalterlichen Päpste". (Frieburg-im-B.: Herder).

Hans Mackowsky's "Michelangelo" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.) is a substantial volume of more than four hundred pages, containing sixty-one reproductions of the works of Michelangelo, by heliogravure process, with a scholarly, yet popular, discussion of the artist. The book contains a good index.

Among the recent accessions to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts are fifteen pictures willed to it by Mrs. Martha T. Fiske Collord. They consist of two small studies of Italian peasants, by William M. Hunt; George H. Boughton's The Edict of William the Testy; specimens of Daubigny, Neuville, Detaille, Gérôme, and Meissonier; Munckácsy's The Music Room, and a little water-color by Fortuny, Moors on Horseback. A marble group by Rodin, La Main de Dieu, has been presented by Edward D. Adams, a member of the board of trustees.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are prints by Albrecht Dürer at Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, till November 30; engravings by Lucas van Leyden at Ederheimer's; and etchings by several men, including D. Y. Cameron, at Wunderlich's.

Antoine-Auguste-Ernest Hébert, the historical painter, died in Paris November 5. Born at Grenoble in 1817, he became a pupil of David d'Angers and Delaroche; in 1839 he gained the Prix de Rome; later he received the grand cross of the Legion of

Honor. Among his better-known pictures are The Cup Found in the Sack of Benjamin, Tasso in Prison, The Daughters of Alvito, The Virgin in Paradise, Spring, and The Kiss of Judas.

The death of the Danish artist, Lorens Frölich, is reported to have occurred the 25th of last month, on his eighty-eighth birthday. He had illustrated many books for London and Paris publishers, and the National Museum in Fredericksborg Castle contains a series of frescoes by him on the Danish Conquest of England.

Finance.

THE MARKETS AFTER ELECTION.

It is a familiar habit of the American business community—which is at heart always optimistic, and rightly so—to fix an absolute date, in cases of depression, for the resumption of full activity and prosperity. Sometimes that date is "after the January settlements"; sometimes it is "when the harvest is assured"; sometimes, as in the present instance, "after the election." All such exact pinning down of expectations, where the practice is general, leads inevitably to the postponing of plans or orders until the time thus designated, and therefore to a sudden increase afterward. On occasions the rest of the chapter has proved tbat the business community was right in fixing revival thus contingently; on occasions the event has turned out otherwise. Election news, as the sequel proved, was the real and immediate turning-point for trade in 1900; it was not in 1896. How about 1908?

Mr. Taft's election was expected, and, on the Stock Exchange, at any rate, it had been "discounted." But there are two other considerations. One is, whether, even with the anticipative rise in stocks and increase in merchandise orders, there was not a great body of financial and industrial activity which had been held back so long as any uncertainty remained. Secondly, although Bryan's defeat had been generally looked for, so complete and overwhelming an overthrow had by no means been predicted. It will, therefore, be necessary to inquire, not only to what extent uncertainty as to the election had been a blight, but whether the resounding verdict for conservatism does not introduce a new and "undiscounted" factor. The second is an interesting question. What does the vote, taken by itself, signify from the financial point of view?

With the party in power during the recent panic winning in the electoral college a majority so near to that of the prosperous year 1904, it is reasonable to ask whether such apparent absence of a "discontented vote" does not indicate that the notion of hard times and consequent discontent have been imaginary. This view can hardly be assumed off-hand. By the really accurate test—the popular plurality—Mr. Taft's lead seems to have been less by at least a million votes than Mr. Roosevelt's of four years ago. If this estimate be correct, then half a million votes have theoretically swung to the other side; which is exactly what happened after the panic of 1893. The difference is that the defection in 1908 came from a previous plurality of 2,500,000, whereas the plurality of the administration party, prior to the election of 1896, was only 369,000. It is remarkable, however, that this loss, as compared with 1904, was heavier in the agricultural States, where there is little or no after-panic adversity, than in some of the Eastern industrial centres. Thus, in Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, Taft's pluralities were less than half of Roosevelt's, whereas in New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, pluralities appear to have actually increased. This is a perplexing outcome, from the point of view of industry as well as politics. Whether it means that Eastern wage-earners are not so badly off as was supposed, or only that distrust of Bryan has been cumulative among Eastern voters, is not clear.

The question as to the permanent effect of the vote on industry is quite as complicated. It is generally admitted that a certain amount of orders was deferred by merchants and middlemen until after election. This could not have been done, and it was not done, in 1904, because demand from consumers was so large that retailers did not dare to let their stock run low. It was easy to do this year, because demand was slow and doubtful, and manufacturers were able to make quick deliveries. It followed logically that the demand, as soon as the satisfactory result was known, should be not only urgent and general, but should be large in proportion as orders which should normally have been executed in October were put over until after November 3. How large these actual postponements were, no one can tell exactly, the next few weeks may throw some light upon the matter. But, in any case, the more important problem is, what will happen when the merely deferred orders have been filled? If the consumer's attitude is the same as a month or two ago, then, once the merchants' shelves and yards are as well stocked as at the opening of autumn, we shall necessarily see "dull trade" again—as, for instance, when the four weeks of postponed purchases, following the Presidential vote of 1896, had been completed. There remains, on the other hand, the possibility that the consumer has himself been timid. It is conceivable that he has hitherto refrained from making purchases, not because of poverty, but because he feared bad times as a consequence of Bryan's possible election. If so, then the upward movement may be indefinitely prolonged.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkinson, Eleanor. Boyhood of Lincoln. McClure. 50 cents net.
Austen, Jane. Mansfield Park. Dutton. $2.
Bachelor Belles. With Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Bacon, Josephine Daskam. An Idyll of All Fools' Days. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
Baker, Ray Stannard. Following the Color Line: An Account of Negro Citizenship in the American Democracy. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Banks, R. W. The Battle of Franklin. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Barbour, Ralph Henry. My Lady of the Fog. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Barus, Carl. Condensation of Vapor, as Induced by Nuclei and Ions. Third Report. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Bird in Song, The. A Collection of Poems. Edited by Robert Sickert. B. W. Dodge.
Bosvile, Godfrey. Horses, Horsemen and Stable Management. Dutton. $2 net.
Bradley, S. C. Jesus of Nazareth: A Life. Boston: Sherman, Trench. $2 net.
Bronson, Edgar Beecher. Reminiscences of a Ranchman. McClure.
Buchanan, James. Works. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. V. 1841-1844. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-sixth Annual Report, 1904-1905. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Butler, Ellis Parker. That Pup. McClure.
Butler, Samuel. Characters and Passages from Note-Books. Edited by A. R. Waller. Putnam.
Card Club Record. Chicago: Brewer, Barse & Co.
Carus, Paul. God: An Enquiry and a Solution. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.
Carus, Paul. The Foundations of Mathematics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 75 cents net.
Catholic Church in the United States of America. To celebrate the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. Vol. I. Catholic Editing Co.
Chamberlin, Rollin Thomas. The Gases in Rocks. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Chaucer, Geoffroy. Les Contes de Canterbury. Traduction française. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Confessions of S. Augustine. Dutton. $2 net.
Conover, James P. Personality in Education. Moffat. $1.25 net.
Converse, F. H., and Others. Adventures at Sea. Harper. 60 cts.
Converse, Florence. The House of Prayer. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Curtis, A. C. The Good Sword Belgarde. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Cutten, George Barton. The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Daniels, John. An Outline of Economics. Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Doyle, Arthur Conan. Round the Fire Stories. McClure.
Du Bois, James T. Fun and Pathos of One Life. Neale Publishing Co. $1.
Elm-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Epistle to the Hebrews. Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Ewing, Juliana Horatia. Six to Sixteen. London: George Bell.
Fletcher, J. S. The Harvest Moon. John McBride Co. $1.50.
Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft. Miss Fallowfield's Fortune. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

The Week.

The hearings on the tariff by a subcommittee of the Ways and Means have now been in session at Washington for more than a week; and it is hard to say whether they should be characterized as a tragedy or a farce. If the intention is to find out the attitude of the country or the drift of public opinion, the proceedings are a farce. When Cobden was agitating for the repeal of the corn laws in England he complained bitterly that the people who came forward to besiege the members of Parliament were those whose selfish interests led them to protest against any change. The men whose pockets were filled by the tariff were loud and active, while the consumers, who suffered under the weight of an indirect and invisible tax, were relatively apathetic. This human trait is certainly receiving fresh illustration at Washington. No one has spoken in behalf of the "forgotten millions," although Mr. Taft is reported as "expressing the conviction" that the consumers "should take steps at once to secure presentation of their views." Of the business men who have thus far addressed the committee, a small minority is willing to have lower duties. Most of the others, not content with present conditions, want the rates raised. Their arguments are a striking exhibition of the greed which produces a tariff and is in turn nourished by it.

Stewart Chaplain and John E. Pennock, for example, representing the Semet-Solvay Company of Syracuse, makers of coke and its by-products, admit that, under the present law, the retort coke ovens used in extracting these by-products have increased in the past twelve years from 400 to 3,000, and that no difficulty is experienced in finding a profitable market for the whole output. And yet these men urge that the various coal-tar products be taxed so that the manufacturers may "have a wider market and make more at it." George R. Bower of the Henry Bower Chemical Company of Philadelphia likewise confesses that fertilizers are profitably manufactured in this country. and yet he wants more protection in order to get still greater profits. N. B. Arnold of the Keystone Varnish Company of Brooklyn thinks that American manufacturers, without any protection, would be perfectly able to compete with the foreign product; nevertheless he would keep the present duty of 35 per cent. Again, I. F. Stone, Frederick Schoelkopf, and S. Hartford of Buffalo, makers of coal tar colors, ask to have the duty on their product raised from 30 per cent. to 40, and some of their raw material put on the free list—this in the teeth of an admission that under the Dingley schedules they have doubled their plants and their profits. Then the people interested in the mining of barytes, an earth from which white lead is manufactured, wish the duty raised from 75 cents a ton to $5. The prospect of a long and acrimonious fight against lower rates is certainly not a pleasant one for Mr. Taft to face; but at least it will afford him an opportunity to show at once of what stuff he is made. If he and his trusted advisers lack the intelligence and courage to pass a law that shall fairly fulfil the promises of his party, his administration will be written down at the start as a failure; and thousands of citizens will be driven to the conclusion that the Republican platform was a sham, and that the only hope of relief lies in reorganizing the now demoralized and impotent Democracy.

Mr. Bryan's detailed comment upon the election, in the *Commoner*, shows him in a very amiable light personally, but plunged in darkness politically. He takes his defeat in manly fashion, submits cheerfully to the popular verdict, and says that no one need worry about his future. But then he goes on to argue that the result of the voting was "a mystery." He says with truth that the campaign was regarded as uncertain; that there were many indications of a drift to the Democracy; and that the Republican managers were worried. But there was no mystery after the returns were in. The uncertainty before the election was wholly about the silent vote; but the result showed that it was chiefly against Bryan. In some districts in this city he did not get half of even Parker's vote. Thousands and thousands of Democrats and independents all over the country said nothing, but firmly made up their minds never to vote for Bryan. The only mystery is that he cannot see this fact.

In connection with the New York Senatorship, an active politician is reported as saying: "Chloroforming of Little Tim is now in progress." This medico-political way of snuffing out Mr. Woodruff's Senatorial aspirations cannot be agreeable to the chairman of the State Committee. Indeed, he has rallied to his support the Republican Senators and Assemblymen from Kings County, and he is making some show of resistance. Yet the political doctors who are standing about him know that it is only a question of time when he will take the chloroform easily. They have, according to the most approved modern method of administering anæsthetics, made the process pleasant for him by first allowing him to have a little laughing gas. Under this exhilarating influence he has seen the Senatorial toga dropping gracefully over his flowered waistcoats; and when his anæsthetization is complete, and he wakes up to behold another wearing it, he will not need to ask the conventional question, "Where am I?" He has been there so many times before that he will know.

We would not make merry over the repeated disappointments of Woodruff. He may possibly be philosopher enough to agree with Lessing that the joys of pursuit are greater than those of attainment. But there are serious moral and political lessons in his career. For one thing, it illustrates the ingratitude of the party machine. The ingratitude of republics is nothing to it. Woodruff has worked for the organization with slavish subservience, all these years. His convictions and his purse have been at its service. Yet its rewards have not been for him. A purely ornamental and extinguishing office, like the Lieutenant-Governorship, may be flung to him now and then, but the real prizes have always been reserved for others. Satan

asked with insinuating malice if Job feared God for naught. Woodruff has certainly feared the machine for naught. It may be a kind of forced disinterestedness which he displays, but it would be hard to name a man who has worked harder in politics and got less. This Tantalus experience to which he has been condemned, conveys its own warning. Woodruff is a horrible example of what a boss like Platt can do with a rich young man. Platt was always scheming, in the heyday of his power, to entangle such men as Woodruff. They were to go into politics, especially to put their money into politics. They were to grovel before the big bosses; to be admitted to party consultations; to be made captains first of fifties and then of hundreds; to be allowed to pose as political oracles; to sit on platforms and to be very busy and conspicuous at conventions. The implication was, too, that they might entertain high political hopes. Platt would give it to be understood that, in his opinion, Woodruff was the kind of young Republican who would go far. But it was never seriously meant. Governorships, Vice-Presidencies, the Senatorship, have all been jerked away just as Woodruff thought he had his hand upon them.

Mr. Root could leave no better legacy to his successor in the State Department than some formal embodiment of our friendship with Japan. Whether it be treaty, joint declaration, or a mere exchange of notes, an arrangement that shall publicly summarize the results of our negotiations with Japan during the last two years might free us for a time from such performances as those of Hearst and Hobson. The time is favorable for calm deliberation. The Pacific fleet is getting further and further away from Japan, and the chances of Togo's blowing it up are lessening. Hearst's showing at the polls has not been such as to encourage his editors to loud insistence on any of his favorite policies. More important still, the Japanese Government has given repeated, unmistakable proofs of its desire for peace and a policy of non-aggression. Yet such conditions may be patent enough to the thoughtful public, without keeping the sensational journalist from his firebrands. He finds his opportunity in the general ignorance of our exact relations with Japan. Put down in black and white, the evidence of our being on good terms with that country might help toward a continuance of our friendly attitude.

Secretary Metcalf's resignation can hardly be said to weaken the Cabinet despite the usual eulogies from the President; and it is idle to attempt to conceal the differences which had arisen between him and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Newberry is the sixth Secretary of the Navy to sit in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinets, his predecessors having been John D. Long, Justice Moody, Paul Morton, Charles J. Bonaparte, and Mr. Metcalf —six in seven years. Several of them were not in the office long enough to master the business. The natural result of such changes is inconsistency of policy. The real head of the department is likely to be the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, or, rather, there are several heads—the departmental clique—who can see no possibility of bettering the Department or any of its methods. It is to be hoped that Mr. Taft will be able to find a man who will hold the place until the end of his administration, and radically reorganize that Department. Possibly, Mr. Newberry may be the man. He has, at least, shown that he is broader and abler than the retiring Secretary.

The Postmaster-General's latest plan for reducing the huge deficit in his department will not be adopted except over the dead bodies of statesmen-lobbyists of the school of T. C. Platt. Mr. Meyer's proposal sounds innocent enough. He would establish a local parcels post in the rural delivery service, enabling the farmer to get his small household supplies, and relieving the country storekeeper of much work. This arrangement would accommodate 18,000,000 people and yield an annual revenue, Mr. Meyer estimates, of about as many dollars. But there are the express companies. Their business, to be sure, could not be much affected by the local distribution of local supplies through letter-carriers. But suppose the parcels post is given a fair trial in the villages; in a few years there will be a demand for the delivery of packages from village to village, then for an extension over wider zones, and finally the whole country will invite the express companies to make competing and reasonable rates. The Postmaster-General's proposals, therefore, will be fought to the bitter end by the same interests which have kept the Government out of international agreements for a parcels-post.

The Liberal victory in Cuba on Saturday is perhaps the logical outcome of the American government's policy of reconstruction since the fall of the Palma administration. José Miguel Gomez and Alfredo Zayas, now chosen President and Vice-President, respectively, were foremost among those who brought about the revolution of 1906. Their election is, therefore, a ratification, so to speak, of that movement. At the same time, it is only proper to point out that their opponents, Gen. Menocal and Dr. Rafael Montoro, represented more stable elements in the community, the land and property owners, who have everything to gain by honest government and tranquillity. They are also abler and better balanced men, though no one can deny Señor Zayas's ability as a lawyer. But if we are inclined to think that Cuba would have fared better in Gen. Menocal's hands, we are none the less earnest in hoping for the success of the Republic, so soon to be reconstituted. It will have the moral support of the government at Washington, and should have that of all loyal Cubans. The quiet and orderly manner in which the elections were conducted is a favorable augury, as are also the assurances of Gen. Menocal that there will be no revolution by the Conservatives. Under these circumstances, every one who has at heart the welfare of free Cuba should be ready to coöperate with Señor Gomez. Another collapse of the Republic might have serious consequences for the United States and Cuba alike.

Unfortunately, the best elements in Cuba have not yet come forward to assume their share in the work of governing. Even Gen. Menocal was reluctant to stand as a candidate. He was doing well with his large business enterprises, had lost one fortune for the sake of the Republic, and felt that he might therefore be allowed to remain in peace. But when he finally became a candidate, the rapid growth of his party gave rise to hope that men of ability and standing would hereafter

take a part in politics. There is every reason why patriotic and high-minded Cubans should do so. Cuba will not be actually free until an orderly and honest government has been established for at least ten years, and the minority has learned to abide by the arbitrament of the ballot. The problems confronting the Cuban people are very pressing and complicated. The difficulties before Messrs. Gomez and Zayas are intensified by the recent entire reconstruction of the body of law under which Cuba has lived. Again, the treasury is in by no means so favorable a position as when the Americans intervened. The surplus has gone and a $20,000,000 bond issue is talked of. And, finally, the rich planters of all nationalities hope for annexation, that their profits may be greater and their property more secure. Whether, under such circumstances, the Americans should withdraw as early as January 28 next has been a mooted question. Some believe that, to insure order, a small American military force should be left in Cuba; others long for a minister-resident, with the powers of a Cromer, to see that the resuscitated infant republic makes no missteps for a full dozen years to come. But those who feel as we do that there would be better prospects before the new government if a longer time for preparation had been taken by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, must bear in mind that the Republic might at best have to stumble a half-dozen times more before achieving success, and that there is nothing like trying to stand alone in order to learn how. Moreover, the early withdrawal of the troops proves to the world once more the sincerity of our intention to give Cuba her liberty. And the more the Cubans are studied, the less easily can one picture them an integral part of the American Union.

If the laborer is worthy of his hire, he certainly is of his minimum wage; and $1,200 a year for a clergyman living in New York city is now fixed by the Episcopal Diocesan Convention as that minimum. It would about rank the clergyman with the bricklayer, while leaving him worse paid than the carpenter or electrical worker. At the same time, he is compelled to adopt a mode of life more expensive than that of the skilled artisan, whose income is as great or greater. For married clergymen, the Convention established $1,500 as the minimum. Even this advance will mean a struggle to make both ends meet. The sufferings of the under-paid, of which we hear so much, are often most acute in the case of educated people. Ministers and teachers are really among the neglected classes, as regards money rewards. Statistics show, we believe, that the average salary of clergymen, the country over, is less than $1,000. But in a rural parish, where living is cheaper and where the salary includes a certain amount of land and other incidentals, it is possible to exist on a money income that would mean starvation in New York city.

Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin, will henceforth be known as Lawrence College, if the board of trustees acts favorably upon a petition presented by the Alumni Association. We chronicle this isolated phenomenon in the history of American higher education, because it is astonishing in itself, but, more than that, because it is not the act of some eccentric benefactor who has hit upon this peculiar condition for lending spice to his charity. In cool blood, or at least in a state of such coolness as is conceivable at an alumni banquet, Lawrence University's graduates have decided that Alma Mater should no longer sail under false colors. Yet the institution has an attendance of nearly 600, and a faculty of thirty-three, which, as Western universities go, is doing well; and it is reported to maintain a college of liberal arts, supplemented by "schools of expression, commerce, music, and correspondence."

As if to express, mathematically, the result of the tension between England and Germany, Premier Asquith announced last week in the Commons a new definition of the "two-Power standard" for the British navy. It is two Powers plus 10 per cent. That is, England must have a total of fighting ships not only equal to those of any two nations, but one-tenth as many more. The statement was greeted with cheers from all sides of the House. Doesn't Mr. Asquith wish that he might get such cheers for his measures of educational and social and temperance reform! Those are hooted at and fiercely attacked, but the moment the appeal is for fresh burdens of taxation in order to prepare for war, party lines are broken down and everybody applauds. The Conservatives rush in effusively to hold up the hands of the Liberal Ministry, just as the Republicans in Congress hastened to "stand behind" President Cleveland when his Venezuelan message hinted war with England. That, however, did not prevent the Republicans from going ahead to turn the Democrats out of power, and Mr. Asquith's temporary popularity for intimating that six or seven Dreadnoughts are at once to be built, will not stay the efforts of the Tories to deprive his party of office. Yet the person really to thank for the extension of England's two-Power standard—which is so obviously a sliding scale, and may next read two nations plus 25 per cent.—is the German Emperor. He would not meet Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposal for limitation of battleship building in 1906, and by his subsequent indiscretions has induced the English people to prove to the world that they can build battleships better and more rapidly than any other country.

Civilization brings with it the vices of civilized man; and Japan, having acquired the former, is to-day working to suppress the latter. Race-track gambling, which has come into vogue in late years, is now the object of the Japanese reformer's assault. Since the judicial authorities stamped out the Formosa lottery, zeal against the bookmakers has been redoubled. One of the leaders in the movement is the Osaka *Asahi*, a newspaper which seems to have borrowed Gov. Hughes's arguments. In Japan, as here, the betting at the races is a pure gambling operation, in which the bookmaker is almost certain to win; politicians assist him in evading the law; and the government has been accepting the plea that the business must continue "in order to improve the breed of horses." Luckily, the law forbidding gambling is so explicit that the public prosecutors and courts are in a position to proceed against offenders without waiting for further legislative enactments. And in some towns, according to the *Asahi*, they are doing so with gratifying results. In many respects, this Japanese crusade is even more remarkable than the Chinese war on opium; for gambling is an inherited Asiatic weakness.

KAISER AND REICHSTAG.

Emperor William's exceedingly bad quarter of an hour in the German Parliament last week, has its outstanding personal aspects. It also means much for constitutional development in Germany. Personally, it was without question the deepest humiliation which the Kaiser has had to undergo during all his reign. In the house of his friends, he was abandoned to his enemies. Not one voice was raised in his defence. Parliamentary immunity itself was strained in heaping reproaches upon him. His ministers sat silent while representatives of all groups attacked him. When the very Chancellor of the Empire came to speak, it was in an apologetic tone, without enthusiasm, and with the distinct intimation that the Kaiser must mend his ways or the government could not be carried on, whether by the present ministry or any other. And in the interview which Von Bülow had with the Emperor on Tuesday, the latter was compelled to approve the position taken by his Chancellor. The Kaiser heeds public opinion, and will meddle no more in foreign affairs. To so proud a man and so haughty a monarch as William II, all this must cause a mortification beyond words.

But his feelings, after all, are of less account than the attitude of the German people. They are plainly thinking, not so much of the rebuff to a blundering Emperor, as of the duty of asserting their rights, and securing a better control of their own government. For the present, the insistent demand is that the Emperor leave the conduct of German diplomacy to the responsible officials in charge of the Foreign Office. This demand is, we see, already conceded. But behind that point lies another—that the rule of personal whim must cease, and that the responsibility of the Ministry to the Reichstag, rather than to the Kaiser alone, must be obtained and established. It is in this view of the case that the proceedings in the Reichstag take on their deepest significance.

The break with the divine-right theory could not be more absolute. We shall hear no more speeches from William II maintaining his old favorite theme that the Hohenzollerns are the Lord's anointed, to do with Germany what they please. Only eleven years ago, at the dedication of the monument to William I at Coblentz, the Kaiser spoke of his grandfather as one who "ascended the throne as the chosen instrument of the Lord"; and then he went on to give his own ideas of "kingship with its heavy duties, its never-ceasing, ever-active toils and labors, its awful responsibility to the Creator *alone*, from which no mere man, *no Chancellor or Minister, no popular Parliament, no people*, can absolve the ruler and prince." One could cite a dozen more such expressions of mediæval notions from the public utterances of William II. It is safe to say that he will not repeat them for some time to come. True, in 1892, he assumed an heroic pose in referring to "fault-finders" and "grumblers," and declared that to all their complaints he would "reply calmly and firmly. My course is the right one and I will continue to steer it"; but a sentiment too mighty for him is evidently astir in Germany to-day.

Historically, we think that a great deal of the present trouble can be shown to be due to Bismarck. He always posed as the servant of the Kaiser, not of the Reichstag. It was his custom to refer to his "old master"; and he lost no occasion to exalt the Imperial prerogative. But this was only a convenient fiction for the Iron Chancellor. As between himself and the aged Emperor, he knew perfectly well which was master. In all important matters, William I did as he was bid by Bismarck. It was the Minister, not the King, who ventured on the policy of creating the Prussian army without the consent of the Parliament; it was Bismarck who dictated the terms of peace with Austria much against the royal will; it was he who altered William's Ems dispatch so as to make war with France inevitable; and it was Bismarck who, as Chancellor of the Empire, imposed his policies upon the Emperor, under the guise of being an obsequious servant. But the artificiality of this relation, which was a weapon in Bismarck's powerful hand, has not worked well with weaker Chancellors and a more heady Kaiser. The result is the confusion and sense of national humiliation with which Germany is filled, and from which the only sure escape is the creation, sooner or later, of a Ministry responsible to the people through their representatives in the Reichstag.

Even in domestic affairs, Ministers holding office at the pleasure of the Emperor have not been able to get on well. Instead of a new Ministry, in the event of failure to command a majority in the Reichstag, the only remedy has been to get a new Reichstag, or to intrigue with the groups in the old one. This method has led to unnatural and unhappy political alliances; to concessions now to the Catholics, now to the Junkers; and has made a stable policy almost impossible. As Bismarck frankly said in the Reichstag in 1881: "There are times when we must govern in a liberal spirit, and times when we must rule dictatorially." Such is the wavering attitude, such the inevitable inconsistency, that follow from a system by which the Ministry is forced to makeshifts like Von Bülow's "block" policy, instead of submitting itself to the expressed will of the people through their elected delegates. Those cannot be wholly wrong who predict that Germany will date from the agitations and humiliations of this year a movement to make her government more truly a constitutional monarchy.

THE BEREA COLLEGE DECISION.

The Supreme Court's opinion that the Kentucky law forbidding the co-education of blacks and whites is Constitutional, is of minor significance, so far as it affects a single institution, or even the educational system of a State. What is important is the establishment of a principle that, under stress of popular passion or prejudice, may be invoked in defence of the gravest injustice. Forty years ago no American would have dreamed that the Supreme Court would make it illegal to teach colored children and white under the same roof. Yet that is the effect of this decision in Kentucky and elsewhere. Berea College was founded before the civil war, for the education of whites; but when it reopened after the war, both whites and blacks were admitted. Yet the institution grew and flourished and became the most important influence in uplifting all the inhabitants of the region. No scandal ever attached to its work; children of both colors studied together in harmony. But in 1904 the Kentucky Legislature decided that this arrangement savored too much of social equality, and passed a law forbidding the education of blacks and whites

within twenty-five miles of one another by the same institution. It is credibly reported that many of the legislators who voted for the bill did so only under the threat that every man who did not "would have the 'nigger' question brought up against him in all his future career." In short, the sole excuse for the law was sheer naked prejudice.

Naturally, the authorities of Berea appealed to the courts. The endowment fund had, in part at least, been contributed with the express understanding that it was to be used for the benefit of both races. In some cases bequests were obtained solely because of the testator's interest in the colored people. Hence it was held that the Kentucky law forced upon the college the violation of contractual obligations. The college officials argued, further, that the law invaded "the sanctities of personal liberty and, if allowed to stand, would curtail the inalienable rights and liberties of whites and colored alike"; and that their struggle was "one for the liberty of every citizen."

The Supreme Court of Kentucky having upheld the law, recourse was had to the Federal Supreme Court. But this tribunal has generally managed to evade any direct judgment upon the various discriminations against the negro in the Southern States; and in the Berea case, as in others, the decision rested upon technical points. As read by Justice Brewer, it deals entirely with corporations as affected by the Kentucky statute, and—so runs the press report—"did not consider its applicability to individuals." Justice Brewer, for the majority of the court, construes the Kentucky law as in effect an amendment to the charter of Berea College, and then says:

> It is undoubtedly true that the reserved power to alter or amend is subject to some limitations, and that under the guise of an amendment a new contract may not always be enforceable upon the corporation or the stockholders; but it is settled that a power reserved to the Legislature to alter, amend, or repeal a charter authorizes it to make any alteration or amendment of a charter granted subject to it, which will not defeat or substantially impair the object of the grant, or any rights vested under it, and which the Legislature may deem necessary to secure either that object or any public right. . . . We need concern ourselves only with the inquiry whether the first section of the Kentucky law can be upheld as coming within the power of a State over its own corporate creatures. We are of opinion that it does come within that power.

In short, the judge is chiefly anxious lest the right of a State to control one of its corporate creatures be impaired.

In the minority opinion, however—expressed by a Kentuckian at that—Justice Harlan points out that in safeguarding the State's control over corporations, the door has been thrown open to many an abuse. He wishes to meet the real issue squarely, not to dodge it; he insists that the court should decide "whether it is a crime, under any conditions, to educate white children and negro children under the same roof." He will not concede that it should be so regarded:

> Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American government, professedly based on the principles of freedom and charged with the protection of all citizens alike, can make distinctions between such citizens in the matter of their association for innocent purposes simply because of their respective races? Further, if the lower court be right, then a State may make it a crime for white and colored persons to frequent the same market places at the same time, or appear in an assemblage of citizens convened to consider questions of a public or political nature in which all citizens, without regard to race, are equally interested. Many other illustrations might be given to show the mischievous, not to say cruel, character of the statute in question, and how inconsistent such legislation is with the great principle of the equality of citizens before the law.

These words go to the root of the matter. If the Kentucky statute is Constitutional, a law might be passed forbidding the education of Jews and Gentiles in the same college, no matter what the desire might be of the individuals concerned. Such an enactment, opposed as it might be to the American theory of government and the fundamental ideals of this republic, would not be more contrary to the spirit of our institutions than the Berea decision. If that ruling is good law, it is bad morals.

PUTTING THE MARINES ASHORE.

By one stroke of his pen last week, President Roosevelt removed from all ships of the navy the marines who have formed a part of the complement of every vessel of any size since the first American man-of-war went to sea. In accordance with the power vested in the President by Section 1619 of the Revised Statutes, he decreed that hereafter the Marine Corps shall be used only

(1.) To garrison the different navy yards and naval stations, both within and beyond the continental limits of the United States.

(2.) To furnish the first line of the mobile defence of naval bases and naval stations beyond the continental limits of the United States.

(3.) To man such naval defences and to aid in manning, if necessary, such other defences as may be erected for the defence of naval bases and naval stations beyond the continental limits of the United States.

(4.) To garrison the Isthmian Canal Zone, Panama.

(5.) To furnish such garrisons and expeditionary forces for duty beyond the seas as may be necessary in time of peace.

To say that this order is revolutionary, is not to say that it is unwise; it will be hailed by the bulk of the line officers of the navy as a great victory for progress. To the officers of the Marine Corps it will come as a blow, all the more surprising because the achievements of the Corps in Cuba and the Philippines since 1898 were supposed to have averted the danger of such action.

One of the first acts of the Continental Congress relating to the navy was that passed on November 10, 1775, before a single warship had been sent to sea, raising the "First and Second battalions of American marines." The custom of having marines was copied from the English service, with the exception that the Continental Congress required that the marines, especially the officers, should be good seamen. But the real function of the marines in both services was to act as police. The English navy, which then impressed its men mostly from the gutters of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Gravesend, was compelled to maintain a sea-soldiery in order to keep in order the desperate, unwilling ruffians who so frequently manned the ships of war. Indeed, only the rifles of the faithful marines prevented many a mutiny from coming to a head. Even in the great mutinies at Spithead, the Nore, and Bantry Bay the marines in the main stood firm. Lord Exmouth, with his marine guard, fought down the crew of the Impétueux, and as a result of this and similar displays of fidelity the title of "Royal Marines" was bestowed in 1802. This honor did not, of course, at all lessen the bitter hatred between the marines and sailors which is nowhere better illustrated than in the novels of Capt. Marryat.

In our own service the marines did well in all the early battles of the navy—indeed, they have always acquitted themselves creditably. In action they have been employed as riflemen, while

the sailors have fought the cannon. As policemen, they were, in the first half of the nineteenth century, of great usefulness. Indeed, when Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie of the brig Somers was tried for having hanged at sea, on December 1, 1842, three sailors, for an alleged attempt at mutiny, he defended his extreme measures by saying that, as "the Somers had no marines, a body of men distinct from the crew in organization and feeling, on whom, in ordinary ships of war, the police and discipline greatly depend, and who form a counterpoise and check to the turbulent spirits of the common seamen," he was compelled to adopt severe methods. He thus admirably summed up the functions of the marines. But as time passed and the *morale* of the crews improved, more stress began to be laid upon the purely military as opposed to the police functions of the corps. In the civil war the marines were chiefly serviceable for shore attacks, although even here they fought side by side with the sailors.

With the final passing of sailing vessels and the arrival of our modern floating fortresses, the opposition to keeping the marines at sea came to a head. Thus, in 1896 Lieutenant, now Commander, W. F. Fullam published in the November issue of the Proceedings of the Naval Institute an article advocating the precise action taken last week by President Roosevelt; and thereafter the two branches of the service were at swords' points until, in the excitement of the war with Spain, the issue temporarily disappeared. President Roosevelt's strongest argument for his action is the fact that all the more important European fleets, except the British, do not use marine infantry to police their ships, but rely upon their own sailors. Indeed, it is hard to see why this should not be the rule everywhere. Moreover, the disappearance of the fighting tops, and of the rifle as a weapon of offence—since ships in action never come within small-arms range of each other nowadays—makes it hard to find a *raison d'être* for the marine.

Whether the change in the duties of the marines will lessen their importance, time alone will show. They will doubtless be dubbed now the "navy-yard police," and will be contrasted to their disadvantage with the army. A movement to affiliate them with the regular troops will doubtless appear. The versatility of the officers and the mobility of the corps will probably suffer also.

CHINA AND HER RULERS.

Europeans in Peking believe that the death of the Emperor and the Dowager Empress will not be followed by serious public disturbance, though there may be various small outbreaks. China has the advantages, as well as the disadvantages, that come from great bulk. The death of a monarch cannot work the same effect on four hundred million Chinamen as on five million Portuguese. Chinese rulers especially, even when they reveal so strong a personality as that of the late Empress Tsu-Hsi, are largely swallowed up in their own august rôle. To the average Chinese taxpayer any Emperor will do, if he is only a son of heaven and remains properly concealed from his subjects. In the elevation of a new Emperor and the appointment of a Regent, the laws of blood and of the imperial succession seem to have been strictly followed; so on that score trouble is remote. Rumors of foul play, based on the almost simultaneous removal of Kwang Su and the Dowager Empress, were certain to be put into circulation; but thus far there is no evidence to sustain these reports.

If the late Empress was the virtual autocratic ruler of the Middle Kingdom for nearly fifty years, her authority suffered from the limitations that rest upon all autocracies. The despot who is seemingly so all controlling, is largely in the hands of the petty local tyrant who represents him. Russia is a standing example of the way in which a despot tries to do everything everywhere himself, and succeeds only in appointing so many scores of governors, who in their own provinces do what they please. Particularly in China, where the principle of provincial self-government has practically legal recognition, the power for good or evil exercised by the sovereign at Peking, is greatly circumscribed. When, therefore, the Empress Tsu-Hsi is spoken of as having held back China's advance in the ways of the West, or when her death is looked up as ushering in a period of rapid reform, we exaggerate both the importance of Chinese sovereigns and the rate of speed at which the Chinese people is capable of travelling. That rate has little commensurable relation with the output of imperial edicts at Peking.

The long ascendency of the Dowager Empress was interrupted in 1898, when the young Emperor, under the inspiration of radical advisers, startled China and the world with a rapid shower of reform edicts. The edicts began in the spring. In September there was a palace revolution; Kwang Su retired into his earlier obscurity; and the old Empress made a speedy end of reformers, reforms, and edicts. These events have been described as another instance of progressive movement and triumphant reaction. China is no exception to the laws of political progress; but it is to be remembered that the Empress had on her side the most powerful factor that reaction in any country can rely on—the danger of foreign aggression, whether real or imagined. It may have been mere coincidence that the game of European land-grabbing in China should have started about the time when the young Emperor began his personal rule. But, in any case, it was unfortunate that Germany should have determined to seize Kiau-chau in the winter of 1897, that Russia should have occupied Port Arthur, Great Britain Wei-hai-Wei, France Kwang-chau-wan, and even Italy should have come forward with some modest proposal of her own. Here was dismemberment threatening the Empire with the Emperor busying himself, in addition, by turning things topsy-turvy at home. The national interest, therefore, was supposed to demand the removal of Kwang Su.

But Empress Tsu-Hsi, though she set her face against the reformers and lent countenance to the reactionary elements, unwittingly helped the cause of progress. In fomenting the exasperated feeling against foreigners which culminated in the Boxer uprising, she only helped to bring about that closer contact with the Western world which she was presumably anxious to avoid. Dearly though China may have paid in blood and treasure for what the Boxers did in 1900, it is clear, nevertheless, that she has profited by the series of developments which have been the sequel to the Boxer upheaval. Russia's advance into Manchuria and her struggle with Japan have resulted in the present equilibrium in which China is reasonably safe from

territorial aggression. To the European nations which participated in the grisly Boxer carnival, that incident has proved also something of an awakening. The tendency to treat China as a corpse waiting for dissection has almost disappeared. The disposition to recognize that the Chinese people have rights other than that of buying Western print goods and illuminating oil, is perceptibly growing. China's new infant Emperor will probably attain a ripe old age before the much-talked-of national "awakening" is complete, but conditions in the Far East indicate that China will, at least, be given a chance.

THE NEW INDIA.

On the first of November fifty years ago the Calcutta *Gazette* published Queen Victoria's proclamation to "the princes, chiefs, and people of India." The document outlined a policy of English suzerainty, which, so far as words go, was definite and lofty:

> We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and, while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights; . . . we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. . . . It is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility, . . . and to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein.

Reviewing the half-century during which this policy has been followed, King Edward declared a fortnight ago, in a message to the Viceroy: "We survey our labors with clear gaze and good conscience."

Nevertheless, at the very same moment, Calcutta was being terrorized by "political criminals"; public meetings were prohibited throughout the presidency; the government of Bombay was forbidding schoolboys to bring newspapers to school or to attend political meetings; assassins were attacking the lieutenant-governor of Bengal; and press censors from Simla to Ceylon were sitting up nights. This suggests a difference of opinion as to the success of English government; and the deference which Parliament and ministers are now showing toward the Indian Nationalist movement indicates at least the power, if not the reasonableness, of those who are seeking deliverance from a benevolent tyranny. King Edward's confession, in the message cited, that "the time has come when, in the judgment of my Viceroy and Governor-General, . . . the principle of representative institutions may be prudently extended," means much, in spite of its diplomatic hedging. To new India it signifies that her masters are at last aware of the impossibility of continuing their rule save by making concessions to that passion for self-government which their own schools and missionaries have been forming through the slow process of education. It also means that the humanitarians who have been acquiring such political influence in England are beginning to ask that the ryot receive the same consideration which is demanded for Irish tenant and Whitechapel laborer. How soon, the Nationalist wonders, will this changing attitude bring home rule?

English Socialists and kindred spirits are addicted to statistics, which they take very seriously. It is hard to believe that they will not turn to the India Blue Book some fine day and catch fire from the appalling figures there with which the Indian government calmly indicts itself. Physical conditions in tropical India and temperate Great Britain are so different, we grant, that comparisons of wages and expenses of subsistence are difficult and often misleading. But how can an Englishman who fights for an eight-hour working day and old-age pensions remain apathetic toward the Indian tax rate, which, according to the latest statistics, averages about $2 per capita, or one-third of the annual average income of each Hindu? How can he cry out against exploitation of slum-workers at home and keep silent on the unhappy native weavers driven by the thousands back to wretched farms? The increasing cost of living in London excites him; will the declining income and increasing cost of living in India be passed over? Official estimates show that the Hindu earned four cents a day in 1850; three cents a day in 1882; and, in 1900, after English rule had been given nearly a generation in which to prove its inestimable advantages, less than two cents. Not all the outward signs of railways, street lamps, municipal buildings, and schools, can hide the fact that these improvements have left the mass of the population whose taxes have created them still hungry and angry.

It is hardly surprising that reform programmes are being drafted. Parliament, as the Calcutta *Englishman* complains, would still rather devote a session to the suffragettes than to the great dependency; but a change is coming over English opinion. The old story about Oriental incapacity for self-government is no longer gospel; Japan has sadly damaged it. Army officers and statesmen here and there are making bold to say that the Tokio Parliament is not a whit better than a Hindu one might be. And the conservatives, who love to quote "East is East and West is West," are being shaken in their faith by the discovery that the Indian States under native rule are more prosperous, better educated, and quieter than the others. If such things are stirring consciences in England, how strongly must they be felt by 15,500,000 educated Hindus, who have seen China, Turkey, and Persia move toward freedom while they themselves have lagged?

BURDENS OF UNIVERSITY PRESIDENTS.

Discussing the impending retirement of President Eliot, one of the most prominent of the Boston alumni writes: "The governing boards and the alumni will understand better in six months than they do even now what a void Eliot will leave." But this is not merely because Mr. Eliot towers above all other college presidents and is so distinguished as a citizen. The magnitude of his office is such that it would be most difficult to fill, were it held by a man of far smaller intellectual calibre. The administrative work alone would tax the ability of our greatest heads of corporations, while the planning and steady maintenance of an academic policy that is liberal and progressive call for educational statesmanship of the first rank.

Time was, of course, when the president of Harvard, like the heads of our smaller colleges, could variously raise money, manage the funds, oversee expenditures, supervise the faculty, discipline the students, and guide the scholastic polity as well. But when an institution has grown to the size of Harvard, its president really needs a cabinet like that of the President of the United States. And what we here say of Harvard applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, and, indeed, all of our larger universities. The work of disciplining

the students, graduate and undergraduate, is entrusted to deans; a recorder or secretary supervises the complex labor of controlling the students, recording their absences, illnesses, and marks in examinations; a treasurer takes actual charge of the investments, and under him a bursar may deal with some of the details, such as the collecting of tuition fees. But even with these executive aids, the pressure of work upon the president is enormous. He presides at the meetings of seven or eight different faculties and many committees and boards. He is compelled to give much time to public utterances; to make long journeys in order to keep alive the interest of the alumni and secure their steady support; and on proper occasions he must present interestingly and convincingly the general and special needs of the institution. If he obtains a building, or a group of buildings, he must consider with some minuteness the architectural designs. He cannot wholly leave to the treasurer all financial questions, for his annual budget must be drawn up with a view to a rising or a falling income. If he is the head of Harvard, he is dealing with a capital of some twenty millions, with a yearly income from investments of about one million, to say nothing of other income, and he must be familiar with a treasurer's statement covering 148 printed pages. And every newspaper or magazine in the country thinks itself entitled to hear from him on public questions—if he is not giving a course of lectures in Berlin or serving on a commission at Washington or Tokio.

But this is not all. President Eliot's own report last year covered fifty-six printed pages and touched upon nearly fifty separate subjects, some of them of high importance, such as excess in athletic sports, admission with conditions, entrance requirements, the distribution of scientific students, and the moving of Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge. The reports made to President Eliot from the various departments of the university, his own summary of the year, and the treasurer's statements make up a volume of no less than 500 pages.

In President Eliot's case, these multifarious burdens, including much attention to civic affairs, have been borne at the expense, we are almost tempted to say, of the students themselves. By this we mean no censure. It is a fact, however, that to the undergraduates he has often been a stranger, or at most a great name. Close relations with the students have been humanly impossible; all one could ask was the necessary intercourse with the leaders of the teaching staff of 566 persons. So when one of the undergraduates was asked by a reporter the opinion of the students as to the president's retirement, he naïvely answered that "few of us know him, but all regret the change." True, Mr. Eliot has for some years past met each newly entering class with one of his admirable addresses of counsel and inspiration. But beyond that the influence of his lofty personality has penetrated to the undergraduate hardly more than to the general public throughout the country. This has been a grave loss, for the moulding of character is, after all, the primary duty of a university; and in his generation no man has been better fitted than President Eliot to display, in close and intimate relations with youth, a noble example of unselfish service to a great cause.

Then there is the faculty. It takes a wonderful general to inspire 566 teachers; to recruit their forces, to recognize the worthy and discard the drones or the inefficient; to lead them on over the breastworks of tradition to new fields of honor and of service. That alone would seem a sufficient undertaking for any one man. And so we confess to some surprise on learning that not long ago a majority of a joint committee of the Overseers and the Corporation, including President Eliot himself, found, after inquiry, that "the president of the university does not need to be relieved of any function that he now performs; but that he ought to be relieved of details in many directions, and to have more assistance than he now has." Would they have been able to render the same report with any one else as president? Or it may be that for college presidents the ancient promise is phrased: As thy need so shall thy strength be.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT CONGRESS.

The International Copyright Congress which opened its sessions in Berlin on October 14, has just adjourned. Though its committee labors were in private, and the full text of the amendments which it has recommended to the Berne Convention for the protection of literary and artistic property has not yet been published, enough is known to make it sure that this congress has gone beyond that at Paris in 1896. There little was done beyond giving expression to pious wishes (*vœux*), which the gathering at Berlin has endeavored to fulfil. No less than thirty-five countries have been represented by some eighty-five delegates. The dispatches speak of "the American delegates," but, strictly speaking, there were none. The United States has not adhered to the Berne Convention. We have preferred to take our position with Turkey, Rumania, Ecuador, and other outside barbarians, though Japan has acceded to the Berne Convention, as one proof more of her desire to rank with civilized nations. As we still remain aloof, we were not entitled to representation at Berlin, and our "delegates" there must have been admitted only as friendly observers and reporters.

The chief purposes of the Berlin Congress were set forth by Prof. Albert Osterrieth, in his address at the first formal session. Lingering difficulties, ambiguities, and inequalities of copyright were to be discussed and, if possible, cleared up. The root idea of the Berne Convention was to give an author or artist the same protection for his property in a foreign country that he might have enjoyed as a native thereof. But in some cases this would mean a certain inequity. France, for example, grants copyright for the life of the author and fifty years thereafter. Hence an Englishman or a German, would get a more generous protection in France, than a Frenchman would in England or Germany, where the term of copyright is shorter. A similar inequality might arise as between Germany and England. The latter gives copyright for forty-two years from publication, while a German author's rights extend through his lifetime and thirty years after his death. It is not necessary to show what intricacies would present themselves in the copyright relations of all these countries, say, with Belgium and Italy. There has been a growing feeling that the Berne Convention, noble as it was in aim, did not guarantee justice to all the parties. Hence, the movement to make copyright laws uniform in all civilized na-

tions, so that there might be perfect equality of treatment. The arguments for such a course are set forth by Louis Delzons in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October first.

But it was with simpler matters that the Berlin Congress principally concerned itself. They may be grouped under the general head of "Art applied to industry." Here belong all the questions relating to photographic reproductions of works of art; to the mechanical production of music; to the appropriation of the plans of architects. The Germans, French, and Italians made also a special proposal for the protection of newspaper articles. It was admitted that they might be cited or discussed, but their entire reproduction or translation, without permission, was, it was contended, a violation of sound rules of copyright. The decision of the congress, it is stated, was to recommend that the use of political articles be permitted, unless expressly prohibited by the newspaper in which they appear; while scientific, historical, or literary articles should not be reproduced without express permission. On the question of the reproduction of copyright music by mechanical instruments, it is reported that a compromise was reached; everything already in use is to remain untouched, but new compositions cannot hereafter be taken without the consent of the copyright proprietor. Naturally, all these changes will have to be made, if at all, by legislative or diplomatic action on the part of the countries involved.

One object, or hope, of the Congress was to complete the circle of civilized states agreeing to the Berne Convention. Three great Powers have stood apart, all these years, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the United States. Professor Osterrieth alluded, in his address, to the desirability of attracting these nations to the position which the other leaders of civilization have adopted. M. Delzons emphasizes the same point in his article in the *Revue*. And the dispatches say that the American delegates at Berlin agreed to recommend to their government that the United States join finally in accepting the Berne Convention. We wish heartily that this might be done. There is no other ultimate solution to the problem of international protection of the property made by men's brains. But we are bound to say that we see no hope of Congress being brought to so rational a step to remove our reproach among the nations. It could not even be got to deal fairly with the moderate measure of copyright reform urged upon it during the past two years. And if any man asks the reason why, the answer lies on the surface. The theory of our tariff laws is that the foreigner is not to be maintained in his rights, but to be attacked and pillaged. We must keep out his goods, or steal them if we can, be they coal and iron, or books and art. Even in the slight concession to decency, which was made in our international copyright act of 1891, it was necessary to introduce the odious phrase, "manufactured in this country," in order to placate the protectionists. It is the American protective system which has steeped the minds of the people and Congress in the notion that we must do nothing to the advantage of the foreigner, even if it be demonstrably to our advantage also. That spirit is it which has prevented, and will long prevent, we fear, the American Congress from approaching the question of international copyright in an enlightened way. Russia may go in with the rest of the civilized world, and Austria may; but the United States will continue, while our protectionists have their way, to line up with Turks and Montenegrins in the treatment of literary and artistic property.

A LITERARY MOVEMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

One of the most striking features of American occupation of the Philippines has been the stimulus given to native literature—using that word in its broadest sense. The movement is strong collateral evidence of the birth of a new spirit of nationality. For this result America may fairly claim a share of the credit; because, though the first phase was seen in the insurgent periodicals of 1898, they made their appearance after the Americans entered the city of Manila, and the old Spanish censorship of the press had broken down. The development of the Filipino periodicals since 1901-1902 has been notable. Almost to the end of Spanish rule, the printing-press was confined to Manila, though Cebú, Iloilo, and one or two other provincial and diocesan capitals saw the beginning of its work before 1898. During these past few years small periodicals have been started in over a dozen other provincial towns, and some have managed to keep going. The ablest and most independent of Filipino periodicals is *El Renacimiento*, a Manila daily printed in Spanish jointly with its Tagalog version, *Ang Muling Pagsilang* (a title which likewise means "The Rebirth" or "The Renaissance"). It has prospered so as to be able now to undertake also an English edition. This action, moreover, is a noteworthy sign of the times, as regards the passing of Spanish and the entry of English in the Philippine Islands; for the leading minds of *El Renacimiento*, men of Latin education and ideals, and in part also of Spanish blood, have been from the first hostile to "Americanization" and suspicious of our educational programme. It would seem, then, that our plan of building up the schools and extending the use of the English language is making appreciable headway.

But the literary movement is by no means confined to newspapers and periodicals. A Tagalog version of Schiller's "William Tell" has just been published, the text used being a hitherto inedited translation made by José Rizal when he was a student in Germany, over twenty years ago. Rizal's idea was, of course, to put within reach of his humbler fellow-citizens who could not read Spanish, the text of this drama of freedom—a work which, if accomplished, would have been another count in the Spanish charge against him as a revolutionist. The manuscript has been in the possession of Mariano Ponce, who is the editor of the little volume now published. This is the first of a series to be called the Filipino Popular Library—the project of some eight subscribers, including a German and an American (Dr. David J. Doherty), who have formed a society for the publication of works for general reading among the Filipinos. The second volume, "Poor Richard's Sayings," is now being translated into Tagalog. What would Franklin have thought could he have foreseen this translation and the conditions under which it is printed? The publishing house is the Libreria Manila Filatélica, which issues the "William Tell" at a cost of only 30 cents Philippine currency (15 cents gold). There are also two recent novels in Tagalog, published by the same concern: "Pinaglahuan," by Faustino Aguilar, and "Anino

nang Kahapon," by Francisco Laksamana. These volumes are the latest of ten Tagalog novels already on this firm's list, while in the past eight years many other pieces of fiction have been printed as continued stories in the Tagalog periodicals. These novels, which are put out in paper covers at a price of 60 cents Philippine currency, have considerable circulation, coming next in popularity to the various dramas in the native dialects.

Evidence in another direction of the effort among the Filipinos to create a national literature is to be found in their making the most out of what has been done by their compatriots in the past. Every scrap by or about José Rizal, whether valuable or not, is brought to light in the Filipino periodicals with a great surrounding apparatus of apparent erudition. The traces of writings by Filipinos in the earlier periods of Spanish rule, traces meagre enough and of little significance, are strung together to create the appearance of a "literature" that would be pitiful, were it not that the endeavor has its meaning and promise for the future. One of these earlier pieces of writing, however, which is not without merit, is the so-called poem in Tagalog, the "Florante" of Francisco Baltasar, a Tagalog versifier of the first half of the nineteenth century. His version of the Spanish fairy tale and knight's tale combined that goes under the name of "Florante" in the Philippines, has been regarded by his countrymen as far superior to any other version of the story, and has been called by competent Tagalistas, such as José Rizal, Marcelo del Pilar, and others, the best piece of Tagalog poetry in existence. Baltasar's memory has been revived in the Philippines of late, and he is being put in the post of "father of Tagalog literature." A new edition of his "Florante," with some of his other poetical writings in Tagalog and a study of his life, prepared by Hermenegildo Cruz, has been published by the Manila Filatélica under the title "Kan sino ang Kumathâ nang 'Florante.'"

Yet, as we have said, the significance of all these publications is less in the actual achievement than in the prompting impulse. It is the ambition for intellectual progress, the honor bestowed upon things of the mind, the search for light that really counts. For it is as true in the Philippines as in the most cultivated parts of America or Europe that he who seeks shall find.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

I.

It was about the year 1897, when his "New Poems" appeared with an American imprint, that the name of Francis Thompson began to be rumored among us as a word of high esoteric meaning. At least that was the year in which he swam into my ken, in the form of a request to write some account of the new apparition. I was puzzled, I know, even a little baffled, by this "star-weary, overwarred" genius, and excused my inability in his own words:

> But here my lips are still.
> Until
> You and the hour shall be revealed,
> This song is sung and sung not, and its words are sealed.

Now, at last, the seal may seem to have been removed. Since his death last year at the age of forty-eight his two kindest protectors and warmest admirers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, have brought out a selection from his three books of poems, with a biographical note, and, at the end of the volume, a number of appreciations.* Well, shall I admit that I am still a little perplexed? I feel much in him that is great; I see him in the appreciations placed by eminent critics as an equal beside Donne and Herbert and Shelley and Wordsworth and Spenser and Milton; but I hesitate. Even in this residue from which all the dross of his work has supposedly been drawn off, there is still so much to harass the ear and tease the mind—uncouth words that simulate oracular frenzy, jagged edges of rhyme, harsh inversions, and gaping ellipses; so often his tortured language sounds like the beating on the ground of wings that cannot rise. He is of the wrestling but not of the triumphant spirits; of those upon whom the vision comes as an enemy, and who never, even when the victory is theirs, like the champions of Pindar, "go about the loud circle of applause, beautiful in youth and fair from fairest deeds."

II.

It may be that I am misled by the fallacy of carrying his life into his work. Of that broken life the main events are told by Wilfrid Meynell, with hints of its darker aspect. Francis Thompson was the son of a Lancashire physician and was himself trained for that profession at Owens College, Manchester. But literature seduced him, and, like De Quincey, he went to London, carrying for all his wealth "Æschylus in one pocket, Blake in the other." Like the Opium-eater, he carried also the taste that made his life in London's streets a visionary terror; and like him he met a strange and innocent rescuer:

> Once, bright Sylviola! in days not far,
> Once—in that nightmare-time which still doth haunt
> My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—
> Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
> I had endured through watches of the dark
> The abashless inquisition of each star,
> Yea, was the outcast mark
> Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
> Stood bound and helplessly
> For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
> Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
> In night's slow-wheelèd car;
> Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
> From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
> I waited the inevitable last.
> Then came there past
> A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
> Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
> And through the city-streets blown withering.
> She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!—
> And of her own scant pittance did she give,
> That I might eat and live:
> Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.

The story thus hinted at has never, I believe, been told in print. It "surpasses in romance," says Mr. Meynell, "that of De Quincey's Anne, and might, indeed, for a moment, reverse Rossetti's just indictment of the life of 'Jenny'—'It makes a goblin of the sun.' For this 'flower fallen from the budded coronal of Spring' took root and flourished, even in London mire, and again the fragrant petals unfolded and the greenery grew."

But the true help for Thompson came from Mr. and Mrs. Meynell themselves and was more far-reaching than the modesty of the biographer permits him to record. In their home, the poet found a refuge; to their child daughter were written the poems, wistful with jealousy of the future, when only by the remembrance of these verses he should share the possession of her heart with the destined lover:

> But on a day whereof I think,
> One shall dip his hand to drink
> In that still water of thy soul,
> And its imaged tremors race
> Over thy joy-troubled face,
> As the intervolved reflections roll
> From a shaken fountain's brink;

to his adored benefactress were dedicated the lines "Before Her Portrait in Youth," in which all the ravages and abstinences of a dispossessed life unite in a passionate claim upon the past:

> So I, in very lowlihead of love,—
> Too shyly reverencing
> To let one thought's light footfall smooth
> Tread near the living, consecrated thing,—
> Treasure me thy cast youth.

Selected Poems of Francis Thompson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This outworn vesture, tenantless of thee,
Hath yet my knee,
For that, with show and semblance fair
Of the past Her
Who once the beautiful, discarded raiment bare,
It cheateth me.
As gale to gale drifts breath
Of blossoms' death,
So dropping down the years from hour to hour
This dead youth's scent is wafted me today:
I sit, and from the fragrance dream the flower.

III.

From these songs of surrendered love, whose concentrated emotion can only be perceived from repeated reading in their complete form, it is but a step to the poems of Catholic mysticism, upon which his greater fame depends. They are all in praise of asceticism, yet with troubled reserves. As in his love there is no entire forbearance of the fruits of time, but an attempt to subtilize the flesh by waiving the alien present for some shadowy and morbid possession of the past and future, so one can never be quite sure how far his ecstasies of faith are a victory of the will and how far mere *défaillances* of a degenerate body. There are notes that rise like spiritual triumphs in his works, lines like those quoted by Mr. Quiller-Couch in his appreciation:

Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
Of Fortune's game, and the iniquitous hour,
Whose falcon soul sits fast,
And not intends her high sagacious tour
Or ere the quarry sighted; who looks past
To slow much sweet from little instant sour,
And in the first does always see the last.

But these do not seem to me to express so intimately the poet's own experience or to ring so true to the reader as the passages of a more ambiguous turn. And I am confirmed in this opinion by the curious twisting of logic in a little prose treatise on "Health and Holiness," which was the result of his temporary retreat in a monastery. In one place he quotes Luther's *pecca fortiter*, and thinks that "he that sins strongly has the stuff of sanctity, rather than the languid sinner," yet as a whole his argument would appear to be that in the lowering of physical vitality, which he transfers from himself to his generation, there is a corresponding growth in spirituality:

No less, looking largely back over human history, I discern in her [Nature] a pertinacious purpose to exalt the spirit by the dematerialization (if I may use the phrase) of the body. Slow and insensible, that purpose at length bursts into light, so to speak, for our present eyes. For all those signs and symptoms, upon which I have insisted even to weariness—however ill from the mere material standpoint, what do they mean but the gradual decline of the human animal, the gradually ascending supremacy of the spirit on the stubborn ruins of the bodily fortress?

It is natural that the editors of the Selection should have shown little of this wavering between heaven and earth, yet no one can rightly understand Thompson who has not followed him in the agony of doubt in such excluded poems as "The Dread of Height":

But ah withal,
Some hold, some stay,
O difficult Joy, I pray,
Some arms of thine,
Not only, only arms of mine!
Lest like a weary girl I fall
From clasping love so high,
And lacking thus thine arms, then may
Most hapless I
Turn utterly to love of basest rate;
For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.
Yea, who me shall secure
But I of height grown desperate
Surcease my wing, and my lost fate
Be dashed from pure
To broken writhings in the shameful slime:
Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
Thrust down, by how much I aspire,
And damned with drink of immortality?

That note may be found in the accepted saints, no doubt, yet with a difference. There is in the "Imitation" the story of one who, under similar stress of fluctuating hope and fear, prostrated himself at the altar, with the cry: "Oh, if I knew that I should still persevere!" But immediately he heard within himself the divine response: "If you knew this, what would you do? Do now what then you would wish to do, and you shall be secure." One finds in Thompson no such assurance that spiritual comfort is based on a healthy common-sense. His distress is aggravated at once by the impatience and uncertainty of his faith, impatient in its clamor for the heavenly rapture, uncertain whether this rapture is to be obtained by a repudiation of the flesh or by "that embrace of body and spirit, Seen and Seen," as he calls it, "to which mortality, sagging but pertinacious, unalterably tends." The most extraordinary of his poems, artistically, that "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," takes this ambiguity frankly for its theme. In quick, exclamatory stanzas, whose rhythm hesitates with a kind of palpitating suspense, he addresses his prayer to the spirit now emparadised:

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell,
My soul
Round me doth roll

A sequestration bare.
Too far alike we were,
Too far
Dissimilar.

For the poet who worships beauty, like the priestly servant of God, sees everywhere in life a coquetry of Death, a tiring-room for the trying of Death's various garments; he has in recompense his own proud avocation from the world:

He lives detachèd days;
He serveth not for praise;
For gold
He is not sold.

But to the priest comes no such rending doubt as pierces the heart of one who has lost his life for the "impitiable Dæmon, Beauty." Nowhere in modern verse, scarcely in any verse, shall you hear words of more real terror of spirit than this cry of the poet to his friend in heaven:

Call, holy soul, O call
The hosts angelical,
And say,—
"See, far away

"Lies one I saw on earth;
One stricken from his birth
With curse
Of destinate verse.

"What place doth He ye serve
For such sad spirit reserve?
. . . . . .

"Can it he his alone.
To find, when all is known,
That what
He solely sought
"Is lost, and thereto lost
All that its seeking cost?
That he
Must finally,

"Through sacrificial tears,
And anchoretic years,
Tryst
With the sensualist?"

IV.

Something of this same terror, the fear of one to whom the vision appears as a flaming, awful sword threatening to sunder spirit from flesh, but enlarged now to embrace the experience of mankind, enters into the inspiration of Thompson's great poem. That ode, partly, no doubt, through the alliterative suggestion of its title, "The Hound of Heaven," has attained already a kind of popularity, yet it would be unsafe to assume that even its opening lines are known to the reader:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the lahyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

The idea of these lines is evidently conceived from a union of Æschylus' Erinnys, that, like a hound (ὡς κύων) follows its prey until he come under the earth, where even dead he is not all free, and the language of the Psalmist: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy pres-

ence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." Yet the effect is in nothing borrowed or secondary. Here, at least, thought and image, emotion and rhythm, are in liberated and mighty accord, and the result is a stanza which pulses in the memory like the sound of a bell swaying amidst a waste of obscure waters. Those few lines alone are a complete poem, magnificent enough to make a singer's fame. Indeed, I am not sure that the following stanzas are entirely in harmony with this opening, that they do not a little dissipate the initial impression. They are, in part, a legitimate expansion of the general idea: the poet tells of seeking refuge in human love, in the innocence of childhood, in the secrecies of nature, only to be baffled and routed everywhere by the insistence of the divine pursuer. That is well; but it is not well that the metaphors should sink at times into frigid conceits, and it approaches a kind of treachery to the confiding imagination when the sense of impetuous motion is lost in the abundance, however splendid, of stationary description. With a few excisions, and with a little more loyalty to the guidance of the titular theme, I feel that the poet might have created, what an admirer calls it, "one of the very few 'great' odes, of which the language can boast"—I should say that, even as it stands, he had so succeeded, were it not for the concluding lines:

> Halts by me that footfall:
> Is my gloom after all,
> Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
> "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He Whom thou seekest!
> Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

Others may be affected differently, but I cannot accustom my mind to this inversion of the metaphor from one who seeks refuge against a pursuer to one who unwittingly drives away what he seeks; nor can I convince myself that the change is quite justifiable from the Oriental, rather the truly catholic, inspiration of the opening to the more narrowly Catholic note of the close. Here is a metamorphosis of the Furies into Eumenides, with a vengeance. Would not the impression have been at once more consistent and more powerful, had the poet maintained to the end his image of the pursuing hound, shadowing thus the alarms of some infinite ineluctable enemy that break into all the enjoyments and concerns of the world? The tone of the climax should have been only a deepening of that which was first struck; or, if any reconciliation were necessary, it should have been through some half-allowed glimpse of the mystic truth: "When me they fly, I am the wings." It may be presumptuous thus to reconstruct in idea a poem at all accounts so magnificently imagined, but really this is nothing more than a distinguishing between the two voices that speak in the same ode: one the voice of the poet's heart, tremulous with fear of its own ecstasy; the other that of the prescribed and beneficent peace of the saints.

V.

Those who place Thompson in the immediate company of the Caroline poets, will not, perhaps, accept such a distinction; but I cannot quite see that relationship. Something of Donne he may have, a little less of Herbert, of the free, more elastic singers of that religious age, Vaughan and Traherne and Marvell and Milton, in whom is all the exultant music of the dawn—scarcely a note. Only with the ascetic Crashaw, who stands apart from the main line, the kinship is marked. He is free from the execrable gust for blood, which makes a good deal of Crashaw almost revolting to a healthy mind, but the other faults of taste he shares with Crashaw, and even exaggerates. In both there is the same breath of the prison house, something close and febrile and spiritually exacerbating.

His real affiliation is rather with the line of poets and visionaries of the nineteenth century, who have combined a worship of heaven with subjection to the angel of the darker drink—Coleridge and De Quincey, Poe and Clarence Mangan, and, nearer to his own age, the ill-starred James Thomson. More particularly one cannot read "The Hound of Heaven," without remembering how De Quincey saw the images of his dream swell and swoop upon him, and is forced unpleasantly to consider the cause. Still closer to him in point of time, are those finely wrought poets, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, who, like him, looked to Rome for their faith. Whether it be from morphine or absinthe or alcohol, there is in each of these three, the suspicion that their cloistral abstinence is doubled with a physical taint. Johnson and Thompson differ profoundly in their sense of form and style, the former being as classical and restrained in his taste as the latter is romantic and lawless; but both write with the same straining hope that out of a renunciation half-voluntary and half-compelled by the enfeebled body, there shall come in the end the peace of an infinite salvation. The agony is more poignant, if expressed with more reserve of language in Johnson, and the victory is also more philosophic, if less lyrical:

> Dark angel, with thine aching lust!
> Of two defeats, of two despairs:
> Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
> Than thine eternity of cares.
>
> Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
> Dark Angel! triumph over me:
> Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
> Divine, to the Divinity.

The kinship with Ernest Dowson, the decadent singer of the London slums and the Parisian asphalt, might seem too slight to bear analysis; yet Dowson was not without his abstinence, which took the form of an æsthetic fragility and purity of touch. Through all the dissipation of his life the memory of the one true love—"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion"—remains like a mystic purgation of the soul. It is at least a curious coincidence that he, too, has his child-love, although with renunciation rather than jealousy of the future:

> Little lady of my heart!
> Just a little longer,
> Be a child: then, we will part,
> Ere this love grow stronger.

Nor is the "Amor Umbratilis" wanting, with its pathetic adoration of what the world has reserved for stronger hands:

> Yea, for I cast you, sweet!
> This one gift, you shall take:
> Like ointment, on your unobservant feet,
> My silence for your sake.

VI.

These are but hints to divine the secret of a soul I do not pretend to measure. Who shall untangle the threads of such a life, and say that this peace is born of faith's vision and this ecstasy is wrung from the body's defeat? Who shall declare how much of this personal anguish in the struggle is due to the tyranny of Catholic images and how much to troubled nerves? It is safer to hold fast to the simple assurance that, in spite of all questioning and far beneath all morbid accretions, if such there be, lay in this poet a fund of religious conviction, a real and incalculable power, springing from sources not bare to the world. Among his papers when he died was found this unfinished descant on the text of the Bible, "The Kingdom of God is within you":

> O world invisible, we view thee,
> O world intangible, we touch thee,
> O world unknowable, we know thee,
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!
>
> Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
> The eagle plunge to find the air—
> That we ask of the stars in motion
> If they have rumor of thee there?
>
> Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.
>
> The angels keep their ancient places;—
> Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
> That miss the many-splendored thing.
>
> But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
> Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
> Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
> Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.
>
> Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
> Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;

And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

Belief in a present deity is not so common in these latter days that it can be ignored or belittled; it makes the substitute of human charity heard in many a Protestant pulpit seem in comparison like a poor hypocrisy. For so much we must thank the Catholic poet and his editors. P. E. M.

ITALIAN SOCIETY FOR THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Florence, November 1.

If consciousness of a great past and of noble inherited tendencies can stimulate, the choice of Florence for the second annual congress of the Società Italiana per il Progresso delle Scienze must have strengthened the zeal of every member. And no single Florentine monument could better recall the capacity for leadership, vigorous imagination, mechanical skill, power of sustained effort, and love of intellectual pursuits which in generous measure have characterized the Italian people, than the Palazzo Vecchio, where the opening exercises were held. In his inaugural address Senator Pietro Blaserna, the aged professor of physics in the University of Rome, discussed the "Condition of Experimental Science in Tuscany in the Seventeenth Century." Other addreses were made by the Minister of Education, by Prof. Vito Volterra, president of the society, and Prof. Giulio Fano, head of the local committee. Minister Ravà spoke of the intense scientific activity in Italy as the most important sign in the history of the last ten years of national life. He referred to the complete edition of the works of Galileo, which has been published by the state. The government has also begun an edition of Volta's works, and has assisted the town of Faenza to print the works of Torricelli. Senator Volterra referred to the tendency in this society to place pure science in contact with its applications, and noted the interesting fact that already many important industrial societies and prominent manufacturers have recognized the material advantages springing from the activities of this organization, and have given it their cordial support. Professor Fano recognized a sentiment now prevalent in Italy when he claimed the sympathy of all classes of citizens because this society's ideal is to exalt and develop the conviction in the national consciousness that "science is the most powerful agent of all material and moral progress, since, being free from all dogma, it welcomes them all in order to investigate them, and does not pretend to represent the truth, but the incessant and progressive search for it."

A reception followed these addresses, during which the apartments of Eleanor of Toledo and the Quartiere degli Elementi were opened. Until recently these rooms have been used for storage or offices, but are now being restored so far as possible to their condition when occupied as private apartments by the Medici. The frescoes by Vasari and his pupils have been carefully cleaned, but not retouched; the walls of several rooms were originally hung with tapestries designed for them. These tapestries have been scattered, but some, long in the Uffizi Gallery, have been replaced in their original positions, and others will doubtless be returned. The delicate coloring and grace of a fine but neglected Botticelli has been made evident by skilful cleaning; and, with other interesting easel pictures, will be accessible to the public when these changes are completed and all the rooms of the second floor are opened.

Many of the papers offered at the working sessions were too technical to be reported here in any detail. In the Archæological Section Prof. Luigi A. Milani, director of the Archæological Museum at Florence, spoke on the "Resemblances and Differences between the Italiots and the Etruscans." His address, in the opinion of such specialists as Pigorini, Pernier, and Pasqui (recently appointed director of excavations at Rome), is a notable addition to our knowledge of the earliest Italian races. The Etruscan material of the early iron period exhibits analogies with that of the same period in the Emilia and the Veneto, especially in the methods of disposing of the dead in urns of the Villanovian type, and in objects placed in the tombs; but the differences and new elements are sufficiently marked to indicate a transformation of the Italiot civilization under the direct influence of another people of wholly different civilization, distinct customs, artistic expression, and religion. In developing his argument, Professor Milani made use of the rich resources of his museum and the most recent discoveries in Crete. He laid stress especially upon the ovoid and spherical receptacles for the remains of the dead; the *canopi* (cinerary urns bearing portraits of the deceased), which he regards as allied to Oriental death-masks; upon other urns found only in Etruria and Latium which are unlike the Villanovian type and imitate thatched huts, houses, shrines, and temples, and resemble forms recently excavated in Crete; upon bronze covers in the shape of pileated and crested helmets and their earthen imitations; and upon covers shaped like round or oval shields—all forms which originally were peculiar to the earliest Etruscan sepulchres. The discovery of pre-Hellenic seals in Asia Minor, bearing the image of Sabekh, the warrior god of the Hethei, and the seal found at Vetulonia, no longer permit doubt as to the connection between the helmet with a crest or apex or priest's mitre and the cult of the Kureti or Cretan Dattili, or as to the introduction into Etruria in the most remote times of this mysterious pre-Hellenic cult, which runs back to the bronze age and belongs specifically to Ægean civilization. The conical shields typical of the Cretan Kureti are analogous in form and use to those discovered at Vetulonia and at Gassofortino, and to the twelve sacred shields trusted to the care of the Salii of the Palatine and Quirinal. Characteristic changes in methods of burial also point to the conclusion that, at a certain point in the development of Italiot civilization, a people who brought the Dattilic religion of the Ægean and that civilization which existed in Greece and Crete in the pre-Hellenic period, must have established themselves in Etruria. Evidence that the Etruscans originated in Asia Minor is furnished strikingly by the bark found in the tomb of the Duce at Vetulonia and by three *stelæ* in the museum at Florence, the Aulo Elusukes of Vetulonia, the *stelæ* of Larthi Aninies found at Fiesole, and that of the warrior Larthi Atharnies from Pomarance.

In the same section the papers by Dr. Luigi Pernier of Florence on the "Latest Excavations at Festo" and the "Archaic-Greek City of Prinià in Crete," by Cavalier Angiolo Pasqui of Florence on the government excavations which he has recently conducted at Monteleone, near Spoleto, and Dr. Giorgio Karo's report of the "Explorations of the German Archæological Institute in Pylos," incidentally gave unexpected confirmation to Professor Milani's argument on the Etruscans. Prof. Antonio Taramelli of Cagliari gave a vivacious account of six years spent in investigating the primitive civilization of Sardinia. Signor Taramelli's papers will be published in the Orientalists' review, *Memnon*, and Signor Pasqui's in the *Notizie degli Scavi*, issued by the Accademia dei Lincei. Prof. Luigi Pigorini, whose semi-centennial of academic service was celebrated at Parma immediately after the close of this congress, spoke on the "Civilization of Etruria during the Bronze Period of the Lake-dwellers of the Terramare," which awaits new excavations for an adequate solution of its problems. The section voted to ask the government to grant the necessary staff of assistants and the funds to carry out the plan which Professor Milani has already formulated. It voted also in favor of the extensive exploration of prehistoric fortifications of the type studied by Professor Pasqui near Spoleto.

History has been recognized as a science and given a section under the presidency of Prof. Isidoro del Lungo of Florence. The sessions included a paper by Prof. Guido Biagi of the Laurentian Library on the "Papers of the Florentine Inquisition in Brussels"; an

account by Cavalier Domenico Tordi of Florence of a fragment of a commonplace book now in his possession, the "Libro della Tavola di Riccomanno Jacopi," a relative of Dante, which is valuable for the information it supplies of the domestic life of the time of Dante; a paper on the *epistolario* of the Venetian humorist, Ludovico Toscarini, and another indicating the fund of valuable historical information which Prof. G. B. De Toni of Modena discovered hidden in the 300 volumes of letters written by Ulisse Aldrovandi when searching them in an effort to fix the date of the celebrated Herbarium. Prince Caetani di Teano of Rome described the methods he is employing in compiling an Italian Bio-bibliographical Dictionary. Most welcome of all to foreign students were the vigorous resolutions passed by this section and afterwards approved by the whole society, demanding immediate legislation to secure the proper care and arrangement of the manuscripts and documents now in the state archives and libraries and in semi-public institutions throughout Italy, and to render them more accessible to properly qualified students.

In still other sections problems of abstract science received due attention; many papers were directed to the investigation, development, or protection of the natural resources of Italy; and still others pointed to educational reforms. A few of the titles may indicate more specifically the scope of the congress. Senator Giuseppe Colombo, professor in the University of Milan, reviewed the effect of the development of gasolene engines on problems of transportation; Senator Emanuele Paternò, professor of chemistry at Rome, described the "Origin and Development of Crioscopy"; "The Relations of Physical-Chemistry with the Biological Sciences" was presented by Prof. Giuseppe Bruni of Padua, from the point of view of chemistry; by Prof. Romualdo Pirotta of Rome, of vegetable biology; and by Prof. Filippo Bottazzi of Naples, of physiology. Prof. Elia Millosevich of Rome discussed "The Direction of Modern Astronomical Research"; Prof. Felice Tocco of Florence, "The Philosophical and Physiological Aspects of the Conception of Space," and Prof. Antonio Garbasso of Genoa, "The Structure of Atoms of Matter."

There were interesting special exhibitions of Galilean manuscripts in the National Library, of the chief tracts of Evangelista Torricelli in the state archives, and of scientific works of the time of Galileo in the Laurentian library; and the Museum of Ancient Instruments opened for permanent exhibition at this time. For one day the congress adjourned to Faenza, commemorating the tercentenary of the birth of Torricelli with an address by Prof. Andrea Battelli of Florence and the attendance of representatives of the leading universities of Europe. A. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Milton on December 9, an exhibition of early editions and portraits has been prepared at the Lenox Library in this city. The item of chief interest is probably the first edition of "Paradise Lost." The Lenox Library has nine copies, dated from 1667 to 1669, with variations in the title-pages. The second, third, and fourth editions are displayed, as well as remarkable later issues and critical pamphlets on the poem. "Paradise Regained" also is well represented. Several of Milton's early prose works deserve mention. The "Eikonoclastes" and the first and second "Defensio," in which he defends the people in executing Charles I, are shown, together with the proclamation of Charles II, in 1660, calling in and suppressing them. Three other well-known prose works are: "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce: Restor'd to the good of Both Sexes," etc., 1643; "Tetrachordon: Expositions upon the foure chief places in Scripture which treat of Mariage, or nullities in Marriage," 1645; and Areopagitica," the plea for unlicensed printing. The Lenox Library is fortunate in possessing three books bearing Milton's autograph. One is "Rime et prose di M. Giovanni della Casa," Venice, 1563; "La Vieux Natura Brevium" bears the inscription: "Joh'es Milton me possidet," while Rosse's "Mel Heliconium," 1646, has, on the verso of the title, an original signed sonnet in the poet's handwriting. Next to these is displayed Cooper's "Thesaurus Linguæ Romanæ et Britanniæ," London, 1573, which the finder, Collier, says was Milton's. It contains over 1,500 manuscript additions and corrections which are said to be the poet's, but of this there is no positive proof. Of undoubted authenticity is the Latin letter to Carlo Dati, 1647. It is a single folio leaf, closely written, and much stained and frayed by time. In the adjoining cases, the Print Department has arranged about 150 portraits. The first engraved picture of Milton appeared in the first edition of his poems in 1645. Beginning at the age of ten, these pictures purport to show his appearance with advancing years, although in fact they are all derived from five or six portraits made during his lifetime.

A few years ago some zealous student of Thoreau made the discovery that three lines were omitted at the bottom of page 396 of the first edition of his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," and that these lines were supplied in the 1868 addition. The proof-sheets of the first edition, recently discovered in Concord and acquired by S. H. Wakeman, show that the lines were in the proof when passed upon by Thoreau, but were thrown out by the printer. As printed in the proof there is no space between lines 21 and 22. On the margin Thoreau has indicated a dash and has written "3 more white lines" and at the bottom of the page "I must have indicated that more space was wanted here." What the printer did was to supply the three "white lines" and, instead of passing the three lines of text on to the next page, simply threw them out. A complete set of "page-proofs" of the book, from title to advertisement leaf, have corrections by Thoreau on almost every page. It is interesting to note that the copyright date is 1848, though the date in the imprint is 1849. In the printed book both are 1849. The proof-sheets of "Walden," discovered at the same time, were, we are informed, sold to W. K. Bixby of St. Louis, who is the owner of the manuscript of that book.

On November 27 and 28, Stan. V. Henkels sells in Philadelphia, Part VII of the library of ex-Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker. This part, 1,357 lots, is made up almost entirely of books and pamphlets printed at Philadelphia and Germantown. The collection of issues from the press of Robert Bell is said to be the most complete ever brought together. Bell reprinted many English works such as Goldsmith's "Traveller," 1768; Johnson's "Rasselas," 1768; Robertson's "History of Charles V," 1770; "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," 1777; Thomson's "Seasons," 1777; Young's "Night Thoughts," 1777, and others, and these first American editions are often rarer than the actual first editions. Besides his reprints, Bell published many American books, two of the more interesting being "The Battle of Bunker Hill," 1776, and "The Death of General Montgomery," 1777, by Hugh H. Brackenridge, each with an engraved frontispiece by Norman. These frontispieces are usually lacking. The collection of books from the press established by the Seventh Day Dunkers at Ephrata in Lancaster County is also the most extensive ever brought together, no other copies of several of the volumes being known. The earliest imprint of this curious press was the "Guldene Aepffel in Silbern Schalen," issued in 1745. The Dunkers' most famous book, the largest issued from any American press before the Revolution, was the so-called "Martyr Book," "Der Blutige Schau-Platz oder Martyrer Spiegel," 1748. There is one book from William Bradford's first press, "Some Reasons and Causes of the Late Separation that hath come to pass at Philadelphia," 1692, and from his New York press "Christelijcke Religie Voorgestelt," 1700, the first Dutch book printed in America. There are also Early Philadelphia almanacs, a New Testament of 1780 and one of 1781, and some school-books.

Several rare and important collectors' items are included in C. F. Libbie & Co.'s sale in Boston, November 23, 24, and 25, chief among them a copy of Whittier's "Moll Pitcher," 1832, in the original blue paper covers, and Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," 2 vols., 1840, a presentation copy to "Miss Anna and Miss Bessie Pedder." Other interesting lots are Penhallow's "Wars of New England with the Eastern Indians," 1726; the first edition of Molina's "Vocabulario" in Spanish and Mexican, 1555, one of the most sought for of early Mexican imprints, but unfortunately imperfect; and the first edition of Trumbull's "Indian Wars," Brooklyn, 1809, the title-page of which reads "By the Rev. James Steward, D.D."

On November 23 and 24 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city offers selections from the private library and stock of C. L. Ricketts, a Chicago bookseller. First editions of George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, Rich-

ard Jefferies, Andrew Lang, and others; and books on book-binding and bibliography are the more notable lots. On November 25 the firm sells an English consignment of miscellaneous books, including first editions of Charles Lever. On November 27, the Anderson Co. will sell some autographs, partly from the collection of the late John Davies of Brooklyn. There are letters of Longfellow, Stedman, Thomas Hardy, Dickens, and Cooper; and manuscripts of Thomas Hardy (25 pages); Sir Edwin Arnold (17 pages), and others.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell in London, on November 26 and 27, the library of W. Trehone Pellow of Southampton, including first editions of Ainsworth, Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Lever, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Thackeray, and books illustrated by Alken, Cruikshank, and Rowlandson.

At Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's, on November 2, the series of sixty-seven autograph letters of Sir Walter Scott to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe brought £155; the collected set of first editions of Dickens's works, £215; Cruikshank's "Fairy Library," containing twenty-four India proofs, with autograph inscription on each, and eight of the original drawings, £147; the second edition of Burns's "Poems," with several of the names filled in in the poet's autograph, £20.

At an auction at Puttick & Simpson's, London, in the week ending October 31, A. and C. Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827, first edition, large paper, brought £29; Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, £91; Shelley's "St. Irvyne," first edition, £26; "The Cricket on the Hearth," first edition, presented to Victor Hugo, £22; Florio's Montaigne, 1603, first edition, original vellum, £65.

The most valuable item in the Bryant sale at Anderson's, in this city, on November 5, the presentation copy of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with inscription "William C. Bryant, with best regards of the author," in Longfellow's autograph, brought $125. Some of the other prices were: Bryant's own copies of his "Poems," New York, 1832, $37; his own copy of his translation of the Iliad, $50; the copy of the Iliad which he gave to his daughter, $27; his copy of "Hiawatha," $27; many less interesting books with Bryant's autograph sold for from $1 to $5. At the sale of the Hillis library, November 12, Thackeray's "Second Funeral of Napoleon," first edition, an uncut copy, brought $375.

The copy of Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," Boston, 1693, announced for sale at Libbie's on November 12, proved to have the title-page and two other leaves in facsimile. It was "bought in" at $100.

The John Carter Brown library, Providence, has just published (two hundred copies, printed at the Merrymount Press) a facsimile of the first issue of the *Gazeta de Lima*, with a description of the library's file for the years 1744-1763. The numbers of this little newspaper generally consisted of four leaves, the type-page measuring 6½ by 4 inches. From announcements in this newspaper G. P. Winship, the librarian, has been able to select the titles of twenty-four publications not mentioned in Medina's "Imprenta en Lima."

Correspondence.

A "PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL" SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nothing is more surprising in the controversy now raging over the proposed "Healing Mission" than the implied assumption that there is anything new in the spiritual or religious treatment of disease, notably of minor or functional forms of nervous ailment. Physicians are quite competent to defend their position as against amateur practitioners of psychotherapy, but I have failed to notice in the various letters commenting on the Rev. Dr. L. W. Batten's prospectus of the work of "St. Mark's Healing Mission" in this city any allusion to the fact that exactly seventy years ago there appeared in Vienna a little book, "Zur Diätetik der Seele" (The Hygiene of the Soul), by a psychologist and physician of the first rank, whose teachings have become part of the common stock of knowledge of every practising neurologist in the world, even if they have not as yet penetrated into clerical quarters. The author of the book, Ernst Baron von Feuchtersleben, may indeed be regarded as one of the principal founders of the modern science of psycho-therapy, inasmuch as he occupied the first chair of that subject in any German university (he received his appointment in Vienna in 1844), and was the author of an important work on the treatment of diseases of the mind ("Lehrbuch der ärztlichen Seelenkunde"), which was translated into English by two distinguished London physicians, and long remained the standard text book on the subject.

Feuchtersleben's permanent rank in literature rests, however, on his "Hygiene of the Soul," which has become a German classic, and is being constantly reprinted, having reached probably more than fifty editions. It has never, however, been translated into English. Feuchtersleben defines the term "Hygiene of the Soul" as "that power of the mind which enables the body to ward off threatening evils—a power whose reality can hardly be denied, whose oft-told miracles have filled us with astonishment, but whose laws have rarely been inquired into, while its manifestations have still more rarely been called forth as an agency for practical good." Feuchtersleben goes further than Kant, who, in his well-known treatise on the emotions, speaks of the ability to conquer morbid feelings by sheer will power. He would not only master such feelings, but, wherever possible, prevent sickness itself, and in doing so he insists that the mind or soul must aid the body. It is not his intention to seek "the gloomy paths of the dissatisfied mind," and he has no patience with time-honored pseudo-philosophic distinctions between body and soul. Such speculations "have something ludicrous for those accustomed to sane and practical thinking." But he does invoke the power of the intellect against the weakness of the body. In a striking passage, whose practical bearing every enlightened neurologist has long since translated into practice—even if amateur "healers" are unconscious of its very existence—Feuchtersleben enforces the lesson that many of our ailments are of our own making and imagining:

Man's happiness and his misery are forever determined by the impressions and images predominating in his soul. Why, then, should it be impossible to control their awakening as well as their disappearance? Why can we not train our eyes to brightness as we so often, alas! painfully train them to dwell in darkness? The raging of the storm upon the heath which penetrates the companions of Lear to the skin, leaves untouched the unhappy king in whom the storm of indignation that tears his breast drowns the fury of the elements without. Incredible as it seems, the most convincing proof of the power of the mind lies in its very weakness. Who does not know that those unfortunate beings whose souls are roaming in the night of insanity remain, in their gloomy prison, free from many of the bodily ailments which attack the normal persons around them? The soul held captive by delusion renders the body insensible to external influences by turning the attention away from the body. Ought not then the trained will, directed toward the serious aims of the intellect, to be as potent as raging indignation or the horrible power of insanity?

Those well-meaning clergymen who so light-heartedly enter upon the task of treating cases which baffle the skill of the trained physician, may well gather a hint of the difficulty of the task from Feuchtersleben's pages. Apropos of those "oversensitive natures whose sad heritage renders them unable to cope with the hard realities of life," he says:

Has not every practising physician found in his own case that at certain critical moments only the most self-sacrificing devotion to his duty could dispel the clouds that threatened his own moral and physical stamina? Such devotion to duty is in itself a preventive of the dangers otherwise inseparable from the activity of a physician as, indeed, we often find that whatever harm we may sustain in the discharge of our duty carries its own healing balm with it.

And the wise physician did not need the prompting of the modern clerical "healer" in order to apply the lesson of Feuchtersleben's treatise (previously urged in Lavater's "Physiognomic Fragments") that "it is beautiful and fitting to be healthy," and that "there exists a visible harmony between moral and physical beauty as between moral and physical ugliness." Nor has the true physician, as Feuchtersleben says, ever been unwilling to "take a hint from the moralist and the priest," provided what is offered is based on knowledge and truth. "He sees the road to salvation as clearly as they."

Gustav Pollak.

New York, November 8.

"AWAITS THE INEVITABLE HOUR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Rolfe is certainly right in reading "awaits" (see the *Nation* for October 22). A glance at the new concordance to Gray will show that this is the reading of all the authoritative early editions. As I write, there lies before me a facsimile of the Pembroke manuscript, in which the *s* is plainly visible. Moreover, this sense, "be in store for," "be reserved for" (as it were, "lie in wait for"), is the only one that Gray employs; he uses the word five times in his poetry, and every time with this meaning. Nor is Gray alone among English poets in assigning this meaning to the word: other examples are Shakespeare, "2 Henry VI," i, 4, 35, 67; Milton, "Para-

dise Lost," ii, 193, 710; Sonnets, xv, 9 ("On the Lord General Fairfax").

A man so conversant with Latin literature as Gray would certainly he familiar with more than one instance of the verh "mancre" in this sense, to say nothing of "exspectare" (for example, Horace, Sat., ii, 1, 58). Passing over places like Virgil, Æn. xi, 166; Ovid, Met., iv, 695; viii, 60; ix, 726; xl, 540, we may quote Pseudo-Ovid, Cons. ad Liviam, 357, "Fata manent omnes," and Propertius, iii, 26, 57-8, a couplet which Gray may have had in mind ("all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave"):

Nec forma æternum aut cuiquam est fortuna perennis:
Longius aut propius, mors sua quemque manet.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, November 6.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE IN THE WEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Will you kindly give a little of your valuable space in order that your Western readers may be justly represented, and that the impression made by the communication of Mr. Herbert A. Jump, in your issue of October 22, may be corrected at least with regard to the people of the West?

It is to he regretted very genuinely that the deplorable condition of which he writes exists in the East, but I assure you it is not true of the West, for the number of Bible students and readers is increasing every year. It is an interesting, as well as an authentic, fact, that the American Bible Society alone issued from its presses nearly two million copies of the Bible this last year. Voltaire prophesied—just what Mr. Jump seems to fear—that the contents of the Bible would he forgotten in less than a hundred years. But there is no danger. The West is stretching out her arms through her thoughtful sons and daughters, who will carry the hlessed Word into the poor unhihled East. When Mr. Jump learns that in 1777, the date of Voltaire's rash prophecy, the Bihle was printed in only thirty-eight languages, and that now it is printed, sold, and read in five hundred tongues, his fears will he lessened. Right here in this one town, Chicago, the American Bihle Society's retail sales for this last year have increased 125 per cent. over that of any preceding year, and these sales have heen made in the cheaper editions, not in gift copies, nor yet those sent to the heathen—the Eastern house attends to them. The records of A. C. McClurg & Co., agents for the Oxford Bible Society, show an increase of ten thousand volumes over five years ago in the retail sales, and a correspondingly large increase in the wholesale. The Book and Art Exchange has had to have the Winstone Bihle house make a special edition of the Bible, and Thomas Nelson & Co.'s Bible presses cannot turn off Bihles fast enough to supply our Western demand. What are these people doing with the Bihles they are purchasing, if they are not reading them?

A member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and an old Harvard man, is puzzled over the case cited by Mr. Jump ahout memhers of a Bible class not heing ahle to see the "catch" when asked to find a book not in the Bible, because the association has a large following at Harvard of earnest Christian men, and there is also a very large class that is studying the Bible from a scientific point of view. Not to be ahle to turn readily to any chapter is no criterion of one's knowledge, because many who could not name, offhand, just the place where a hook could be found are living examples of what the precepts of the Bihlo teach. If perchance they find even thirteen who do not know the names of the books, especially those not in the Bible, they still rest in the sweet assurance that none of its promises ever have failed, and they know that "every one shall know Me [God] from the least to the greatest."

AGNESS GREENE-FOSTER.

Chicago, November 4.

HOW AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA MAY BE EDITED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I have during the past few months received several inquiries about my relation to a work called the "Twentieth Century Encyclopædia," the agents of which have been using my name as an editor. Will you allow me the use of your columns to say that this proceeding is entirely unauthorized? I never saw the work until yesterday, when I looked it up in the Library of Congress. It is quite possible that it contains one or two articles which I wrote some ten or twenty years ago for a cyclopædia that has since become extinct. If so, this is the only ground for using my name. In no proper sense of the term have I heen either an editor or a special contrihutor to the work in question, nor am I in any way responsihle for it. The question what adjective may appropriately designate such a proceeding on the part of book-agents, I leave to others.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Washington, D. C., November 7.

Notes.

The Champlain Society of Toronto has decided to puhlish, with H. P. Biggar as editor, the complete works of Champlain, hoth the French text and a translation. The whole work will run to four volumes. Mr. Biggar is the author of "The Early Trading Companies of New France" and other historical works. The publications of the society are in limited editions of 500 copies —250 for memhers and 250 for subscribing libraries.

Thomas Willing Balch will soon puhlish through Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia, "L'Évolution de l'arhitrage internationale," which appeared this last summer in the *Revue de droit international et de législation comparée.*

The nineteenth edition of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" has just heen issued hy the Century Company, with a special preface. Dr. Mitchell tells his readers that he has rectified "some mistakes in names, dates, and localities." He adds:

These errors were of such a character as to pass unnoticed hy the ordinary reader and disturb no one except the local archæologist or those who propose to the novelist that he shall combine the accuracy of the historical scholar with the creative imagination of the writer of what, after all, is fiction.

Dr. Mitchell further explains that his hook is not "a deliberately planned attack on the views entertained hy Friends." As well, he adds, "might Bishop Proudie be considered as representative of the memhers and views of the Church of England." The author's purpose was "to delineate a great spiritual conflict in a very interesting body of men who, professing neutrality, were, if we may trust Washington, anything hut neutral." In closing his preface Dr. Mitchell discusses the accuracy of historic fiction. The passage is worth quoting in full as the *credo* of a successful writer in this field:

How little the grossest errors in hiography and history affect the opinions of the public concerning a novel long popular may he illustrated hy the fact that one of my critics referred me to "Henry Esmond" for an example of desirahle accuracy. It was an unfortunate choice, for in "Esmond" there is hardly a correct historical statement. The Duke of Hamilton described as ahout to marry Beatrix was the hushand of a second living wife and the father of seven children—an example of contemplated literary higamy which does not distress the happily ignorant, nor are they at all trouhled hy the many other and even more singular errors in statement, some of them plainly the result of carelessness. A novel, it seems, may sin sadly as concerns historic facts and yet survive. The purpose of the novel is, after all, to be acceptahly interesting. If it he historical, the historic people should not he the constantly present heroes of the hook. The novelist's proper use of them is to influence the fates of lesser people and to give the reader such sense of their reality as in the delineation of characters is rarely possible for the historian.

The new volume of Samuel Butler's works in the Camhridge English classics (Putnam) contains the "Characters and Passages from Note-Books," edited hy A. R. Waller. The "Characters" were already known in part from Thyer's print of 1795, but to those of the earlier edition ahout half as many again have now heen added from the manuscript in the British Museum, together with a series of aphorisms and miscellaneous ohservations grouped under various heads. The new "Characters" are like the old, witty but tiresome, lacking somehow the hreath of life. The chief interest is in illustrating the contemporary use of a numher of cant terms, such as "shark," "catchpole," etc. The observations are more readable, chiefly on account of their greater brevity, and more caustic wit. Occasionally, the satire is curiously modern, like this from the chapter "Learning and Knowledge":

The way to be esteemed Learned, is hut only to have a Library, and to he able to Turn to the Indices, upon any Occasion of showing great Reading.

It is hut a step from this to the days of the card-catalogue. But, as a whole, the paragraphs are too casual to possess much weight. Take, for example, his comment on human nature:

All the Business of this World is but *Diversion,* and all the *Happiness* in it, that Mankind is capahle of—anything that will keep it from reflecting upon the Misery, Vanity, and Nonsence of it: And whoever can hy any Trick keep himself from Thinking of it, is as wise and Happy as the hest Man in it.

One needs only compare this with Pascal's Pensée on *divertissement* to feel the difference hetween literature and ephemeral

memoranda. It is well, nevertheless, to have the complete works of the author of "Hudibras," and the publication in a third volume of his minor poems with a certain amount of new verse may afford the opportunity of commenting on him at greater length.

E. V. Lucas has the knack of making anthologies that tempt the reader from page to page, and his latest, "The Ladies' Pageant" (The Macmillan Co.) does not detract from his reputation. Under a series of heads, such as The Buds, Virginal, The Poets and the Ideal, to name the three first, he groups selections from poets and prose writers in praise of women, real or imaginary. To some tastes the book might appeal more strongly if the misogynists were heard more frequently in its pages. Other readers will regret the omission of various names here and there. Thus, one may remark the absence of Hannah More's famous lines under the topic of "The Blues," or of any reference to Mrs. Vesey or Mrs. Carter from the letters of the day. Possibly these ladies may figure somewhere else in the book, but we have not met them as we have dipped in here and there, and there is no index (a sad fault) to appeal to. Again, under Thalia and Melpomene, with Peg Woffington, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and their like, there ought to be some word about Mrs. Oldfield from Savage or some other of her admirers. But these are the little prejudices of the reviewer. He ought to be quite satisfied with the abundance of figures that trip or move with stately grace through this pageant.

There is still doubt as to the origin of the word "Limerick" as applied to a form of verse. In a collection of 114 such stanzas, "The Smile on the Face of the Tiger" (Boston: Bacon & Brown), the anonymous editor, who is said on good authority to be Charles Knowles Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenæum, is inclined to trace the name back to a custom which obtained a good many years ago to engage in convivial verse-contests at drinking-parties. The refrain sung in chorus ran:

> Will you come up, come up?
> Will you come up to Limerick?

The editor found difficulty in tracing the authorship of his selections, but he tickets nearly twoscore of them. Miss Wells is represented by five. Two in French are by Du Maurier.

The style of Henry Mills Alden's "Magazine Writing and the New Literature" (Harper & Bros.) strikingly illustrates his contention that there is a great gulf fixed between writers of Thackeray's time and writers of to-day. The work exhibits an apparent difficulty in thought, and a real difficulty in expression which Thackeray himself never attained, and which entitle it to a secure place in the new literature. Considering the essential difficulty of the new psychical style, it is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Alden has increased it by taking a trinitarian view of the first person plural: we the author of this book, we the *Harper's Magazine*, and we the intelligent public are diverse yet one and indistinguishable—from time to time, of course, the mere general reader must recognize with a shock that he is not one of "us." Minor differences of opinion, however, and the intellectual effort required in following the argument should prejudice no one against the important and startling major conclusions. To put the whole matter in a nutshell, the millennium has come; in fact it came almost exactly two generations ago. Mr. Alden holds that the mere physical triumphs of the present are so magnificent as to make all antiquity ashamed of itself: "Since the sixth decade of the nineteenth century more has been achieved in the material progress of the English race than in its whole previous history." But it is our psychical advance that has been most astounding. At about the year 1860 the human spirit entered upon its ultimate state and set about producing a new and ultimate type of art, literature, and civilization; at the same date, all the works of men's hands and hearts that had previously appeared in the world became obsolete:

> Even when, by way of holiday amusement, we don an older and more picturesque vesture and play antiques, we clearly understand ourselves and the *whimsical nature of our relaxation.* (The italics are not Mr. Alden's.)

The trouble with fellows like Plautus, Chaucer, and Montaigne—these are not Mr. Alden's examples; but, since their work fell long previous to 1860, they should illustrate the point—was that they lacked the "sensibility to reality" which is the distinguishing mark of the new literature exemplified by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, Mrs. Deland, and Sarah Orne Jewett. The point is, argues Mr. Alden, that *we* are "seeking to know what our world really means for us in all its possibilities, and what are the real values of human existence." Since 1860 we have understood "real" values; previous to 1860 the values were fictitious. Looking from the serene elevation of Henry James or W. D. Howells, the reader will easily perceive that "life was belittled and dwarfed by alien grandeurs" in all the greatest art and poetry, including Michelangelo and Milton—these are Mr. Alden's examples. Truly, as poor old obsolete Pope said:

> Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
> All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.

But have we really all entered into Mr. Alden's millennium, or are there still a few left who would pit Michelangelo and Milton against James and Howells on the "real values of human existence?"

Readers of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" and "Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" know precisely what to expect from Madame Waddington's new volume, "Château and Country Life in France" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Thoroughly familiar with the scenes she describes, yet with a certain freshness of view, due to her American origin, Madame Waddington paints a picture of rural life in France with a charming directness and simplicity. There is the intimacy, though not the piquancy, of the old French memoir in the rambling, unconventional style with which, like a graceful hostess, she introduces us to her home and the circle of her friends. One has the feeling of actually accompanying her on her country visits, of participating in the ceremonies and festivals of the region. The distinguished personages found in former volumes are, for the most part, absent; but there is an interesting chapter on the home of Lafayette; and reminiscences of the Boulanger episode, the Commune, and the Franco-Prussian war are mingled with accounts of hunting parties, weddings, the army manœuvres, and country elections—in short, all those peaceful and homely incidents of French provincial life which the glare of Paris leaves in obscurity, but which furnish the data necessary to any really just comprehension of French character. The final chapters relate to summers passed in remote corners of Normandy and at Boulogne-sur-Mer, affording glimpses of château life, to which the ordinary sojourner in France is a stranger. Those who have not read Madame Waddington's earlier books will be inclined to turn to them after reading this one. Those who are familiar with them need no other introduction to the present volume.

Joseph H. Underwood's "The Distribution of Ownership" (Columbia University Press) is intended to be an historical and critical account of the limitations which have always been imposed, in the common interest, upon the right of private property. It begins with some definitions, taken chiefly from German sources, such as "Property is the environmental complement of the personal spiritual heritage of the age"; and then proceeds to show that in all ages private property has been "subject to social subtractions" which have varied greatly from time to time. The author tells us that "primitive man probably appropriated only what he ate"; and goes on to show that his descendants appropriated more than they could eat, whence arose the necessity of social limitations upon private ownership. For such a study a very thorough training both in economics and in historical jurisprudence is needed, a training far exceeding that possessed by the average candidate for the doctor's degree. Our author has brought to his task no little good will, and the evident conviction that further limitations upon property rights are urgently needed; other qualifications for the work are not apparent. He makes indiscriminate use of a variety of works, good, bad, and indifferent, upon economics, jurisprudence, and sociology, but nowhere shows a firm grasp of his subject. Not infrequently he fails to grasp the meaning of his authors, and in some cases gets things squarely turned around. Thus he refers to a worthless work upon the industrial history of this country as authority for the statement that the British government restricted American industrial enterprise by imposing an export duty on broadcloth in 1631; whereas the author referred to states that this duty on British exports stimulated American industry, and, in point of fact, the law in question probably had little influence one way or the other. Again, discussing changes in fiscal legislation in Great Britain, he says: "The tariff was removed in 1842, and the corn laws were abandoned in 1846." Large questions of social policy he disposes of with brief comment that is alternately flippant or inane; and anything like ripeness and maturity of judgment is conspicuously absent from the entire performance. The sort of "investigation" that is accepted as suitable qualification for the doctor's degree has fallen under more or less suspicion in these latter days, and it is certain that monographs like the one in hand go far toward justifying that suspicion. We greatly need a comprehen-

sive treatise upon the institution of private property in its various economic aspects, but such a work cannot be produced by an immature student in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

A tiny volume published by E. P. Dutton & Co. gives us "A Dictionary of English Literature," compiled by M. McCroben. It might be called a Dictionary of Authors, as it consists of brief biographies of writers arranged alphabetically. It is not easy to guess just who would care to carry such a book of reference in his waistcoat pocket, but no doubt such men exist.

The Manchester University Press has just published the "Introduction to Early Welsh," on which Professor Strachan was engaged at the time of his death. It has been prepared for the press by Prof. Kuno Meyer.

A. C. Madan has added two volumes to the language books published at the Clarendon Press, viz., a handbook to "The Lenje Dialect" spoken in Northwest Rhodesia, and to "The Wisa-Lala Dialect" spoken in Northern Rhodesia.

Those who are interested in the work of the modern Russian realists may care to know that Leonidas Andreiyeff's "Silence" has been translated by John Cournos and published in a slender volume by Brown Bros. of Philadelphia. The translator's characterization of the story is also characteristic of those who revel in this kind of literature: "A melancholy poem, in which the reader is subjected to a series of heart pangs, and is forced to listen to a music, in which the dominant motif is a terrible, oppressive, and crushing silence."

Nineteen essays and addresses by Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, some delivered at various gatherings of Germans in America or at leading American universities, and some published in Germany or sent as letters to German professors, make up a volume, "Aus Deutsch-Amerika" (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn; New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.), quite as interesting in its way as any of the semi-popular works that have hitherto come from Professor Münsterberg. Discussing the "Professorenaustausch," or exchange of professors that has been going on between Harvard, Columbia, the University of Chicago, and various German and French universities for some years past, the author explains the large attendance at lectures by American professors abroad as compared with the small attendance at the lectures given by foreigners here, as being due to the different system of registration in courses, the greater freedom of the students in Germany and the Continent in general to select and go where they choose, and to the attraction of an opportunity to hear a foreign language spoken by natives of accomplishment. He thinks Columbia made a mistake, as compared with Harvard, in favoring the use of German by American-born professors lecturing in Berlin. Again, Professor Münsterberg believes that Germany and Emperor William, more than other influences, have kept the peace of Europe, and perhaps the rest of the world. Taking up the question of temperance, and the agitation of Germans in America for more freedom in the sale of beer, Professor Münsterberg states his conviction without mincing that beer has done Germans, both at home and in America, incalculable harm; that it is still doing the students of Germany great injury; and that it is discreditable, as well as short-sighted, for German-Americans to lose their heads in the anti-beer agitation and complain that their personal liberty is being infringed upon.

Georg Winter, who has for many years been a student of the period of Frederick the Great, and who has produced, among other things, an excellent biography of Ziethen, has published in two volumes of nearly one thousand pages a new biography entitled "Friedrich der Grosse" (Berlin: E. Hofman & Co.). This work differs from others in that the author does not lay the chief stress on Frederick's military achievements, but on his management of internal affairs.

The "Enzyklopädisches Handbuch der Erziehungskunde," published by Joseph Loos, with the coöperation of more than one hundred specialists, has been completed by the appearance of the second volume from M to Z (Vienna: Picher's Wittwe & Sohn). It contains 1,101 pages, with no fewer than 256 illustrations and six separate supplements. The contents cover the whole educational field, and not a few of the articles are really monographs on the subjects considered.

"Das schweizerische Zivilgesetzbuch vom 10 Dezember 1907" (Bern: Francke) brings in a volume of 618 pages, in the three official languages of the country, the entire revised body of laws for Switzerland, arranged under four heads: "Personenrecht," "Familienrecht," "Erbrecht," and "Sachenrecht." The book is edited by Dr. E. Leupold.

Prof. Eduard Koenig of Bonn has just published a new "Hebräische Grammatik mit Uebungstücken und Wörtenverzeichnissen" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), which is the outgrowth of long experience in teaching the language.

Prof. Bernhard Weiss of Berlin, in his new work "Die Quellen der synoptischen Ueberlieferung," issued as a part of the series, Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur, edited by A. Harnack and C. Schmidt (Leipzig: Hinrichs), gives the result of long study of the origin and composition of the Synoptic gospels. In most respects he follows the lines of his recent book "Die Quellen des Lukasevangeliums." In general he concludes that the material of our gospels is taken from a Matthew source (Q) and an extra tradition (L). On this basis he offers a construction of the text together with explanatory notes.

The seventieth birthday of Prof. Theodor Zahn of Erlangen, a leader of the conservative theologians of Germany, is marked by the publication of a collection of special studies by his pupils in four different countries: "Theologische Studien: Theodor Zahn dargebracht" (Leipzig: A. Deichert). The contents are as follows: Prof. N. Bonwetsch, Göttingen, "Der Schriftbeweis"; Dr. W. Caspari, Erlangen, "Die Bundeslade"; Prof. R. Grützmacher, Rostock, "Die Haltbarkeit des Kanonbegriffs"; Prof. Albert Hauck, Leipzig, "Die angeblichen Mainzer Statuten von 1261"; Prof. L. Ihmels, Leipzig, "Dogmatik und Schriftwissenschaft"; Prof. E. Nestle, Maulbron, "Kapernaum und Kaiphas"; Dr. H. Ohl, Ratzeberg, "Evangelische Lehre von der Busse"; Dr. W. Sanday, Oxford, "The Apostolic Decree, Acts, xv, 20-29"; Prof. E. Sellin, Vienna, "Die Schiloh Weissagung"; Prof. K. Jordan, Erlangen, "Alter und Herkunft der lateinischen Uebersetzung des Hauptwerkes des Irenæus"; Prof. A. Klostermann, Kiel, "Schulwesen im alten Israel"; Prof. R. Seeberg, Berlin, "Zur Trinitätslehre"; Dr. G. Wohlenberg, Altona, "Ein alter lateinischer Kommentar über die 4 Evangelien," Prof. A. Hjelt, Helsingfors, "Mikael Agricola"; Prof. K. Müller, Erlangen, "Zum neutestamentlichen Sühneglauben"; Prof. E. Riggenbach, Basel, "Begriff der διαθήκη im Hebräerbrief." Each of the discussions may be bought separately.

To the series Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) a new volume has been added, "Die Ausgrabungen in Palästina und das Alte Testament," by Prof. Hugo Gessmann of Berlin. The same firm announces a work on Modernism by Pastor J. Kübel of Munich, entitled "Geschichte des katholischen Modernismus."

The character of Karl Thieme's "Jesus und seine Predigt" (Giessen: Töpelmann) is indicated by the subtitle "Ein Volkshochschulkursus." The book consists of six semi-popular lectures, delivered last year at the University of Leipzig. In detail, the author discusses the sources of the life of Jesus, his career, his self-consciousness, his proclamation of the kingdom of God, and his moral preaching. The presentation is based on an excellent knowledge of the modern literature of the subject. The author aims, he says, to make the Christians of to-day more tolerant of each other's views, in regard to the person and the mission of Jesus.

To the definitive edition of the works of Descartes, published under the auspices of the French minister of public instruction by Charles Adam and Paul Tannery, there has been added a supplementary volume of correspondence (693 pages, L. Cerf).

Jules Lair and Baron de Courcel (former ambassador) publish for the Société de l'Histoire de France, under the auspices of the French Academy, "Mémoires du Cardinal de Richelieu," from the original manuscripts (457 pages, H. Laurens).

Pierre Horluc and Georges Marinet, professors at the Lycée of Lyons, publish a work of some value to specialists of the French language—"Bibliographie de la syntaxe du Français (1840-1905)."

Lucien Dorbon, the veteran Paris bookseller, has ready the first of four octavo volumes intended to furnish—by subjects—the bibliographical references of 400,000 volumes. Great historical questions, like the Diamond Necklace, have special bibliographies; and there are such general divisions as archæology, heraldry, travel. The work does not pretend to a complete description of editions, with dates and nomenclature, as in the classical work of Brunot, nearly a century old (1810), or in the immense publication now going on of Lorenz. It is intended rather for the use of literary workers who need complete references, without having at hand great libraries. It is a work undertaken entirely by the private initiative of M. Dorbon; but it should supplement considerably the facilities offered for example by the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Eugène Revillout, curator at the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre, publishes the first volume (E. Leroux) of "L'Ancienne Égypte d'après les papyrus et les monuments." It deals with the romance of chivalry and *chansons de geste* in ancient Egypt; historical romance; apologue; the middle age of Pharaonic Egypt in art and customs; religion and patriotism; and psychology in Egyptian art.

The first volume of "Les Cultes païens dans l'Empire romain," by Jules Toutain, lecturer at the École des Hautes Études, treats of the official Roman and Græco-Roman cults (E. Leroux).

In recondite numismatics, two more fascicles (pages 211-394, with thirty-five plates—Bithynie to Juliopolis), have been added to the first tome of the "Recueil général des monnaies grecques d'Asie Mineure." This extensive publication (Piot Foundation of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres) was begun by the late W. H. Waddington and is being completed by E. Babelon and Théodore Reinach (E. Leroux).

The Musée Guimet of Paris publishes the second part and conclusion of "Le Siam ancien," by Lucian Fournereau—a work of archæology, epigraphy, and historical geography (quarto, with forty-eight plates, E. Leroux).

Dr. Gonzalo Picón-Febres, Venezuelan consul in New York, has published in Caracas (Empresa el Cojo), a stately tome of upwards of four hundred pages treating of the literature of his native land during the last century: "La Literatura venezolana en el Siglo diez y nueve; Ensayo de Historia critica." It is illustrated with ninety-two portraits of historians, poets, novelists, and orators. Ample excerpts are given, especially in the department of verse. The Venezuelan, according to Dr. Picón-Febres, is naturally wide awake, vividly imaginative, full of talent, and very fond of poetry, for which he has a remarkable faculty. During the last ten years of the last century there was great literary activity. One would be surprised to read the long lists of names distinguished by Dr. Picón-Febres. He has the southern talent for eulogy, but he has evidently endeavored to be fair-minded. It is needless to say that his chapters contain a vast amount of fresh and interesting information about a country which, through the activities of its President, to whom (as "restaurador de Venezuela") the book is dedicated, is coming more and more into the public eye.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the American Historical Association will be held in Washington and Richmond December 28-31. At the opening session in Washington, a joint meeting with the American Political Science Association, Ambassador Bryce will deliver an address, "The Relations of Political Science to History and to Practice." Among the other papers and addresses are the following: "The Use of Census Materials in American Economic and Social History," Joseph A. Hill, chief of the Division of Revision and Results, United States Census Office; "The American Newspapers of the Eighteenth Century as Sources of History," William Nelson, corresponding secretary of the New Jersey Historical Association; "The Use of Newspapers for the History of the Period from 1850 to 1877," James Ford Rhodes; "The Use for Historical Purposes of the Newspapers of the Last Thirty Years," Talcott Williams of the Philadelphia *Press;* "Associated Press Dispatches as Material for History," Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press; "History and the Philosophy of History," George B. Adams, Yale, president of the American Historical Association; "Normandy Under William the Conquerer," Charles H. Haskins, Harvard; "The Movement of European Expansion Led by Prince Henry of Portugal (1420-1460), the Immediate Predecessor and Teacher of Columbus," C. Raymond Beazley, fellow of Merton College, Oxford; "Religious Toleration in Brandenburg-Prussia under the Great Elector and Its Material Rewards," Oliver H. Richardson, Yale; "Chatham, 1708-1908," Charles W. Colby, McGill; "Grant's Conduct of the Wilderness Campaign," Gen. Edward P. Alexander, C. S. A.; "Lee's Conduct of the Wilderness Campaign," Col. William R. Livermore, U. S. A., and "The Wilderness Campaign from Our Present Point of View," Major Eben Swift, General Staff, U. S. A. Conferences are announced as follows:

"On the Relations of Geography to History: The influence of the Geography of the South Atlantic States on Their History"—Chairman, Edwin E. Sparks, president of Pennsylvania State College; Frederick J. Turner, University of Wisconsin; Ulrich B. Phillips, Tulane University.

"On History in Secondary Schools, with Especial Reference to the Report of the Committee of Seven"—Chairman, Andrew C. McLaughlin, University of Chicago; Lee Bidgood, State Female Normal College, Farmville, Va.; J. G. Croswell, Brearley School, New York; J. Herbert Lowe, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn; William MacDonald, Brown University; Robert A. Maurer, Washington City High Schools; Edmund S. Noyes, Central High School, Washington; Miss Lucy M. Salmon, Vassar College; H. Morse Stephens, University of California.

"On the Problems of State and Local Historical Societies"—Chairman, Evarts B. Greene, University of Illinois; secretary, St. George L. Sioussat, University of the South: (a) Report of Committee on co-operation among historical societies, Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History, Mississippi; (b) The Applications of Photography to Archive and Historical Work, Waldo G. Leland, Carnegie Institution of Washington; (c) Historical Exhibitions, Albert C. Myers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

"On Research in English History"—Chairman, Edward P. Cheyney, University of Pennsylvania; Ralph C. H. Catterall, Cornell; Arthur L. Cross, University of Michigan; Miss Frances G. Davenport, Carnegie Institution of Washington; Charles Gross, Harvard; Laurence M. Larson, University of Illinois; Roger B. Merriman, Harvard; Norman M. Trenholme, University of Missouri.

"On Research in American Colonial and Revolutionary History"—Chairman, Herbert L. Osgood, Columbia; Charles M. Andrews, Johns Hopkins; George L. Beer, Columbia; Evarts B. Greene, University of Illinois; Charles H. Hull, Cornell; William B. Munroe, Harvard; Claude H. Van Tyne, University of Michigan.

"On Research in Southern History"—Chairman, Lyon G. Tyler, president of the College of William and Mary; Douglas S. Freeman, Southern Historical Manuscripts Commission; Charles H. Ambler, Randolph-Macon College; Miss Julia A. Flisch, Atlanta; Alfred H. Stone, Carnegie Institution of Washington; Thomas M. Owen, department of archives and history, Alabama.

The University of Christiania will celebrate its first centennial early in the year 1911.

Worthington C. Ford soon leaves his position as Chief of the Division of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress to act as editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston. He will be succeeded in the Library by Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Bureau of Citizenship of the State Department.

Dr. David Decamp Thompson, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate,* died in St. Louis November 10 at the age of fifty-six. He was born in Cincinnati, and was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University. He was author of two books: "Abraham Lincoln, the First American" (1896), and "John Wesley as Social Reformer" (1898).

The death of Edward Caird, former master of Balliol, just reported by mail from England, removes a rare teacher and a philosopher second only to Thomas Hill Green among the critical idealists of England. Only eighteen months ago, Dr. Caird laid down his work at Oxford to seek sorely needed rest. He was born at Greenock in 1835 and educated at Glasgow University and Balliol. He began his career as tutor at Merton College in 1864. Two years later he accepted the chair of moral philosophy at Glasgow. Those were the days when the empirical movement, accelerated by Darwinism, was bringing into disrepute both the problems and the solutions of traditional philosophy. Steeped in German idealism, Caird directed against the ranks of Comte and Spencer the subtle, critical weapons of Kant and Hegel. He was, however, much less of a controversialist than Green, and also inferior to the latter in constructive thinking and breadth of interest. But he was able, better than any other, to acquaint his countrymen with the sources of his inspiration. His "Philosophy of Kant" (1877) and his "Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant" (2 vols., 1889) remain to this day the fullest exposition of Koenigsberg speculation in the English language. Together with his "Hegel" (1888) they did much to fortify Scotland against the onslaughts of empiricism. At the same time, these volumes were by no means servile renderings of German texts; the expositor was constantly turning critic. Not until he became the Gifford lecturer, though, did Caird give free rein to his originality in print. Then he sought to defend the rationality of religion and to expound the logic of religious evolution. "The Evolution of Religion" (2 vols., 1893), and "The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers" (2 vols., 1903), embrace the addresses in which he used an interesting combination of dialetic and historical fact to show that the religious principle is involved in the most rudimentary experience. Largely because of its historical position, Caird's conception of religious growth shaded off from the Hegelian, on which it fed; but the famous three stages remain, and the culmination is reached in Christianity, which, as Caird saw it, preached a spirit imminent in nature and man, but at once transcendent to both, and using nature as a means to bring forth a higher form of spiritual life. From these, his most independent utterances, which never break with any of Hegel's leading ideas, it is easy to give the thinker a humble niche in the philosophers' gallery. As an influence, though, he must rank high. His teaching at

Glasgow, and later at Balliol, to which he came in 1893, as Jowett's successor, was full of nobility and enthusiasm. His other writings are "The Religion and Social Philosophy of Comte" (1885), and "Essays on Literature and Philosophy" (1892). The latter include his too little known studies on Dante, Goethe, Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Carlyle.

The death is announced at the age of sixty of William Andrews, librarian of the Royal Institution at Hull, England. For ten years he had conducted a local publishing business, in which he brought out some of his writings and compilations on the antiquities of Yorkshire and other counties. Among his works are "By-gone England," "Literary Byways," "Old Church Lore," "Historic Yorkshire," "Curious Epitaphs," and "Modern Merry Men."

News comes of the death, November 15, of Mme. Charles Vincens ("Arvède Barine") at the age of sixty-eight. She wrote much for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*. Her published works include "Portraits de femmes," "Étude sur les contes de Perrault," "Princesses et grandes dames," "Bernardin de Saint-Pierre" (in the Collection des grands écrivains), "Bourgeois et gens de peu," "Névroses," "Saint François d'Assise," "Jeunesse de la Grande Mademoiselle," "Louis XIV et la Grande Mademoiselle."

Henri Demesse has died in his fifty-fifth year. He was a well-known member of the Société des Gens de Lettres and of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. He wrote for the Paris journals on fine-art topics, and published a number of popular novels.

From Nymegen, Gilderland, comes the report of the death of Dr. B. F. Matthes. Educated at Leyden and Heidelberg, he went out to the Dutch East Indies in 1848 in the service of the Dutch Bible Society. He devoted himself to the study of the history of South Celebes, and prepared grammars and dictionaries of the language.

DEFECTS OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Problems of City Government. By L. S. Rowe. Pp. 358. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

City charters are changing so rapidly in the United States that any new work on municipal government is useful even if it tells no more than what is going on. Professor Rowe's work possesses such usefulness—particularly in his account of the spread of the commission plan and in the comparative view of American and European experience in the management of public utilities. But the greater part of the work is devoted to a consideration of the city as a social phenomenon. The point of view is indicated in the preface, wherein it is declared that "the rapid development of our large cities has a far deeper significance than the administrative problems which they present," and that "profound changes in social structure are directly traceable to the increasing aggregation of population." All this may be entirely true without helping toward the solution of the American problem, which is to ascertain and remedy the causes of our distinct failure in city government. Those "profound changes" are going on all over the world, but in no other civilized country is such a mess made of city government. That is the point on which enlightenment is needed and to which the efforts of students of municipal institutions should be addressed.

Professor Rowe's method is to arrive at conclusions by deduction from the principles of sociology. Thus we have a series of chapters dealing with the origin of the city, its characteristics in ancient, mediæval, and modern times, the ethical consequences of social aggregation, etc. The process of deduction from sociological premises reaches some startling conclusions. For instance, it is said (p. 79) that "our home ideals have retarded rather than promoted civic advance," and that "the women of this country must bear part of the responsibility for the failure of the home to contribute towards the development of civic action":

> With relatively few exceptions the wife has discouraged the participation of the husband in public life, because of the fear that such participation would take the husband away from home, and that it would encroach upon the time that should be given to the support of the family.

Professor Rowe offers a sociological explanation of this disposition on the part of wives: "Their education in the home and in the school has been of a character which has fostered the strongest individualistic tendencies." We believe, however, that we can give a more complete explanation without relying wholly on sociological premises. We grant that many wives prefer the society of their husbands at home and are too individualistic to be willing to sacrifice this palpable good to the often indefinite and doubtful results obtained from participation in politics. But more specifically, wives do not like to have their husbands mix in politics, because men are likely to drink and smoke more than is good for them; because they come home with the barroom reek that every woman hates to smell, and they wake up next morning with an aching head and a nasty temper that makes eleven kinds of trouble in the house. We believe that such things, rather than merely individualistic tendencies of home and school training, cause wives to use their influence to keep their husbands out of politics.

But, it may be asked, why is it, then, that Britons are able to give so much more attention to the maintenance of good government, not merely unopposed by their wives, but often with their active aid? The answer is that they do not give more attention, but, if anything, less. Their system of government is so organized that it runs well without more attention than citizens can easily supply out of their leisure time. Among the things that impress an observer of English municipal affairs is the absence of the continual fuss and worry about the way things are going, that one generally finds in an American community. Voters' leagues, reform associations, people's lobbies, and other extra-constitutional agencies for expressing public opinion are not there in greater measure, but are hardly there at all. Public opinion finds adequate expression in the regular organs of government and rests placidly content with them. But one finds that those organs are so adjusted as to relieve voters from all exertion save that of passing judgment upon results. Elections are confined to representation. There are no administrative posts to be filled, no delegates to be delivered, no party machine to be supported as a means of coordinating powers and functions distributed among independent authorities. An American election often confronts voters with the duty of making choice among more candidates than an English voter would have to pass upon in a long lifetime. The Kansas City *Star* of November 3 remarked editorially:

> At this election there are seven ballots, each about three feet long. On each of these ballots there are about fifty names. The average voter knows scarcely anything concerning more than half a dozen of the candidates.

All the English voter has to consider at any election is which one among a few candidates he prefers as his representative. This is a matter so plain as to be within any one's comprehension; so simple that it may be dealt with by casual conference with one's neighbors, or discussed over the teacups. In England, too, the civic dignity attracts the wives. If Mrs. Grub's husband, by hint of faithful municipal service, rises to be Mayor, and attracts notice by his benefactions, he may be knighted, thus making her Lady Butterfly. Under American conditions, Mrs. Grub's husband would have to handle a lot of pitch and would be fortunate if he escaped defilement. If he gets ahead in politics, it will be more likely to keep her awake of nights for fear the next graft prosecution may catch him in its net than to afford her the social satisfaction of shining by the reflected light of his dignity.

Now, what is the cause of this difference? Is it due to abstruse sociological factors, or is it due to difference in the ways in which public authority is organized? Let us consider a concrete instance. Take, for example, the case of Toronto, a good-sized city not far from the northern boundary of New York State, and in social characteristics much more American than English. There all the powers of the municipal corporation are vested in the

city council. Professor Rowe notes that American experience has accustomed us to regard this "as the worst possible form of governmental organization." It is admitted to work well in Toronto. Why? Well, when one looks beyond the mere form to consider functions and how they are discharged, one finds that there is a separation of powers that confers upon the representation of the community, as a whole, ability to present and bring to determination any issues of public policy, while the representation of locality is unable to obstruct those functions while possessing ample power to examine, discuss, and criticise. However forms may vary, it will be seen, upon examination, that wherever economical and efficient administration is found in any sphere of government, it is based on the correct adjustment of administration and control—the one function comprehending the power of effective action, in the presence of emergency, the other providing for the subordination of action to the general welfare. As embodied in municipal government, this adjustment may be accomplished in various ways, according to historic accidents of development, but one must scrutinize actual procedure to discern the method. In Toronto, the Mayor and four Controllers are elected at large. In addition, three Aldermen are elected from each of the six wards. All together form the Council. The Mayor presides and is ex-officio a member of every committee. The Board of Control, composed of the Mayor and four Controllers, appoints all heads of departments and subordinate officers, prepares the budget, and proposes legislation. The Council is organized into committees arranged so as to correspond with the administrative departments, and the hearings and inquiries of the committees are the ordinary springs of legislation. But the committees make their recommendations to the Board of Control, which reports to the Council concerning them, giving reasons for dissent, if the report is adverse, or introducing a measure of legislation to give effect to the recommendations, if approved. The system reciprocally connects administration and control, making each a check on the other. Legislation called for by the general interest cannot be held up or blackmailed by the representatives of particular interests. Hence, the system is unfavorable to the development of politicians of the spoilsman type. On the other hand, the system tends to develop City Councillors of the type best fitted to sustain the responsibilities it imposes. Hence, it is favorable to the election of men of character who can promote the interests of their constituents by dint of personal ability in a fair field. The result is that City Council service confers civic honor and in practice is the indispensable condition of further preferment. Councilmanic experience is among the legal qualifications required of candidacy for the position of Mayor.

The spread of such devices as the Galveston commission plan, and the creation of boards of estimates controlling budget preparation, are regarded by Professor Rowe as evidence of "a tendency to look to the executive rather than to legislative authority for the solution of difficulties," or, in other words, that the city council is a decaying institution. If one can distinguish between names and things, is it not the fact that what is really going on is the elimination of a defective type of the city council and the substitution of a newer and better type? What, in effect, is the Galveston commission but a small city council of the English type, in which administration and control are associated in one organ of government? Why should not the New York Board of Estimate be regarded as a legislative as well as an executive body? It certainly is a representative body; in practice it wields both executive and legislative functions. The truth is that the present tendency in this country is to secure, under a change of name, a real city council. But while the old city council was defective in its lack of provision for the representation of the community as a whole, it may be questioned whether the new type of city council which is emerging is not deficient in provision for local representation. While particular interests should have no power to obstruct or blackmail the public business, a sound system will provide that all interests shall be consulted in the determination of public policy. This is the principle that ward representation supplies, and it is not safe to eliminate it altogether.

But the solution of such problems is not to be reached by sociological deduction. The only hope of successful approach is by inductive reasoning—that is to say, by practical consideration of actual results, tracing them to their specific causes and applying specific correctives. It is just in this way that real progress is being effected. For this purpose, comparative study of municipal institutions may help by suggesting better methods, just as a man in trying to correct defects experienced in the organization of his business will naturally inquire how other men in his line manage such matters. Otherwise, comparative study, instead of promoting insight, may confuse and bewilder by its scrap-heaps of discursive information. The anecdote is told of some English man of letters, that he advised a novice who consulted him on literary style, to "shun Carlylese as you would shun the very devil." If for "Carlylese" "sociology" be substituted, the advice is now the best possible that can be given to students of municipal institutions.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Lighted Lamp. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

As in the case of its predecessor "John Percyfield," the reader of this book finds Baedeker daintily disguised by an embroidered cover of romance. But, in spite of the charming and complete descriptions of southern Italy, the book will hardly prove as interesting to the traveller as to the student of the psychic. The hero, having vegetated in an office during the natural time of his bodily and mental unfolding, is suddenly thrust out of business and into a fortune. It is not strange that under the stimulus of foreign travel and unusual companionship his mind should suffer from over-feeding. He becomes uncomfortably conscious of his own personality, both material and spiritual, and although this consciousness is common in some degree to most of us, we can but feel that his super-sensibility is detailed at unnecessary length, especially as we lack conviction, if not assurance, not only of his charm but of his reality. In that respect he is not singular; among a company that persistently remain shadowy despite much labored colloquialism, the delicately fanciful figure of Sappho alone assumes convincing substance. In this story, the author has striven to strike a note above the common gamut, but unfortunately the catastrophe substitutes for that sense of the inevitable which is the soul of tragedy, a hasty and irrelevant slash at the Gordian knot that may find justification in the perversities of life, but not in the canons of art.

Interplay. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The new thought exacts of its fiction that ladies with pasts shall not only prevail, but rejoice. Sackcloth and ashes are no longer worn. The weeping willow has given place to the green bay tree; penitence to pride. In "Interplay" Harriet Rivers has run off from an unbearable husband, with a lover, "honorable, chivalrous, great-minded," has lived with him happily till his death, and at the opening of the story has arisen from her woe like a giant refreshed and is hoping to marry a great Arctic explorer. His relatives are narrow and bigoted enough to object to a bride with a history, and their subjugation is the principal triumph in a plot full of triumphs of "the real thing" over outworn falsities. It was achieved for Harriet by her charms, particularly by her musical talent, and in a still further analysis by the Brahms Sonata in F minor. Listening from ambush to Harriet's playing of this composition,

her most hostile female in-law-to-be discovered that "the fetters were loosened, the great distances were unlocked, the fruitless pettinesses destroyed," and thus all ended as matrimonially as a registrar could make it. As for the explorer, he too had memories of his own in the way of history, and so didn't care a bit, being that rare man who now and then "rises up head and shoulders above his fellows, and shows the right way for the new generation to tread."

The volume would serve well as an advanced text-book in the modernizing of humanity. The whole idea is to bring everything down to 1908, socially, scientifically, ethically. Harriet Rivers and her champions accomplish marvels in convincing their world that kind hearts are more than marriage certificates. The youthful Bess strives nobly to emancipate her mother from the deadening clutch of "culture," and apologizes for her, by saying, "It's only that she does not understand—she has been so sheltered, so shut-in—but she'll learn." Everybody emancipates somebody from something, till theory and practice are indeed thoroughly cleansed of tradition. It is to be added that the story reads interestingly, particularly in the first half. The characters, in modelling and in conversation, are often original, sprightly, and unexpected, the situations fresh and seizing. But one would welcome an interval of emancipation from emancipation.

The Corrector of Destinies. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Randolph Mason may not be humanly possible—an embodied characteristic is rarely so; but there is a certain stern charm in so austere a conception as the incarnate essence of justice untinctured with sympathy. The character of his interest in the destinies he regulates is aptly sketched by one who remarks concerning him:

> Write to him the sort of note that you would write to a famous archæologist if you wished him to call and examine a rare Egyptian pot; . . . invite him to the examination of a case of rare and interesting injustice.

It is open to question, of course, whether he and his secretary would ever have seen the light had it not been for Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson; but that in an imitative age matters little, so the work be well done. Most of the stories hang upon points of law more interesting to the technician than to the outsider; the "Virgin of the Mountain" plumbs deeper waters, calling into play the reader's personal sense of justice apart from law. Whether one agree with Mason's solution of the problem or not, it is an interesting case, and to the perverse especially piquant as an unique chance to find a joint in the hero's armor of infallibility.

The Sovereign Good. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In these days of complex diversions the *vers de société* has been supplanted by the larger possibilities of the *roman de société.* In "The Sovereign Good," the characters are of impeccable social standing, with the exception of a few of the Poor, thrown in by way of contrast. The story is slight but pleasing, presenting the not unusual theme of an older woman's love for a gifted boy and the ultimate inevitable turning of youth to youth. The personages of the drama are seemingly intended for portraits, but even so fail to convince. One is left with a dominant impression of well-groomed and fashionably clad men and women taking tea in a richly subdued atmosphere, mildly elated by joys and elegantly submissive to sorrows as politely sophisticated as themselves. The lightness of the book's impact upon the reader's mind is the more regrettable in view of the writer's manifestly sincere effort to express the inner eventfulness of commonplace life.

I and My True Love. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This is a slight and rather clever novel, dealing with those problems of marriage, disillusionment, divorce, and re-marriage which seem in danger of taking entire possession of our novelists' minds. Christina Sargent, after being brought up for nineteen years by her father, a distinguished playwright, in the dignified seclusion of a New England village, is sent by him, on a sudden impulse, to learn the meaning of life and of her own heart under the charge of the mother who deserted her in the cradle and is now the beautiful and brilliant widow of the cynical man of fashion for whom she left her too simple and confident husband. The effect upon the girl's character of inheritance from her passive, fatalistic, magnanimous father and her wilful, imperious mother offers a rather interesting subject. The pretty child is neatly analyzed as "a distracting combination of innocence and cynicism," who, "if you attack her on one count . . . shifts to the other with disconcerting agility." She might be fascinating if the author had not made the fatal mistake of letting her be vulgar. Oddly enough, Kitty Warder, the woman who has broken her vows because marriage bored and maternity disgusted her, and who has subsequently passed through the searing experience of fifteen years' subservience to the iron will of a heartless voluptuary, retains her dignity, and, comparatively speaking, her refinement, but poor little Tina speaks and flirts like a shop-girl.

The most amusing thing about the book is that the Sodom into the dazzling gayeties and iniquities of which the innocent Christian is thrown is not the usual London or New York, but—Boston! The English of this novel is unusually good, and the illustrations are, if possible, more than usually inappropriate to the text.

Great Ralegh. By Hugh de Sélincourt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

A book which is written professedly for the general reader rather than for the special student must be judged as a piece of literature, and as such the present work is typical of the times in its failure to distinguish between vivacity and a cheap smartness and between legitimate illustration and irrelevance. We say typical of the times, for any one who reads largely in the mass of biographies now printed must observe a note of amateurishness that seems to grow more marked year by year. Some of them show on every page that their authors are mere novices at composition; others are by writers who never learn; their work is not literary and has no sign of the professional craftsman. Only here and there a rare example indicates that its author has the sort of training that would have been expected not long ago from the veriest compiler of Grub Street. As for Mr. De Sélincourt, he should know that it is not vivacity to close a paragraph on the apparent growth of humanity since Elizabeth's day with the snapper: "Let us be thankful for that, and let us by all means subscribe to the Home for Lost Cats." Nor does it show skill in composition to lug in an account of the trial and death of Mary Stuart, too brief to be interesting in itself and too long to fall properly into the general narrative. And again, to exaggerate insignificant acts is not the artistic way to magnify one's hero. Mr. De Sélincourt makes a vast parade of the fact that Ralegh, when Lord Warden of the Stannaries, once deigned to ride over the muddy roads of Devonshire to inspect the river at Roxburgh Down. *A la bonne heure!* That doesn't quite prove that "their [the Elizabethans'] capacity for bard work was unequalled."

These faults are typical of the whole growing school of biography to which Mr. De Sélincourt's volume belongs. Let us add that he has read up his subject better than is often the case, and that his subject is of inexhaustible interest. His analysis of the great Queen's power over her courtiers is thoroughly intelligent, though marred once or twice by bad taste in expression. His characterization of the two Cecils is excellent.

Equally excellent is his explanation of the inevitable antipathy between Ralegh, with his exuberant imagination and his reckless expansiveness of the true Elizabethan, and James, with his narrow vision and timid contraction. And then the man Ralegh himself, who could miss the contagion of his magnificent audacity? Mr. De Sélincourt becomes especially entertaining in his account of Ralegh's latter years of imprisonment and adventure in Guiana, despite a trick of apologizing where simple statement of facts would have been more effective. If Ralegh appears in our eyes to have debased himself by his letters of appeal from the Tower, it is because we forget that the men of that day, like the Homeric heroes, were not ashamed of their emotions. And were Ralegh's letters ten times more grovelling, they should be forgiven for that splendid and pathetic epistle to his wife, with its summing up of all the mad hilarity and endless ambition of the Elizabethans:

> For the rest when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitacions, you shall sit downe by Sorrow in the end.

What echoes of Shakespeare and all the choir of the dramatists run through those words! It is a note peculiar to a generation of great physical vitality and experienced in reckless adventure, and its almost complete absence from the literature of to-day is as distinctive a mark of our age as its constant presence is characteristic of the spacious times of Elizabeth. We may remark by the way that Mr. De Sélincourt has scarcely a word for Ralegh the poet, and makes too little use of purely literary materials generally. How valuable a generous use of such illustrations might be can be seen from the passage in which Mr. De Sélincourt takes up from one of Ralegh's letters the phrase, "Princes are lost by securetye," and shows its parallels in Shakespeare and Spenser, although he does not explain that "security" with these writers meant "carelessness." It is like a sudden, deep glance into the mind of the age.

Mandalay and Other Cities of the Past in Burma. By V. C. Scott O'Connor. With illustrations, maps, and plans; pp. xx+436. New York: D. Appleton & Co., $6 net.

The resuscitation of the past of Burma, as that past finds expression in its cities, is the aim of the author of this sumptuous volume. His success is due largely to the fact that he is not a casual traveller, but one who has lived among the scenes which he pictures and has imbibed much of the spirit which has ever characterized the Burman. His book is not easy reading, except to those familiar with the country and its history—a people whose chief concern from time immemorial has been, not the acquisition of wealth, but the storing up of spiritual merit. The kings' palaces, though superb, were of wood, while the temples and pagodas were of brick and stone. The unfinished pagoda of Mingun "is the biggest mass of brickwork in the world," and by its side is the largest bell in the world, whose majestic voice fills the air with a deep tremor. The most wonderful object in all Mandalay is the pagoda, "where the Buddhist scriptures stand carved in stone. Here is the biggest Bible in the world, each page of it a monolith of white marble the height of a man. And each of these pages, 729 in number, has a temple to itself. The white temples stretch away in long avenues like an army of soldiers."

This place, the last of the capitals, having been founded in 1857, has the greatest interest, and considerable space is devoted to a sketch of its history and a description of its present condition. Here, in 1879, King Thibaw sought to make his throne secure by the massacre of his seventy brothers and sisters. The abyss which separates the Eastern from the Western conscience is shown by the fact that at this day, "the general sentiment in Burma is that the massacre of the princes was a political necessity; painful and unfortunate perhaps, but inevitable, and warranted by a hundred precedents." The capital of the Burmese Empire at the zenith of its power, where art achieved its highest triumph, was Pagān. Yet notwithstanding its magnificent architectural remains, which cover an area of 100 square miles, it is rarely visited by travellers, and its romantic history is almost unknown. The story of Pegu, in some respects the most famous of all the capitals, a very populous city in the fifteenth century, with a circumference of twelve miles, is largely told in the quaint language of the earliest European travellers and traders in Burma

The value of the work is greatly enhanced by its wealth of illustrations of the monuments of the land, "alas! now hastening to decay." The delicate beauty of the details of the ornamentation of the palaces and religious buildings is strikingly brought out in the reproductions of photographs. It is to be hoped that such an interest will be awakened in these remains, many of a remote past, that there may be a systematic search among them, which would doubtless bring to light numerous hidden treasures revealing much of the untold story of early Buddhism. Only a short time ago there was discovered in the jungle of Pegu a statue of Buddha 181 feet in length. All the remarkable art, however, is not ancient. There is a figure of Gautama carved in 1864 from a solid block of marble, which it took 10,000 men thirteen days to drag from the edge of the canal to its present site. Lord Curzon gave much attention to the work of the preservation and investigation of these remains. Many buildings that might have utterly perished have, under his influence, been given a new lease of life. The volume closes with a minute of his, issued in 1901, on the necessity of the preservation of the great palace at Mandalay, on account of its value as a model of the civil and ceremonial architecture of the Burman kings.

Science.

Heredity. By J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

There have been, of late, many comprehensive examinations of the questions popularly associated with the name of Darwin. This book, an exceptionally handsome volume of the Science Series, is the newest of them. The author, a professor in the University of Aberdeen, confessedly does not undertake to contribute new material of his own, but seeks to collate the important facts and recent theories, and to discuss them, taking his stand frankly, and almost too insistently, on the doctrine that no transmission of an acquired character is known. In addition to a clear statement of current theories, there is much instructive criticism and comment, often requiring very attentive perusal, which the reader will find most stimulating and suggestive. The treatment is everywhere fresh, the language crisp and sometimes breezy. Particularly attractive is the exposition of Mendelism—and the incidental query as to its application to man, about which at present little is known—and to many readers of books along this line, the chapter on "Heredity and Disease" will be novel and entertaining.

It is in the last chapter, "Social Aspects of Biological Results," that the author is perhaps at his best, drawing fine distinctions well worth careful consideration. Here he points out the difficulty of making any extended practical application of our knowledge of heredity and pricks some of the bubbles which recent dreamers have been wont to blow. The formulæ of biology may not be applied to sociology without being rigorously tested, and it is a mistake to regard sociology as merely a higher branch of biology. The sociological group is made up of complicated units working together in a manner at present as much beyond biological analysis as the life problems of the individual unit are beyond mechanical analysis with reference to merely chemical and physical process-

es. The ideals of the biologist and the sociologist are by no means identical:

> Sociologically regarded, illegitimate children do not appear to be very desirable; biologically regarded, they are often valuable assets.

A similar argument is that trawling, despite domestic and pecuniary gains, means the disappearance of the line fisherman, a type the race can ill afford to lose.

Thomson urges that man varies but slowly, so that a rapid social variation must be suspected to be of other than germinal origin, and hence quite incapable of transmission. On the other hand, the plasticity of the human organism permits advantageous modifications, even though these be not inherited, and the practical question is the reimpression of these modifications on successive generations. There is, in human life, also an extremely complex external heritage, (customs, traditions, institutions, and so on) found at most but slightly in animal life. This leads to the interesting suggestion that in the human race "not a few of the biologically and socially unfit are only *modificationally* veneered, or repressed, or arrested," not hereditary forms at all. With the social doctrine of non-interference with natural selection our author has no sympathy. Infant mortality is not altogether a question of a survival of the fittest it is often artificially exaggerated; other fatal weaknesses, too, are frequently modificational and capable of being overcome by intelligent treatment, and in other matters to rely upon the selective power of the bacteria in improving the race seems to him merely to admit that man cannot select better. "That the weakling is to be allowed to breed more weaklings if it can is another matter." We have no space to follow his discussion further. Let it suffice to note as his conclusion that for human societies biological formulæ are not easily applicable, that rational selection profoundly affects natural selection and the process is far subtler than in stock breeding, and that the existence of various human societies causes yet greater complications, even if we can agree what to select for and are consistent in selection.

For those readers who may wish to follow the subject further there is a voluminous bibliography and a useful index of the books and articles, in which the authors are classified under nearly sixty heads.

A book on mental healing, by the author of "Confessio Medici," will, at least, be entertaining. The Macmillan Company announces such a work for early publication under the title of "Faith and Works of Christian Science." Among other things the book will examine critically two hundred cases reported as cured by Christian Scientists. From the same firm we are soon to have the fourth and last volume of the "Cyclopædia of American Agriculture," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey.

One would think that even in these days of specializing, a few places might be left unaffected by the extreme division of labor, and that the garden might well be one of these. A small handbook can contain the essential facts relating to most of our cultivated plants, and of such handbooks we now have untold scores. But the fashion has set in of breaking the subject into smaller and smaller fragments. The bit before us at this moment is "Daffodils," by A. M. Kirby (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The group of allied plants is not large except in the multiplicity of varieties, but concerning these the author has made a very readable book. The plants which one knows as narcissus, jonquil, daffodil, and campernelle, are among the most satisfactory for home gardens, because as yet their enemies have hardly found them out. They have been cultivated for many centuries, and have grown wild for many more, but up to the present time, they have been attacked by practically only one insect pest and one destructive blight. Moreover, they survive careless treatment and are patient under neglect—qualities well calculated to make them favorites. This little volume gives sound advice as to the varieties and their management, and goes even so far as to bring before the reader the recondite processes by which new varieties may be produced and perpetuated.

Richard C. Maclaurin, head of the department of physics at Columbia University, was chosen, November 11, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since the retirement of President Pritchett, three years ago, the place has been held provisionally by Prof. Arthur A. Noyes, who will now be able to return to his important experimental work in the laboratory of physical chemistry. Dr. Maclaurin was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1870, although his early years were passed in New Zealand. He studied at the University of Cambridge, where he received the M.A. degree in 1896, being bracketed in his examinations with the senior wrangler in the first division of the first class in part two of the mathematical tripos. After graduating he spent two years in the United States and Canada studying and visiting various colleges. He then returned to Cambridge to study law, winning the highly prized McMahon law studentship, and in 1898 gaining the Yorke prize for a thesis on "The Title to Realty." In the same year the university conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science for his work in pure science, and in 1904 honored him with the degree of LL.D. Meanwhile, he had been appointed professor of mathematics in the University of New Zealand, and in 1903 dean of the faculty of law. In 1907 he accepted the chair of mathematical physics at Columbia University, in place of Dr. R. S. Woodward who had been made president of the Carnegie Institution. Dr. Maclaurin's varied training as man of science and lawyer, and his wide experience, ought to fit him peculiarly for his new and responsible post. Some notion of his theory of education may be gained from a paragraph in a paper published by him in a recent number of the *Revue Scientifique:*

> The usual practice is to devote the earliest part of a student's life to so-called culture, and to postpone his scientific and technical training to a later stage. This artificial arrangement is thoroughly irrational; for if any separation be really required, it would seem more reasonable first to train the young mind thoroughly in scientific methods and leave the assimilation of real culture to a later period, when he has a broader outlook and a better knowledge of men and affairs. This is the educational principle underlying the training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In the death of Dr. William Keith Brooks, November 12, the Johns Hopkins has lost a scholar who has been connected with the institution since its foundation. Dr. Brooks was born in Cleveland March 25, 1848; he graduated from Williams College in 1870, and from Harvard received the degree of Ph.D. in 1875. He was for a while an assistant in the museum of the Boston Society of Natural History, but left that position when the Johns Hopkins was established, in 1876, to act as associate professor of zoölogy, and later as full professor. He was also connected with various learned societies, and at one time was director of the marine station at Wood's Hole, Mass. In 1882 the Maryland Legislature appointed him chairman of the Oyster Commission, and he drew up a detailed report of the condition of the Chesapeake oyster beds. His publications include "Handbook of Invertebrate Zoölogy," "The Stomatopoda of H. M. S. Challenger," "A Monograph of the Genus Salpa," "The Foundations of Zoölogy," and "The Oyster."

Dr. Azel Ames died November 12 at the age of sixty-three. He was a well-known sanitary engineer, and served with distinction in the civil war and the war with Spain. Later he was director of vaccination in Porto Rico, and served on several other commissions. In 1874 he published "Sex in Industry," and in 1902 "Elementary Hygiene for the Tropics." He was also a special student of American Colonial history, as shown by his "Mayflower and Her Log," published in 1901.

Drama.

Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor. By Paul Wilstach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

This is the sort of book that might have been written by a theatrical press agent, so packed is it with trivial and irrelevant detail, so devoid of sober judgment, so disorderly in arrangement, so oblivious of uncomfortable facts. Mr. Wilstach was associated with Mr. Mansfield for many years, was devoted to his person and interests, and writes of him with an unwavering and self-evident partiality which inspires distrust in him, both as chronicler and critic. He tells much that might as well have been left unsaid, and leaves untold much that would have been both interesting and pertinent. It is unnecessary to follow him through the main outlines of the actor's professional ca-

reer, which are already pretty generally known. No one disputes that Mansfield was a man of great and varied artistic ability, of high courage and ambition, of imperious, violent, and whimsical temper. All these qualities he inherited from his mother, the famous Madame Rudersdorff, a most able and distinguished woman. He was, along certain lines of romantic and eccentric drama, an admirable actor. Moreover. he was a liberal, tasteful, and progressive manager, actuated by a profound belief in the dignity of his profession—although he did not always illustrate it—and by definite views touching the artistic and educational functions of the stage, to which he was generally faithful. But he was not by any means, as Mr. Wilstach seems to maintain, the greatest or most versatile actor of his time. nor were all his favorite impersonations upon any thing like the same level of excellence. It is noteworthy that Mr. Wilstach does not quote recognized authorities in support of his most extravagant contentions.

That Mr. Mansfield had a potent and curiously sympathetic personality is proved by the masses of theatregoers of all classes who flocked to see him during the last ten years or so of his career. To that personality he was a slave. He could, occasionally, as in Chevrial, adapt it; he could not disguise it or greatly modify it. And, all unconsciously, Mr. Wilstach reveals the cause of his essential lack of versatility. He quotes him as saying:

> Inspiration only comes to those who permit themselves to be inspired. It is a form of hypnotism. Allow yourself to be convinced by the character you are portraying that you are the character.

This is one of the commonest delusions of second-rate actors. In their own jargon they feel the character, flatter themselves that they are the character, and then proceed to interpret it in accordance with their own natural impulses. Acting is an intellectual, not an emotional, process; and the versatile actor is he who is careful to keep his private personality apart from the fictitious identity. Elsewhere it is noted that, whereas Edwin Booth, and some other actors, could indulge in social pleasures up to the very raising of the curtain, Mansfield had to keep himself in rigid seclusion for hours before acting, lest he should break the spell. This is just what might be expected. Booth, a great actor, had fixed intellectual conceptions which were not affected by external happenings. One of our greatest modern actresses used to tell her weeping stage associates funny stories during her most pathetic death scenes.

It is in chance revelations of this sort that this book partly justifies itself. The letters to Mr. Mansfield's wife and son, in which the actor shows his tender human side, make very pleasant reading, while his generosity, his courage in adversity, his endurance in suffering, and his extraordinary self-reliance compel admiration. They do much to atone for his unruly passions and his colossal egotism.

"Salvation Nell." presumably the first product of Edward Sheldon, a very youthful dramatist, was produced in the Hackett Theatre, in this city, on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Fiske. It is a reduction of the modern craze for realism almost to the point of absurdity. At the bottom of it—barely perceptible in the intervals between living pictures—is the skeleton of a possible drama, but the author had not the skill to articulate the disjointed fragments, or put them to practical use. The professed theme—the redemption of a castaway, by the power of love, backed by religious enthusiasm—would be of an inspiring kind, if treated with sincerity or ability, but in this case is made worthless, if not actually meretricious, by vulgar and irrelevant sensationalism. Of the spiritual conflict, which alone could give dramatic force or value to such a story, only a glimpse is afforded here and there, and then only in very crude and incredible fashion. The representation consists mainly of reproductions of the coarser elements in saloon and tenement life, often indisputably true in the mere externals of ribaldry, drunkenness, degradation, and dirt, but wholly unnecessary to the main plot, and altogether unprofitable and unpleasant. There is no more pestilent heresy in the theatre of to-day than the notion that truthful detail is necessarily and invariably precious on its own account. As a panorama "Salvation Nell" is often extraordinarily vivid; as a play it is, except at two or three isolated moments, invertebrate, disagreeable, and worthless.

Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, "Dolly Reforming Herself," which has recently been produced at the London Haymarket, contains some scenes in his best comic vein. It begins with a New Year's Day discussion, which results in a general resolution to get rid of certain bad habits. Thus Dolly Telfer is to cure herself of extravagant indulgence in dress and Capt. Wentworth is to stop flirting with his married cousin The scheme of the play is to show that, in spite of good intentions and more or less honest effort, the personages concerned are no nearer to reformation at the last curtain than they were at the first.

Music.

Schuster & Loeffler of Berlin announce the early publication of a new and complete edition of the literary works of Carl Maria von Weber. The volume, edited by Herr Georg Kaiser, will contain no less than forty articles not included in any previous collection.

A brochure is in preparation by Arthur Farwell for the National Federation of Musical Clubs, which is to contain a complete list of the works of American composers, with their publishers. It will probably be ready in May.

Oscar Hammerstein is continuing his good work of making American audiences familiar with the best modern French operas. "Samson et Dalila," which he produced at the Manhattan last Friday, is, to be sure, not so modern as "Pelléas et Mélisande," for it was written as long ago as 1872. Like the "Legend of St. Elizabeth" of Liszt and the Biblical operas of Rubinstein, "Samson et Dalila" can be performed either as an opera or as an oratorio; Saint-Saëns wrote it deliberately from this point of view, because at that time the Parisian managers refused to stage his operas; but it is vastly more effective as an opera. Yet while it is often sung in this country as an oratorio, at the spring festivals, it has had but one performance as an opera, and that one, which occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1895, was hardly adequate and attracted such a small audience that it was not repeated. Since then, audiences have changed in their attitude toward new operas or revivals, and the Manhattan production was witnessed by a crowded house and applauded with great cordiality. There are not a few dull pages in the opera, but these are more than atoned for by the abundant enchanting numbers, among which the great love duo, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," is world-famed. Saint-Saëns was the first composer who transplanted Oriental coloring into European scores with scientific intelligence as well as technical skill, and of this talent there is a delightful specimen in the ballet music to which, in the last act, the Philistine maidens dance in the temple of Dagon. In this scene Mr. Hammerstein introduced his latest importation, Odette Valéry, whose specialty is a snake dance. The principal singers were Gerville-Reache, Dalmores, Dufranne, and Vieuille.

Oscar Hammerstein's new Philadelphia opera house opened last Tuesday evening with "Carmen." Maria Labia took the title rôle; Dalmores, Don Jose; De Segurola. the Toreador; Gilibert, El Dancairo; and Vieuille, Zuniga, "Samson et Dalila" will be given in Philadelphia to-night. Philadelphia will hear Mme. Tetrazzini in "The Barber of Seville" at the first matinée, Saturday, November 21.

For five years—ever since their Academy of Music was destroyed by fire—the music-lovers of Brooklyn have been obliged to come to the Borough of Manhattan for grand opera. The opening of the new Academy, last Saturday, inaugurated a new era. "Faust" was sung by the Metropolitan Opera Company, with a cast headed by its two most popular artists, Caruso and Geraldine Farrar, and with the same scenery, chorus, and orchestra as on Broadway. Fourteen of these performances are to be given. Grand opera is, of course, only one of many functions of the new Academy. The auditorium, which seats 2,200, is to be used also for concerts, oratorios, and meetings. The building contains a concert hall seating 1,400, a banquet hall for 600 diners, a lecture hall for 400 listeners, and four smaller lecture halls for 100 each.

The coming to these shores of Dr. Ludwig Wüllner is an event of unusual interest. Americans are still far too much inclined to worship beauty of voice *per se*. Such beauty is, no doubt, a very desirable thing for a singer to possess, but there are other qualities of greater importance. These are embodied preëminently in Dr.

Wüllner's art. He rather welcomes the epithet, "the singer without a voice," which has been applied to him, because it calls attention to the fact that he has won international fame by other means. As a matter of fact, he has a voice of agreeable quality, except when he forces it; but at the same time it is undeniable that if, like so many other singers, he had a *vox et præterea nihil*, he would never have made his mark on the concert stage. He was for a time an actor, of a highly emotional type, one can safely say, and he had the happy thought of applying to the lyric song the qualities which help an actor to success, much as Geraldine Farrar and Maurice Renaud apply them operatically. The lyric song needs such a rescuer badly, for it has fared ill of late in the hands of the mere vocalists, who sing with the throats only and not with the head and heart. Head and heart are in evidence every moment when Wüllner is before an audience; when he sings Schubert's "Wanderer," "Erlking," or the "Doppelgänger" there is not a shade of meaning in the poem that is lost, not a subtle accent in the music that is neglected. One thinks not of voice, nor of vocalization; one simply enjoys what he sings; his audience at Mendelssohn Hall last Saturday applauded him as if he were a Caruso, but for very different reasons. Out of his repertory of 700 songs he chose for this concert ten by Schubert and ten more by Brahms, Schumann, Wolff, and Strauss.

The dates of the concerts which Gustav Mahler will conduct for the New York Symphony Society are Sunday afternoon, November 29; Tuesday evening, December 8, and Sunday afternoon, December 13. The chorus parts of Mahler's Second Symphony will be sung by the chorus of the Oratorio Society, which Frank Damrosch is preparing for that occasion. On account of the many extra instruments required for the Mahler Symphony, the orchestra will be increased to one hundred and fifteen musicians.

The Kneisel Quartet announces two matinées at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday, January 19 and February 23. This series has been arranged especially for the convenience of persons living outside of this city and of those who may not wish to subscribe to a longer series of concerts.

Art.

The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy: Their History and Their Architecture; together with Much of Interest concerning the Bishops, Rulers, and Other Personages Identified with Them. By T. Francis Bumpus. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.50.

This volume belongs to the Cathedral Series, of which the Cathedrals of Northern and Southern France, England, the Rhine, and Northern Spain have already appeared. It includes Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, and Bologna, and the Lombard churches of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona, and Pavia. A reference list of the more noteworthy pictures and wall-paintings in the churches described in the text is appended.

The introductory chapter treats of the guiding principles of North Italian church art and the distinguishing characteristics of the various schools. The tendency to deny the connection between the early Christian churches and the heathen basilicas, prevalent in the middle of the last century, is now obsolete. The obvious difficulties in the way of adapting the small *cella* of the Roman temple to the uses of Christian worship, and the equally obvious similarity in plan and construction between the early Christian churches and the Roman basilicas, afford ample proof that the appropriation of the latter for the purposes of worship was also followed by the erection of edifices on the basilican model. The author, accordingly, concedes little independent merit to the early Christian builders. But the fact that antique art furnished them both their constructive and decorative elements, and that as the edifices which afforded the material for plunder fell into decay their buildings became ruder and, except in mural paintings, poorer in decorative effect, might well have received greater emphasis. The modifications introduced in the basilican model when the new spirit began to assert itself are traced with clearness and are fully described in the study of the various churches personally visited and examined by the author. It is doubtful, however, whether his hope that thereby the lay reader may be enabled even approximately to fix the date of an edifice, or its place in the development of a style, will be realized. For this a far fuller and different illustration is necessary. The evolution of the Romanesque and Lombard styles is concerned with such a multiplicity and variety of constructive and ornamental elements, these elements are so widely scattered, and the thread of progress is so often obscured by a reversion to early methods, that the reader is soon lost in details—unless, indeed, he be so fortunate as to be able to follow the author's footsteps book in hand.

Most satisfactory is the analysis of Byzantine architecture as it appears in the West at Ravenna, Torcello, and Venice. But it has always seemed to the reviewer that in a work not designed for the technical student, certain fundamental structural principles which roughly distinguish the great styles might be given more prominence. Such, for example, is the Romanesque restoration of the column to its Greek function as a supporting member, the Roman having employed it, like the entablature, purely as a decorative element, except when he servilely copied Greek temple construction; or, again, the Byzantine solution of the problem of placing the dome on the square, as marking the advance from the Pantheon to St. Sophia. Such broad distinctions, while they do not tell the whole story, are exceedingly useful in fixing the vital differences of styles, for while in Greek art these differences are chiefly those of proportion and ornament, in all subsequent architecture they are primarily those of construction.

To the reader interested in architecture, especially if he be able to follow the author's commentaries *in situ*, this volume will prove a valuable aid to intelligent comprehension.

The American Academy in Rome announces a competition for the prize of Rome in architecture. It is open to unmarried male citizens of the United States, who are graduates of one of the following architectural schools: Harvard, Columbia, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Pennsylvania, George Washington University at Washington, Cornell, University of California, Washington University, St. Louis; University of Illinois; or who are graduates of a college of high standing and hold certificates of at least two years' study in one of these schools; or who have received the diploma of the School of Fine Arts in Paris. The beneficiaries receive travelling expenses to Rome, and, on completion of the full term of study, expenses to homes in the United States. Each beneficiary will get $1,000 annually for not less than three years. During their residence in Rome, the beneficiaries are required to live in the academy, where studio facilities and sleeping rooms are provided for them without charge. They are required during the first year to remain in Rome and in central Italy. During the second year they travel in Italy and Sicily, and during the remainder of their term, in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and in other countries where classic and renaissance remains exist.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Pierre-August Renoir at Durand-Ruel's, till December 5; and paintings by Howard Pyle at Macbeth's, till November 25.

Achille Jacquet, the distinguished French engraver, has died at the age of sixty-two. He studied under Pils and Henriquel-Dupont, obtaining the Grand Prix de Rome in 1870, and a second medal at the Salon in 1877. In 1892 he succeeded his master, Henriquel-Dupont, at the Académie des Beaux-Arts. His best-known work is after Meissonier, but he also engraved pictures by Bouguereau, Detaille, and other artists.

Finance.

A FINANCIAL ANNIVERSARY.

One year ago last Tuesday, people read in their newspapers that the government had taken the panic in hand and was to apply a sedative. This was the issue of $100,000,000 in 3 per cent. one-year notes, and $50,000,000 in 2 per cent. bonds under the Panama Canal Act. At the moment, as most people will recall, the usual process of

reasoning in the matter was suspended, because the credit crisis was still alarming, the currency famine at its worst, and a score of important industrial centres were resorting to a makeshift "emergency currency" of their own to keep the wheels of trade moving. The natural supposition was that the government's action, being announced as a relief measure, was calculated to remedy, quickly and vigorously, some of the worst symptoms of the malady. Had it not been for this vague idea, most people would have asked at once, What possible sense can there be in the United States Treasury's asking a loan of $150,000,000 from a money market where merchants and manufacturers can with difficulty get the funds to conduct their ordinary business?

It was explained in the Treasury circular of November 16, 1907, that the cash need not really be taken out of the banks at all. The greater part might be instantly redeposited on government account, or, if the banks preferred, they might use the new securities as a basis for increase in their own circulating notes. Here was at least the germ of an idea; a means might be provided for meeting the urgent demand for circulating medium, and for stopping the "currency famine." But the banks soon discovered a flaw in the reckoning. If they employed the bonds as a basis for circulation, then, in buying the bonds, they were simply exchanging reserve money for banknotes which could not be lawfully used as bank reserves. If they pledged the bonds as collateral for government deposits, then they were giving up 100 per cent. in lawful reserve money, and getting back only 75 to 90 per cent. In the case of the 3 per cent. notes, they could not spare the margin of actual cash required to carry out the operation; in either case, they would be forced to tie up their resources in a public loan, at the moment when their customers were in most urgent need of them.

The Treasury had intimated that the 3 per cent. note issue was designed primarily to draw out hoarded currency through the heavy cash subscriptions expected from individual investors; but the idea turned out a complete illusion. The public was in no mood whatever to invest—least of all in a 3 per cent. security, when the markets were full of high-grade issues which, at the panic prices, would yield nearly twice as much. Practically no individual subscriptions were received. The banks, too, were equally reluctant. The $50,000,000 in Panama bonds they took, but without enthusiasm; within a week, sale of the $100,000,000 3 per cent. notes was abruptly suspended. There had been issued only $15,436,500 out of the proposed $100,000,000; that was the end of the experiment.

This extraordinary chapter of history may properly be recalled to-day because its lesson ought to be emphasized, and because the maturity of the 3 per cent. notes, this week, gives opportunity to view the whole scope of the operation. When the fifteen millions and more are redeemed on Friday, the government will also pay out $463,000 in accumulated interest. This sum of nearly half a million dollars is pure waste; its expenditure has accomplished no useful purpose, to the government, to the money market, or to the banks. Even the Panama bond issue has served merely for a belated inflation of our banknote currency, which the banks have for ten months past been laboring to reduce. The temporary influence of the expedient, in the panic period itself, was merely to impede the restoration of the surplus bank reserve, because of the resultant expansion of liabilities.

The lesson of the affair, very evidently, is that the government should hereafter keep its own head in a panic, and refrain from fruitless meddling, asked by terror-stricken people, simply on the ground that "something must be done." Secretary Cortelyou, defending last November's operation, later on, in response to a Senate resolution of inquiry, argued that "the most potent weapon" available for stopping panic "is often as much one of moral effect as of the definite action taken," and he pointed out, by way of illustration, the British government's suspension, in the London panic of 1866, of the bank act, limiting Bank of England circulation. But the two cases are not really analogous. Our banking law already provides for such leniency by the government, in the clause which declares that the Comptroller of the Currency *may*, but not *must*, call national banks to account for impairment of their 25 per cent. reserve against deposits. The perfectly understood purpose of this wording was to enable the banks, with the full approval of the government, to use their cash reserves to the uttermost in a real emergency. It is exactly for that purpose that the reserve fund is created. It has been argued, subsequently, that the Danish government took a hand, with good results, in last autumn's Copenhagen panic, through guaranteeing the assets of the banks then subject to a run. But this argument overlooks the point that Mr. Cortelyou, in his prompt and altogether wise use of the Treasury's cash surplus, in the very hour of the October crisis, to relieve the beleaguered New York trust companies, through the banks, did far more than the Danish government, and did it wholly within the law. To undertake, at the moment when the panic was getting under control through the natural process of relief, a clumsy, complex, and probably illegal government operation, was a precedent fraught with peril. Its true analogy was the sudden reissue of retired legal tender notes, by a frightened Secretary of the Treasury, in the panic of 1873; and the best thing that can be said, either of that transaction or of the one of November, 1907, is that both of them failed so completely as to incur the heartiest disapproval even of practical business men.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anglade, Joseph. Les Troubadours: leurs vies—leurs œuvres—leur influence. Paris: Armand Colin.

Arnold, Felix. Text-Book of School and Class Management: Theory and Practice. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Auchincloss's Chronology of the Holy Bible. D. Van Nostrand Co.

Barrows, David P. A History of The Philippines. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Bazin, René. The Italians of To-day. Translated by William Marchant. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.

Bearne, Mrs. A Royal Quartette. Brentano's.

Bekker, L. J. de. Stokes's Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Frederick A. Stokes. $3 net.

Benett, W. The Ethical Aspects of Evolution Regarded as the Parallel Growth of Opposite Tendencies. Frowde.

Besnier, Maurice. Les Catacombes de Rome. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

Black, Hugh. The Gift of Influence. Fleming H. Revell. $1.25.

Bonney, Sherman G. Pulmonary Tuberculosis and Its Complications. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $7 net.

Cable, George W. Kincaid's Battery. Scribner. $1.50.

Chapple, Joe Mitchell. The Happy Habit. Boston: Chapple Publishing Co.

Cheetham, F. H. Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire. John Lane. $5 net.

Clifton, Richard. The Miller and the Toad. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Cole, William Morse. Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Connor, Ralph. Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkirks. The Sky Pilot: A Tale of the Foothills. Fleming H. Revell. $2 each.

Dicey, A. V. Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Dickinson, G. Lowes. Justice and Liberty: A Political Dialogue. McClure. $1.20 net.

Defo, Danielo. Robinsono Kruso. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cts.

Doyle, Edward. The Comet: A Play of Our Times. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie von. Lotti, die Uhrmacherin. Edited by George Henry Needler. Henry Holt. 35 cents.

Eliot, Charles W. University Administration. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Faunce, William Herbert Perry. The Educational Ideal in the Ministry. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Financial.

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Gould, E. L. Felicia. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Green, Helen. The Maison de Shine. B. W. Dodge.
Green, James. Personal Recollections of Daniel Henry Chamberlain. Worcester: Davis & Banister.
Hall, Hubert. Studies in English Official Historical Documents. Putnam. $3.75
Herodotus. Books VII. and VIII. Edited by Charles Forster Smith and Arthur Gordon Laird. American Book Co. $1.75.
Higgins, Aileen Cleveland. Dream Blocks. Duffield. $1.50.
Hodges, William Romaine. Carl Wimar: A Biography. Galveston: Charles Reymershaffer.
Holland, Journal of Elizabeth Lady (1791-1811). Edited by The Earl of Ilchester. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.
Holman, H. Pestalozzi: An Account of His Life and Work. Longmans, Green. $1.10 net.
Hugo, Victor. Les Misérables. Edited by Douglas Labaree Buffum. Henry Holt. $1.25.
Kelly, Myra. Rosnah. Appleton. $1.50.
Lagerlöf, Selma. Christ Legends. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.
Lake, K. The Text of the New Testament. E. S. Gorham.
Larner, Edgar T. The Principles of Alternating Currents for Students of Electrical Engineering. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.
Launay, L. De. The World's Gold: Its Geology, Extraction, and Political Economy. Translated by Orlando Cyprian Williams. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Laut, Agnes C. The Conquest of the Great Northwest. 2 vols. Outing Publishing Co.
Lee, Frank T. Sidelights on the Bible. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Lincoln, Abraham. Anthology. Edited by Francis D. Tandy. Francis D. Tandy Co. 75 cents.
Mackinder, H. J. The Rhine. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Mallet, Bernard. Thomas George, Earl of Northbrook. Longmans, Green. $5.
McLeod, Christian. The Heart of the Stranger. Fleming H. Revell. $1.25.
Memoirs of the Comte de Rambuteau. Edited by His Grandson. Translated by J. C. Brogan. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Mills, Lusina Strong, and Mills, Jessie. Verses. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker. Century.
Monroe, W. S. In Viking Land. Boston: L. C. Page. $3.
Montague, Margaret Prescott. In Calvert's Valley. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.
Montgomery, Frances Trego. Cats and Kitts. Chicago: Brewer, Barse & Co. 50 cents.
More's Millennium: Being the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget. John McBride Co. $1.50.
Moser, Gustav von. Der Bibliothekar: Schwank in vier Akten. Edited by Hollon A. Farr. Henry Holt. 40 cents.
Onken, William H., jr., and Baker, Joseph B. Harper's How to Understand Electrical Work. Harper. $1.75.
Palmer, George Herbert, and Palmer, Alice Freeman. The Teacher: Essays and Addresses on Education. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Patmore, William J. A Happy Night. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.50.
Pennell, E. R. and J. The Life of James McNeill Whistler. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Poe, Edgar Allan. Tales. Centenary Edition. Duffield. $2.50.
Poscher, Robert. Andrew Marvells Poetische Werke. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Powell, Lyman P. The Art of Natural Sleep. Putnam. 90 cents net.
Rankin, Reginald. In Morocco with General D'Amade. Longmans, Green. $2.50 net.
Reynier, Gustave. Le Roman sentimental avant L'Astrée. Paris: Armand Colin.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. The Supreme Test. Brentano's.
Richardson, S. S. Magnetism and Electricity, and the Principles of Electrical Measurement. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Saint Bernard on Consideration. Translated by George Lewis. Frowde. $1.
Saleeby, C. W. Health, Strength and Happiness: A Book of Practical Advice. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Sand, George. La Petite Fadette. Edited by Madeleine Delbos. Frowde.
Savory, G. W. Babes Unborn, or Families of the Faithful. Claremont, Cal.: Order of the Orange Blossom. 25 cts.
Sermon on the Mount, The King James's Version and Revised Version. Duffield. 60 cents.
Shakespeare's Macbeth; King Henry the Fifth. New Hudson Edition. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Sittig, Mrs. Frank. Good-night Stories. Robert J. Crombie & Co.
Sowerby, Githa and Millicent. The Bumbletoes. Duffield. 75 cents.
Spargo, John. The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.
Stewart, Jane A. The Christmas Book. Griffith & Rowland Press. 75 cents net.
Stoddard, William O. In the Open. Harper. 60 cts.
Tarkington, Booth, and Wilson, Harry Leon. The Man from Home. Harper. $1.25.
Thomas, Edith M. Children of Christians and Others. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Tupper, Edith Sessions. The Stuff of Dreams. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
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Warren, Carro Frances. Little Polly Primrose and Her Friends. Boston: C. M. Clark.
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Williams, Rev. John. The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting Co.

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The Week.

The official list of contributors to the Republican campaign fund contains few surprises. Preliminary "leaking" had given the public a pretty shrewd idea of its actual contents. It will be well to keep certain of the names handy, when it comes to "claims" upon the new administration, diplomatic or otherwise. Some of the Pennsylvania givers may reasonably be supposed to have been grateful in anticipation of tariff favors to come; but that was to be expected. The largest donors, including Mr. Taft's brother, were practically known in advance. A discerning eye will perceive something like a rounding up of the diplomatic corps, many of whom came down handsomely. Ambassador Hill's contribution of $2,000 may have been intended to prove to the German Emperor that he was not so poor a man as had been represented. The total sum is about what was believed. The $5,000,000 campaign which Chairman Hitchcock thought necessary to plan in the beginning, came down to about $1,700,000, and that amount, in view of the result, appears to have been ample. That is one lesson of great value to be learned from this new publicity. The country knows now that such vast campaign funds as Mark Hanna raised, and as Mr. Roosevelt had four years ago, imply either waste or corruption, or both. We see that a President can be elected for one-third the money which was said to be needful for "legitimate expenses." Another lesson is that no harm would have been done by frank publication of these contributions before the election. Hereafter, that course ought to be pursued voluntarily by the national committees, even if it is not compelled by law. So far as one can see now, there is no greater scandal attaching to the receipt of any of these Republican contributions than there was to some of the Democratic.

There is visible distress among the "friends of the tariff" over the way in which the whole question of revision has been thrown open. They now see themselves faced by free and full debate. This was the last thing on earth they wanted, and the thing above all others which they cannot endure. What they had in mind was tariff revision under a blanket. Perfunctory hearings were to be held, in which each man with a claim on the party would take the bill and sit down quickly and write whatever rate of increase he might like. Then the power of the Republican organization in Congress was to be used to shut off discussion, and to put through the measure. These nicely laid plans have already gone agley. It is now clear that something like an irrepressible conflict over the tariff is before Congress. Public interest is keenly aroused. The spectacle of men calmly asking that the taxing power of the government be put at their service, to increase their profits, no longer passes as a matter of course, an entirely innocent proceeding. People are now shocked by it. Ugly words are applied, such as the "thieves" and "hogs" of Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Taft asked his innocent question, "Where are the consumers?" Mr. Carnegie fired his shot heard round Pittsburgh. The result of all has been to make an end of the projected juggling and secret revision of the tariff. It is plain now that the work has got to be done in the open, that manufacturers will not be permitted to go at midnight to write their own schedules, as they did in the McKinley and the Dingley bills, and that the entire subject is up for thorough investigation and resettlement. No tariff-reformer can ask for a better opportunity than this prospect furnishes. As we said repeatedly during the campaign, such publicity and searching inquiry about the tariff are the first requisites. For eleven years, debate on the matter has been stifled in Congress. Not even the most reasonable and urgent proposal to correct acknowledged absurdities or inequalities in the Dingley bill, could be got out of the morgue of the Ways and Means Committee. But the protectionists are now on the defensive, and will be forced to explain and justify, in the open court of reason, every one of their little schemes to make the country rich by taxing it.

Mr. Taft deserves thanks for the quiet yet forcible way in which he has gone about the business of keeping the pledges which he made in the name of his party. These were regarded by the "standpatters" as only a campaign trick. Since the election, they have been even denying that any promise was made. The Boston *Advertiser* having remarked that the new President had promised that there should be "many reductions" in the tariff rates, the *American Economist*, which stands for the highest, blindest, and greediest protection, rejoined in its issue of November 20:

> We do not understand that Mr. Taft has made any such promise. There is a marked difference between the vague opinion that some of the tariff schedules might properly be reduced and a promise that the schedules shall be reduced. Not having any power to execute it, Mr. Taft would not be likely to make that promise. As President he may, if he chooses, recommend tariff reduction, but he cannot reduce the tariff. Congress alone can do that.

With talk of that kind in the air, it is not surprising that Mr. Taft, as an honest man, has taken occasion to say that he means to be honest about the tariff. He said this in Washington, early last week, and he said it again through Mr. Burton last Sunday, when he intimated that he should not hesitate to oppose Speaker Cannon if necessary, in order to carry out the solemn pledge of the party to make a thorough and honest revision of the tariff.

Current press dispatches report that in all likelihood a treaty referring to The Hague court of arbitration all questions affecting the Newfoundland fisheries, will be laid before the Senate at its coming session. This would be an admirable way of settling once and for all certain vexing problems which, like those arising from the tariff, have caused much friction between the two countries. The removal of these grievances would also dispose the Canadians to take fresh interest in proposals from our side to reduce duties on Canadian products. Both their political parties have become advocates of protection. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier has long favored a comprehensive treaty dealing with the tariff and other points of dispute. Now that he has entered upon his final term as Prime Minister, he might well desire to crown his career with so brilliant a

diplomatic achievement. Certainly, Mr. Taft, during his Presidency, could do nothing more useful than to join Canada and the United States by new and far-reaching reciprocity treaties. Free trade between the countries would benefit the whole world by assuring peace between two great neighbors, and by showing how artificial lines may be gradually broken down. Herein lies the greatest value of free trade, and the firmest ground for hope that, despite reverses and defeats, the cause still marches on.

Mr. Bryan's defiant announcement that he will run again for the Presidency in 1912, if "circumstances" once more "force" him into the campaign, removes the last reason for not proceeding forthwith to wrest control of the Democratic organization from his hands. There has been a laudable feeling that one should not be too hard on a man when he is down. Even those most strongly convinced of the need of a new leader and other managers have wished to go about the work of reorganizing the party with due consideration of Mr. Bryan's sensibilities. But apparently he has none. Everybody knows what he means when he says "circumstances." He means retaining mastery of the party machinery. That was the one circumstance which forced assent to his candidacy this year from the reluctant Southern States. Steps ought at once to be taken by self-respecting Democratic leaders in the South to make it clear, even to his complacency, that he can never have that support again.

There are limits to the posturing of even organized labor. At Denver, last week, the report of the committee of the Federation of Labor advocated entire disobedience to court injunctions, with an heroic going to jail rather than submitting. But this was too fantastic for the convention, which voted down that part of the report, three to one. Consequently, it will be left to the individual to decide whether he will give heed to the orders of a judge, or be committed for contempt. An injunction, with other regular processes of the court, being the law of the land, there is no reason why the Federation of Labor, if it resolved to "disregard" injunctions, should not also proclaim its intention of disregarding the laws against assault and battery. But now that the election is over, the sensible view was taken by the majority of the Federation. Hence a labor leader may hereafter refuse to make a martyr or a fool of himself, without danger of being called a "scab."

If adopted just to avoid the appearance of charity, the Carnegie Foundation's plan to pension college teachers without regard to their private means seems hardly necessary. Only a few hypersensitive souls insist upon viewing the endowment as a poor-fund. Everybody else perceives that there is no difference whatever between money given to a college for a chair in physics and money given for a retiring allowance to a professor of physics. The man who accepts as salary the interest on the first sum is just as much and just as little an object of charity as the pensioner. The latter has infinitely less reason for humiliation than the well-to-do lawyer who secures $5,000 worth of education for his son at a cost of $600 in tuition fees. The college professor has earned his pension by hard work; it is only deferred salary. If he cannot accept it as such, consistency will force him to resign at once; for all his academic earnings are equally tainted with benevolence.

A new revolution in Hayti will supply Nord Alexis with another chance within less than a year to show that age cannot wither nor custom stale his fine tropic ferocity. This latest uprising, headed by President Alexis's own military commander in the south of the island, would seem to have been provoked by the action of the President himself when he summoned Gen. Simon to Port-au-Prince for a conference on political conditions. Gen. Simon interpreted the invitation as given in the same spirit that animated Alexander VI when he invited a rich cardinal or two to dinner. Gen. Simon refused to come to Port-au-Prince, and has been declared a rebel. Yet he may have indulged in war-like preparations without treasonable intent against the President. Nord Alexis is over eighty, and since his death would surely be followed by a scramble for the vacant place, a prudent politician and military man might well lay his plans accordingly.

When an English field marshal catches infection his temperature rises just as if he were an ordinary American naval captain or Congressman. Lord Roberts and Richmond Pearson Hobson—it is amazing how the virus of foreign invasion develops the same symptoms in both. Japan grows and adds to her war-strength; obviously she aims at us. Germany is growing and building warships; obviously, she aims at England. Germany has ships with a carrying capacity of 200,000 men "always available in her northern ports," and can gather 200,000 men in the region about her nearest harbor "without trouble." Moreover, Lord Roberts tells his countrymen about the eighty thousand Germans in England, corresponding to Hobson's twenty thousand Japanese in San Francisco, who upon the outbreak of war are sure to pour a dreadful backfire into Britain's serried ranks. What need of specifying just how this attack from behind will be delivered? The German waiters in London will at once begin to serve underdone chops, and so impair the military efficiency of British heroes. German book-stall attendants will force upon their customers the works of Plato and John Locke and sickly o'er their resolution with the pale cast of thought. German tailors will supply British cavalry regiments with uncomfortable riding breeches.

That so fine a soldier as Lord Roberts should not think of checking up his views by the history of war in the past, only shows how far from common sense a man will wander in pursuit of a hobby When, in recent years, has a nation at war received the slightest military coöperation from its subjects resident within the borders of the enemy? One would imagine that our own civil war would have offered such an opportunity. There were in the North tens of thousands who favored the cause of the Confederacy. Yet in spite of vast rumored conspiracies, military assaults, and burnings, no hostile Southern force attacked the Union armies from the rear, no great Northern cities were seized, no cities were burned, no treasuries were looted. This whole method of war by conspiracy is the invention of the imaginative novelists who have recently been waging fearful wars all over the world—for the magazines—and making and unmaking empires. Yet against the dreadful eighty thousand German

waiters, tailors, and clerks, reinforced by their sixty million brethren beyond the seas, Lord Roberts calls for a citizen army of a million men. It is true that only three years ago a committee of defence under Mr. Balfour examined the subject thoroughly and pronounced the fear of invasion nonsense. Things have changed during the last three years, argue the chills-and-fever school of British politicians. Yet what has changed? Britain's engirdling seas are still there. Her fleet is still there. If it's her nerves that are giving way, these same politicians are directly responsible for it.

It is pleasant to turn from armies of a million men and billion-dollar navies to vast amounts of money and large multitudes dealt with in the interests of labor and peace. The Irish Secretary's estimate that it will cost $900,000,000 to carry into full effect the scheme for transferring the soil of Ireland to its cultivators nearly doubles the expenditure foreseen by the authors of the Irish Land Act of 1903. What has been accomplished so far under that act? The champions of war and destruction move forward to the blare of the trumpet. The regeneration of a country's economic life proceeds in humble, humdrum fashion. Mr. Birrell's statement that $125,000,000 has already been expended under the act of 1903, and that loans to the amount of $260,000,000 are under negotiation, is not so illuminating as the record of the actual increase in the number of individual Irish land holdings. From 1890 to 1904 the number of occupiers increased only by 21,000, reaching a total of 545,000 in the latter year. From about the beginning of 1904 to March 31, 1907, a little over three years, there were sold by the Estates Commissioners 4,444 estates to 111,972 purchasers. Allowing for the fact that some of the purchasers were already the possessors of land of their own, the enormous increase in independent fee-holders is apparent.

When Campbell-Bannerman surrendered the Premiership to Herbert Asquith, there came any number of predictions regarding the inevitable dissolution of the Liberal majority, due to take place within anywhere from three months to two years. Campbell-Bannerman's personality alone held the Liberals together; with him gone, etc. But Mr. Asquith has shown that a party may be held together by something else than the gracious qualities of its leader; and those other means are aggressive leadership, tactical skill, and, above all, getting one's party on the right side of broad moral issues. The Liberal government has already placed some notable pieces of legislation to its credit. It is now on the eve of settling one long-fought legislative battle, and possibly two. The latest Education Bill goes to the Lords backed by the great mass of moderate opinion in both parties. It is a compromise measure to which the Church of England, through its highest dignitaries, has consented, to which the bulk of Nonconformist opinion is reconciled, and to which Roman Catholic opinion can be won over. The chances for favorable action by the Lords are therefore excellent. The fate of the Licensing Bill is more uncertain. The tremendous majority with which it passed the House of Commons, shows how deeply stirred is the country over what few care to deny is really a great moral issue. It is, however, a great moral issue pitted against very great special interests, and in the ordinary course of events the Lords' assent would not be forthcoming to a measure that has been denounced as virtual confiscation. But on the Licensing Bill, too, Mr. Asquith has the Archbishop of Canterbury and many influential bishops with him, and Mr. Balfour must needs hesitate before entering into conflict with the Tory party's historic allies.

Emperor William's bowing to German public opinion lends striking confirmation to a letter which Dr. Theodor Barth wrote to the Manchester *Guardian* on November 3. In it, he declared that the Kaiser's power, or even disposition, to withstand the clearly expressed wishes of the German people was "enormously overrated in foreign countries." Dr. Barth has no sympathy with the view of William II's supernatural abilities. The great trouble has been that the Emperor has constantly been supplied with "false information." Surrounded by favorites and flatterers, he has too often been kept in ignorance of the true sentiment of Germany. This is a danger besetting every monarch, and, we may add, every President. There is no one to tell him the truth. But in the present instance the voice of the German people reached the Imperial ear like the sound of many waters, and the Kaiser both heard it and heeded. This result was distinctly foreseen by Dr. Barth, who wrote that the Emperor, with all his pretensions to absolutism, could neither prevent public criticism nor "enforce the consent of public opinion." Dr. Barth takes a large view of the whole affair. It was but a final proof that political conditions in Germany were becoming "unbearable." The nation has made too mighty an advance to be held longer to mediæval notions of government. "It is only a question of time," calmly writes Dr. Barth, "when Germany will be democratized as England, France, and Italy already are." Be it slow or rapid, the process has been sensibly helped by the Kaiser's surrender.

MR. CARNEGIE ON THE TARIFF.

Mr. Carnegie's article in the *Century*, advocating a tariff for revenue only, is one calculated to make hidebound protectionists wish that it, too, had been suppressed. For, say what they will, it is a body blow to them. They have been asking for men who can speak with authority, and here they have got one who throws his authority squarely against them. They have wanted "practical" witnesses, and in Mr. Carnegie they find one without a single trait of the despised college professor or closet-philosopher. Of course, they will abuse him as a "renegade." Indeed, they are already beginning to do so. Senator Burrows of Michigan, for example, is quoted as saying that Mr. Carnegie "made his fortune manufacturing steel under the protective policy of the Republican party," but now "seems disposed to tear down the walls which afforded him protection and enabled him to amass wealth." The sole question with reasonable men, however, is whether Mr. Carnegie, no matter what his attitude in the past, is to-day speaking words of truth and soberness.

In the steel business, he is an acknowledged master. Here his statements are as conclusive as they are distressing—to the high-tariff fanatics. They have talked glibly, but insincerely, of tariff duties designed to equalize the "cost of production," at home and abroad. In especial, they have pointed

to high wages in the United States as making it absolutely necessary to protect the dear workingman. But Mr. Carnegie blows them out of the water with his assertion that steel can be made in this country "cheaper than anywhere else, notwithstanding the higher wages paid per man." He goes on: "Not a ton of steel is produced in the world at as small an outlay for labor as in our own country." This is heartrending. But worse is to come, for Mr. Carnegie, in defiance of the high protectionists who point to the danger of an inundation of cheap goods from Germany, declares that in Germany to-day the "cost per ton for labor" is "greater than with us, unusually high as our wages are at present." Thus is this stone of the free-traders, rejected all these years by the tariff-builders, made the head of the corner. We can but hail Mr. Carnegie's aid in enforcing a truth which trained economists have long maintained, but which our law-makers have sneered at. With them, it has been axiomatic that higher wages mean higher labor cost. Mr. Carnegie shows that they may often mean a lower. His article should be a kind of surgical operation on the heads of protectionists, which cannot fail to make their brains work better, and we may even hope that it will improve their morals.

The confusion wrought in the high-tariff camp by Mr. Carnegie's bombshell is highly illuminative of the way in which protective duties are paid. Washington dispatches show the Republican tariff-makers spluttering and running to cover. They cannot and do not deny Mr. Carnegie's facts, but they consider his publication of them "astounding." In other words, their little game is exposed. Hereafter, they will be liable, Congressmen say, to "infinite embarrassment," if they consent to placing steel on the free list, and then stand out for high duties on other manufactures in which their own "States and districts" are particularly interested. The whole log-rolling theory of tariff-construction is revealed in the attitude of Senator Sutherland of Utah. He is bound to demand a high tariff on lead, wool, sugar, and hides, products of his State, and therefore declares that it would be "most unwise" for him to commit himself to "wiping out the duties on the commodities produced in some other State." Apparently, he fears that if Dalzell should lose the steel booty, the enraged Pennsylvanian would compel others to give up their tariff loot, in turn. We see how frankly the tariff is thus confessed to be the result of a combination of special interests.

Low-tariff men and convinced free-traders may well rejoice in the discussion which Mr. Carnegie's article is certain to stir up. It will make the mind of the nation, and even of Congress, more receptive to the truth than it has been before. All that any one can ask is fair debate, with all the facts brought out, and then a willingness to "follow the argument," as Socrates used to say. The argument really leads further than Mr. Carnegie goes. In specifying manufactures of cotton and wool, together with those of glass and china, and fruits, as imports "used almost exclusively by the rich," and arguing that the duties upon them ought to be maintained or even increased, he overlooks entirely the way in which the tariff enables the domestic manufacturer to increase his charges for what the middle classes and the poor are compelled to buy. This reflex action of a high tariff, by which the right to tax the consumer is placed in favored hands, is something which no thorough and honest inquiry can leave out. But that will all come, in time. For the present, it is sufficient cause for congratulation that Mr. Carnegie has sounded his trumpet before the walls of the high-tariff Jericho.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The agitation for the restriction of the liquor traffic is rapidly moving from the South and West to the North and East. The question will soon be, indeed already is, before us in this State. In the last election the liquor interests worked quietly but effectively against Gov. Hughes on the theory that he is "narrow and puritanical," and is therefore likely to sign a restrictive bill. Just after the election—November 12, to be exact—the Lager Beer Brewers' Board of Trade of New York and Vicinity held a meeting and passed resolutions professing "readiness to coöperate with the authorities in the work of practical regulation of the liquor traffic," hoping that "in a short time" objectionable places would be "put out of existence," but protesting against "unenforceable laws" which are urged by "our over-zealous paternalistic friends." Certain it is that, with or without the recommendation of Gov. Hughes, local option bills of one kind or another will be introduced at Albany this winter. In view of this prospect we welcome as an uncommonly timely publication the November issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, devoted to "Regulation of the Liquor Traffic." It contains seventeen papers treating different aspects of the subject, from a general article, "The Local Option Movement," by the Rev. S. E. Nicholson, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League, to "The Regulation of the Liquor Traffic in England" by Miss Agnes E. Slack of the National British Women's Temperance Association. Since an adequate summary of such a large and varied miscellany is impossible here, we shall touch upon only two or three points that bear directly on conditions in New York State.

The case for the liquor dealers is presented in "The Saloon Problem," by Hugh F. Fox, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association; and "The Attitude of the Distillers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers on the Regulation of the Liquor Traffic," by David Stauber, secretary of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America. Both writers make the usual professions as to the earnest desire of liquor dealers as a class to conduct saloons "in a decent and orderly manner." Although the more intelligent and far-sighted members of the trade may feel this desire keenly (they are aware that every vile grog-shop is an unanswerable argument for severe restriction), yet we cannot believe that the influential brewers and distillers are united in serious efforts to improve the moral tone of the saloon. If they are, then they have failed lamentably. A large number of saloons are nothing more than agencies for the sale of this brand of beer or that of whiskey; they are conducted much as the virtual owner, a brewer or distiller, wishes to have them conducted; and if in a given locality—say the "Tenderloin" in New York city—systematic law-breaking is profitable, the law will be systematically broken, with the approval, or indeed at the behest, of the wealthy proprietor. This fact it is which makes us skeptical when the liquor men promise to be good if only

they are let alone and allowed to work out their own salvation. Under the present law nothing prevents their making the saloons as virtuous as may be; but the saloons remain plague-spots in the community, centres of drunkenness, licentiousness, and crime. Nothing, we are convinced, can protect our citizens, young and old, but severe restriction.

The sole issue is as to the form of that restriction. Various suggestions are made: high license, State dispensaries, local option (perhaps combined with high license), and prohibition. The last mentioned plan, we are confident, will no longer be seriously urged in our large and populous Eastern States. Prohibition enforced by a general statute, applying to wide areas, containing both densely crowded cities and thinly settled farming country, has been a failure. It is a failure in Maine to-day. In some rural districts the law is enforced with fair success, and the results may be beneficial; but in the long run the law has been scandalously broken in such centres as Portland, Augusta, and Bangor. Nor have our attempts at State dispensaries been very encouraging. One of the most interesting contributions to the *Annals*, "The State Dispensaries of South Carolina," by Niels Christensen, jr., of the Beaufort *Gazette*, tells us that "the State did not succeed as a barkeeper." By way of summary, Mr. Christensen says:

> The dispensary accomplishes much in abolishing the social features of the saloon and the element of private profit that is so potent in pushing sales. But in putting into the hands of public officials the power to purchase liquor, the door for graft is thrown wide open, and through it at any moment may enter corruption that will render the system as evil as the worst.

This is not, of course, the last word on the dispensary; for our experiments have not been conducted long enough and under sufficiently various conditions to enable us to reach a final judgment.

We believe, however, that the most successful of our endeavors thus far have been along the line of local option, and we should be glad to see the New York Legislature pass a really comprehensive measure embodying that principle. The present law certainly works badly. Whatever may be said for it in the hills of Schoharie, does not apply to New York city; and, moreover, the provisions that may be satisfactory near Central Park are often preposterous on the Bowery. The problem of Sunday closing is not the same in Coxsackie and Canal Street. It is for these reasons that we should like to see this State try a local option law that shall be more extensive in scope than most of those now in operation. In the average Western State, the city or town is given the option of "going wet" or "going dry." And in New York it is only fair that towns in which the majority of voters oppose the sale of liquor should have the right to see what may be done by prohibition in a limited area. But we wish also to see a vote, not merely on the question of saloons or no saloons, but, when saloons are admitted, on the hours of opening, both weekdays and Sunday. Only in this way can we find out the real opinion of the vicinage and arouse sufficient interest to secure the enforcement of whatever regulations may be imposed. For one of the worst evils of the saloon to-day is the demoralization of our police and of whole groups of citizens through collusion in violating the provision for closing.

POUREN AND THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

While waiting for the Federal authorities to decide whether Jan Pouren, the young Lettish peasant whom the Russian government is so anxious to have retored to its paternal arms, is a political refugee or an ordinary criminal, we may call attention to the extraordinary zeal with which the government of Nicholas II has suddenly set out to vindicate the majesty of the law. Since the beginning of Russian emigration to this country thirty years ago, some two million subjects of the Romanofs have landed in this country. Among them there must have been hundreds, at least, who were fugitives from justice. Yet, Russia was content to let us enjoy her brigands, forgers, horse-thieves, and assassins in undisturbed peace, until their ranks began to be swelled by members of a new criminal class who call themselves revolutionists. Only then did the Czar's government recollect that a treaty of extradition gave it the right to demand the surrender of runaway "criminals." Pouren's case was only a beginning. Apolinaris Alexandrovitch, a youth of eighteen, was recently haled back to Russia for the offence of forging a certificate of advanced academic standing. Two arrests at the instigation of the Russian authorities are reported from Chicago. If the world at large has been led to think that several hundred executions a week were enough to keep Russian justice reasonably employed, it was mistaken. Appetite notoriously grows by feeding, and the Russian government, having established the reign of law within its borders, by means of drumhead courts, military courts, states of major siege, states of minor siege, states of extraordinary security, and states of merely reinforced security, is evidently sighing for new worlds to conquer.

The true object of the present campaign of extradition is not hard to guess. The Russian authorities wish to create the impression that America can no longer be looked to as asylum for enemies of the established order. In Continental Europe, the places of refuge are being steadily circumscribed. Germany has long been surrendering political prisoners to Russia; Switzerland is beginning to do so. The task before the Russian government seems simple. At home, it has stamped out revolution, or driven it underground. Tho main preparations for a new revolutionary campaign must be carried on abroad, as were the preparations for the upheaval of 1905-07. If the world can be closed to the revolutionists, with anything like the effectiveness attained within the Czar's dominions, the autocracy will have reduced to a minimum the chances of further revolutionary opposition. England and the United States are the only two great nations which still offer generous rights of asylum to opponents of political misrule. England, however, is now the close diplomatic friend of Russia. All the more reason why this country should be careful not to withdraw a privilege which, by the very nature of our institutions and our history, we owe to the champions of political progress the world over.

To draw the line between the ordinary criminal and the political refugee accused of acts of violence, is often very difficult. Revolutions are not fought and won by armies composed exclusively of Mazzinis or José Rizals. Not every workman who mounted the Moscow barricades in December, 1905, could have drawn up a convincing brief for constitutional government as against autocracy. Not every Lettish peasant who waged guerilla warfare against the Rus-

sian government and the German feudal landowners in the Baltic provinces kept his hand to the precise measure of violence justifiable in revolution. Thus it is that the principles of political asylum obtaining in this country and in Great Britain make explicit recognition of the inevitably irregular nature of revolutionary warfare. In 1897 John Sherman, Secretary of State, in the course of certain negotiations with Mexico, quoted from a judicial decision in the Federal courts:

> One cannot look too hardly and weigh in golden scales the acts of men hot in their political excitement. . . . An act of this description may be done for the purpose of furthering and in furtherance of a political rising, even though it is an act which may be deplored and lamented . . . by those who calmly reflect upon it after the battle is over.

Obviously, the intention of the law is that every chance shall be given to the refugee who pleads his political opinions as a defence against extradition.

Even then the case of the defendant is sufficiently hard. Victorious governments may produce documentary evidence in profusion; a fugitive revolutionist is not likely to carry with him irrefutable testimonials of his identity. The question arises whether the accused was a member of an organized revolutionary party, and witnesses testify to his presence at this or that secret meeting of a revolutionary junta. "Were minutes of the proceedings kept?" "Yes." "Where are they?" Where, in the natural course of events, would the records of a party be, whose members have been shot, hanged, imprisoned, or sent into flight abroad? The revolutionary records are gone, and counsel for the prosecuting government thereupon moves that verbal evidence as to their existence has no weight against the thousand printed folios adduced by *his* client. Often a refugee will refuse to answer questions which may endanger those who are still within the power of the accusing government. At every step the prisoner is handicapped. Not to recognize that such disadvantages rest upon the ordinary political fugitive, is to deny him in fact the right of asylum which we grant him in word. The world is stirring with the forces of political progress. Turkey, Persia, China—who knows, Germany, perhaps—may any day be sending us suppliants for protection, whose greatest guilt will be that they wished well to their country. The open door should not be closed to them, an open door far more important to the general welfare of humanity than one admitting thousands of bales of American cotton goods into Manchuria. Today, the Russian government calls for the surrender of a Pouren, who may or may not be an ordinary criminal. Tomorrow, it may call for the surrender of a Tchaikovsky.

GERMANY'S NEW TAXES.

Not yet done with the internal crisis created by the German Emperor's indiscreet interview in the London *Daily Telegraph*, the Reichstag is compelled to face the duty of imposing new and heavy taxes. The Imperial Ministers have of late years thought imperially, but managed their budgets with but little foresight and wisdom. Hence, it has become necessary to raise for the Empire an additional annual revenue of no less than $125,000,000, while the Prussian Ministry is at the same moment casting about for new means of covering annually a part of its deficit of $50,000,000. The prospects for a happy winter for the taxpayer are not bright; and if he studies the matter he will find that retrenchment and saving are two words wholly unknown to the government. It has regularly incurred, without thought of the morrow, heavier and heavier expenses for army, navy, and colonies, and for the ever-increasing army of governmental employees.

It must be admitted that the Chancellor and his new Finance Minister, Herr Sydow, have found fresh articles to tax with a readiness that must and does make other European ministers of finance envious. At the same time, Germany has had to resort to expedients which will quickly bring this new burden home to the ordinary citizen. Thus there will be a tax on gas and electricity, a partial monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spirits, a tax on beer, a new tax on wines, a tax on advertisements, death duties and a military service tax in connection with these death duties, an increased excise on tobacco, and a radical overhauling of the law of inheritance by which the state takes the places of distant relatives. In addition, there is to be an increased tariff on foreign sparkling wines. Finally, as these taxes will not suffice by seven millions of dollars, the regularly assessed contributions of the individual States to the imperial treasury are to be increased by that amount. For the next five years each State will therefore have to contribute a sum equivalent to 80 pfennigs (20 cents) for every inhabitant. This doubles the present rate, but, to sweeten the dose, the net proceeds of the Imperial trade in spirits are to be credited to the account of the annual assessment of the several States. Then there is to be a new plan of amortizing the Imperial debt, or that part of it which comprises loans for non-productive purposes. Hereafter, it is hoped, it will not be necessary to borrow money for non-productive undertakings, as contrasted with loans for railways, canals, etc., which bring in an income.

Two of these expedients, the limiting of the right of inheritance and the monopolizing of the right to purchase and sell wholesale, as well as to distil and to refine alcohol, obviously smack of the socialistic, and as such may be welcome to the Left of the Reichstag, although the Socialist members know better than any one else how heavily the existing taxes bear upon the working classes. The levies on alcoholic beverages will, of course, be felt with unusual keenness by a people as addicted as the Germans are to wine and beer. Moreover, the gas and electricity tax (5 per cent. of the price to the consumer) will be a genuine hardship to the very poor. Just as the old historic French tax on windows produced almost windowless houses, so this tax will decrease the use of gas and electricity by those who greatly need them. Household and electric bells and alarms, as well as telegraphic and telephonic installations, are exempt; but this will hardly still the outcry over this fresh invasion of the household by the tax-collector. The tax on advertisements applies to all commercial or other business announcements in the dailies, weeklies, and magazines, and to all printed circulars. Dailies must pay a rate ranging from 2 to 10 per cent., according to their circulation; weeklies and monthlies, a flat rate of 10 per cent. Charitable appeals are exempted, and also advertisements, not over five lines in length, for situations. Plainly, there is likely to be a marked falling off in advertisements and consequent coolness of the press toward the new scheme.

From the industrial point of view no less than from the political, this is a particularly inopportune moment to impose new taxes. Owing to the tariff and the Agrarian policy, the cost of living has increased far beyond the normal, the price of meat, particularly, having risen so that hundreds of thousands must go without it. The existing depression bids fair to continue for some time. Hence, the possibility that these new taxes may increase the present disaffection. The German people are long-suffering, but, as has just been shown, their wrath, when once aroused, is to be feared. They know that political power is unequally distributed within the Empire, and particularly in Prussia, where the conservative and Agrarian influences retain control by means of the antiquated suffrage laws—the worst system of suffrage, Bismarck called it, that man had devised. This will probably be the first line of attack, precisely as it was last winter. And the new taxes should also increase the agitation for a Ministry that is more directly responsible to the Reichstag.

A WORD FOR THE TEACHER.

The importance of the teacher is, we are glad to note, receiving much attention in current discussions of education. For many years the air has been filled with talk of methods of pedagogy, syllabuses and outlines, construction of laboratories, plans of rooms for manual training and cooking, arrangements for ventilation, and vertical penmanship. This strong emphasis on the mechanical side has made some of us forget that, after all, the one essential is the competent teacher. We would not undervalue dynamos and fresh air; we would not have our programmes less logically ordered, or our workshops and kindergartens less fully equipped; we are passionate supporters of vertical penmanship (or perhaps it is sloping, this week); but without the inspiring teacher all these paraphernalia are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and it is true that if we seek first the teacher, all these things shall be added. This, we take it, is the thesis of two books issued within the month: "Personality in Education," by James P. Conover, master in St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; and "The Teacher: Essays and Addresses on Education," by George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. It is the thesis also of various papers and addresses, like that, for example, on "The Humanizing of Study," by President Faunce of Brown, published in the *School Review* for October. We have made great progress in the arts of building and organizing, but far less in the art of securing what Professor Palmer calls "the ideal teacher." We wish, then, that all school boards and superintenddents, all college trustees and presidents, would take as their motto a single sentence from President Faunce's speech: "Above all, we must exalt personality above mechanism in school and college."

This exaltation of personality is the great problem of school administrators to-day. How shall we attract the finest minds and characters to the profession of teaching? We are not doing so now. Too many of our college professors are men of the second and third rank, too many of the instructors in grammar schools and academies, public and private, are of the fourth and fifth rank. One trouble is that we do not pay them enough. This argument we need not elaborate, for our readers are all familiar with it. The teacher's wages are often less than those of a skilled mechanic. He does not earn enough to give his family the social advantages, the opportunities for travel, for visiting picture galleries, for reading and for hearing good music—in short, for all those activities and pleasures of the mind which, for cultivated men and women, are the necessities of life. In the *School Review* of November Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan complains rather bitterly:

> In the profession of teaching outside of the colleges and universities there is uncertainty of tenure, with which is coupled insufficient remuneration. Every year men of marked success, with an equipment representing a large outlay of time, energy, and money, are forced out of the profession, and young men of promise are deterred from entering it, because they can foresee no time when the rewards of faithful and successful effort will be assured to them.

This statement is exactly true, and it applies to most small colleges as well as to institutions of lower grade. In fine, we shall not get an adequate supply of good teachers till we offer them enough to live on in fair comfort.

But money is not all. Both the teacher and the minister of the gospel find large compensations in the interest and stimulation of their work; they are willing to accept an income far smaller than that of the successful lawyer, merchant, or banker. "Those are fortunate," says Professor Palmer, "who are able to devote their lives to its enriching study." Yet even in towns which cannot afford at present to pay teachers suitable salaries much may be done to make the calling more attractive. In many places, particularly outside of New England, the profession is not highly regarded. The prosperous pork-packer or manufacturer of steel rails looks with ill-concealed contempt on a man or woman who deliberately chooses a career in which the acquisition of wealth is impossible; and the prosperous pork-packer is likely to set the social tone. As a result, the teacher and his family, who may be among the most cultivated and agreeable people of the place, receive little or no social consideration. This phrase we use in its broadest sense. We would not suggest that the schoolmaster and his wife would be rendered any happier or more contented with their lot if they were patronized by Mrs. Porkpacker and invited to join the rabble at her pink teas. But we believe that the schoolmaster and mistress would have a more dignified and enjoyable career if their intelligent and well-educated neighbors would make more of them, would take the trouble to seek them out and discover their accomplishments and attainments. The teacher is usually modest and retiring, and is only too keenly aware that he cannot freely contribute money to the community enterprises. But he can, if called on, generally offer what is even more valuable in the conduct of boards, committees, and clubs—devotion and a trained mind. The teacher ought, outside the walls of his school, to be one of the most useful and well-esteemed of persons; if he is thrust into a corner, the fault is often that his neighbors have been too stupid or indifferent to detect his worth.

And there is one other point to which we have referred in times past—the adjustment of the teacher's tasks so as to allow a little energy and time for study and reflection. The man of scholarly tastes is often not attracted to teaching because he knows that, in addition to the privations of the career, he will really be so overburdened that anything like scholarly pursuits will be impossible. He will be robbed of the legitimate perquisites of the calling,

of every chance to keep his soul alive within him. He feels that he might almost as well slice cheese at a handsome profit, and done with it. If our school boards and our college trustees would make it their policy to encourage the man and woman of parts to make something more of themselves than a machine for instructing and disciplining the young, we should get more recruits who have intellectual qualities to develop, and should thus greatly improve our teaching forces, and, through them, our own children.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS ON HISTORY.

PARIS, October 30.

With October the tide of new publications rises to its full. As usual, the proportion of books on history, grave and gay and controverted, is very large. Let us take those which interest the foreign reader or general student in the order of the centuries of which they treat.

Dom Fernand Cabrol, abbot at Farnborough, England, of an exiled French community of Benedictines, publishes one of those learned works in ecclesiastical history for which his order has so long been famous—"L'Angleterre chrétienne avant les Normands" (Gabalda). "Les Divins Jongleurs," by A. Bailly (Plon-Nourrit) is a series of episodes of the Franciscan *épopée*, from that early period of the fulfilment of St. Francis's description of the brethren: "We are the Lord's wandering minstrels" (for this, and not the modern "juggler," is the equivalent of the Saint's "Nos sumus ioculatores Domini"). This is far, both in time and reverence, from the equally familiar chronicle of *le grand siècle intime*, "De Richelieu à Mazarin (1642-1644)," by Émile Roca (Perrin), although there is something edifying in the religious resignation of Louis XIII to the multiple remedies with which his doctors made sure he should die "regularly." The third and last part of Prof. Fortunat Strowski's great work on the history of religious sentiment in France in the seventeenth century, "Pascal et son temps" (Plon-Nourrit), deals with the writings by which Pascal is best known, "Les Provinciales" and "Les Pensées," each of which has been essentially rejected by the Roman Catholic Church, in favor of whose religion he thought he was working. The author, though a member of the State University, seems to be a Liberal Catholic. Though later in time, the sympathy of the subject places here "Une Suite à l'histoire de Port-Royal," by A. Gazier, who himself deserves to be reckoned the last of the Jansenist writers. The book is from unpublished documents and deals with the years from 1750 to 1782, when the discredited movement ceased acting above ground in face of the opposition of Rousseau's adversary, tho really great pre-revolutionary archbishop of Paris, Christophe de Beaumont. Two publications, noteworthy for the student of Protestantism and religious liberty, are the "Histoire de la révocation de l'édit de Nantes à Bordeaux (1653-1715)," by Paul Bert, a complete documentary work on one diocese; and the third volume of an equally documentary effort from the Catholic side, "Études sur la révocation de l'édit de Nantes en Languedoc—les fugitifs (1685-1715)," by the Abbé Rouquette (Savaète).

In the popular Collection historique illustrée, "La Vie à la Bastille" (Savine) contains the authentic reminiscences of a prisoner, Constantin de Renneville (1702-1713), with illustrations from the French archives. Maurice d'Avray, in "Le Procès du Chevalier de La Barre" (Ficker), tries to prove that the enemies of the Church have made undue capital for their cause from the tragic trial, of which he studies the court records. In any case, it was time such a régime should come to an end, as might be gathered from another book, as light as that is tragic, "Amours d'Opéra au XVIIIe siècle," by the veteran musical critic and historian, Adolphe Jullien (published expensively by Daragon); here the *philosophes* come to their own with Grimm and Mademoiselle Leclerc. "Saint-Domingue (1629-1789)," by Pierre de Vaissière (Perrin), is an extensive volume on Creole life and society in that island during the entire period of colonial life under the Old Régime, with an account of the sons of French nobility who went thither to recuperate their fortunes. One of these, Marquis de La Pailleterie, legitimately married a colored proprietress, Colette Dumas, following the example of many others; and if their son, Napoleon's general, the first Alexandre Dumas, chose his mother's family name rather than his father's title, it was for reasons of safety and patriotism during the anti-noble Revolution; his son, the novelist, was still acknowledged as a legitimate marquis down to 1848, as those who doubt might see in the French peerage of Louis Philippe's time. The book has actual interest for Americans, both from past and present history.

"L'Église de Paris et la Révolution," by P. Pisani, of which the first volume (1789-1792, down to the Massacres of September) has appeared (A. Picard), is the most complete and technically the most intelligent work on its subject; the advantages of its author, a canon of Notre Dame, over Professor Aulard, for example, both in access to documents and the understanding of them, are evident, in spite of his belonging to the side of the slain. The "nationalization" of church property, which the book narrates, may be compared with "La Politique religieuse de la Révolution française," by Émile Lafond, a doctor of laws of the opposing camp, as might be gathered from its preface by Prof. Louis Havet (Rousset). Paul d'Estrée's "Le Père Duchesne" tells from recent authoritative works and from unpublished documents the story of the infamous Hébert and the Commune of Paris during the years of the Terror (Aubert). Jean Drault, a counter-revolutionist of to-day, finds arms for his cause in an interesting episode of the Terror at Lyons, "Le Barbier Gracchus" (Librairie Nationale). Ernest Daudet, an authority of greater weight on the same side, gives another of his books, pleasant to read and valuable from unpublished documents, "Récits des temps révolutionnaires"; it throws new light on the plot of 1800 against the First Consul. "Bibliographie du temps de Napoléon, comprenant l'histoire des États-Unis," by Frédéric M. Kircheisen, treats of the political, economic, literary, and military books of the Napoleonic era, not only in France and the other countries of Europe, but also in the infant United States of America. The first volume is out, the second is in press (Champion).

A book of prime importance on the woman who still holds her own against Napoleon is Paul Gautier's "Mathieu de Montmorency et Madame de Staël" (Plon-Nourrit), based on unpublished letters of the man in the case to the heroine's cousin, Madame Necker de Saussure. Mathieu de Montmorency was already sympathetically known from the life of Madame Recamier; his religion did not lead him to shun those whose lawlessness was endeared by genius. There are few rarer episodes in troubled history than the interruption of his reading of St. Augustine's Confessions at night by the pretended dying struggles of Benjamin Constant, who, in a neighboring room, was striving to win the heart of their masculine-minded hostess. Gilbert Stenger continues his substantial historical work by "Le Retour des Bourbons (1814-1815)"—that short-lived reign of the *émigrés*, beginning at Hartwell and ending in Ghent with a revulsion of the French people to Napoleon, whom only a foreign occupation could depose (Plon-Nourrit). "Lettres du Prince de Metternich à la Comtesse de Lieven (1818-1819)" (Plon-Nourrit), with an introduction, conclusion, and notes by Jean Hanoteau, is a book throwing curious light on the interior of a man whose activity ruled Austrian policy with sentiments usually considered foreign to love until after the middle of the nineteenth century. The countess was not less wonderful, for she wound up with the Calvinist

Guizot in a longer enduring idyll of twenty years' duration. "Lettres inédites de Béranger à Dupont de l'Eure (1820-1854)" is a book of more democratic politics and every-day friendship between the popular poet and the magistrate of the first revolution, who so dramatically reappeared in 1848 (Zaretzky).

A work of high authority in the history of the next upsetting of a régime in France—"Histoire de la guerre de 1870-1871," by Pierre Lehaucourt (General Palat)—now comes to an end with the seventh volume of the first part, on the capitulation of Metz, August 19-December 29, 1870. The eight volumes of the second part, "La Défense nationale," received the highest distinction of the French Academy, tho Grand Prix Gobert, several years ago (Berger-Levrault). Less technical, scarcely less important, are the successive volumes of the Memoirs of Madame Adam, who knew every one in those days and was long in full sympathy with the Third Republic. The sixth volume, "Nos Amitiés politiques jusqu' à l'abandon de la revanche," contains unpublished letters of Gambetta, Rochefort, and Spuller (Lemerre).

The third and fourth volumes of "L'Allemagne religieuse," by Georges Goyau, bring the history of Catholicism in Germany from 1848 to the Vatican Council in 1870. A preceding volume on Protestantism in Germany during the same period received the Prix Bordin of the French Academy; the author, active editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is a pronounced Catholic, but trained in a school of broad historical criticism. It is doubtful if the subject has been treated so completely hitherto (Perrin). The sweep of its historical examples and conclusions places here a new book of a writer who, in spite of revolutionary views pushed well-nigh to anarchy, has become one of the intellectual forces of France—"Les Illusions du progrès," by Georges Sorel—designed to show that democracy is incapable of directing modern labor (Marcel Rivière). S. D.

ACHILLE LUCHAIRE.

Achille Luchaire, professor of mediæval history at the Sorbonne, died on November 13, at the age of sixty-two. It is a remarkable fact that perhaps the most distinguished mediævalist since the death of Giry was not a graduate of the École des Chartes, but of the École Normale. In 1877 Luchaire took the degree of *docteur ès lettres*, his thesis being upon Alain le Grand, sire d'Albret (1440-1522). This was at once recognized as one of the best works upon provincial history in years, and was crowned by the Academy. Aside from the interest of the subject, it contained much new information from unpublished documents. Molinier, who reviewed it, declared the book too short for the subject, and expressed the hope that the author would continue to devote himself to the neglected field of the history of southwestern France. Instead of so doing, however, Luchaire, who was called to a professorship in the University of Bordeaux in 1879, continued rather along the line of mediæval philology, and followed up his Latin thesis, "De Lingua Aquitanica," in which he had brought forward new proofs in aid of Humboldt's theory of the once wide extension of the Basque race, by a "Recueil de textes de l'ancien dialecte gascon (1882)." Though mainly philological, this brochure contained distinct historical material, for almost all the documents were diplomas and charters of the thirteenth century. But Luchaire had still to find his *métier*.

In 1880 the Academy offered a prize of three thousand francs for the best work upon the subject: "Étudier les progrès du pouvoir royal sous les six premiers Capétiens." Two years later it was announced that Luchaire had won it. In the following year (1883) the first edition of his well-known "Institutions monarchiques de la France" (2 vols.) appeared. The task thus achieved was heavy. Exact knowledge of the political facts, that is to say, examination of the external and general relations of the kingship with the high feudality and with the chief ecclesiastical nobles (the only part of Capetian history then easily accessible), was the first requisite for solution of the problem. But it was necessary also to penetrate into the internal life of the budding kingship for the secret of its evolution, and demand the answer from the whole body of its history. This implied acquaintance with a vast number of chronicles, epistolary documents, diplomas, and charters. To be sure, a certain number of texts had been published in the scientific form which modern criticism demands, but in many cases documents which had been altered by the ignorance or carelessness of the editors had to be newly verified.

Having now found his true field, Luchaire worked with remarkable speed and accuracy. In 1885 he published the "Catalogue des actes de Louis VII," which received the Premier Prix Gobert. In 1888 he was called to the Sorbonne as *professeur-suppléant* to Coulanges, who was then ill to death. Here Luchaire continued in the same path and published a "Catalogue des actes de Louis VI" (1890). Unlike the earlier work, this volume was preceded by an historical introduction of great value. In spite of the paucity and obscurity of the sources, the author managed to invest the figures of Louis VI and Suger with real life and to make vivid portraits. In the same year also appeared a volume of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne—"Les Communes françaises." In 1890 Luchaire was made a full professor of mediæval history. Already he had a group of earnest students around him, and in 1892, as the fruit of research carried on with and for them, he published the "Manuel des institutions féodales," which was dedicated "aux étudiants en histoire de la faculté des lettres de Paris." In 1897 and 1899 appeared two volumes of "Mélanges," a series of studies by Luchaire and some of his students. Those of the master were upon "Hugues de Clers et le 'De Senescalcia Franciæ'" and an inquiry into the manuscripts of the minor works of Suger at the Vatican, together with an interesting study of the "Miracula S. Dionysii," the intimate connection of which with the "Gesta Dagoberti" was demonstrated. Luchaire's valedictory to French history is his masterly portion in Lavisse, "Histoire de France," Vol. II, Pt 2; Vol. III, Pt. 1: "Les premiers Capetiens (987-1137)" and "Louis VII, Philippe-Auguste, Louis VIII (1137-1226)."

It is not often now-a-days that a great historical scholar makes so sharp a *volte face* as Luchaire did in his latter years. And yet the change from Capetian France to the history of Innocent III was not so abrupt as it seems. This thought evidently lay in his mind as far back as 1892. In the preface of the "Manuel," he wrote:

> Les institutions de la papauté, ayant un caractère international, ne rentraient pas davantage dans le cadre d'une exposition qui est consacrée exclusivement à la région française.

In the years 1902-7, Luchaire spent in Rome as much time as he could get from his university duties. In 1904, the first of his four notable volumes upon Innocent III appeared. It was entitled "Innocent III: Rome et l'Italie," and was followed in rapid succession by "Innocent III: La Croisade des Albigeois" (1905); "Innocent III: La Papauté et l'Empire" (1906), and "Innocent III: La Question d'Orient," (1907). In these books Luchaire voluntarily concealed the labor of erudition and seems to have wished them to be at the same time a series of original histories, and a work of literary art. In this, he was distinctly successful. There are few more readable, yet substantial histories than the first 250 pages of Vol. I, in which the figure of the great Pope stands out so life-like. In point of style, the volume upon the Albigensian Crusade is undoubtedly Luchaire's masterpiece. Whoever has seen the country of which he writes will recognize the truth of his description of mediæval Toulouse:

> La ville rouge, énorme reliquaire, avec sa forêt de tours et de clochers, les églises pressées dans son enceinte, Saint Sermin, la merveille des basiliques, toute rosée au soleil couchant, le grand clocher carré de

la cathédrale Saint Étienne et le sanctuaire de la Daurade, étincelant d'or et de mosaïques.

The sole criticism was that Luchaire suppressed his notes and references. In the last volume he was spared to write he therefore returned in part to his old practice and either analyzed or quoted many documents. But the notes were few. True to his time-honored policy, however, he was never dogmatic.

Although Luchaire died while still promising much fruitful work, his end was in one sense peculiarly fortunate. He has left two masterpieces; the subjects of Capetian France and Innocent III are rounded and full. His work lies four-square, substantial, and whole. With him has died the last of that great triumvirate of historians of mediæval France of the elder generation—Arthur Giry, Gaston Paris, Achille Luchaire.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

University of Chicago, November 18.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A collection of manuscripts and autographs belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan will be on exhibition at the Columbia University Library till December 19. Two of the most precious pieces are the manuscript of Tasso's poems and letters, written about 1570, and the original manuscript of the first book of "Paradise Lost." The sheets of "Paradise Lost," in the neat and delicate hand of Milton's amanuensis, show very few corrections—only a word here and there. There is a notebook that Sir Isaac Newton kept in 1659, when he was a youth of seventeen. Some of the pages are covered with algebraic and trigonometric formulæ. In one place, Newton has set down some rules whereby he believes English spelling could be simplified; in another page he gravely tells how easy it is to make birds drunk by feeding them grain soaked in alcohol. Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, and Voltaire are also represented. Among the manuscripts by more modern writers are Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "The Monastery," and "Tales of My Landlord"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Sketches of a Young Gentleman," and "Holiday Romance"; Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," and "The Moonstone"; Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"; Charlotte Brontë's "The Professor"; Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh"; Cooper's "Deerslayer"; Poe's "The Bells," consisting of three or four sheets pasted together; Irving's "Conquest of Granada," and Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Some of Byron's manuscripts contain many emendations. There is shown also the original warrant under which Bunyan was arrested. One of the most interesting letters is the following:

York, Virginia, 17 Octr., 1781.

SIR: I propose a cessation of hostilities for Twenty-four hours and that two officers may be appointed by each side to Meet at Mr. Moore's house to settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. I have the honor to be

Your most obedient &
most humble servant,
CORNWALLIS.

His Excellency,
George Washington.

The Library of Congress has recently obtained what is believed to be the original of a decree signed by Philip IV at Madrid, March 22, 1638, assuring to the Duke of Veragua the American possessions discovered by his ancestors. The document was found in New Orleans, where it had been lying in obscurity, presumably for a number of years. The price was so low that doubts were entertained as to its being genuine, but inquiry in Spain showed that such a decree was issued, although no copy remains in the Spanish archives at present. The document consists of a large folio sheet. The paper bears the watermark of the period, and is stamped with the official tax stamp. The writing in the body of the document is exceedingly small, but wonderfully well preserved, and may easily be read by one familiar with Spanish. On the back of the page bearing the royal signature are affixed tracings representing the official signatures of the members of the council of the Indies.

The Chamberlain bibliography of the first editions of Longfellow, compiled by Luther S. Livingston, and just printed at the De Vinne Press (50 copies on Van Gelder paper and 500 on Old Stratford paper), is a story of Longfellow's books. One hundred and four titles are described, with collations, and copious extracts from letters, largely unpublished. Several privately printed issues, heretofore undescribed, which were discovered by Mr. Chamberlain, are included. By the courtesy of Mrs. J. G. Thorp, Longfellow's daughter, Mr. Livingston was allowed to examine Longfellow's own copies of his books, still preserved at Cambridge. Collectors will be surprised to learn how important the series Poems of Places is. The thirty-one volumes include 159 signed poems by Longfellow, besides several others, which are unsigned, but which can be positively identified. Most of these had appeared elsewhere before, but twenty-one at least appeared for the first time in book-form in Poems of Places. The short title, "Check List," which precedes the text, will be found useful by the collector.

The library of Edwin N. Lapham of Chicago (1,517 lots), which will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city on December 1, 2, and 3, is a remarkable collection, mainly of first editions of English authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Of older books there are first editions of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), "The Traveller" (1765), "The Deserted Village" (1770), "The Good-Natured Man" (1768), "She Stoops to Conquer" (1773), and "Retaliation" (1774); Samuel Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749), and "The Prince of Abyssinia" (1759); Sheridan's "The Rivals" (1771), and "The School for Scandal" (1781). The set of "Pickwick" in the original parts is the finest ever sold at auction in this country. Parts 1, 2, and 3 have the correct earliest form of the cover, that of Parts 1 and 2 reading, "With four Illustrations by Seymour," and that of Part 3, "With Illustrations by R. W. Buss." In later issues, as well as the covers of all the later parts, this legend is "With Illustrations." A presentation copy of "A Christmas Carol," first issue, and the scarce pamphlet, "To be Read at Dusk" (1852), are other notable Dickens items. The first editions of Lamb's works include the "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff" (1796), "A Tale of Rosamund Gray" (1798), "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807), "Mrs. Leicester's School" (1809), "Elia," both series (1823 and 1833), and a presentation copy of "John Woodvil" (1802). The Shelley first editions include an uncut copy, with the blue paper covers bound in, of "Adonais," Pisa, with the type of Didot, 1821; "St. Irvyne" (1811), "Alastor" (1816), "Laon and Cythna" (1818), and "Rosalind and Helen" (1819). Among the Tennysons are: "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827), "Poems" (1833), "Poems" (1842), "Idyls of the Hearth" (a cancelled title of "Enoch Arden," 1864), "The Last Tournament" (private issue 1871), and "Carmen Saeculare" (1887), the first private issue of this Jubilee poem, printed as a "separate" from the types of *Macmillan's Magazine*. A copy of "Vanity Fair," in parts, and "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841) in the original paper cover, are notable Thackeray items. Other authors, represented by important titles are Robert and Mrs. Browning, Carlyle, Coleridge, Thomas Hardy, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Andrew Lang, Charles Lever, George Meredith, Charles Reade, Rossetti, Swinburne, and Wordsworth. Nor can we fail to mention the "Poems" of the Brontë Sisters (1846), with the exceedingly rare first issue of the title-page with the imprint of "Aylott and Jones"; the first edition of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (1859), in the original paper cover; and the first edition of Ruskin's "Poems" (1850).

On December 2 and 3 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city offers the library of the late Benjamin Betts of Brooklyn, including Jardine's "Naturalist's Library," 40 vols. (1833-44); Monette's "History of the Discovery of the Valley of the Mississippi," 2 vols. (1846), and Riker's "Annals of Newtown" (1852).

In the sale of the first part of the library of Henry W. Poor by the Anderson Auction Company last week good prices prevailed for most of the important items. Some of the expensive bindings on contemporary unimportant books brought only a small part of their cost. The following are merely selections from the 1,046 lots included in the catalogue, which brought $46,800; A'Beckett's "Comic History of England," first edition, in parts, $77; the Aldine Aristotle (1495-98), 5 vols. in 6, old vellum, $245; the "Commentaria" of Ammonius Hermeus (1503), printed by Aldus and his own copy, with thousands of manuscript notes by him, $255 (this volume brought $160 in the Cox sale in 1902); the Aldine Livy (1518-33), 5 vols., Jean Grolier's copy, with his autograph signature in Vols. I, II, and III, $1,025 (this set was from the McKee sale, where it brought $950); Allot's "England's Parnassus" (1600), $210 ($230 in the McKee sale); a collection of thirty-four autograph letters of the presidents, $930; the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua (1460), the first fifty leaves from a later edition, $1,175 ($710 in the Bishop Hurst sale, 1905); Beverley's "History of Virginia" (1705), $180 (an absurd price; the book brought $24 in the McKee sale); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition (1621), $195; Chaucer's Works, London, Kele (n. d.), $180; another edition, London, John Kyngston (1561), $120; Churchyard's "Wars in Flanders" (1578), $101 (the McKee copy, $125); Virgil's Aeneid, translated by Gawin Douglas (1553), $180 (this copy in the Lef-

ferts sale, 1902, brought $235); Hilton's "Scala Perfectionis," printed by Wynkyn de Worde (1533), $121; the first edition of the "Imitation of Christ," Augsburg (1471), $960 (this copy in the McKee sale, $1,600); Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," first edition (1807), $221; McCall's Georgia (1811), uncut, $92; a sixteenth century manuscript Book of Hours, with 12 large miniatures and 30 small ones, $990; Milton's "Paradise Lost" (1668), the first edition with the fourth title, $410; Penhallow's "Indian Wars" (1726), original sheep, $490; Jenson's Pliny (1472), $300; Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (1840), with A. L. S. inserted, $251; Rossetti's "Sir Hugh the Heron" (1843), $240.

Correspondence.

IN DEFENCE OF THE DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The dilemma proposed by President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation, and echoed by you in your issue of November 5, respecting the denominational colleges, is that if they have any right to exist it must be either because of a desire on the part of the church to "control and direct" institutions "in which men may grow up trained in its ideals and devoted to its service," or because of "its fitness and efficiency as an educational agency." Both alternatives suggest the claims of the mediæval church, and its spirit as still preserved to some extent in the church of Rome; and both are, of course, in conflict with the educational ideals of our age. But, as in the case of many another apparent dilemma, there is a *tertium quid* which represents the real choice of those concerned rather better than either of the alternatives as presented. I beg leave briefly to state the case for the colleges founded and maintained by various Christian communions, not by way of argument for their further multiplication, but as a demurrer to the contempt with which they are frequently regarded by the enlightened. And I may preface the defence with these explicit admissions: First, that these colleges have frequently been guilty of publishing misleading catalogues, as President Pritchett justly complains; second, that, like churches, they have been absurdly multiplied without reference to local needs; third, that they cannot hope to rival the efficiency of the large and independent universities in what may properly be called university work; and, fourth (by way of anti-climax), that the present writer is fortunate enough to be connected with an institution wholly separate from denominational control, and is heartily content so to be.

The defence proposed for the church college is, in a word, this: the legitimacy of deliberately setting collegiate education in an atmosphere fitted to promote certain desired tendencies in the realm of faith and morals. This reads not unlike President Pritchett's words, "Institutions in which men may grow up trained in [the church's] ideals"; but it is evident from the context that his phrase includes ideals peculiar to the particular denomination concerned, as distinguished from those which it holds in common with other churches, and also that it implies a certain amount of specific training for the utilities of clericalism. Neither of these is included in my statement, which rests merely on the ground that many parents desire, and are justified in desiring, that their children be trained (consistently with due respect for the natural development of individual freedom) along lines parallel with the ethical and religious doctrines which they themselves hold. Is it illiberal if, while wishing for every Jew, Mohammedan, Mormon, or atheist unlimited intellectual and civic liberty, I nevertheless prefer that my child's tutor shall be neither Jew, Mohammedan, Mormon, nor atheist, but Christian? True, I must recognize that the time will come when the child's mind must step out from all external guidance, realizing for itself the whole length and breadth of the possibilities of belief, and choosing whether he will hold to his father's or no. And there are extremists who would start him from the first into this uncharted realm, because of their exaggerated sense of the sacredness of his right of individual choice; but they are so few as to be negligible. Most parents wish to guide their children's thought in matters political, ethical, and religious, at least as long as they guide them in their choice of bodily food. That they should wish their children's teachers to do the same, so far as is consistent with the peculiar demands of non-sectarian public education and like problems, is no mere strange.

The only question, then, is as to the point where this policy ceases to be legitimate—a difficult question, and one which reminds us that the whole matter of the boundaries of school, college, and university is undergoing reconsideration of an important kind. To argue it here is impossible; I wish only to note the fact that many of us who are engaged in university teaching have become aware that the average freshman and sophomore is a vigorous living contradiction of the pleasing hypothesis that he has reached the point where he is prepared to draw his own charts and map out his own course. This is coming to be much talked of on the strictly educational side; it will soon come to be much talked of on the moral side; and, while morals and religion are far from identical, they have not yet been finally divorced. If, then, we are awakened to the suspicion that we had better give some wholesome guidance to the boy of eighteen in his choice of studies, after a period during which we have tried the experiment of turning him loose in the universe of knowledge and bidding him pick for himself, is it not possible that he may still be profitably guided in his choice of recreations, of ideals of conduct, and even of his dominant thoughts as to his relation to the universe and its animating Spirit? Guided, I say, not controlled; and, letting pass altogether the explicit guidance of spoken or printed word, I have in mind above all the guidance of environing personality. For consider whether, if we may reasonably wish that those in a position to influence the boy most strongly be well-mannered in all things, and cultured far otherwise than what is demanded in their actual teaching, we may not also desire that they be religious, whatever "religious" means to us. It is this uncatalogued training which impresses one most in contrasting the heritage of the youth of England with that of America. And surely the time has well passed when the daily uprising of hymn and prayer from the chapels of Eton and Rugby, and of all the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, meant any inhibition of the intellectual liberty of those being trained within its sound.

There is some defence, then, for the deliberate setting of collegiate education in a religious atmosphere by those who wish it for their children and their children's children. The State cannot do this; the several churches are the only agencies which have done it, or are likely to. Of course, whatever absurdities there are in the multiplication of sects, and in the narrowing or cheapening tendencies of particular creeds, will be reflected, in some degree, in colleges which they may found. But far less, fortunately, than might be supposed. It is doubtful whether, in any large proportion of the numerous American colleges founded and maintained under ecclesiastical auspices, the narrow peculiarities of the creed concerned are emphasized by those in charge, or even well known to the majority of the students. Nor is there much more reason for assuming that the freedom of the members of their faculties is hampered by contributors and administrators, than for the equally prevalent impression that professors in State universities are continually oppressed by politicians and those in privately endowed universities by monopolistic donors. Just here lies the fallacy implicit in the second horn of the alleged dilemma—the theory that the church "has peculiar fitness and efficiency as an educational agency." Of course it has not; neither has the State, heaven knows; neither has Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Carnegie. All that any of them can do is to turn over the control of the institution they found to those believed to have such fitness, and this is what has usually been done—quite as often by churches as by States and cities. One could easily name at random, if good taste permitted, one after another of the little colleges which, making only honest pretensions, and not aspiring to the name or the work of the universities, preserve the honorable traditions of a strictly collegiate education with those of a dominant but not tyrannical religious atmosphere.

It need hardly be said that these considerations in no way affect the position of strictly university education, and the obvious reasons why it is neither practical nor desirable that this should be carried on under ecclesiastical auspices. The time certainly comes at length—not to every man, but to all who are fitted to proceed to the higher education—when completely unrestricted individualism is both safe and wholesome, along lines of scholarship, conduct, and religious thinking alike. But, I beg to repeat once more, it is becoming more and more clear that many admirable young fellows are being sent to the university every year who do not belong there—and with painfully serious results. The modern university represents, in what it tries to do for those poured into its walls, a steady outworking of the process of the survival of the fittest; and many of those unfit for its free and irresponsible life would be well cared for in some college of the type now under discussion. The prosperity and development of the type, there-

fore, are not to be treated lightly. Some of us believe that the right direction has been most clearly indicated by President Jordan, in his proposal to cut out from the university system the present freshman and sophomore years, and to keep students of that stage of development under the educational and moral conditions better suited to their immaturity.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

Stanford University, Cal., November 12.

THE RECORD OF THE RHODES SCHOLARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for October 22 Mr. George L. Fox has revived the question of the record of the American Rhodes Scholars. His method has *prima facie* much to commend it. The number of Americans in each honor school, and their classes are given, and then the total number of candidates with the numbers in the class lists. Apparently these statistics prove conclusively that the record as a whole is disappointing. But as I shall attempt to show, the figures present only one side of the story.

In the first place, the name of Lloyd of West Virginia should be added to those who got "firsts" in 1908, his work being in geology; he has also been awarded the Burdett-Coutts scholarship in geology (a "university" honor). Nor is any mention made of the 7 research degrees—4 B. Litt.'s and 3 B. Sc.'s, which have been won by Americans. Mr. Wylie, whose long experience as a don, and whose position as Oxford agent of the Rhodes Trustees, entitle him to be heard with respect, is my authority for the statement that a research degree is fully equal to a first class in an honor school, if it does not stand on a higher plane. In fact, Mr. Wylie was inclined to regard the 5 research degrees taken in 1908 by the scholars of 1905 as roughly equivalent to 8 firsts. If we accept this basis, the American Rhodes scholars can be credited with 20 firsts, instead of 9, as set forth by Mr. Fox. Following his example, I append this roll of honor: In 1907, Tucker Brooke of West Virginia, in English Literature (after one year's work), and Brown of New Hampshire in Physics; in 1908 Armstrong of Maryland in Medicine, Schaeffer of Pennsylvania and Hack of Massachusetts in Classical Archæology, Cronkhite of Rhode Island in Philosophy, and Aydelotte of Indiana in English Literature.

In the second place, many of the figures given for the actual entries and results of the schools are inaccurate. Four candidates are put down for "Greats" (classics), with 3 successes. But the fourth scholar had taken Honor Moderations in his second year, and therefore could not take Greats until the end of his fourth year. The History figures are correct. In Law, instead of 8 there were only 6 candidates, and all got through, instead of 5. The sixth man took the examination at the end of his second year (1906) and secured a second. In the B. C. L. examination, there were 6 candidates, as stated, but one forfeited his scholarship by marrying, and leaving Oxford before the examination, while another passed at the end of his second year, so that all are accounted for instead of only four. Lastly, only 3 out of 4 candidates are credited with getting through in English Literature, whereas the fourth took a first at the end of his second year. In 1908 Mr. Fox finds 8 men "in for" Greats, while only 2 got through. As a matter of fact, 3 of them did not take the examination: 1 resigned his scholarship, 1 was called home a few months before the examination,* and 1 died. And Mr. Fox is wrong in his number 8, for only 7 ever entered for the classical course. Of the 5 men in for History, 3 secured seconds, and 1 a third, instead of 2 in each class, 1 of the seconds being obtained by *two* years' work. In Law 4 men did indeed enter, but 1 resigned his scholarship, and 1 was so seriously injured playing football that he could not proceed with his work; the other 2 achieved the classes accorded them. In regard to Theology, it is only fair to the fifth candidate, who failed to get through completely, to say that he was ill at the time he took the examination, and had to undergo an operation shortly afterwards. There were certainly only 4 men in for English Literature, and 3 got through, the fourth having been called home, and resigned his scholarship before he was half-way through his course. No record is given of the solitary student in Science; as a matter of fact, he took a first class. Then the scholar who was able to get only a fourth in Mathematics is almost laughed out of court. But here again the time usually taken for this course is four years, and the scholar really deserves considerable credit for getting through. Finally, in the case of the B. C. L., instead of the 1 third class, which is credited to 5 candidates, there were 1 second and 3 thirds. And it should be explained that the B. C. L. examination is of an unusually difficult character. It is supposed to be taken only by those who have taken a B. A. in law and have had several years' experience at the bar. It is the most difficult examination at Oxford, and seldom do more than one-half of the candidates satisfy the examiners. In the case of Americans a special dispensation is made, allowing them to enter for the examination without the previous training. One can, therefore, hardly complain seriously if a single Rhodes scholar failed to pass.

What are the conclusions to be drawn from these facts? Instead of 26 successes out of 35 candidates, as Mr. Fox reports for the scholars of 1904, there were actually 30 passed out of 31 who took the schools. Twenty-seven scholars of 1905 took the schools and 23 got through, whereas Mr. Fox finds 15 failures among 34 candidates. Thus, instead of the 24 failures ascribed to the Rhodes scholars by Mr. Fox, there were in reality only 5, and I have attempted to show that in two cases there were extenuating circumstances. There were 10 firsts, 19 seconds, 20 thirds, and 4 fourths. In this connection it may be interesting to quote the *Morning Post* (London) for July 22, 1908: "The number of first and second classes that have fallen to so small a body of men [the American Rhodes scholars] is nothing short of phenomenal." And the 7 research degrees, equal to 10 or 11 firsts, must not be forgotten.

As there were 43 scholars who took up their residence at Oxford in 1904 and 38 in 1905, there remain 17 who have not been accounted for by the schools or the research degrees. Three died in harness, while another, as remarked previously, was incapacitated by injury. One read for the Diploma in Economics, which he obtained; and another read American law without taking either the Law School or the B. C. L. examination. Four resigned their scholarships, for reasons best known to themselves; 2 who were not able to finish their work, as explained above, expect to return to Oxford and do so. One scholar who wished to work for a B. Litt. was compelled by his college first to take a Pass B.A. degree, which he easily did, but he did not have left sufficient time in which to complete his B. Litt. thesis. The four others worked for B. Litt. degrees. One gave up his work in despair because of the lack of sufficient encouragement, while all the notes and bibliography of another disappeared in the British Museum, a few months before leaving Oxford, when it was too late to begin again. Though the other two did indeed fail to secure their degrees, it should be remembered that failing to present a satisfactory thesis for an advanced degree is on a different plane than failure to pass a prescribed examination.

Finally, it may be useful, and in fact only fair, to all Rhodes scholars, past, present, and to come, to speak generally of their position at Oxford. For many reasons the Americans can never be expected uniformly to take first classes. Most of the firsts in the Oxford schools are secured by scholarship men, men who have won their scholarships by competitive examination and have had special training in their subjects long before they come up to Oxford. Particularly is this true in Greats and History. One history scholar whom I knew had done most of English history before he came up, and he is only one of many. And it is notorious that in classical training the American college graduate is behind even the public school man of England. As such men as these set the standard for a first class, it is asking a great deal that every American who goes to Oxford with the general training usually afforded by our colleges and universities should measure up to these trained students who are the pick of the English public schools. The American who has had a special training of any kind is likely to go into research work at Oxford, and therefore cannot show his calibre against the similarly trained Englishman, who is taking the schools in order to get his degree.

But even supposing that an American enters on an equality with the young public-school man, he soon loses it by reason of the peculiar position in which he is placed. Vacation to us means the time for relaxation from college work. The Englishman looks upon it as the opportunity for serious and concentrated study. Oxford's educational and social system is founded on this belief, and hence the plan—so curious to the uninitiated American—which prescribes the days spent at Oxford as the time more especially for recreation and social intercourse, while the hard and telling "reading" is done during the "vacs." Of course, I do not mean to imply that no work is done during term, but one does enjoy unlimited opportunities for intercourse with one's fellow students and

*This scholar intends to return to Oxford this coming June and take his examination.

for breathing that "atmosphere" which constitutes the peculiar charm of Oxford above all other universities of the world, "which not all the wealth of all the multi-millionaires can give to a fledgling of their own creation." This admirable system is understood and bargained for by every Oxonian, but the American Rhodes scholar feels that he must utilize his splendid opportunity, and naturally spends considerable time in travel. The Englishman is content to wait for this indulgence until he has taken his degree, and spends his vacation in serious study. Of course, one meets Oxford undergraduates on the Continent, but they are seldom the men who are working for, or who achieve first classes. Thus the American is placed at a serious disadvantage, yet one cannot blame the man who wishes to see something of the world, and I do not know a single Rhodes scholar who would exchange the experience and knowledge gained by travel on the Continent for several first classes.

Next, the ideals of the individual scholars must be taken into consideration. Not all of them by any means aspire to first classes, for they fully realize the amount of work and undivided attention which this honor postulates. Many of them prefer to divide their energies. One man in my own college was an artist of considerable ability and spent much of his time in Italy and the Louvre instead of putting it all in on schools. I recall another scholar, a very clever fellow, who secured a second. But no one realized more successfully Cecil Rhodes's ideal of his scholars. He visited frequently in the homes of Englishmen and entered strenuously into every phase of his college life. There is not a Rhodes scholar who has contributed more to a better understanding of our country by Englishmen, or who is so thoroughly acquainted with English life and institutions. Still a third man, who took a third, was captain of his college boat club and one of the most popular men in his college. Finally, one may note that many of the scholars spent much time in learning to speak one or more of the modern languages. One scholar became fluent in French, German, Italian, and modern Greek, and many in the first two mentioned. The *Nation*, I am sure, will not quarrel with any one who attained this excellency.

In conclusion I would say that this letter does not represent merely my own opinions and knowledge of the facts, but has been prepared in consultation with three other Rhodes scholars, two of the first American contingent and one of the second, all of whom completed their Oxford courses and are now engaged in educational work in this country. The figures for the schools and other degrees have been taken from the official "Oxford University Gazette." For the rest, it may perhaps be permitted to say that the general consensus of opinion among those who have returned to America after having enjoyed three years' residence at Oxford is that a very generous measure of success has been accorded the scheme of Cecil Rhodes, and, as Mr. Wylie says, that the net results are by no means to be sought in the mere mathematics of firsts.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT,
late Rhodes Scholar from Tennessee.

Madison, Wis., November 13.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS A CENTURY AGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The bibliography of journalism in America is a subject that has attracted comparatively few workers; it may interest them and perhaps others to know that the article "Journaux et gazettes politiques dans les États-Unis de l'Amerique," which occurs in *Magazin de littérature européenne*, Tome I, Paris, 1802, is a pertinent item. It is interesting for two or three reasons, one being that it names the editors of the papers and another that it shows the ideas then prevailing in Europe as to the relative importance of cities. For example, it places Philadelphia as the first city of the United States and speaks of cities of the second order as Southampton, Lancaster, and New York. The article praises very highly American editorial work and states that these papers at the end of the year form a general repertoire of information.

WILLIAM BEER.

Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, November 10.

THE "HERO" IN LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within the last few months several of Emil Reich's historical works have come into my hands, and I am gratified to find that he lays a great deal of stress on personality as a determining factor in the course of human affairs. While I do not profess to be an historian, I have been a careful and somewhat extensive reader of history. Long ago I became convinced that it is an error to attribute the origin of popular institutions and popular movements to a sort of indefinable *Volksgeist*. Among students of both physical and psychical phenomena it is an accepted maxim that we should explain the past by the present in every case in which the present furnishes the same or similar data. Every important discovery and invention has been foreshadowed by a number of previous discoveries and inventions. Instances may be easily furnished by hundreds. It has been frequently remarked by German critics of Grote's "Greece" that the author's opportunities for seeing the workings of popular government at close range gave him an insight into the Grecian democracies which was lacking to the mere *Stubengelehrter*. We need not be surprised, therefore, that his *magnum opus* still holds its own. It is interesting likewise to find the acknowledgment so often in German books that the English first taught their countrymen the true insight into Homer and formulated a standard by which he should be judged. In his recent book on Homer, Professor Drerup virtually accepts the theory of Grote and other English scholars that there was a Homer, although the Homeric poems were not composed by him in their entirety or in their present form. The Germans seem to have definitely given up the radical theory so elaborately worked out by Lachmann and others which resolved these poems into a collection of lays of unknown authorship. Rohde maintained the essential unity of the poems. Busolt does not express himself very definitely, although he admits that "Die Dichtungen sind wesentlich Kunstpoesie." Beloch takes substantially the same view. While, then, there may have been in vogue many brief popular epics they could be fused into a fairly consistent whole only by one master hand, or at most by two or three. Popular poetry is poetry *for* the people, poetry that expresses the feelings, the national or tribal consciousness. It is composed for the people, not *by* the people.

The same statement is true of great lawgivers. In a somewhat similar sense it may be said that the great legislators of antiquity, like Moses and Lycurgus, codified national aspirations in institutions. It seems probable that in prehistoric and in early historic times the influence of prominent men was greater than at later periods when intelligence became more general and when there were better opportunities and greater inducements for individuals to think and act for themselves. A strong man can more easily influence a group or a tribe than a nation; hence it is a perfectly justifiable assumption that the prestige of the "hero" was greater in remote antiquity than in later ages. The saying of Pope that wit is what oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd is true, in a sense, of great men. They appear at times when their countrymen feel the need of them and are ready to follow their lead or obey their laws. The reason given in the Bible for the choice of Saul as king is an illustration of this condition of affairs. It is reasonable to assume that what holds good of peoples at the present time has always held good; those that do not engender and develop great men remain stagnant. That Sparta at a comparatively early period became the leading state in Greece was due not so much to the obstacles with which that branch of the Dorian race had to contend as to the fact that these obstacles produced a leader whose influence was sufficiently great to bring his countrymen under his sway, and whose life was sufficiently long to make this sway permanent. Such an hypothesis is rendered the more probable by the fact that in subsequent times no man of such force and insight arose as to induce his countrymen to change their ancient constitution when the conditions that called it into existence no longer obtained. Notwithstanding the intense conservatism of the Jews they came in time to see that the maintenance of their peculiar institutions did not depend upon the form of government under which they lived, and that they were religious rather than secular. But that the expectation of an earthly kingdom long survived among them is evinced by the belief and the hope of some of Christ's disciples that He had come to restore their ancient autocracy. If we wish to acquaint ourselves with the history of modern times in war and politics, in the arts and sciences, in literature, in exploration, and discovery, we need but to read the lives of two or three score representative men and we shall find that the ground has been pretty well covered. A crowd may destroy; it takes leaders to build up.

The great man can succeed only when the way has been prepared for him by circumstances and when he is supported by

other men who are only a little his inferiors. The truth of this statement is proved by such examples as Luther, Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV, Napoleon, and many others. Demosthenes failed because he was born out of due time; he stood in a measure alone. It is, however, in the nature of tradition to lose sight of men of second and third-rate ability and to attribute their words and deeds to him who occupied the foreground. We all know how many stories are credited to Lincoln which he never told because he had gained the reputation of being a capital story-teller. The controversy over many problems of ancient history will doubtless never come to an end; but there has been a marked tendency within the last decade or two to place more reliance on the early records, in the main, than was done a generation ago, Ettore Pais to the contrary notwithstanding.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., November 17.

THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the matter of the growing ignorance of the Bible, lamentable alike from a cultural and religious standpoint, I wish to direct attention to the fact that this growing ignorance has fallen in point of time with the growing importance of the Sunday-school, and the extension of the reliance religious leaders have placed upon it in church culture. I think this fact is undeniable, and has not been before noticed. It may be accounted for as accidentally synchronous, or the result of a common underlying cause, or there may be a relation of cause and effect. This is my view after some careful study and observation. I am persuaded that the Sunday-school is itself responsible for this growth of ignorance; because it has drawn to itself the responsibility for the training of the young, a responsibility which, because of its purpose, method, and personnel, it is incapable of filling.

I have but to close my eyes and I see a knickerbockered boy with legs too short to reach the floor of the church, occupied despite protesting kicks with the dominating and cultured words of a distinguished clergyman now dead, whose discourse was windowed with openings into great vistas of Biblical allusion, which, when the boy read the Bible, fastened its meaning eternally in his mind. This in contrast with the modern small boy—mind having danced through the catchy opening hymn, attention occupied with his small boy neighbor, getting his Sunday portion of 5 per cent. Bible, and the rest of the exercises at best cheap moralizing and sometimes unscholarly religiosity. I think the old was better.

Perhaps, too, the cause is general to modern pedagogy. The Sunday-school follows the methods of the public school, and aims to do so; and this raises the query as to the success the public school has in fitting its pupils for the superstructure of knowledge. The answer would scarcely satisfy a careful thinker.

I am convinced that the hope for the future lies in a rethinking of the purpose of the Sunday-school, in the light of its origin, which will lead to a considerable readjustment in the estimation of its value as an agent of Christian training; in a shift of the attention of the Church from its sociological and institutional outlook, a consummation most desirable, to its legitimate function as a leader of worship, and the mould of culture (the charitable and polemic duty of the church is a deplorable accident); and in the return of the child to his father's church, to the gain of child, church, and priest.

These are the thoughts of a pastor, whose lips are weighted because of this Biblical ignorance, and sometimes perversion; and whose heart is sad because the modern child misses so much of the Vision of Eternity, which came to him in his childhood. I do not think I am wrong in the diagnosis. The remedy—well, the priest is always chained; the chains now are the conceit of ignorance, covering misinformation by mere logical analysis and sounding words.

(REV.) OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

The Rectory, Durbam Parish, Grayton, Md., November 13.

A BIOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am gathering material for a biography of Stephen A. Douglas, and I take this means of appealing to readers of the *Nation* for letters written by Douglas, copies of letters written to Douglas, and pictures of any member of the Douglas family and of persons who came into contact with Douglas in any way. If I may have the loan of anything that might be thought of interest in such a connection, I shall regard the favor highly. I should like to receive suggestions as to personal traits, anecdotes, or any other item, no matter how trifling. In fine, if any person who can throw the least light upon the subject will only write me, he will place me under a deep obligation.

FRANK E. STEVENS.

Sycamore, Ill., November 28.

THE TARIFF AND ANILINE COLORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial paragraph in your issue of November 19, in discussing the tariff hearings before the Ways and Means Committee at Washington, you say:

> Again, I. F. Stone, Frederick Schoellkopf, and S. Hartford of Buffalo, makers of coal tar colors, ask to have the duty on their product raised from 30 per cent. to 40, and some of their raw material put on the free list—this in the teeth of an admission that under the Dingley schedules they have doubled their plants and their profits.

The "admission" which you mention is apparently a reference to a report of the remarks of Representative De A. S. Alexander. I wish to say that to the best of my knowledge and belief, Mr. Alexander did not say we had doubled our plants and our profits, but that we had doubled our plants and our products, which is true and more than true; and our specific reason for asking an increase in duty was that while we had increased our plants and production as a consequence of the Dingley law, we had unfortunately not increased our profits; the statements of both Mr. Schoellkopf, who preceded me, and myself, before the committee, being that in spite of our increased plants and production our profits were no larger than they were several years ago, when our production was perhaps only a third of what it is at present; the decrease in profits as compared to our production being caused by the increased competition of our foreign competitors, particularly the Germans, who, feeling our increased competition, have reduced prices to offset it until some of the principal colors are sold at or below cost to us, although presumably still at a profit to them. It is for this reason that we ask for additional protection so as to be in a position to be on an equal basis and build up in the United States an industry which will be of as much importance here as it is in Germany.

The logical sequitur is that this additional protection will build up the industry in this country or force the German manufacturers to build factories here, either of which alternatives will be of advantage to this country, it being obvious that with the present duty the Germans can manufacture aniline colors in Germany, pay the present duty, and sell here in competition with American manufacturers, or they would have already established factories here for such competition.

I. F. STONE.

National Aniline and Chemical Co.

New York, November 20.

[The comment in the *Nation* was based on the press report of the hearing. The stenographic report, now issued from the government printing office, shows that, as Mr. Stone says, the word used by Representative Alexander is "products," not "profits."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A volume of "Letters and Memorials" of the late Wendell Phillips Garrison, editor of the *Nation*, has been prepared and privately printed at the Riverside Press. From the thousands of letters written with his own hand to his contributors, a sufficient number has been selected to illustrate his frankness and tact, and the wide range of his interests. The volume also contains a brief sketch of his life, several of his best poems, characteristic editorials, reviews, and essays, the letter of appreciation addressed to Mr. Garrison by contributors to the *Nation* on the completion of his fortieth year of service, and a fine photogravure portrait. The book, which will be ready for delivery about December 15, will be sent postpaid on receipt of $1.50. Orders for it may be sent to the office of the *Nation*.

The Oxford University Press announces that it will soon issue a photographic facsimile of part of the famous Codex Sinaiticus. This most valuable Old and New Testament codex, found by Constantine Tischendorf in 1844, in the Monastery of St. Catharine, on Mt. Sinai, later presented to the Czar of Russia, and now in the Imperial Library, St. Petersburg, was issued by Tischendorf, in an accurate transcript, with type cut to imitate the manuscript. Now the generosity of various societies in Oxford, Cambridge, and London, has enabled Professor and Mrs. Kirsopp Lake, of Leyden, to take a set of full-

sized negatives of the New Testament portion. These will be published in 1909 by the collotype process, with a preface by Professor Lake, discussing the palæographical problems and an appendix on the chronology of the Correctors by Professor Papadopoulos Kerameus, the chief of the department of theology in the Imperial Library. The New Testament part of the manuscript, including the Epistle of Barnabas and the remaining leaves of the Shepherd of Hermes, will occupy 296 pages of facsimile. It will be remembered that a few years ago the equally famous Codex Vaticanus was also published by photographic facsimile.

The two important texts of the forthcoming Part VI of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri," edited by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, are 300 lines of Euripides's "Hypsipyle," and considerable fragments of a new commentary upon Thucydides.

The American Press Co., of Baltimore, announces a volume entitled "The Poe Cult and Other Papers," by Eugene L. Didier, to be published in honor of the Poe centennial.

Next week the Century Company will publish a book on "The American Executive," by John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York.

In December the Johns Hopkins Press will issue "The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," by Dr. Horace Edgar Flack.

We have received from Thomas B. Mosher of Portland a beautifully printed little volume containing Eugene Lee-Hamilton's "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours." Those whose interest was aroused in the work of Mr. Lee-Hamilton by the article in the *Nation* of November 5 will be glad to know that the sonnets are procurable in this neat form.

Crabbe's "Poetical Works" have appeared in the Oxford Edition (Henry Frowde), edited by A. J. Carlyle and R. M. Carlyle. The text is that of the standard edition of 1834. The type is necessarily small, and the pages are printed in double columns. The introduction is unnecessarily commonplace.

Since we noticed the Oxford Thackeray (Henry Frowde) two weeks ago six new volumes have come to our table, including "Ballads and Contributions to *Punch*, 1842-8," "Miscellaneous Contributions to *Punch*, 1843-54," "A Legend of the Rhine," "Christmas Books," "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis." The text of the novels is from the latest form printed in the author's lifetime, with the omitted portions of the original versions at the end of each volume. Mr. Saintsbury, who furnishes the introductions, writes in his pleasantest vein, but says nothing very memorable. He agrees with those who think Thackeray was a little hard on Becky Sharp, but has sufficient praise for "Vanity Fair" as a whole to satisfy the most ardent admirers of that novel. Over Blanche in "Pendennis" he is enthusiastic; she is one of his heroines, and he will hear no evil of her. Altogether this is an excellent cheap edition.

A reprint of Mrs. Inchbald's "A Simple Story," with an introduction by G. L. Strachey, comes from the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde). The editor calls attention to the fact that this once popular novel has fallen into an undeserved oblivion, and he says:

> Every one has heard of Fanny Burney's novels, and "Evelina" is still widely read. Yet it is impossible to doubt that, so far as quality alone is concerned, "Evelina" deserves to be ranked considerably below "A Simple Story." But its writer was the familiar friend of the greatest spirits of her age; she was the author of one of the best of diaries, and her work was immediately and immensely popular. Thus it has happened that the name of Fanny Burney has maintained its place upon the roll of English novelists, while that of Mrs. Inchbald is forgotten.

The introduction contains a brief sketch of Mrs. Inchbald's life and literary work. The old title pages are reproduced, and even a publisher's advertisement at the end. The text is that of the fourth edition.

The Fleming H. Revell Company is bringing out a new uniform edition of the novels of "Ralph Connor," of which two volumes, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," have now come to us. The books are tastefully made, and contain the facsimile of an autograph note by the author, who now for the first time sets his true name, Charles W. Gordon, to the work.

"At Large," by A. C. Benson (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a volume of essays, the fruit of a summer's solitude in a pleasant grange on the Isle of Ely. Its message, conveyed in English of studied temperance and limpidity, is Mr. Benson's own recipe for sweetening the common lot. The gospel according to Benson is a kind of Paterian epicureanism, subdued and tranquillized by the elimination of ideas. In spite of the author's protest, the critics are right who have declared him, on the intellectual side, thin and platitudinous. But contentment, if we may trust Mr. Benson, lies not in the stressful heat of thought, but in the cool ebb and flow of revery, and in the soft excitement of the senses before fair outward objects—a fragrant syringa bush, a dim cathedral spire, or the yellow sunlight across the meadows at evening. We lay waste our powers in a feverish and unremunerative engagement with the raw material world; we may enrich them by turning the eyes inward, and by a steady effort to see the simple, common things of life in their appropriate emotional vesture. In so far as Mr. Benson represents a reaction against the hectic strenuousness of our times, his influence is timely and refreshing. The growing acceptability of his books indicates a popular demand for professors of a refined, moral, religious if possible, simple, and emotional optimism. The unwholesome element of Mr. Benson's convalescent optimism is its intense self-consciousness. He makes the pursuit of happiness a business. His flowers of felicity, like carnations, demand a hot-house culture, and exhale their perfume only in a specially prepared soil and climate. The true sages have taught that nature is chary of largess to those who hold out their hands in direct solicitation. To ignore this lesson is to repeat the error of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

James O. Fagan's "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is based upon a railway experience of twenty-seven years, part of the time as a telegraph operator and towerman, part as chief clerk to a superintendent. In the latter capacity, his duties included the supervision of pay-rolls, the hiring and examination of men, the investigation of accidents, the movement of trains, and the tracing of troubles of every description. With such an experience, a man, if his mind be free from prejudice, should be able to speak on the subject of accidents with authority, and to contribute materially to the solution of the problem. The author fortifies his assertions with frequent illustrations which make a reader feel how little after all separates him from eternity when he takes his seat in a passenger coach. Briefly summarized, Mr. Fagan's conclusions are that there is a general lack of discipline and sense of responsibility among railway employees, and that this condition has been brought about by trade-union organization and dominance. Against the united labor force the superintendent is powerless, for he receives from his superiors no encouragement to resistance. "Harmony dictates the policy of the railroad, the nature and severity of its discipline, while efficiency follows in the rear as best it can." That trade-union influence has been subversive of discipline, no fair-minded person will be disposed to deny. One cannot feel sure, however, after reading this book, that the case for the employee has been fully presented, or that officials have been charged with their proper share of responsibility. This experienced employee sees no hope of relief from the state of armed neutrality into which the opposing forces of labor and capital have brought themselves except through such action by governmental authority as shall bring to light the underlying conditions, and shall punish as criminals those responsible for deaths by accident. Certain it is that the patience of the American public, which has been strained to the breaking point, will not wait much longer upon the voluntary action of the railways themselves.

Those who have found Miss Mary Caroline Crawford's earlier books, "The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees," etc., agreeable reading will not be disappointed in "Saint-Botolph's Town" (L. C. Page & Co.). There are some repetitions from the former volumes; for instance, the paragraph on Mrs. Hutchinson's "parlour talks" (page 114). And the style leaves something to be desired, being, to say the least, neither original nor distinguished. But the author keeps herself largely in the background and is content to select and arrange extracts from old records, diaries, and letters, often not easily accessible to the general reader. This Miss Crawford does with tact, discretion, and sympathy. One longs occasionally for a footnote of reference; for example, it would be interesting to know whence Miss Crawford derives her rather extraordinary etymology of the name Botolph (p. 44). The theory stated in the preface, that the life of history is in biography, is one to which we heartily subscribe; and we think Miss Crawford's attempt to embody the history of Boston in a series of portraits of prominent men and women is distinctly successful, though it involves a certain lack of continuity in the historical narrative which, after all, most American readers can supply for themselves. The illustrations, as in Miss Crawford's other books, are very attractive.

The second volume of the "Works of James Buchanan" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) includes his papers to the beginning of 1836 and gives good examples of his legal and political activities. His important report in 1831 on the national judicial powers has been ranked high by Constitutional lawyers, and the editor, John Bassett Moore, wisely prints also the opposing, or majority, report. Buchauan was a good officeseeker, and assiduously cultivated Jackson. One result was his appointment as minister to Russia, in succession to the somewhat erratic John Randolph. It is to be regretted that the instructions given to Randolph are not printed in this volume, for it was under them that Buchanan acted. From his diary and letters we learn that the chief object of his mission was a treaty of commerce. Randolph had made approaches, but that meteoric character would never have sought, as did Buchanan, to instruct the Czar on the beauties of a protective tariff. Believing that a treaty would bring large benefits to Russia, he was surprised that the Czar's ministers did not at once agree with him, and when the treaty was actually signed he magnified the difficulties he had overcome. Good protectionist as he was, he was impressed with the low import duties in Holland, only ½ per cent. advalorem; yet the people "appeared to be happy and contented, and I have yet seen but one beggar on the street." Returning to the United States, he saw the end of his political career, but he was chosen to the Senate, and became an "authority" on foreign questions. It must be admitted that his diary while in Russia was not impressive, and home politics occupied his thoughts at all times. On p. 213 "water-set" should be "water-ret," and the *projet de roi* on p. 478 should be *loi*.

"Porfirio Diaz" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), by Rafael de Zayas Enriquez, translated by T. Quincy Browne, jr., is the first piece of plain speech about the ruler of Mexico that has lately appeared in a form calling for serious attention. In the purely biographical part, recounting Diaz's early career, military and political, the author—who, by the way, has been an ardent partisan of Diaz—shows himself, except here and there, disposed to interpret everything in favor of his hero. One feels also that the author overestimates the importance of recent agitations and agitators; and that he is blind to the deadening influence of the absolutism that has prevailed—an influence that has been cumulative in a degree not realized by most Mexicans. But in the last few chapters, which deal with present conditions, the author points out existing evils in words uncommonly plain for a Mexican. His remedy, however, for the evils that absolutism has bred is—for Diaz to "regenerate" his country in the few years of life that remain to him! The book may at least be commended to the consideration of those American journalists whose idea of "writing up" Mexico is to repeat the stereotyped tales about Diaz's "marvellous work."

A recent publication in the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, of Columbia University, is entitled "The Enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers, during the first decade after the Black Death, 1349-1359," by Bertha Haven Putnam, instructor in history at Mount Holyoke College. Miss Putnam has endeavored to answer two questions much disputed among students of English economic and social history: first, were the provisions of the statute of laborers legitimate, and secondly, were they effective? For the ten years under review, her answer is that the wages and price clauses of the statute were thoroughly enforced, and that in consequence wages were maintained at a lower level than would have resulted from a régime of free competition; that, on the whole, the legislation was equitable, at least so far as the oral contracts between lords and villeins were concerned, and that the efforts of the courts to enforce these contracts must command modern sympathy and approbation; and, lastly, that the statute in its relation to the whole system of villeinage was not uniform in its consequences, acting as a check in some instances upon the mobility even of the free laborer, and in others, particularly in connection with trials before the justices of laborers, treating the villeins as freemen and so aiding in the overthrow of bondage. In a sense these conclusions, important though they are, must be deemed only tentative until confirmed or modified by a thorough examination of the sources for the period from 1359 to 1381. Miss Putnam suggests that valuable results might be obtained if an investigator were to take a given county, Essex, for example, and exploit all the material bearing on the subject. Faint-hearted students, seeking for royal roads to the doctoral degree, will hardly be encouraged to enter this field by the evidence here given of the labor involved. The essay rests upon a remarkably fine basis of documentary material obtained after long search in the Public Record Office, London, and here printed in part in an appendix of documents occupying 463 pages, or twice the number of the thesis itself. Only students familiar with the conditions attending such a search among the original rolls, memoranda, petitions, sessions records, year books, and the like can appreciate the dreariness and difficulties of the task that Miss Putnam has performed. Quite apart from her main purpose of showing the operation of the system set up to enforce the statute of laborers she has accomplished an exceedingly useful result in calling attention to sources misplaced or unknown and of orienting the entire mass of material necessary for a further investigation of the subject.

R. Nisbet Bain's "Slavonic Europe" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), the latest volume in the Cambridge Historical Series, is not so comprehensive as its title would suggest, being limited to the history of Russia and Poland. Aside from its merits as an intelligent compilation, though not always, apparently, with reliance upon the most recent authorities, the strength of the book is in its account of political and military happenings and its delineation of personal character. On the institutional and social side it is not strong, while the abundance of detail sometimes obscures the main course of the narrative, and in any case does not make the volume entirely easy reading. Russian and Polish names are at best stumbling-blocks to Latins and Teutons, and Mr. Bain does not lessen the difficulty by his preference for less usual forms of transliteration, as well as by some inconsistency in their use. As a whole, however, the volume is a welcome addition to the literature in English of this difficult field.

An anthology of a poetic literature whose existence is scarcely suspected north of Mexico, "Poetas Bolivianos," by Placido Molina and Emilio Finot, is published in Paris (Ollendorff). Frédéric Raisin also makes known, both in text and French translation, two South American poets: "Les Ombres d'Hellas" and "L'Atlantide conquise," by Leopold Diaz of the Argentine Republic; and "Au delà des horizons," by Rufino Blanco-Fombona of Venezuela. Both these poets have been consuls of their countries in Europe. Señor Diaz has been greatly influenced by Heredia, whose translator he is; his sonnet "To the Dead Race" of aborigines is not unworthy of the master. Señor Blanco-Fombona is more romantic; but he too has a sequence of four fine sonnets on Bolivar.

The Reform Verlag of Leipzig begins, under the title of *Universal-Archiv für Wissenschaft und Literatur*, edited by Dr. Ed. Loewenthal of Berlin, a new monthly organ of the Zentralinstitut für Gedankenstatistik und menschliche Wissenserweiterung.

The house of G. Kreysing, Leipzig, has just begun the publication of a new monthly, *Hellenismus*, which is the organ of the Greek National Association called Hellenismos, consisting of educated Greeks living in Germany and Austria. The editor is Prof. S. Moraitis, of Leipzig. The first issue contains among other things a discussion of the recent political upheaval in Turkey and a scholarly essay, "Die Insel Samos einst und jetzt."

In the series edited by Dr. Carl Patsch, Zur Kunde der Balkanhalbinsel (Sarajevo: Kajon), Theodor Ippen has just issued No. 5, "Skutari und die nordalbanische Küstenebene." The author who was for seven years the Austrian consul at Scutari gives the results of his own observations and studies.

Lemcke & Buechner have now an English edition of "Stieler's Atlas of Modern Geography." The maps and their arrangement are the same as in the German original, but the explanations on the maps are given in an English translation on the front page of each map, and the preface and index are also in English.

Under the title "Aegypten zur Zeit der Pyramidenerbauer" (Leipzig: Hinrichs), Eduard Meyer publishes a lecture originally delivered to the Deutsche Orientgesellschaft, in which he outlines the development of civilization in ancient Egypt, from the earliest beginnings about 3300 B. C. to 2500 B. C. Sixteen good illustrations, chiefly of monuments, add to the value of the work. His story includes his inferences from the finds made in Egypt last winter by the representatives of the Orientgesellschaft.

Of Carl Albrecht Bernoulli's "Franz Overbeck und Friedrich Nietzsche: Eine Freundschaft, nach ungedruckten Dokumenten und im Zusammenhang mit der bisherigen Forschung dargestellt," the second volume of 535 pages is just published (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). Since the indiscretions of the first volume roused in the Nietzsche-Archiv of Weimar a storm of in-

dignation, which led to legal proceedings, some passages in the volume have been made illegible by printer's ink, in the approved manner of the Russian censorship. The fourth volume of the "Gesammelte Briefe" of Friedrich Nietzsche has just appeared (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). The letters are addressed to Peter Gast, whom Nietzsche had heralded as the deliverer of German music from the corruption into which it had fallen through Richard Wagner. Peter Gast, whose reputation as a musician and composer rests solely upon this foundation, is the editor of this volume.

Max von Schenkendorf, author of the greatest patriotic song called forth by the Napoleonic invasion, "Die Wacht am Rhein," and of that other lyric dear to the German heart, "Muttersprache," has been made the subject of a literary study by Elsa Klein (Vienna: Gerold & Co.). Schenkendorf's attitude towards life and towards his country was so distinctly influenced by his mystical and moralizing introspection, that this little book ought to prove interesting reading.

"Die Seligpreisungen unsers Herrn praktisch ausgelegt," by the late Dr Adolf Schmitthenner, of Heidelberg, edited by Heinrich Bassermann (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), is an interpretation and application of the Beatitudes, from the point of view of advanced theology.

To the Kultur series, edited by Dr. Cornelius Gurlitt (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), some interesting new volumes have been added. Dr. Theodor Kappstein, author of an excellent biography of Rosegger, has written on "Moderne Theologie und Kultur." The small compass of the book hardly gave the author opportunity to do himself justice, and to exhaust his important subject. The work is barely more than an introduction, but it is interesting reading, and in the reminiscent passages is of sufficient lightness to be almost entertaining. There are twelve illustrations; among them portraits of Harnack, Pfleiderer, and other eminent German divines. "Deutsche Mystiker," by Wilhelm von Scholz, is another new volume of the series. The author succeeds in presenting to his readers a more poetical than philosophical conception of the meaning and the mission of German mysticism, as personified by men like Suso and Tauler. It would be interesting to know the source of the illustrations, which in their allegorical mediævalism are singularly well adapted to the subject. The book is well written, as might be expected from the author of the excellent studies of Droste-Hülshof and Hebbel that bear his name.

Prof. G. Dalman, who is in charge of the German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem, writes to the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* of Leipzig that the present High Priest of the Samaritans has assured him that the Hebrew recension of the book of Joshua, which was recently published by Rabbi M. Gaster of London (see the *Nation* of September 17, p. 263), is the work of the High Priest himself on the basis of the Arabic text. The High Priest is amazed at Gaster's assertion that this is a very ancient book, as he himself never pretended that it is.

The visit of Guglielmo Ferrero to the United States makes timely "Nell' America Meridionale" (Milan: Treves), notes and impressions by his wife, Gina Lombroso-Ferrero. This is more than an ordinary book of traveller's impressions; for Signora Ferrero, as befits the daughter of Professor Lombroso, is a keen observer. She describes the tour that she and her husband took in 1907 through Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. Everything, whether social, political, industrial, or agricultural, seems to have interested her. She writes fluently, without padding. Her analysis of the Brazilian temperament is particularly searching. The book might well be translated for American readers, who have great need of a better acquaintance with their South American neighbors.

A general meeting of the Archæological Institute of America will be held at the University of Toronto December 28 to 30, in connection with a meeting of the American Philological Association. The following papers, with others, will be presented: "The Temple of Soleb, a New Form of Egyptian Architecture," James H. Breasted, University of Chicago; "The Development of Babylonian Picture Writing," George A. Barton, Bryn Mawr; "Excavations and Repair of Casa Grande," Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology; "Excavations of 1908 in the Roman Forum and near the Arch of Titus," Harry L. Wilson, Johns Hopkins; "The Date and Place of Writing of the Biblical Manuscripts in the Freer Collection," Henry A. Sanders, University of Michigan; "Visits to the West Shore of the Dead Sea and the Arabah," President Francis Brown, Union Theological Seminary; "A Type of Roman Lamp: Dressel's Forma 25," Samuel E. Bassett, University of Vermont; "Robbia Notes," Allan Marquand, Princeton; "A Little Homeric Problem," William F. Harris, Harvard; "A Heracles Head from Sparta," William N. Bates, University of Pennsylvania; "The Death of Romulus," Director Jesse B. Carter, of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome (to be read by Dean A. F. West); "Notes on a Journey in Issauria," T. Callander, Queens University; "Two North Italian Painters of the Tre-Cento; Altichieri and Avanzo," Philip J. Gentner, former fellow of the Institute in Mediæval and Renaissance Archæology; "The Excavations of Tyuonyi, New Mexico," Director Edgar L. Hewett, of the School of American Archæology; "The Group Dedicated to Daochos at Delphi," Kendall K. Smith, Harvard; "Restoration of the Stoa in the Asclepieum at Athens," Gordon Allen and Lacey D. Caskey, recent members of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens; "A Group of Sculptures from Corinth," Miss Elizabeth M. Gardner, Wellesley; "An Old Jewish Picture of the Sacrifice of Isaac," Charles C. Torrey, Yale; "A Coptic Biblical Manuscript in the Freer Collection," Dr. W. H. Worrell, University of Michigan; "The Quinquinnales," Dr. R. V. Magoffin, Johns Hopkins; "Two Etruscan Mirrors," John C. Rolfe, University of Pennsylvania; "Antiquities from Boscoreale in the Field Museum," Herbert Fletcher De Cou, late of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome; "The History of Writing in Spain," Charles Upson Clark, Yale; "An Œnophorus in Baltimore," Dr. David M. Robinson, Johns Hopkins; "Themes from St. John's Gospel in the Paintings of the Catacombs," Dr. Clark D. Lamberton, University of Pennsylvania; "The So-Called Flavian Rostra," Dr. Esther B. Van Deman, Carnegie Fellow in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome; "Roofing of the Propylæa at Athens," Henry D. Wood, late Carnegie Fellow in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. An exhibit of facsimile reproductions of the Uncial manuscripts of the Bible has been arranged for the meetings.

The British Academy has made its final arrangements for celebrating the Milton tercentenary. December 8, at a special meeting of the Academy, George Meredith will read a poem, Dr. A. D. Ward, master of Peterhouse, will read a paper on "Milton's Life and Work," and this will be followed by a discourse on "Milton's 'Comus' and its Incinental Music" by Sir Frederick Bridge, illustrated by the choristers of Westminster Abbey. December 9 will bring a special service at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, with sermon by the Bishop of Ripon, and in the evening a banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. The next day the following papers, to be issued later in book form, will be handed in to the Academy: "Milton and Dante, with Reference to Macaulay's Essay," by W. J. Courthope; "Milton in the Eighteenth Century," by Prof. Dowden; "'Samson Agonistes' and the Hellenic Drama," by the late Sir Richard Jebb; "Milton as Schoolboy and Schoolmaster," by A. F. Leach; and "Milton's Fame on the Continent," by Prof. J. G. Robertson. December 15, "Samson Agonistes" will be performed at the theatre, Burlington Gardens, under the management of William Poel.

The Rev. George Edward Jelf, master of Charterhouse since 1907, died November 19. He was born in Berlin in 1834, and was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. For many years he was an active clergyman of the Church of England. Among his publications are many popular books of devotion, such as: "Our Treasure of Light" (1874), "Necessary Things" (1875), "Make Up for Lost Time" (1877), "The House of God the Home of Man" (1878), "The Rule of God's Commandments" (1878), "The Consolations of the Christian Seasons" (2 vols., 1880), "The Secret Trials of the Christian Life" (1883), "Hear the Church" (1887), "Work and Worship" (1887), "Mother, Home, and Heaven" (1891), and "Messiah Cometh" (1899). He was also author of "Sound Words, Their Form and Spirit" (1907).

The death is announced, at the age of fifty-seven, of Thomas Greenwood, a member of the firm of Scott, Greenwood & Co., of London, and known for his advocacy of free libraries. His works include "Tour in the United States and Canada," "Eminent Naturalists," "Public Libraries," "Museums and Art Galleries," "Sunday School and Village Libraries," "Greenwood's Library Year-Book," and "Edward Edwards, the Chief Pioneer of Municipal Public Libraries."

Archibald John Little, the well-known British traveller, has died at the age of seventy. He wrote, "Through the Yangtse Gorges," "Mount Omi and Beyond," and "The Far East."

The death is announced of Matthew Blair in his seventy-second year. Mr. Blair published books on "The Paisley Shawl," "The

Paisley Thread Industry," and "The Glasgow Weaving College." He also wrote on various geological topics.

The death of Friedrich Althoff, late Ministerialdirektor in the Prussian Kultusministerium, followed soon upon his retirement from office in order to regain his health, and at a time when his ultimate recovery was looked for with certainty. His twenty-five years of service, during which he assiduously worked for the progress of the Prussian librarles, were marked by a remarkable growth in their usefulness. He took the initiative in certain large undertakings in the interest of a more efficient service, such as the Prussian "Generalkatalog," and the general catalogue of incunabula. His last official act was the creation of the "Beirat für Bibliothekswesen," in the Kultusministerium. He was also aetive in promoting the exchange of professors with universities in this country.

The death is announced in his forty-sixth year of the poet and novelist, Max Wundtke. Among his publications are, "Dunkle Gewalten," "Die unsterbliche Liebe," "Ein schuldvoll Leben," and "Verworrene Bahnen."

NOTES ON BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

There is little difference in scope and purpose between the books of last year and of this. The fact may indicate one out of two important limitations in our publishers who cater to juvenile readers: either they lack the power of invention, or else they argue that a successful book should serve as a model from season to season, world without end. So it is that the titles and the very *format* of the volumes today are reminiscent. The backs of the volumes present a stolidity that portends no variety. In fiction, the same heroes and heroines have grown slightly older; in travel, the same loquacious parties are peering into new corners. And yet, it is possible to adopt some principles of exclusion, if we bear in mind, regarding fiction, that no power of librarian or critic can prevent Edward Stratemeyer from persisting in his Dave Porter Series, or A. T. Dudley, Joseph A. Altsheler, Everett T. Tomlinson, Edward S. Ellis, and the like from repeating themselves. The process of elimination is carried on, therefore, in the name of novelty

"The only classification I use," a book-lover once said, "is that of size. I like regularity on my shelves." This arrangement applies very well to large books for small folk. The eye is attracted toward W. D. Howells's "Christmas Every Day" (Harper & Bros.), a richly decorative book, rather extravagantly padded with blank leaves, but festive looking. In the telling of this story there is a certain zest that adds spirit to the little girl's wish, and the adventures that result therefrom. One would expect from Thomas Nelson Page something unique in "Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus" (Charles Scribner's Sons), but the events are too evidently constructed in a conventional manner to disguise the stilted moral of the rich little boy and the poor little boy. E. Boyd Smith is the one who seems to have reached the heart of fun in "Santa Claus and All About Him" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.); it is not so much the text which counts as the flat tone color plates that express a humor of situation and expression attractive to both young and old. Mr. Smith will be remembered by his "Story of Noah's Ark." "Familiar Nursery Jingles" (Stokes) is a volume, richly illustrated in color by Ethel Franklin Betts. The drawings are not sufficient in number, however, to aid the jollity of the verses. The very best collection of its kind is "The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), so charmingly and fully pictured by Charles Robinson, who, this year, has added much in attractiveness to "Nella's" fairy story of "Prince Babillon; or, The Little White Rabbit" (Mitchell Kennerley); there is an unfortunate complexity here of decorative border, which detracts somewhat from Mr. Robinson's simplicity of lines. The story, as a fairy romance, possesses a certain charm. But, though the same mould is used, no volume can equal "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with pictures by Millicent Sowerby (Duffield & Co.); the story comes as a fresh breeze in the desert of imitation, though this particular volume, in appearance, is not one to attract—there are better editions.

Continuing with the larger books, and beginning with the tastes of the tiny tots, "The Ark that Glue Built," conceived by George A. and Clara A. Williams (Stokes), will furnish a deal of fun for those whose destructive instinct with scissors must have an outlet. The "Ten Little Niggers" of past nursery days is supplanted by "Seven Little Women" (Stokes), in which R. C. Twelvetrees records some obliterating mishaps. In "The Muffin Shop" (Rand, McNally & Co.), by Louise Ayres Garnett, the verses sometimes succeed in rising above the monotony of length; all of Mother Goose's children visit the muffin man, while Hope Dunlap's brush depicts their impressions. "The Happychaps" (Century Co.), whose adventures are drawn by Harrison Cady and sung by Carolyn Wells, are cousins in intent to the Brownies, though they are not fairies. But the happenings are much the same, and the little figures just as grotesque. Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins has added to her Dandelion Classics an edition of "Æsop's Fables" (Stokes); her color plates, though poorly reproduced, have the excellent quality of simplicity of design. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" has likewise been issued in this series, the publishers are wise in keeping their selections of a high standard.

"The Pinafore Picture Book," by Sir W. S. Gilbert (The Macmillan Co.), will bring delight to many readers; not only are Alice B. Woodward's pictures attractive, but the story itself, with lyrics and music, breathes a wholesome atmosphere. If the theatre managers will not give us Gilbert and Sullivan, it is well that the publishers should. Sir William's preface is altogether of a rare quality. A rollicking book is "The Monarchs of Merry England (William I to Richard III)," pictured humorously by W. H. Robinson, and recorded skilfully in verse by Roland Carse (Stokes). We infer that the whole of English history will be thus treated; the information is all there, given in a surprisingly inventive metre. So good-natured are the jokes that the publishers assure us the Princess of Wales has accepted the book for the royal children. And while on the subject of fun, let us record an honest enjoyment of Peter Newell's "The Hole Book" (Harper), which deseribes graphically the disasters following the mischievous handling of a gun by a small boy.

Several large books of verse need to be recorded. M. G. Edgar has selected "A Treasury of Verse for Little Children" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), an importation of attractive appearance. The inclusions are somewhat strange, showing the compiler more an editor, with personal taste for poetry, than a born anthologist. The volume is pleasingly decorative. No one can dispute Josephine Preston Peabody's title as a writer of charming verse, and "The Book of the Little Past" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), with its full-page color work by Elizabeth Shippen Green, is indeed charming; but, like Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney, she sometimes strains to copy Stevenson, without quite approaching him. The present book is intended for older children, meaning grown-ups, who contemplate what childhood should be. Miss Abbie Farwell Brown is different; she is much nearer the heart of youth. This year, she brings out "Fresh Posies" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) which deserves a warm welcome, if only for the understanding in the verses "Grace Before Meat," with the concluding lines:

O Lord, when I am hungry may I never lack for meat,
And make me always hungry when I sit me down to eat.

"The Orphant Annie Book" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) with its effective decorations by Ethel Franklin Betts, will be welcomed by all lovers of James Whitcomb Riley; while "Dream Blocks" (Duffield), pictured in Jessie Willcox Smith's usual manner—or mannerism?—is attractively bound; the spirit of this little book is better than the execution of its verse by Aileen Cleveland Higgins.

A book that offers not a little information is Franklin Matthews's "With the Battle Fleet" (B. M. Huebsch), an excellent record of life aboard our men-of-war during the recent long trip. Such views as one obtains in "Christmas with the Fleet," and "Neptune Ahoy!" will interest readers of all ages. "Three Years Behind the Gun" (Century Co.) narrates feelingly the "true chronicles of a 'diddy-box' "; as a record, it reads like a story, and the impressions aboard the Olympia, with Dewey, are simply and feelingly given. To pass from the navy to the army, Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard has simplified his "Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known" (Century Co.); these accounts contain a certain adventurous element; chiefs are chiefs whatever the shortcomings in literary style.

The so-called useful literature includes several striking books. Tudor Jenks's "Photography for Young People" (Stokes) is apparently written by one who has followed all the advice he gives. "Harper's Indoor Book for Boys," by Joseph H. Adams, is full of varied suggestion for wood and metal worker. Though meant for little children, Constance Johnson's "When Mother Lets Us Cook" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), whets older tongues with its appetizing receipts—simple things, but none the less toothsome, the interspersed jingles are stilted, but that does the dishes no harm.

In the realm of classies, our notice is drawn to "The Child's 'Rip Van Winkle',"

with colored illustrations by Maria L. Kirk (Stokes), treated in no fantastic style like Arthur Rackham's conceptions, but literally, in fresh, brilliant color, and very direct meaning. The unnamed editor, who did the adapting, assures us that only a few changes have been made, where short words are substituted for long ones. A casual comparison with the original will show the scheme; it is perhaps futile to change "noble height" to "great height"; children are not overparticular as to detail, if the general meaning is distinct. Among reprints of standard poetry we may mention first "The Children's Longfellow" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The publishers note that though Longfellow is popular in the schools there has "heretofore been no comprehensive collection of the poems best adapted for children's reading." In this selection the arrangement is in general that of the Cambridge Edition. In the case of "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" an excerpt has been made of one or two complete divisions from each. The book is handsomely printed and bound; there are eight full-page illustrations in colors, and decorated title-page, sub-titles, and headings in color. Each year brings a new "Chaucer Story Book," this season's contribution being under the direction of Eva March Tappan (Houghton). The transcription is fairly and faithfully done, but unless the old flavor is attained, the retelling is hardly worth while. That is why Percy Mackaye's modern rendering, though older, is more valuable. It does not foreshorten Chaucer, or take away from his gentle humor. The remarkable fact remains, nevertheless, that Dr. Tappan, though she does a quantity of work, turns out a quality by no means inferior, and certainly not lacking in sincere intention. Her "Letters from Colonial Children" (Houghton) is a clever way of giving a setting to history; she has brought a child's observation to bear on the conditions which confronted the early settlers; she has kept the letters historical on the one hand, yet has not deprived them of their youthful tone on the other. Her third volume, "American Hero Stories," avowedly a history, is less successful, though no less conscientious (Houghton). The four volumes of Louisa M. Alcott's popular Spinning-wheel Series are reprinted by Little, Brown & Co., each with eight full-page pictures. The volumes are entitled "Spinning-wheel Stories," "Silver Pitchers," "Proverb Stories," and "A Garland for Girls." Miss Alcott needs no recommendation; her stories are classics of their kind. The type and paper of this edition are good.

Duffield & Co. import "The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young"; the editor of the series has taken certain slight liberties with the text of Charles and Mary Lamb, and has added thereto in appropriate places excerpts from the plays themselves, a wise move. Still another attraction is the inclusion of the musical settings for the Shakespeare songs, arranged for home and school use. So far, six volumes have been issued in pleasing red covers with gilt stamps. Was it not said of Dr. Johnson that he had perhaps written more books than he had read? Nowhere are we able to find whether Thomas Cartwright is credited with each volume in the Every Child's Library (Dutton), but five are certainly his, and in general they are creditable, though somewhat miscellaneous, except in their heroic intention. "The Old, Old Myths of Greece and Rome" is a concise little work of reference; "Asgood, Midgard, and Utgard," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," and "Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer," are all told with considerable care and feeling, especially in the matter of quotation from sources. The color plates are striking. The Rev. A. J. Church has told "The Æneid" in simple language for boys and girls; the narrative is adequate, but not full-blooded, a point constantly raised by Lamb during the time he was himself retelling "Ulysses" for Godwin; he thought the *terrible* for children a rather fine thing, provided it did not border upon the nauseous. Edwin M. Bacon has a good idea in his "English Voyages" (Scribner), retold from Hakluyt, to draw the attention of young readers to sources of American history; as solid reading the book is not without adventurous interest; it will not be popular, but it is more than a high school reference book, though it should appeal to the high school boy.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Early London: Prehistoric, Roman, Saxon, and Norman. By Sir Walter Besant. Pp. x+370. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

This volume, though dealing with the earliest history of London, is the sixth issued of Sir Walter Besant's "Survey of London"; the preceding volumes are: "London in the Eighteenth Century," "London in the Time of the Stuarts," "London in the Time of the Tudors," "Mediæval London: Historical and Social," and "Mediæval London: Ecclesiastical." The present work deals with London from the remotest times to the middle of the twelfth century, when the last of the Norman kings ceased to reign in England. A quarter of the whole volume, devoted to Norman London, would perhaps more properly have come into the mediæval section, for the continuous history of London begins with the Conqueror, and from this time the city may, in comparison with the preceding epochs, be regarded as almost modern.

An opening chapter furnished by Prof. T. G. Bonney treats of the geology of London, describing very clearly the conditions determining the site, and telling something of the traces of prehistoric man found in London and its neighborhood. The Thames ran through a low-lying country, making at high tide a vast marsh, or rather a lake. Signs of lake-dwellings have been discovered, but the age of these has, like most other things in the early history of London, been the subject of dispute: they have been referred to post-Roman times. How did London come by its name? Did it exist at the time of Cæsar's invasion of Britain, and, if so, how is it that he has not mentioned it? Sir Walter Besant contends that, "while London was as yet only a rude hill-fortress, perhaps while it was only a village of lake-dwellers in the marsh, perhaps before it came into existence at all," there was a busy and thriving community higher up the Thames, at Thorney Island, the future site of Westminster Abbey. This explanation we need to account for the fact that the great road from Dover and Canterbury to St. Albans did not touch London, but went through Westminster at Thorney Island. Sir Walter Besant's view that there was here a ford has been strongly contested, but we are not compelled to accept the ford, for a ferry would preserve continuity for the route over the river, as well as a ford, or even better. London was either not in existence, or was not worthy of so much as mention in 55 B. C., when Cæsar invaded Britain; Dion Cassius, who tells the story of the invasion in A. D. 43, is also silent as to London. The question is how to reconcile all this with the fact that Tacitus, writing in A. D. 61, eighteen years later than Dion, describes London as a great and populous place. Sir Walter Besant's solution of the difficulty is that the importance of London was due solely to a great annual fair. This seems to go far towards reconciling facts in seeming contradiction. During the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, London rose to be a place of great importance.

We come now to a most obscure part in the history of London. After the departure of the Romans, the city was ravaged by Saxon pirates and fell into decay: in two hundred years it is mentioned once only, and then merely as a place of retreat of fugitive Britons. "London," says Sir Walter, "was absolutely deserted—as deserted as Baalbec or Tadmor in the Wilderness—and she so continued for something like a hundred and fifty years." This view is not universally accepted: G. L. Gomme, for instance, has in his "Governance of London" contended with all the weight of his learning that after the departure of the Romans London remained essentially Roman in constitution. This view, it is needless to say, is wholly incompatible with the assumption of the desertion of London.

About the end of the sixth century the life of London began again. Sir Walter pictures the manner of the revival:

> The merchants from beyond the seas heard that peace, some kind of peace, had returned to this land; the mouth of the Thames no longer swarmed with pirates, for there was nothing left on which they could prey. From Dover the adventurous merchantmen crept timidly along the coast—there was no enemy in sight; the skipper ventured into the narrow channel between Thanet and the mainland—no ship was there, no sign of pirate craft; timidly he sailed up the broad estuary of the Thames—not a sail did he encounter. There

were no ships; when the Saxon migration exhausted itself, the Saxon forgot straightway the art of shipbuilding, and the mystery of navigation; his ships were to him like those wings of certain insects, which provide for one flight—that achieved, the wings drop off. During the hundred years or more, while the invasion was becoming a conquest, the ships had rotted or been burned. . . . Then these traders landed their cargo and began cautiously to explore the country round, carrying their goods for sale. They found farmsteads dotted about, each containing one family, with its chief, its sons and daughters, and its slaves. They went north and east as far as Ongar and Abridge, and even beyond the great forest. The people received them without any attempt to kill or murder them; they were interested, at least, in the weapons offered for barter.

What more? Trade revived; the foreign merchants came back, the men of Rouen, the men of Bordeaux; and some of the Saxons themselves, forgetting their prejudice against towns, came in to settle and took to trade. Some of the Britons came out of their retreats in the forests and found shelter and freedom and perhaps wealth, in the city. London was founded a second time (pp. 153-4).

Then comes the story of the Danish invasions of the ninth century, leading, in the opinion of our author, to a second desertion of London, enduring till the recovery of the city by Alfred. The siege of London by Cnut offers the problem of his famous trench. This problem affords an illustration of the differences to be found among writers. Maitland, who, about 1740, went diligently over the whole ground, not then built over, convinced himself that the trench, beginning below Rotherhithe, ended at Chelsea Reach, a length of about four miles. Sir Walter attacking the problem with a mathematical formula and a diagram, arrives at the conclusion that "a hundred feet probably represented the whole of the mighty work of Cnut" (p. 189). Not even the formula can convince us that a bridge-head could have been turned in a length of one hundred feet. Perhaps Sir Walter came to doubt, for in a map of Norman London, Cnut's trench is shown with a length of about two thousand feet. The difference between Maitland's four miles and Sir Walter Besant's hundred feet gives a measure of the contradictions to be found on many of the debated points in the history of London. Indeed, the darkness of night hides much of London's early history. Roman pavements lie twenty feet below the present streets; none knows where was the Roman amphitheatre—Sir Walter Besant places it on the north of London, Mr. Gomme in Southwark. But, in spite of blanks, in spite of contradictions, the story of London will never cease to fascinate. Here and there the darkness melts into a dim twilight in which we see moving figures of heroic proportions. Olaf, Swegen, Alfred, Edmund Ironside, Cnut, Edward the Confessor, the great William. There will always be readers for him who essays to pierce the gloom.

The illustrations are numerous, and for the most part excellent, largely from manuscripts of the period described. We are glad that the present volume does not contain, like some of its predecessors, reproductions of modern pictures. We almost feared to find "Alfred Letting the Cakes Burn," or "The Finding of the Body of Harold," those favorite subjects of the early Victorian era. Perhaps the titles of some of the illustrations require revision. One runs, "Saxon doorway, Temple Church" (p. 343), though Sir Walter Besant tells us that "there is not a single stone in the City of London which may be called Saxon" (p. 243).

The House of Howard. By Gerald Brenan and Edward Phillips Statham. 2 vols.; pp. xi.+334; viii.+354. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

The Howards and Stanleys may fairly be regarded as the only titled English families to-day whose first admission to the peerage preceded the reign of Henry VII. Most of the old nobility, who had overshadowed the monarchy in the days of the Lancastrians and Yorkists, had been killed off in the wars of the Roses. Those who survived were marked by the first two Tudor kings as their most dangerous foes, and for the most part ruthlessly stricken down—such was the fate of the Staffords, Courtenays, Nevilles, and a host of others. But the Stanleys and Howards were spared. The salvation of the former was the direct result of the timely aid they bore to the Earl of Richmond at Bosworth; but that the latter survived is a matter of some surprise, for the Howards were originally staunch Yorkists. There is some reason to think that the elevation of John Howard to the baronage really occurred under Edward IV, though it has been usual to date that event from his first summons to Parliament as Baron Howard by Henry VI in 1470. In any case, it is certain that he was an ardent supporter of the White Rose during the next fifteen years, that he was raised to the Dukedom of Norfolk by Richard III in 1483, and that he died fighting bravely for him at Bosworth, despite the warning conveyed to him in the celebrated distich:

Jacke of Norffolke be not to bolde,
For Dykon thy Maister is bought and solde.

To such a family as this it could scarcely be expected that the victorious Tudor would show mercy, and it can be no matter of wonder that Henry's first Parliament included in a sweeping act of attainder both the dead Duke of Norfolk and his living son, "styled the Earl of Surrey," forfeiting all their estates and titles to the crown, and declaring Surrey an outlaw, liable to death at his new sovereign's pleasure.

Such was the very inauspicious beginning of the family that was to attain its greatest eminence in Tudor times. That the Howards, in less than half a century, emerged from deadly peril and rose to high estate is due to the ability and subserviency of the son and grandson of the first duke. Both were shrewd and supple men, shifting with the wind, accommodating themselves to new conditions with a celerity which showed their complete realization that their sole hope of salvation lay in absolute submissiveness to the dictates of the triumphant monarchy. The petitions of powerful friends of the former saved him from the gallows to which the act of attainder had condemned him; his military skill, strikingly exhibited in the suppression of a Yorkshire rising against Henry's extortions, terminated in less than four years what had promised to be a perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and paved the way for his restoration to the Earldom of Surrey aud a part of his confiscated estates. Other services culminating in the glorious victory over the Scots at Flodden, when his bold march to the northward was the essential factor in winning the day, caused his creation as Duke of Norfolk in 1514, and the complete reëstablishment of the family fortunes. But the Howards were still treading on very treacherous ground. It demanded a life-time of cringing subserviency, a marvellous stroke of good luck, and the patient enduring of a six years' imprisonment to secure for the son of the victor of Flodden (the third Duke of Norfolk) the valued privilege of dying in his bed. His Catholicism made court life turbulent after the breach with Rome; his relationship to the only two of Henry VIII's six wives whom that monarch was constrained to behead, rendered his position, on occasions, perilous in the extreme; but by sudden and unscrupulous windings, Norfolk eluded every pitfall till at the very last, on rumors of a Catholic plot, he and his son, the poet Earl of Surrey, were arrested and sent to the Tower. Surrey, despite a brilliant defence, was condemned by a packed court and executed. A bill of attainder against his father was passed through both houses of Parliament in six days, and received the royal assent by commission; the head of the distinguished prisoner would infallibly have fallen on the morning of January 28, 1547, had not the King's death, four hours earlier, placed the direction of the government in the hands of others, who, though even more opposed to Norfolk's principles than was Henry VIII, felt it impolitic to stain the beginning of a new reign by an act of blood. Nor-

folk remained in prison till the death of Edward VI. Liberated at the accession of Mary, he became for a brief time her chief adviser, till his own death in 1554.

The fourth Duke was his grandson (the son of the Earl of Surrey), and met his death in 1572 on the scaffold for complicity in the Ridolfi plot. From his three sons sprang three separate lines of Howards, and the family history becomes extremely complicated. From the oldest, Philip, is descended the present Duke of Norfolk; from the second—Thomas, Admiral in the Azores—the present Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire; from the third—the redoubtable "Belted Will"—the present Earl of Carlisle. A fuller description of the family history during the last three centuries is beyond the limits of the present review. But it is fair to say that the first four Howards exerted more influence on English history than all their numerous descendants put together; and our authors did not err in devoting all of their first volume and more than one-third of their second to the story of the family previous to 1572.

Their book (principally the work of the late Mr. Brenan, and completed after his death in 1906 by Mr. Statham) has many merits. It is interesting, readable, attractively put together, and amply provided with illustrations and genealogical tables. But it is only too easy to see that it is the work of men entirely lacking in the broad historical foundation and scholarship necessary for the production of a book of permanent value on such a difficult subject. Impartiality in dealing with the Howards themselves it is perhaps not reasonable to expect; but one cannot pass without protest the variously, but always unreservedly, abusive characterizations of Henry VIII: at times they are such as might have been expected from the exiled inmates of a suppressed monastery; at others they smack of the New England Sunday-school teacher who boasted descent "from a long line of maiden aunts." The chapter on the Pilgrimage of Grace shows lamentable ignorance of the composition and relative strengths of the different parties at the royal court; and the real cause of Norfolk's temporary retirement after the suppression of the revolt (namely, Cromwell's complete and speedy reassertion of his ascendency) is not once hinted at. Lastly, errors of detail in dates, spellings, and misinterpretations of documents are to be found on nearly every page; though exceedingly easy, it would be unprofitable to cite examples. As it stands, the work has its uses: it gives an adequate account of the history of a very great family, and, though none of its statements should be accepted without confirmation, it contains material that will prove valuable to Tudor historians. These virtues, however, would have been enormously enhanced, and its faults correspondingly diminished, had the book enjoyed the advantage of systematic and scholarly revision.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Hermit and the Wild Woman, and Other Stories. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

That accomplished critic, H. D. Sedgwick, has asserted that Mrs. Wharton's most marked traits are her femininity and her cleverness. It must be said that her latest collection of short stories does not suggest an extension in the range of that cleverness. The initial tale, to be sure, is not what might have been expected—a hermit, say, in a Washington Square studio, with a wild woman tempting him across a tea-table somewhere in the upper regions of Fifth Avenue. This is the case of a real hermit in a wilderness, to whom comes, as if from nowhere, a wandering woman to be, not his temptress, but his helper and innocent solace till death parts them. The trouble with the fable is that, after all, it is interesting rather than moving. One has the sense of its simply being another of Mrs. Wharton's amazingly skilful exercises. The succeeding tales indicate, perhaps, an increase of the tendency, first apparent in "The Fruit of the Tree," to deal with some of the serious questions of modern social life in a larger sense of that term than has always interested her. But more striking than this is her growing preoccupation with the irony of things. One fancies these stories told with a faint smile and a slow shake of the head. Nothing "turns out right" in the romantic sense, and yet every dénouement is in accordance with some distinguishable and on the whole acceptable law. An aging and defeated man humbles his will and makes the only sacrifice which remains for him, to the woman who has ruined his life, for the sake of the pure and happy girl who is oddly enough the sound fruit of their wretchedly unsound union. Another man is balked in the fulfilment of his duty to a dead friend by a selfish woman, and makes the only atonement possible by giving up his life in another disinterested cause. A middle-aged woman, American and married, fancies a secret understanding between herself and a young Englishman. They part, but her inner life is transformed by her sense of virtual union with him. She is stripped bare of her illusion, and her last case is worse than her first. And so on: There is no lifting from minor to major, no relieving touch of cheerfulness. The stories are, of course, admirably told; we must hope that their uniformity of key is a coincidence, and that the story-teller's buoyancy has not taken itself off altogether.

The Suspicions of Mrs. Allonby. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Whoever, remembering that well-told and interesting story, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," takes up this book with pleasant expectations, is doomed to severe disappointment. In the first place, there is no story, to speak of. A silly little woman, bored with comfortable idleness and depressed by what she elegantly calls "the Flu" (for influenza), insists, against her husband's wishes, on leaving their home in a London suburb for a solitary visit to the Riviera. The account of her journey, with all its little alarms, excitements, and absurdities, is sufficiently amusing, if one can believe that a woman rich enough to buy—and discard—five expensive hats in two weeks and a half could possibly, in these days, be so innocent of travel. From the moment, however, of Mrs. Allonby's arrival at the Mentone *pension* the book becomes merely a chronicle of the daily sayings and doings of a vulgar and insipid boarding-house party, against a background of rapturous but monotonous scene-painting. The farcico-melodramatic methods adopted by the husband to watch over his wife's safety and the introduction of a French *vicomte* masquerading as a head-waiter to win the hand of the landlord's daughter make it impossible to forgive the book its stupidity on account of any pretensions to realism.

The treatment this volume has received at the hands of its publishers—"tirara," "Ameins," "vertiable," "ballad fists," and "fiançe" are among the printers' gems—would excite some indignation if the author's own slovenly style did not so well deserve it. What has happened to "Maxwell Gray" that she can write like this of railway travel at night:

> Surely the winged steeds are now tearing away at increasing headlong speed, and their way is rougher, up hill and down dale, over crag and boulder and chasm; the cradle is rocked less gently and the rhythm of the rapid gallop is not so smooth, else it would be heavenly to fly thus between the pinions of the courser through centuries of calm content, unvexed by thought or care and surely the cadence that seemed now music, now the burden of some sweet old ballad of forgotten days, had declined to the double knock of civilization and hourly deliveries; to file firing, to the racket of the housemaid's morning broom and furniture destruction to summer thunder, to Portsmouth guns?

Cy Whittaker's Place. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here is a pleasant, homely, simple-minded story that gives the reader

much the same sort of enjoyment he would get from a performance of "Sbore Acres" or "The Old Homestead." The scene is laid "down on the Cape," in a village unspoiled by modern industrialism or millionaire summer residents. Every one in Bayport—except "teacher"—is a Bayporter born and bred, and tbat fact alone is singularly restful. Cy Whittaker, the retired sea captain, who restores the old "place," adopts an appealing little waif, defies the Honorable Heman Atkins, Congressman and boss of the district, and comes out generally triumphant over all the powers of evil, is a very likable, independent, humorous old fellow—not so old, either, that he cannot get up a rather pretty little romance of his own. The charm of the book, however, is the dialect. Who that loves to roll the real Yankee speech like a sweet morsel under his tongue can resist the spell of such engaging oaths as "Godfrey scissors!" and "By the big dipper!"? It is not common, or garden, Yankee, either, but the well-salted 'longshore variety; and Mr. Lincoln has with real artistry allowed his characters just enough contemporary slang to make us sure that it is a live tongue and not a phonographic record of other days to which we are listening.

Long Odds. By Harold Bindloss. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

The title of this book is skilful in its appeal to the Anglo-Saxon love of fair play that leaps to aggressive interest at the mention of an unequal struggle. The story justifies the interest, for the struggle represented is that of a few determined, disillusioned men against the evils promoted by unscrupulous greed and permitted by ignorant inertia in that continent so fitly called the Dark. Baldly stated, the theme is the carrying out by the Englishman Ormsgill of his resolve to rescue from slavery a number of negroes commended to his care by a dying friend; but the thought aroused strikes below the human type to the underlying conditions that make the story possible. In the character-drawing there is a refreshing absence of the hackneyed, especially among the men. The little Belgian priest, the American medical missionary bitter with a sense of failure, but strong with unconquerable love of man, Dom Clemente, who has learned the wisdom of looking on—these are real creatures of our own kind who lay hold upon our affections. It is to be regretted that the style is marred by mannerisms evidently the result of sheer carelessness.

Many Kingdoms. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

There is no startling originality in these pleasant tales, indeed, at times—notably in "Varick's Lady o' Dreams" and "Lily Bell"—the note is definitely reminiscent, but there are wholesome humor and pathos, and the felicity of description that one has come to expect from Miss Jordan as a matter of course. The emotional range of the book is wide, from downright tragedy to such exquisite fooling as "The Quest of Aunt Nancy." Some of the stories seem to strain for their effect, but much may be forgiven to one who gives us an idyllic farce of such human possibility as the New York honeymoon of the Henry Smiths of Clayton Center, who were so enthralled by city life as epitomized within the walls of their hotel that they could spare no time to carry their observations further.

The People of the Polar North: A Record by Knud Rasmussen; compiled from the Danish originals and edited by G. Herring. Pp. xix+358. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5, net.

The first Arctic explorer whose aim was, not to reach the Pole, but to study the life of the Polar people, was Knud Rasmussen. For this task, he was admirably equipped, having been born and brought up in Greenland, the son of a Danish missionary, but educated in Denmark. In 1902, he returned to his native land, a member of the Danish Literary Expedition, and spent the next two years in collecting information in regard to the religious beliefs, legends, and history of the Eskimos. This book is a selection from the results of his investigations, which have been recently published in Copenhagen, and though the work does not appeal to the casual reader, it will be deeply interesting to the student of man. The larger part is devoted to an absolutely unexplored field of ethnographical research, a little group of nomads, who are the most northerly people in the world, and till within a few years were completely isolated from the rest of mankind. Recently, they have come into contact with explorers and West Greenlanders—a contact which is the death-note of their unspoiled individuality. They are not a fertile race and are growing steadily fewer in numbers, and our author is not only the first, but probably the last, to make thorough and efficient research into their folk-lore. The fables and legends are largely derived from the native story-teller, whose task is to talk his hearers to sleep:

> The best story-tellers boast of never having told any story to the end. The legends are known to all; it is the grandmother's business to teach them to her grandchildren.

The chief interest of these tales lies in the fact that they are truthful pictures of the life of the people drawn by themselves, and it is a life without a parallel, without aim or purpose except to live. The summer months are spent in getting food for the long winter night, in which the only occupation of the men at least is to eat and sleep. The mental barrenness of this existence is illustrated by the answer given to our author by an unusually intelligent native, who had been with Peary in his attempt to reach the pole. When asked, "What did you think, when you saw the land disappear behind you, and you found yourself out on drifting ice-floes?" "Think?" said Panigpak, astonished, "I did not need to think: Peary did that!" Not only is this life mentally unfruitful, but it is full of tragedies. All travellers bear witness to the cheerfulness and good humor of the Greenlanders. "The mind of the Eskimo can be calm and sunny like the water on a summer day in the deep warm fjords. But it can likewise be savage and remorseless as the sea itself." The author narrates incidents in his own experience, which prove the truth of his assertion, "never have isolation and intellectual stagnation driven people to more insane brutalities." Their religious beliefs, like those of all primitive peoples, are largely characterized by fear. Natural phenomena are personified by evil spirits, who are subject to the control of their magicians. At times, like the Kayans of Borneo, as William Henry Furness, 3rd, describes them in his "Home Life of Borneo Head Hunters," these Eskimos show a timidity about speaking their own names aloud, lest the spirits, hearing, should be able to do the speakers an injury. As regards social customs it is unnecessary to say more than that girls are married at sixteen and become the absolute property of their husbands, who at will can dissolve the connection for a short time or permanently.

The latter part of the volume is devoted to stories and legends told by the West and East Greenlanders, but they do not differ materially from those of the Polar Eskimos. The East Greenlanders' narratives, however, have this interest that they are the memorials of a vanished people, all but one family having migrated from the southeast to the west coast and been absorbed into the population there. Mr. Rasmussen returned to Greenland in 1906, with the intention of making a six-years' tour along the North American coast, as far as Alaska, for the purpose of studying at first hand the still surviving remnants of the Canadian Eskimo that he may learn somewhat, if possible, of their origin and history and reach some definite ethnological conclusions as to the whole race.

The work is sumptuously got up, with twelve colored plates and ninety-two full page illustrations, largely portraits of natives, drawn by Count Harald Moltke, the artist of the expedition. The third member, whose portrait is given, was L.

Mylius-Erichsen, of whose death by starvation on an ice-floe information has recently been received.

All Things Considered. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Orthodoxy. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

"All Things Considered" contains Mr. Chesterton's comment in thirty-five little essays upon topics of the day ranging from fairy tales to phonetic spelling—it should be mentioned that he is a believer both in fairies and in Samuel Johnson. It is needless to remark that under the cover of neutral titles he lets fly many an arrow at his favorite enemies. In short sallies his persecution of balance and paradox stimulates and amuses without fatiguing. Served separately at breakfast, his skits would impart a zest to coffee and rolls, and send a man to business with a lively smack of the literary world and a secret feeling of intellectuality akin to that enjoyed by subscribers to the *Spectator* in the Age of Anne. Mr. Chesterton pretends that he thinks them quite ephemeral. "If all goes well," he says in his striking way, "this book will be unintelligible gibberish." It is true that these sparkling diatribes have a kind of journalistic and temporal appositeness; but all will never be so well that they will lose their point. The objects of his attack are old foes with new faces. The decadent and materialistic spirit in art, literature, and society is protean, but persistent. Every age must set off its Chesterton against its Shaw. Hazlitt with similar vivacity, Chesterfield with severe Atticism, Addison with the middle style fought many of his battles and said many of his good things before him. It remained for him, the great reconciler of opposites, to combine against the foe Hazlitt's love of childlike simplicity and enthusiasm with Chesterfield's hatred of Bohemian eccentricity and Addison's domestic piety.

The triumphant masterpiece of this exuberant journalist is his reconciliation of himself with Christianity, the account of which is set forth in "Orthodoxy." Daily engaged in the thick of popular intellectual libertinism and vaunting his familiarity with the latest moral and religious heresies, Mr. Chesterton, overhauling his fundamental beliefs, discovers with a shock of surprise that he is body and soul a Christian, devoutly thanks God for beer and burgundy, and plunges into apologetics. His argument, interwoven with the story of his religious experience, is a series of bluish crackling sparks, which breaks at intervals into a steady glow, illuminating perfectly rational and consistent pragmatic positions. His point of departure is what he regards as the "actual fact that the central Christian theology is the best root of energy and sound ethics." Various neologies have had their innings and have failed to comfort, guide, or inspire. One has abolished heaven and hell; another, vice and virtue; and a third, everything else but the ego—they have ended in sentimentality, paralysis of the will, moral anarchy, and the madhouse. The age of interrogation has accomplished its mission: modern thought lies in apathy and despair under the gray evening twilight of philosophic freedom. In this awful juncture, Mr. Chesterton discovers Christianity—sees that for every ill it contains the cure. With its vivid sense of sin, it rouses men to the violent loves and hates that make life worth while. "There must at any given moment be an abstract right and wrong, if any blow is to be struck; there must be something eternal if there is to be anything sudden." Christianity with its emphasis upon free will leads a man to choose a path and sends him down it like a thunderbolt. With its sharp distinction between flesh and spirit and its belief in a divine ruler outside the universe it lifts up the heart from self-contemplation and fills it with wonder and joy in the contemplation of its creator. The right Christian is neither optimist nor pessimist, but both at once in the highest degree of each; his predominant mood, however, is a kind of loyalty to the universe—he is a "cosmic patriot." He is not troubled by minor miracles, for he knows, with Carlyle, that the whole universe is a miracle Mr. Chesterton does not stand for half-measures; he justifies even the Trinity on the grounds of "practical reason." His eye fixed upon the goal, he balks at nothing to get there; he tramples history, Darwinism, anthropology, under foot with fine mirth and bravado. But in morals he is as sound as Moses, and his religion has a ring of chivalry and sincerity. You may be startled, even shocked, by this novel book; but you must admit that the heart of this witty Philistine is in the right place.

The Book of the Pearl: The History, Art, Science, and Industry of the Queen of Gems. By George Frederick Kunz and Charles Hugh Stevenson. New York: The Century Co. $12.50.

This book is an encyclopædia of the pearl. It has, as in the old definition, "unity and circularity of knowledge." The central motive is the evident, and very proper, desire of the authors to make out a strong case for a gem, the finding, distribution, and preparation of which gives more or less regular employment to perhaps a million people; and the beauty of which has been recognized for ages as meriting the best skill of lapidaries, the highest enthusiasm of collectors. That one of the writers has for many years been an expert in precious stones employed by a leading firm of jewelers, accounts, doubtless, not only for the extraordinary personalia occurring in letter press and illustrations—in hardly any recent book is one introduced to so distinguished an assemblage of emperors and empresses, Eastern potentates and wives of American multi-millionaires—but also for the constant endeavor through interesting and often naïve methods of suggestion to prompt readers to acquire, so to speak, the pearl habit. That the other author received his training in the Bureau of Fisheries explains, presumably, his liking for conveying voluminous and always entertaining information about the conditions of the pearl industry in various parts of the world and his persistent urging of the necessity for conservation of the conchological resources of ocean reefs and inland rivers. This note of special pleading, dominant throughout the book, in reality greatly enhances its value to the general reader, informing with a sense of enthusiasm pages which, with their weight—sometimes an over-weight—of facts and figures, might otherwise be deadly dull. There are, it is true, passages here and there of superfine writing; for example:

> Unable to resist, to rid itself of the opposing evil, it [the pearl oyster] exercises the powers given to it by a beneficent Creator and converts the pain into perfection, the grief into glory. Nature has many instances of the humble and lowly raised to high degree, but none more strikingly beautiful than this. One of the lowest of earth's creatures, suffering a misfortune, furnishes a wonderful lesson upon the uses of pain and adversity by converting its affliction into a precious gem symbolical of all that is pure and beautiful.

The work as a whole, however, is fairly readable. In quantity and quality of information it should be accounted as one of the most notable works yet produced on a topic connected with jewelry. By comparison with it some of the little manuals of the arts and crafts that involve use of precious or semi-precious stones seem thin and amateurish.

The extent, indeed, of the investigations which the authors have undertaken "in their spare moments" is surprising. They say in their introduction that for many years they "have collected data on the subject of pearls and have accumulated all the obtainable literature, not only the easily procurable books, but likewise manuscripts, copies of rare volumes, original edicts, and legislative enactments, thousands of newspaper clippings, and interesting collections of data in existence on this particular subject." Nor have they worked without collaborators. A formidable list of persons who have rendered assistance starts with the names of Queen Margherita of Italy, the Gaekwar of

Baroda, and H. R. H. Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria.

As a natural result of their study the writers are wholesomely skeptical about many of the cherished stories regarding the pearl. Cleopatra, it seems, did not dissolve a gem worth sixty million sestertii in vinegar:

> Even with boiling vinegar it requires several hours to extract the animal matter from one four or five grains in weight, the acid penetrating to the interior very slowly.

Pearl divers, like Ibn Batuta's man of 1336, who, according to apparently veracious testimony, could stay under water from one to two hours, must, it is understood, have been differently constituted from the hardy fellows of the present day about the reefs of the Persian Gulf or the Straits of Ceylon, for whom ninety seconds is a long period of submergence. The book also carries its warning against impostors. Almost innumerable projects for artificial cultivation of pearls have been promoted since the announcement by the Swedish naturalist Linnæus in 1761, that he "possessed the art" of impregnating mussels for pearl production, and that he would sell his "secret" for a suitable reward. We are told, however, that, although "there is scientific basis for the belief that it may be possible in time to bring about pearl growth in this manner [through parasites], the public should not be too hasty in financing companies soliciting capital for establishing so-called 'pearl farms.'"

Judiciously but unmistakably the authors favor the side of the pearl as against the diamond, which, since the opening of the Brazilian mines in 1727, has been a successful competitor for public favor. The superior qualities of the pearl are its beauty unspoiled by cutting and faceting, and its harmony with practically all materials which have decorative value. When the sudden prosperity which followed the civil war resulted in a widespread demand for gems, particularly showy ones, the diamond naturally came to its own:

> So popular did that gem become that many a young man invested his first earnings in a "brilliant," and an enormous diamond in the shirt front became the caricatured emblem of a prosperous hotel clerk.

Of late years, however, the pearl has acquired in this country a new vogue which this sumptuous volume will certainly help to increase.

Inscriptions of the Nile Monuments: A book of reference for tourists. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. Pp. xx+357. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

The author has undertaken a huge task, one that cannot be performed within such narrow limits. The motive which lies behind the venture is to be found in the fact that Egypt is becoming more and more a place of winter residence to which thousands of people resort, people who are ill-prepared to comprehend the wonders which are spread before their eyes. Among these persons are a few who are distinctly interested in the significance of the monuments and who wish to know what they mean and what the message of the nieroglyphic texts may be. When one has wandered through the Cairo Museum and has visited site after site, one begins to realize how numerous such texts are, and, though many are mere bombast and high-flown titles of royal persons, how impossible a feat it must be to give any adequate idea of them as a whole. That would require a *corpus*, not a small volume. All that is feasible is a selection; and as a selection implies judgment of values, estimates of a given performance like that of Mr. Pier must vary.

Within the limits of his volume the author has made a judicious, though restricted choice, and he has prefaced each translation with an account of the monument and of the history of which it is a part. His translations are made from the original hieroglyphic text, and are independent in character. Occasionally he has done violence to English construction by following very closely the Egyptian order of words; at times, however, this method adds to the picturesqueness of the versions. In some cases a photograph accompanies the text, so clear that the hieroglyphics can be read even without a glass. Here the reader would have an added sense of reality if the contents of each line might be identified.

The book is well illustrated with halftones, chosen with judgment and adequate knowledge. The type, however, is needlessly large for a tourist's use, and the paper of a thick, glazed sort which makes the book inordinately heavy to carry. For home study, after one's return, it is all that could be desired. The edition is limited to 350 copies. Printed on thinner paper and in smaller type, some of the 130 illustrations might suffer, but the book would gain, and it would certainly prove not only a practicable, but an interesting and a profitable companion on a Nile voyage and on a temple pilgrimage.

Science.

The Eruption of Pelée: A Summary and Discussion of the Phenomena and Their Sequels. By Angelo Heilprin. Printed for the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Both man of science and layman are as yet deplorably uninstructed concerning the deeper significance of volcanos and earthquakes. Slowly geological science is working back to some systematic study of these subjects, but progress has been erratic. The science began with superstition and catastrophism, progressed through the work of Hutton, William Smith, Lyell, and Darwin to a recognition of evolution by means of processes like those in operation to-day, and then made a leap to deductive interpretation of past history on the basis of guesswork which is without parallel in the other systematic sciences. The word "guesswork" is harsh, but there is much geological theorizing for which no other name is suitable. We live on the crust of this globe, and its heavings, its outgivings, and its intakings are vital to human occupancy. How vital may be seen by glancing at the recent records of Jamaica, San Francisco, Vesuvius, Santa Maria in Guatemala, Valparaiso, Martinique, and St. Vincent—all since the beginning of the twentieth century. And yet at none of these places, all known to be liable to disaster, were there observatories or experiment stations in any way adequately equipped to make records of the phenomena before, during, and after the catastrophe. We have spent millions on the stars, and are spending other millions on the atmosphere through the meteorological offices. Astronomy and meteorology have become types of relatively exact sciences. We are closer to the earth's body than to the heavens; but as yet we have barely commenced to study it. A beginning has been made through the maintenance of seismographs casually at various places, but very few observatories exist exclusively for seismometric measurements. The only permanent volcano stations in the world are on Vesuvius and Etna, though there are four hundred and fifteen recorded active volcanos. Until money is abundantly supplied for endowment of earth exploration and earth observatories, whereby measurements and quantitative data may be secured, geology will continue to be an inexact and narrow historical science.

The destruction of St. Pierre in 1902 resulted in the appointment of numerous scientific missions for the study of the volcano Pelée, and its neighbor Soufrière. Notable among the geological missionaries was the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences and Yale University. His new book, which was in type at the time of his death in July, 1907, summarizes his two earlier books, "Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique" and "The Tower of Pelée." It also presents the results of the observations made in Professor Heilprin's fourth and last visit to Martinique, in February, 1906, "when it was found practicable to descend into the crater of Pelée and examine the fragments of

the tower, an investigation which confirmed Professor Heilprin in the theory, previously put forward, that the giant obelisk was the ancient core of the volcano. The sequels of the great eruption of Pelée—the remarkable afterglows and other atmospheric phenomena visible in all parts of the globe—are described in the light of the most recent scientific observations and reports. In the concluding chapter the author sets forth his views regarding the inter-relationship of volcanic and seismic disturbances." The volume contains seventy-one pages of text and forty-three half-tone plates from photographs, many of which are of extraordinary interest. It is to be regretted that there are no maps, no references in the text to the plates, and no alphabetical subject-index.

Professor Heilprin's life-work as an explorer and popular expounder of geological truths was fitly crowned by the discoveries which he made in Martinique. His style is lucid and at the same time full of vivid dramatic touches. He rarely sacrifices scientific precision for the sake of popular effects, but his scientific convictions seem sometimes tinctured with an innate love of the marvellous. For example, on the basis of the ash-content and cubical capacity of the steam-cloud, he estimated that Mont Pelée discharged 11,520,000,000 cubic feet of solid sediment per day, more than that carried forth by all the rivers of the world in the same time:

> Mont Pelée was in a condition of violent and almost continuous activity for upwards of two hundred days; can we assume that during this time it may have thrown out a mass of material whose cubical contents were hardly less than a quarter of the volume of Martinique as the island appears above the water?

This estimate is vitiated by the assumption of continuous activity for so long a period and by neglect of the fact that the waters of the crater were probably for long periods producing effects of pseudo-eruption by working over materials which fell back and were thrown up again and again. There certainly were, however, great volumes of ejected matter, and perhaps Heilprin's estimates may serve a useful purpose in stimulating future observers to find, if possible, a better basis of calculation. His method has at least the merit of being an attempt at quantitative work. But with all allowance for the author's personal enthusiasms, the volume remains essentially scientific in tone. Footnotes and text abound with references to the work of other investigators, and Professor Heilprin's scholarship and familiarity with books, in various languages, are nowhere shown to better advantage.

One of the important parts of his book is the discussion of the obelisk, a gigantic shaft of rock which rose a thousand feet above the new dome of lava and boulders, that filled and finally overtopped the crater. This obelisk was the famous "Tower," ragged on one side, smooth on the other, and fluctuating in height. It finally crumbled to a mere stump in the summer of 1903. Heilprin maintained that the obelisk "was merely an ancient core of the volcano that had been forced from the position of rest in which solidification had left it." The view more commonly accepted by geologists is that of Lacroix, to the effect that the vast block was the solidified top of a stiff viscous lava rising vertically. A separate chapter is devoted to the blast which, like a fiery tornado, destroyed Saint Pierre and in a few minutes annihilated 26,000 people. In his earlier writings Professor Heilprin had expressed the belief that heavy carbon gases, such as carbon dioxide, were largely responsible for the loss of life. From this position he now recedes and concludes, in accordance with the well-established opinion of geologists, that super-heated steam charged with hot ashes and lapilli, forced through the lower lip of the crater that was directed toward Saint Pierre, was the destroying agent.

The final chapter is a brief but suggestive statement of the author's conclusion that a broad inter-relationship exists between volcanic and seismic phenomena, a relationship evidenced by sympathetic and synchronous phenomena in places as much as two thousand miles apart. These phenomena are great earthquakes, on the one hand, and volcanic outbreaks on the other. Thus the eruptions of Soufrière and Pelée in May, 1902, were heralded by the destructive earthquake in April at Quetzaltenango, Guatemala, at the opposite end of the Caribbean Sea. In the same twelvemonth volcanoes awoke to activity and earthquakes occurred all around the Central American region. Professor Heilprin points out that the earthquakes of the last half-decade have each been accompanied by correlated volcanic eruptions; an earthquake in Calabria, 1905, followed by the violent eruptions of Vesuvius and Stromboli, 1906; San Francisco, 1906, was contemporaneous with the rise of Metcalf Cone at Bogoslof in the Aleutian Islands; Valparaiso, in the same year, with the outbreak of Chillán in Chile; and Kingston, Jamaica, with eruptions in Central America. The author does not commit himself to any opinion concerning cause and effect in contrasting tectonic and volcanic forces. He insists on acknowledging a regional relationship, and denies "the modern view of the general independence of the two classes of phenomena":

> Earthquake and volcanic disturbances seem to be the expression of one common interior telluric strain or condition, and this condition may in some or many cases be clearly associated with a pronounced magnetic or electro-magnetic quality of the planet.

In "Neurological and Mental Diagnosis" (The Macmillan Co.), L. Pierce Clark and A. Ross Diefendorf seek to give a brief outline of essentials suited to the need of the practitioner dealing with diseases of the nervous system or the mind. As a whole the presentation is good and helpful, being aided by the illustrations. Personally we should like to lay a little more stress on the importance of letting the patient tell his own story. The significance of disturbances of the sense of taste is not very clearly indicated. A narrative of psychiatric cases covering over fifty pages and a glossary spread over twenty-seven more seem to us to contain many superfluities.

"Hygiene for Nurses," by Isabel McIsaac (The Macmillan Co.), is a very comprehensive book for its size (208 pages), and covers too much ground. In large part it is made up of quotations from good authorities rather skilfully put together, but not always quite fully understood by the author. Much of the information is good, but there is far more of it than the average nurse may be expected to comprehend; nor will she be able to use many of the directions unless she already knows too much to need the book. To give but one illustration, an inexperienced person will certainly have trouble if she try to disinfect a room with formaldehyde according to the advice in the eleventh chapter.

The Société Française de Physique publishes in one volume "Œuvres de Pierre Curie," xxii, 621 pages, 118 figures, 3 plates (Gauthiers-Villars).

Alfred Ditte, the distinguished French chemist, professor in the Faculty of Sciences at Paris, has died at the age of sixty-five. His best known work is the "Traité élémentaire d'analyse qualitative des matières minérales," published in 1879.

Drama.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Richard the Third with the Landing of Earle Richmond and the Battle at Bosworth Field. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, jr. Pp. 641. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $4 net.

It is now some forty years since the publication by Dr. Horace Howard Furness of the first volume of his monumental "New Variorum." Amply and nobly planned, this great work has gone on steadily from year to year until sixteen stately volumes attest an industry, a devotion, and a self-abnegation rare even among the sacrifices to scholarship. Dr. Furness picked somewhat and chose, as was his right, among the thirty-seven plays commonly accepted as Shakespeare's, trying his prentice hand on "Romeo and Juliet," with its pretty problem of the two quartos, proceeding to "Macbeth," and thence to the master problem of "Hamlet." Since the volumes "Lear" and "Othello," publish-

ed, respectively, in 1880 and 1886, the comedies have most attracted Dr. Furness, though his own latest volume, "Antony and Cleopatra," returns all but to complete the cycle of the greater tragedies. It is obvious to any one in the least acquainted with the mass of Shakespeare criticism, emendation, and conjecture that the attempt of any one man, however strong his heart and complete his equipment, to grasp this chaos of detail must end, considering the shortness of human life, far this side of completeness. Moreover, Malone and Boswell, in the Variorum of 1823, coped with critics and commentators in tens; the modern editor of a variorum must cope with hundreds. Even as these volumes appear, new material appears with them. It is a happy promise for the continuance of the "New Variorum" that Dr. Furness has found in his son so able a coadjutor. Mr. Furness made his bow to the public as an editor of Shakespeare in his revision of "Macbeth," the second volume of his father's undertaking. He now comes forward independently with "Richard the Third."

The editing of this play presents no easy task. As the chief enemy of the victorious house of Lancaster, the figure of Richard was one of the most popular on the Elizabethan stage. Tradition had transformed the real Richard into a monster, hunched of back and depraved in nature, and the playwrights of the day vied with one another in heightening the picture. Among the dozen plays or more in which Richard figures, Shakespeare's is nearly the last. Acknowledge though we must the dramatist's immediate source in the Hall's "Chronicle" (which is reprinted as to the parts concerned by Mr. Furness, after the general plan of the "Variorum"), Shakespeare must also have had before him not only the popular images of the hunchback king, but the figure as he had already become conventionalized on the stage of the time.

But it is not the sources of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" that trouble the critics, whatever their minor differences of opinion on this score. The popularity of the subject and of the Shakespearean tragedy in particular caused this play to appear in a larger number of quartos than any other drama of the entire age. Thus the problem of the variorum editor involves at the outset a comparison of the texts not only of the four folios, but also of eight quartos. And even though some of these editions are merely reprints, and hence little to be regarded, the difficulties of the texts that remain are extreme; for the divergencies are far greater than in the case of almost any other play of Shakespeare, and additions and amplifications complicate the subject still farther. To state the main problem briefly—the first quarto of 1597 contains verbal differences, amounting occasionally to whole passages, not found in the folio, but necessary to a clear understanding of the context. On the other hand, the folio contains nearly two hundred lines, some of them constituting passages of considerable length, not found in any quarto, and yet to a large degree necessary to the sense. The Cambridge editors supposed "the quarto to represent Shakespeare's original work; the folio, a copy revised and augmented by him, but again revised by some unknown hand, with occasional aid from quarto three"; and Spedding, accepting this relation, believed "the folio an incomplete revision and augmentation of the quarto by Shakespeare himself." In opposition to this view, Delius, Pickersgill, and Daniel—the last in his introduction to the facsimile edition of the first quarto of "Richard the Third"—regard the folio as the original work; Delius believes the quarto a copy clandestinely obtained and piratically printed; Pickersgill suggests that it was a shortened actors' copy of the folio; and Delius lays stress on its shortening by way of revision at the hands, as he believes, of the author himself. It is a pretty little quarrel, and it indicates the almost insuperable difficulties besetting an editor who would form a composite text, "either by his own personal preferences or by the consensus of opinion of his predecessors."

A collation of the folio and the quartos of 1597, 1602, and 1622, with Mr. Furness's text, in a scene taken at random, shows that he has upheld to the full the high standard for accuracy set by the earlier volumes of the "New Variorum." We could wish that this accuracy had extended to the transcriptions of the title pages of the quartos on pp. 431 and 432. We read on the title of the quarto of 1597, "Paules Churchyard," not "Churchyard"; on that of 1602, "*Acted*" not "*acted*"; and on that of 1622, 'are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling / In *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere / S. *Austines*-gate, 1622," and not "at the Signe / of the *Foxe* neare S. *Austins gate*, 1622." These are trivial matters elsewhere than in the precise transcription of an old title in an authoritative work. If there are variants, even so slight as these in the titles of various examples of the self-same quartos of Shakespeare—a possible explanation of these discrepancies—they ought to be recorded. If, as was surely to be expected, so excessively rare an edition as the quarto of 1622 was not accessible to the editor, he might at least have transcribed the title from the photographic facsimile by Praetorius—a book readily accessible to all—rather than have depended, as he says, on even such excellent authority as the Cambridge editors. It is fair to Mr. Furness, however, to add that in the vast mass of material that he has handled few such errors in printing appear.

Following the plan of the previous volumes, the older "True Tragedy of Richard the Third" is printed entire from the quarto of 1594. This crude but vigorous old play may have affected Shakespeare but little; yet it is worthy of preservation among the earlier chronicle histories of the age. The collected criticism of the tragedy, English, German, and other, is culled with a sure hand and condensed, where there is need, with skill; and the editor contributes a couple of informing pages on the stage history of the play. It seems hardly fair that Hazlitt's caustic and unfair criticism of Colley Cibber's acting version should remain the last word on the subject, when as a matter of fact, whatever he did to the poetry, Cibber really produced a more effective stage play. "Between 1700 and 1821," as we are informed, "Cibber's version was the only form in which the play was acted." Macready in the latter year dared not leave out all of the familiar lines—of Cibber, not Shakespeare—that had held the stage so long; and as recently as 1889, and in our own country, the late Richard Mansfield retained several of Cibber's interpolations.

One topic this work touches not. Neither the word "authorship" nor the word "Marlowe" finds a place in the index, which is sufficiently full. But perhaps this silence is justified. Marlovian though this tragedy certainly is, we need not attribute this characteristic to any closer touch with the elder poet than we might expect from the admiration and the conscious imitation of the young ambitious Shakespeare. In "Richard the Third," Shakespeare had not yet come into his own. Would it be too bold to suggest that these admirable volumes of the "New Variorum" might prove even more valuable, could they offer a complete bibliography of each play in its appropriate volume? The list of books is both helpful and suggestive, but we should have them all, even the discarded material and the tyro's endeavors in a work such as this deserve at least a record.

"The Actors' Birthday Book," of which a second edition has just heen puhlished hy Moffat, Yard & Co., gives a biographical sketch of an actor, or actress, or of somebody closely connected with the theatre, for every day of the year. The selection is made, apparently, with reference to convenience only, not merit, and the certificates of ability attached to the portraits are entirely worthless, but the names of plays in which the various performers appeared, with dates of production, make the book useful for reference.

John Valentine's comedy, "The Stronger Sex," now to be seen in Weher's Theatre in this city, is scarcely likely to duplicate, under existing conditions, the success which it achieved in London. Dramatically considered, it is not a valuahle work, heing

conventional in theme, and unskilful in construction. But the characters, although modelled after old types, are differentiated with some ability, while the dialogue—in the second act, at any rate—is of better quality than is commonly encountered in the modern society drama. The tale is of a great heiress, an apparently timid, gentle, loving creature, who, finding that her husband has married her for money only, suddenly reveals the iron hand beneath the velvet glove, and conquers his affection by proving her superiority. This, of course, is the reverse of "The Taming of the Shrew," and if Miss Annie Russell is not entirely well suited in the part of the dominating wife, she, at least, makes her an attractive and pleasing figure. The piece is elaborately staged and fairly well acted.

The first performance of Mimi Aguglia and her much-talked-of Sicilian players, in the Broadway Theatre, on Monday night, scarcely justified the exuberant praise lavished upon them by many European critics. They are competent performers, such as we have been in the habit of expecting from Italy—where the stock company system and severe but wholesome competition still survive—but by no means extraordinary as representatives of their country. Nevertheless, they may be accepted as able interpreters of peasant life. Their whole behavior upon the stage is suggestive of verisimilitude, and the naturalness, vivacity, and intelligence with which they play into each other's hands are altogether admirable. But judging from their first representation, that of the "Malia" of Signor Capuana, which is said to be their best piece, the quality of drama which they offer is not high. "Malia," or "Witchcraft," is a sordid little tragedy, in which, Jana, a peasant girl, crazy for the love of her sister's husband, Cola, is thought to be bewitched. Finally, she so infuriates her own betrothed, Ninu, that he cuts Cola's throat to free her from the supposed spell. The piece contains two sensational scenes, the first in which Jana reveals her passion to Cola, and the second, that of the assassination, and these alone have much interest for an English speaking audience. In the confession episode, Mimi Aguglia gives an extraordinary and highly unpleasant exhibition of reckless passion, complicated with epilepsy. It is upon this manifestation, which is purely physical—mere bodily contortions, that could be duplicated, possibly improved upon, by any vigorous adult—that her reputation as a realistic actress of genius is mainly founded. But there is nothing in the least suggestive of either art or genius. It is altogether too lawless for the one and too coarse for the other. It passes comprehension how comparisons could ever have been made between such crude sensationalism and the reasoned work of artists like Bernhardt, or Duse. It might be argued that a Sicilian peasant would exhibit the fury of a woman scorned in some such way. The answer is that the demonstration is not suited to the public stage.

The "suffragette" excitement in London is beginning to have its reflections in the theatre. "The Builders" is the name of a play, by Nora Keith, which has just been tried at a special matinée, and is said to exhibit dramatic ability. In it the domestic and the political woman are antagonistic figures.

Dispatches from Paris report that Victorien Sardou, before his death, had practically completed the manuscript of a revolutionary drama styled "L'Insaisissable," written for production in the United States and England.

Music.

Piano Playing. By Josef Hofmann. New York: The McClure Co. $.75 net.

It is related of the late Pablo Sarasate that shortly before his death he began to write a treatise on violin playing, but after completing a few pages tore them to pieces, and said: "What's the use? Those things are for word-artists, not for us." Apparently, that was also Chopin's conviction, for he, too, began to write a book on his art, but after the first few pages abandoned it. Liszt followed his example, though he was also a "word-artist." But now, at last, there exists a book on piano playing by a first-class pianist. With the exception of Paderewski, Josef Hofmann has no superior to-day, and every pianist will, therefore, be interested in reading what he has to say on his art. The first page, to be sure, acts like a damper pedal, for Mr. Hofmann declares that he intends to deal with the material side of piano-playing only, the psychic side eluding treatment in literary form. In truth, however, his book contains many hints that throw light on the psychic, imaginative side of playing, too.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is the one entitled, "How Rubinstein Taught Me to Play." Rubinstein taught for some years in the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg, but accepted only one private pupil, and that pupil was Hofmann, who was sixteen when he came, and eighteen when he left. Unlike Liszt, Rubinstein never played for his pupil, because he wanted to develop individuality. He allowed great freedom in the matter of interpretation of a piece, saying once: "In fine weather you may play it as you did, but when it rains, play it differently." Unlike Liszt, again, Rubinstein never allowed the pupil to bring one of the teacher's own works to the lesson-room. For this singular attitude he never gave a reason, and he carried it to the logical extreme of not going over his own D minor concerto with his pupil, when the latter was about to make his début with it at Hamburg. Rubinstein was much pleased with that début, but after that refused to give any more lessons, and when the lad, in despair, asked why, Rubinstein answered: "My dear boy, I have told you all I know about legitimate piano-playing, and music-making, and if you don't know it *yet*, why, go to the devil."

Pianists will find useful information on such diverse matters as dynamics, playing with feeling, the difficulty of pleasing critics, memorizing, posture at the piano (illustrated by photographs of the author), reading books on music, playing in style, etc. The author warns against the use of the metronome, because "the keeping of absolutely strict time is thoroughly unmusical and dead-like." Of particular value are his pages on the use of the pedal. While pointing out that "piano charm" is to the greatest extent produced by an artistic use of the pedal, he declares that the pianist has to "treat the pedal differently in almost every hall to insure the same results." He himself has found the pedal an important medium of rectifying the acoustic misbehavior of a hall. Inasmuch as most concert halls misbehave acoustically, other pianists may find here a suggestion worth considering.

The Public Library of Boston has one of the best collections of vocal and instrumental music and books on music in the country. There is a general musical department, comprising about 11,000 scores, pieces, and books, most of which are for home circulation. In addition to these the library has the Allan A. Brown collection, the volumes of which cannot be taken out. When this collection was given to the library, in 1894, it included 6,990 volumes; to these Mr. Brown has made yearly additions, and the present number is 10,800. Of this Brown collection the trustees have undertaken to print a special catalogue. So far two parts of Vol. I have appeared; the first comprises the entries to Boosey; the second, to Concertos. The parts are for sale at $1 each, and it is needless to say that such a catalogue is useful, not only to those who can go to the library, but to many others who may desire information regarding scores and books. While the lists are not intended to be complete, they are in some cases fuller than those in musical dictionaries and combination catalogues of publishers. Under Bizet, for instance, we find mention of seven books on him, and under Berlioz no fewer than seventeen. There is much, too, that has chiefly an antiquarian interest, such as the twelve columns of titles of songs and pieces by Abt, most of which are as dead as last autumn's forest leaves.

Romain Rolland, lecturer at the Sorbonne and historian and critic of music, continues the story of "Jean-Christophe," into whose life and musical development he evidently endeavors to put all his own conclusions as to the contemporary evolution of music. Each volume may be read separately as a complete romance. The first four volumes brought up his hero, from the dawn of musical talent, in Germany. Then came an episode—the arrival at Paris. The new volume, "La Foire sur la place," introduces us to the varied musical world of Paris, to society and salons, to musicians, artists, and men and women of letters, and even to politicians—all as if they were seen by a Beethoven of to-day. In spite of the unusual form of his utterances, no one can deny the competence of Professor Rolland

and the intellectual significance of his writings; their spirit may be described as satire, without indulgence. The next volume of bis "Jean-Christopbe à Paris" is to bring us to the true France, distinct as every one knows from cosmopolitan Paris, which is without interior—only a façade.

Lionel Dauriac, with tbat versatility which distinguishes the gravest French philosophers, turns from his arid theses to treat a question of musical psychology, in the order of time of production of the works of "Le Musicien-Poète Richard Wagner." This philosophical study is followed by a systematic bibliography, particularly complete in French works (Fischbacher).

In pursuance of the new policy of producing operatic noveltles, Eugen D'Albert's "Tiefland" had its first American performance on Monday night at the Metropolitan Opera House, with a remarkably strong cast, including Destinn, Scbmedes, Feinhals, Hinckley, Goritz, and Reiss. Such a cast no German city could duplicate—far from it—yet it is not likely that the opera will become so popular here, as it is in Germany, where it is tbe most pronounced success since Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" (1893). Like the most popular works of the Young Italians, such as "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Tosca," "I Pagliacci," it is based on a play which had previously proved its power of drawing large audiences witbout music; but more than any of these, it depends on the intelligibility of the text, and this it is impossible to secure in the vast auditorium of the Metropolitan even were all the hearers familiar with German. Tbus it happened that although all the artists named are good actors, a great part of the opera bored tbe audience; yet nearly everybody remained to tbe end, where tbe strong scene of tbe rescue of Marta by ber husband from the clutches of Sebastiano atoned for much. Musically, "Tiefland" is not a masterwork. D'Albert has all the technical skill needed for a successful opera; he has melodic ideas, too (a rare thing to-day), though they are generally trivial. But he writes too much. If he put the musical contents of tbree of his operas into one, he might write scores of lasting value.

Tbe exclusive rigbts to present in America Richard Strauss's opera "Electra" have been acquired by Oscar Hammerstein for tbe Manhattan Opera House. The work will be first sung in January in Dresden.

Art.

The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Illustrated. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $10 net.

The quarrels and the law-suits which were so conspicuous a part of the public life of Whistler have continued beyond his death, and what was to have been a life and letters has had to appear without the letters which would have been so interesting a part of the work. From their hero himself, however, and from many other sources, the official biographers have obtained much information not hitherto accessible to the public; and, in spite of the absent letters, these well-written, handsomely printed, and lavishly illustrated volumes do afford such new light on the art and the character of Whistler, together with a great deal of entertainment, as will render them welcome to a large public.

Apart from their almost necessary attitude as biographers, the extreme admiration of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell for the art of Whistler is well known. They look upon him as, by odds, the greatest master of the nineteenth century, and as one of the very great masters of all time. One is prepared for some extreme of praise, and is more surprised at the occasional admission of spots upon the sun, than at the celebration of its effulgence. Still, one may sometimes take exception to the particular form of praise indulged in. Like most serious artists, Whistler was pretty well aware of his own weaknesses, though, naturally enough, he did not often mention them in public; and his celebrated letter to Fantin, in which he regretted his lack of education and expressed the wish that he had studied with Ingres, was written in a rare moment of sincere self-revulsion. Our authors call it "an absurd piece of modesty," maintaining that "he drew better than Ingres, as his etchings prove." Now, with this unqualified statement it is impossible to agree. It is, of course, true that Whistler could draw after his fashion. He had a fine sensitiveness to the quality of lines and an ability to find his way among the multiplicity of details of the docks and shipping of the Thames that is little less than marvellous; but a serious draughtsman of the figure he never was. In a moment of candor the authors admit that he frequently had difficulty with the hands of his figures, and that "some of his later pictures were unfinished because he could not get the hands right." They name, however, the Little White Girl, the Symphony in White No. 3, and the Sarasate as three pictures which prove that he could paint hands. The Sarasate certainly comes nearer to affording such proof than either of the others, and in it the hands are very fairly satisfactory—by far the best Whistler ever did. The Little White Girl has one gracefully indicated hand, that resting on the mantelpiece; the other is thin and structureless—more like paper than like flesh and bone—and not especially beautiful even in outline. In the Symphony in White the girl to the right has hands which are pretty, if not over-solid; the other has really no hands at all. And it is to this condition that Whistler's figures frequently come. But, if he could hardly draw a hand, still less could Whistler draw a leg or a foot. The legs of the Irving as Philip II are grotesque; those of the Connie Gilchrist are stuffed stockings; and in the host of little nude figures that he etched or sketched in pastel there is hardly one in which the extremities are more than indicated with the utmost slightness. It is even worse when that test of draughtsmanship, the drawing of the figure beneath drapery or costume, is attempted. The figures in the Symphony in White, lovely as are their lines, have really no bodies at all; and it might be said of many of Whistler's male figures, as a recent writer has said of the Théodore Duret, that they are "supported on trousers." We may be sure that Whistler knew what he meant when he complained of his lack of training in drawing; and it was not for nothing that the famous Six Projects, exquisite in color and in line, remained always in the state of projects, and were shown, again and again, almost to the end of his life, as sketches of pictures he was about to paint.

There was another cause for the artist's reluctance to attempt the carrying out of these projects, as, indeed, for the growing tendency to slightness and to the avoidance of large canvases, or of problems of even so much complexity as that involved in the portraits of his mother and of Carlyle. The light which this book throws upon the chronology of Whistler's work, makes it clearer than ever that almost all of it which attained to what is generally recognized as completeness, or which deals with any complication of subject matter, was produced before his fortieth year. Even the full-length portraits become rarer after this time, and those that are produced have seldom any accessories, or even any definite background, while more and more of them were left unfinished. The nocturnes and the marines continue nearly to the end; there is a host of delicate pastels, and water-colors; his oil paintings, in so far as they deal with humanity, tend more and more to be restricted to the single head. The Pennells will not hear of George Moore's explanation that there was some lack of physical vitality in Whistler during these years, and they seem to show that his technical ideal was more to blame than any failure of his powers. This ideal demanded that the whole work, whatever its size or complication, should be painted over from top to bottom at each sitting. The task was almost impossible of accomplishment in a full length portrait, even when all accessories were omitted; it was altogether impossible in such compositions of several figures as The Projects. If such pictures were to be painted at all, it must be by other methods.

It was these limitations of training and technique, perhaps, more than any principle, that led Whistler to find the material for his "arrangements" in the world about him, and to foreswear *ja-*

ponaiseries and classic costume. The truth is he was never, in the strict sense, either draughtsman or painter, but pure decorator—an arranger of harmonies, to whom it mattered nothing where the material he used might come from, so long as the harmony was attained. That he might have been something more than this, there are many evidences, but the deficiency of his education stood in his way. He very intelligently recognized his weaknesses and his limitations, created a system of art, which should neutralize them, or change them into virtues, and then proclaimed this system to the world—perhaps with conviction, certainly with effectiveness—as the only right one, founded on immutable laws. Just now, in the inevitable reaction from impressionism, his is one of the most potent influences, and it is as natural that he should be overrated to-day, as that he should have been misunderstood in the beginning. His present exaggerated vogue will probably decline, but his united surfaces, his subtleties of tone and fine discrimination of color, his elegance of pattern, and infallible tact in the division of space, must be permanently delightful to all those who are sensitive to the refinements of art.

There are one or two minor matters in regard to Whistler's art about which a word or two may be said before passing on to a consideration of his personality. One of these is the evidence here offered that his actual method of painting was less his own than we have generally imagined. It is made clear that his careful mixture of tones upon the palette, painting the picture there, as it were, before transferring it to the canvas, was taught by Gleyre to all his pupils, as, indeed, it was afterwards taught by his successor, Gérôme. Even Whistler's use of black as a "universal harmonizer"—which in the hands of unintelligent imitators bids fair, for the moment, to extinguish modern painting in universal sootiness—seems to have been derived, also, from his first master, Gleyre, who startled his pupils, one day, by saying: "Le noir d'ivoire est la base des tons." The other notable characteristic of Whistler's method, in all but those early works which show the influence of Courbet—the thinness and extreme liquidity of the pigment employed—seems to have been dependent upon his sense of propriety in the use of materials. He conceived of oil painting as the art of laying broad, smooth surfaces of color, as one would paint a door, and he came more and more to detest not only the loading of Rembrandt and the impressionistic "division of tones," but even the presence of any visible brush-marks. A point of less, though of some, general interest is brought out by the statement that Courbet's visit to Trouville, in 1865—a souvenir of which is to be found in Mrs. Gardner's little Whistler, Courbet on the Beach—was for the purpose of taking "his first look at the sea." If this is true, it follows that the influence of Courbet which every one has seen in The Coast of Brittany and The Blue Wave could not have been the influence of Courbet's marines, which were not yet in existence. Under the general influence of Courbet, Whistler was painting these sea pieces somewhat as his master was to paint them later.

But the world at large is vastly more interested in personalities than in pictures; and the personality of Whistler was so sensationally notorious that it is likely more people will read this book for what they can find about the author of the butterfly letters than will study it for the understanding of the painter of nocturnes. As in duty bound, his biographers make out as good a case for their hero as possible. They find it easy to show that there was a pleasant side to the man, and that many friends at all periods of his life found him amiable as well as entertaining. They would fain prove that he was not quarrelsome, and that in all his quarrels he was in the right. They will not allow that his witty gibes were the result either of exasperated nerves or of mortified vanity, but maintain that he did everything deliberately and for a purpose. Sometimes, they tell us, this purpose was a vindication of the dignity of art or of the rights of artists; but the gist of the matter is in the statement:

> He captured the press, . . . he concentrated the interest of England, of the whole world, upon him, with one object in view—that is, to make England, to make the whole world, look at his work.

Waiving the question whether such methods are compatible with that dignity of art of which Whistler was so zealous an advocate, one may inquire with some pertinence: Did his advertising pay? The cost of it must have been great, and the time and energy he spent in making himself talked of must have been taken from his legitimate work. What was the result? It is our conviction that his notoriety as a wit and an eccentric considerably delayed his recognition as a serious artist. The world was so used to think of him as a jester that it took his pictures, also, as "Mr. Whistler's little jokes." It expected to be amused by his art as by his conversation, and laughed as a matter of course, even when it saw nothing amusing. The habit was not easily outgrown.

When fame did come, however, it was given a peculiar brilliancy by its strange mixture with notoriety. Every one had heard of "Jimmy Whistler," and when, at last, it was discovered that he was a great artist, every one heard that, too. His reputation became more widespread than could be any reputation based alone upon artistic achievement. Whether the dazzling conspicuity of a few years compensated for the contempt of many, must have been a question of temperament. For him, probably, it did. In the future—let us hope it will not be too long delayed—everything but his delicate talent will cease to matter, and he will be judged by his work alone. His art was neither robust nor profound, but for a certain exquisiteness, unique in its kind, it is likely to be immortal.

Jacques Reich of this city publishes an etching of Gen. U. S. Grant made from a photograph taken some time between 1869 and 1871. The photograph is in the possession of Gen. Frederick D. Grant, and a facsimile note from him on the margin of the etching states that he regards it "as a most excellent likeness." It is a finer and handsomer face than is commonly associated with Grant's name. The etching measures 14¼ by 11 inches, and is well suited for framing.

H. M. Cauldwell Company adds to its series of little books on the great art galleries "The Glasgow Gallery." In this the minimum of text disappears entirely, except for a few words of description beneath the plates. The selection of works for illustration is announced to be that of James Paton, the general superintendent of the gallery, and is made on less popular principles than in others of the series. We are given interesting examples of Botticelli, Giorgione, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others among the old masters; of Constable, Corot, Millet, De Camps, Daubigny among the moderns; two interesting Dutch or Flemish works, attributed to Van der Goes and Maluse; besides Whistler's Carlyle, and a number of other works by English and Scotch painters of to-day and of yesterday. On the whole, a better impression is conveyed of a collection rich in real works of art than in previous volumes.

W. H. Chesson's "George Cruikshank" in the Popular Library of Art (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is as far below former numbers of this excellent series as is its hero below Rembrandt, Leonardo, or Holbein. It seems hardly possible that any one but a collector should care very much to-day for the elaborate, humorless caricature and the finikin detail of Cruikshank, but any who are interested will wish for a more straightforward and less affected book.

In three volumes containing more than one thousand pages K. W. Hiersemann, Leipzig, has just issued "Das Glas in Altertum," by Dr. Anton Kisa, with an appendix by Dr. Oskar Almgren, on discoveries of ancient glass in Scandinavia. The work contains 395 illustrations and 19 tables.

The popular history of art, "Die Meister der Malerei und ihre Werke: Fünf Jahrhunderte Malkunst in Deutschland, Italien, Spanien, Frankreich, England, und den Niederlanden," edited by Max Rooses, director of the Museum Plantin-Moretus in Antwerp, has now been completed by the publication of Part xii. The letter-press is excellent, and the 423 reproductions of pictures, 13 in colors, do credit to the publication house of Wilhelm Weicher. Leipzig.

"Matériaux pour servir à l'histoire de la

dentelle en Belgique" (Brussels: Lamertin) is a great publication, beginning with a first series of five examples of precious church laces; one of Brussels of 1599; the laces of Notre Dame de la Paix at St. Nicholas's Church, Brussels; an alb of Tervueren; the Virgin's mantilla (*faille*) at Notre Dame de la Chapelle, Brussels—these four described by Eugène Van Overloop; the fifth, by M. G. Des Marez, is devoted to the historic laces of Notre Dame des Sept-Douleurs at the church of the Riches-Claires, Brussels. The five fascicles, each paged and titled separately for convenience of classification, are accompanied by a folio album of twenty plates.

"La Bijouterie française au XIXe siècle (1800-1900)," by Henri Vever, appears in two volumes: I (1800-1850), Consulate, Empire, Restoration, Louis Philippe; II (1850-1900) Second Empire, Third Republic. The first has 1,250 engravings in and out of text (120 francs); the second 835 engravings (80 francs—H. Floury).

The Royal Commission on Welsh Monuments has already begun its sittings. It is intended to do for Wales much what the recently appointed Scotch Commission has to do for Scotland. As expressed in the Royal Warrant its object is "to make an inventory of the Ancient and Historical Monuments and Constructions connected with, or illustrative of, the contemporary culture, civilisation, and conditions of life of the people in Wales and Monmouthshire from the earliest times, and to specify those which are most worthy of preservation." The scheme of work set forth in the opening address of the chairman (Sir John Rhŷs) includes: (a) The drawing up of preliminary lists of monuments based on the ordnance and tithe-farm maps, to be amplified and corrected by means of information obtained from the various archæological societies, from district authorities, teachers in primary and secondary schools, and others possessed of local knowledge; (b) The collecting and reviewing of extant literature bearing on the monuments; (c) The inspection of the various monuments, first by the Secretary Edward Owen, afterwards for the settlement of disputed points by others of the commissioners.

The opening up of Morocco promises to be profitable to the history of Roman art. The scientific mission sent out by the French government has already done good work by methodical excavations in a necropolis which was discovered while running a boulevard through the new quarter of Tangiers. One of the tombs, which had already been rifled in ancient times, had two of its sides decorated by paintings which are still in a good state of preservation. In one of them a red and green bird is framed in by straight wreaths and then by a double garland of volutes. In another a fresco fragment shows a Roman holding a whip between two horses. There are other very curious paintings of a leopard and a peacock; and two inscriptions have been secured. One of the tombs, although plundered in ancient times, still contained many articles of interest to archæologists of the present day.

The Archæological Commission of Italy has, according to the press dispatches, received from Prof. de Pedra a report that the excavations of Herculaneum do not promise important results, and that work should be continued at Pompeii. The commission has acquiesced in these conclusions and has recommended that they be carried out.

The *Giornale d' Italia* publishes additional details of the exposition to be held in Rome in 1911. Besides an international exhibition of modern art, which will be opened in the Museum of Fine Arts on the Via Nazionale, there will be one devoted especially to architecture, in which designs for modern dwelling-houses will be prominent. Two competitions with suitable prizes will be opened. One, international, is intended to afford an opportunity for comparing the ideals of a private house and its adaptation to the various demands of modern life and social conditions. It will include the construction of a series of large houses, wholly decorated and furnished, and so arranged as to show the advance domestic architecture has made during the last thirty years. The other, a national competition, will be directed especially to present conditions in Rome, and due regard will be paid to the climate and to the needs and habits of the people. It is proposed to select three typical designs and build a house suitable for the rich, another adapted to a family of average means, and a third for workingmen. It is also planned to exhibit reproductions of the most important buildings constructed during the past half-century for different forms of public service.

The *Giornale d'Italia* is authority for the statement that almost at the same time and independently, King Victor Emanuel and Pius the Tenth have ordered the publication of works upon the great collections of medals in the Quirinal and the Vatican. The "Corpus nummorum italicorum" authorized by the King will be a history of Italian mediæval mints and coins, and will contain 600 copper plates, reproducing 12,000 designs. The "Collezione Vaticana" will include the plates of the Papal bulls and the complete set of pontifical coins and medals. It will be illustrated with 200 plates, containing 4,000 figures. These works will be published within two years. Of even greater importance to students of numismatics is the movement initiated by Prof. Serafina Ricci of Milan and endorsed by the Italian Society for the Progress of Science to secure the adoption of a uniform system of arranging the collections of coins in Italian museums and of providing instruction on this subject in the universities.

Paintings by Joseph Lindon Smith will be exhibited at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, till December 5. Among the shows at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings and etchings by Miss Mildred E. Walker, Powell's, till November 28; portraits by W. G. von Glehn, Knoedler's, November 28; mezzotints by Samuel Cousins, Joseph B. Pratt's, November 30; and sculpture and water-colors by A. Phimister Proctor, Montross's, December 5.

Miss Imogene Robinson Morrell, once well-known as a portrait painter, died November 22 at Washington. She was born in Attleboro, Mass., and began her art studies in Newark, N. J. Later she studied in New York; then in Düsseldorf under Schrödter and Camphausen, and in Paris under Français and Couture. For the last ten years of her life she remained in seclusion, and died in poverty. She painted a number of celebrated persons, including Gen. John A. Dix, Howell Cobb, Mrs. Cleveland, Collis P. Huntington, President Garfield, and W. W. Corcoran. Her portrait of Dix hangs in the Senate wing of the Capitol.

Finance.

THE "BULL MARKET" IN WALL STREET.

The wildly excited speculation for the rise which has prevailed on the New York Stock Exchange, since election, is a phenomenon of peculiar interest. During the present year, "million-share days" have been rarities; in no single month of the year have transactions run beyond 21,000,000 shares; and September's total was 17,500,000, or far below a "million-share" daily average. In the fifteen days between November 3 and Saturday of last week, 19,000,000 shares were dealt in, as against 6,500,000 in the fifteen days before election.

This is not all. We have had periods of Stock Exchange excitement, such as that of August, 1906, when enormously wealthy capitalists provided the whole motive power, using their own money and money borrowed from the American and European banks. But the motive power of the present "bull movement" has distinctly been what is known on Wall Street as the outside public. These are not necessarily real investors, who purchase to hold, as they did in 1897 and 1898; the buying orders chiefly reflect a sudden speculative frenzy on the part of a multitude of people of varying wealth, who have rushed in to buy stocks "on a margin." After November 3, their orders came to commission brokers in such quantity as actually to strain the physical facilities for doing business.

By the middle of last week, after a fortnight of almost uninterrupted advances, the inevitable decline began. In the next two or three days, Union Pacific shares, which had risen 10 points since election, fell back 5; United States Steel stock, which had advanced 10½, fell 4; Amalgamated Copper, having gone up 8, went down 6; and so on. Nevertheless, there was no such overwhelming reaction as might have been expected after so extravagant a movement, and this week a sharp recovery ensued. Whether the decline is to be resumed or not, the "bull market" itself remains a phenomenon to be explained. This was not, as in 1901, for instance, a case where European operators and our own great capitalists lost their heads, along with the general public, and plunged with them into rash speculation. Financial Europe has stood severely aloof this month; it feels poor, and is avowedly distrustful of our mar-

ket. Our own powerful capitalists did indeed expect an "after-election boom" in stocks; but they looked immediately for a violent rise of a few days only, on which they could take their profits by quick selling; and the proof of this attitude is that the strong "insiders" did sell in great quantities, during the two days after election. If further and more explicit proof were needed, it might be found in a well-authenticated statement, ascribed to E. H. Harriman and given to one of his Western colleagues in the "bull movements" of the recent past, to the effect that "the state of the Stock Exchange is unfortunate; the movement has gone beyond safe bounds; the pace has been too fast"; and that "professional speculators, together with the outside crowd, have made the situation on 'Change dangerous."

Taking it as it stands, however, this remarkable outburst of extensive speculation for the rise, on the part of the general public, may mean any one of several things. In this case, it undoubtedly signifies, first, that the public at large is far from the poverty-stricken condition which it occupied, or thought it occupied, twelve months after the panic of 1893. It also means that remembrance of the after-election markets of 1904 and 1900 has imbued the popular mind with the conviction that a victory for the candidate favored by financial interests necessarily means a great advance in prices. That was certainly the sequence of events on the occasions referred to; and though the reasoning from effect to cause was crude, the *post hoc* argument was none the less alluring, especially when, after November 3, half the newspapers of the country filled their columns with the most extravagant assertions about the returning "boom in trade." So much for the psychological origin of the "outside public's" demonstration.

When one comes down to facts, it may be said with confidence enough that the country is nearer to a normal basis of good times in trade and industry than it was a month ago. Distinct improvement in business is an admitted certainty; the doubt is as to how far the improvement may go at the present time. Careful observers at such points as Pittsburgh and Chicago, declare that, even with the "after-election boom," the volume of trade is still only 65 to 75 per cent. of normal. People of intelligence and experience insist that this uncertainty, whatever they may wish about it, has not yet been removed. As a rule, these people are not saying much; because, when the multitude insists that a "boom is on" in trade again, he who doubts or denies, is unpopular. The man that the mass of flighty people like is the man who tells them that, a month from now, we shall be hustling along with the roaring trade of 1906, and that, six months later, we shall be in a state of industrial activity never before conceived of in our wildest dreams. Those newspapers, whose ear is forever to the ground, have naturally been giving out exactly that information, and giving it in full measure. Only in a few quarters does one encounter such calm review of the situation as that of the conservative *Iron Age*, which described the newspaper "prosperity articles" as "a general hurrah of exaggeration and misstatement," and it is not such responsible trade organs which the speculative public reads.

The effect we see. On a larger scale, it is the Sunshine League again; indeed, current assurances as to what has already happened in trade and industry, or as to what will infallibly happen to-morrow, are in reality no less glowing than those with which we were favored last July and March. The difference is, first, that with the progress of gradual recuperation, the realities are considerably more favorable than they were, four and seven months ago; second, that accumulation of orders, through postponement in the month before election, gives an actual volume of activity greater than then existed; third, that the public's imagination has been fired by repeated talk about the potent influence on the whole economic future of the country, which a vote for President was bound to exert. Wall Street's speculation may mean nothing more than this, or it may mean a good deal more. The public is gambling on the question. That it will suffer for its recklessness, whatever the outcome in the field of general industry, there is not the slightest doubt.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashe, Samuel A'Court. History of North Carolina. Vol. I. Greensboro, N. C.: Charles L. Van Noppen. $5.

Beach, Edward L. An Annapolis Youngster. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

Bennett, Virginia. Old Farm Story Box: Pigeon Tale; Windmill Tale; Fieldmouse Tale; Duck Tale. Dutton.

Benson, Irene Elliott. The Yellow Princess. McLoughlin Brothers.

Binyon, Laurence. Painting in the Far East. Longmans, Green. $6 net.

Bird, Mary Herrick. Toyland Series: How the Indian Suit Ran Away; Snow Man's Christmas; Wreck of the Nursery Flyer. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. 40 cents each.

Book of Donkeys. Dutton. 50 cts.

Brill, George Reiter. Rhymes of the Golden Age. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. $1.50.

Brooks, Edward. Wonder Stories from the Mabinogion. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

Alexander, William Hardy. Textual Criticisms on the Eighth Book of the De Vita Cæsarum of Suetonius. Berkeley: University Press.

Blake, George H. United States Paper Money: A Reference List. American Numismatic Association.

Braithwaite, William Stanley. The House of Falling Leaves. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Brown, Charles Reynolds. The Gospel of Good Health. Pilgrim Press.

Buckwalter, Geoffrey. Fourth Reader. Part I. Parker P. Simmons.

Carnegie, Andrew. Problems of To-day. Wealth - Labor - Socialism. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.

Clark, Felicia Buttz. The Jesuit. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

Corneille, Pierre. Le Cid. Edited by James D. Bruner. American Book Co. 45 cents.

Crabbe, George. Poetical Works. Edited by A. J. Carlyle and R. M. Carlyle. Henry Frowde.

Crosland, T. W. H. Little Strings. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Cundall, H. M. A History of British Water Colour Painting: with a Biographical List of Painters. Dutton. $6 net.

Curtis, Alice Turner. Grandpa's Little Girl at School. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

Dauzat, Albert. La Langue Française d'aujourd'hui. Paris: Armand Colin.

Dickens, Charles. Miscellaneous Papers. Scribner's. $1.50.

Dickens, Charles. Scenes and Characters from the Works of: Being Eight Hundred and Sixty-six Drawings. Scribner's. $3 net.

Documents Relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854. Edited by William Bennett Munro. Toronto: Champlain Society.

Dolly's School A B C. Dutton. 50 cts.

Donabey, Mary Dickerson. The Castle of Grumpy Grouch. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. $1.25.

Dondlinger, Peter Tracey. The Book of Wheat: An Economic History and Practical Manual of the Wheat Industry. Orange Judd Co.

Dow, Ethel C. The Diary of a Birthday Doll. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. $1.25.

Earl, John Prescott. On the School Team. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

Eaton, Seymour. The Roosevelt Bears Abroad. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. $1.50.

Ehrlich, Arnold B. Randglossen zur Hebräischen Bibel. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs.

Elder or Poetic Edda, commonly known as Saemund's Edda. Part I, Mythological Poems. Edited and translated by Olive Bray. London: David Nutt.

Francis, Mrs. Matthew Strong: The Story of a Man with a Purpose. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Franklin, Benjamin. Proverbs from the Almanac of one Richard Saunders. Duffield. 60 cents.

Franklin, Moses. The Reward of Capital. Grand Junction, Colorado. 25 cents.

Froissart, John. Chronicles of England, France, Spain, etc. Dutton. $2.50.

Gasquet, Abbot. The Greater Abbeys of England. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.

Gilman, Benjamin Ives. Hopi Songs. Houghton Mifflin.

Gordon, S. D. Quiet Talks with World Winners. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.

Gray, Thomas. Concordance to the English Poems of. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Green, Allen Ayrault. The Land of Lost. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Gregory, Louise Fansbawe. Mamma, Nelly and I. Philadelphia: Edward Stern. $1.25.

Grimsbaw, Beatrice. In the Strange South Seas. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Gulick, Luther H. Mind and Work. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Hare, T. Truxtun. A Sophomore Half-Back. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

Hazeltine, Horace. The City of Encounters. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Higginson, Ella. Alaska, the Great Country. Macmillan. $2.50.

Houston, Edwin J. The Wonder Book of Light. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.50 net.

Houston, Edwin J. The Wonder Book of Magnetism. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.50 net.

Houston, Edwin J. Wrecked on a Coral Island. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25.

Howard, William Lee. Lila Sari. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Hunt, Enid Leigh. The Advent of Arthur. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Hutton, Edward. Country Walks About Florence. Scribner's. $1.50 net.

Illustrated Bible Dictionary. Edited by William C. Piercy. Dutton. $5 net.

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Little, George. Life on the Ocean; or, Twenty Years at Sea. Philadelphia. Lippincott.
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Loir, Adrien. Canada et Canadiens. Paris: E. Guilmoto.
Lucas, Clarence. The Story of Musical Form. Scribner's. $1.25 net.
Macartney, Merwyn. English Houses and Gardens in the 17th and 18th Centuries: A Series of Bird's-eye Views. Scribner's. $6 net.
McMurry, Charles A. Special Methods in Reading in the Grades. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Madan, A. C. Lala-Lamba Handbook: A Short Introduction to the South-Western Division of the Wisa-Lala Dialect of Northern Rhodesia. Frowde. $1.15.
Madan, A. C. Lenje Handbook: A Short Introduction to the Lenje Dialect Spoken in North-West Rhodesia. Frowde. $1.15.
McIntyre, John T. The Street Singer. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Madison, Lucy Foster. Peggy Owen: A Story for Girls. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Malone, Paul B. A West Point Cadet. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Marlowe, Francis. The Secret of the Sandhills. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mayer, Henry. Jumbo and His Family. Dutton. 50 cts.
Meader, Herman Lee. Cupid the Surgeon. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.
Meade, L. T. The Court-Harman Girls. Dutton. $1.50.
Merriam, C. Edward. Primary Elections: A Study of the History and Tendencies of Primary Election Legislation. University of Chicago Press. $1.35.
Michaelis, A. A Century of Archæological Discoveries. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. Dutton. $4 net.
Middleton, J. A. Love Songs and Lyrics. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Miller, Metta Frazee. The Lure of the Book. Chicago: Winona Publishing Co.
Mitchell, S. Weir. A Venture in 1777. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.
Moser, Gustav von. Ultimo: Lustspiel in fünf Akten. Edited by Charles Langley Crow. Henry Holt. 35 cts.
Motor Car Model Book. Dutton. 50 cts.
Murray, J. Clark. A Handbook of Christian Ethics. Scribner's. $2.25.
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Our Own Story Book: A Volume of Pictures and Stories. Dutton. $1.25.
Paine, Ralph D. The Stroke Oar. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Park, John Edgar. The Keen Joy of Living. Pilgrim Press.
Parsons, Gen. Lewis Baldwin. In Memoriam. Published privately.
Peace Conferences at The Hague, 1899 and 1907, Texts of the. Edited by James Brown Scott. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.20.
Plato's Banquet. Translated from the Greek by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Houghton Mifflin.
Putnam, Bertha Haven. The Enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers During the First Decade after the Black Death, 1349-1359. Longmans, Green.
Raymond, Evelyn. Little Miss Evangeline: A Story for Girls. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Segnitz, Henry. Lc Prospectus dans les Sociétés Anglaises Par Actions. Paris: L. Larose & Forcel.
Shaw, Charles Gray. The Precinct of Religion in the Culture of Humanity. Macmillan. $2 net.
Sterling, Mary Blackwell. The Story of Sir Galahad. Dutton. $1.50.
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Stoddard, William B. A Lovable Degenerate. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher. Uncle Tom's Cabin for Children. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Tanner, Edwin P. The Province of New Jersey. Longmans, Green.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. Oxford Edition: Miscellaneous Contributions to Punch; Ballads, etc.; Vanity Fair; Christmas Books, etc.; Legend of the Rhine, etc.; Pendennis. Henry Frowde.
Troubetskoy, Prince Pierre. The Passer-By: An Episode. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Vaughn, Earnest Vancourt. The Origin and Early Development of the English Universities to the Close of the Thirteenth Century. University of Missouri. $1.
Venturi, A. Storia dell'Arte Italiana. VI. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Walford, L. B. Leonore Stubbs. Longmans, Green. $1.50.
Warde, Margaret. Betty Wales, B.A.: A Story for Girls. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.
Wentworth-James, Gertie DeS. The Wild Widow. Empire Book Co. $1.50.
Wharton, Anne Hollingsworth. An English Honeymoon. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Whiting, Lilian. Paris the Beautiful. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.
Willey, John Heston. Midsummer Nights With the Great Dreamer. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Williams, H. Noel. The Women Bonapartes: The Mother and Three Sisters of Napoleon I. 2 vols. Scribner's. $6 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908.

The Week.

To the agreement between our government and Japan's no objection has been raised in this country, save one of a technical nature. Senatorial prerogative and jealousy are ruffled by the intimation that the document is not to be submitted to the Senate. For the Democratic minority of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Senator Bacon asserts that any agreement of the kind, without the approval of the Senate stamped upon it, is "not worth the paper upon which it is written." This criticism of the mere form of the negotiation does not seem vital or even very important. The agreement does not purport to be a treaty. If it were, and if it undertook to bind this country to Japan in an offensive and defensive alliance, even of the limited kind seen in the Anglo-Japanese treaty, it would have to be submitted to the Senate; but nothing of that ambitious and revolutionary sort has been attempted by Mr. Root. He has made to Japan a declaration, as it were, of the present policy of our State Department in certain matters of common interest. Either country could ignore it and go to war; but, then, treaties do not prevent nations from making war if they are bent upon it. Unless there is a sound motive and an honorable purpose behind a treaty or an agreement, neither is worth much. And if the agreement entered into with Japan does really express the common mind of the two countries, as regards the matters covered, and if there is an intention on both sides loyally to abide by it, then the technical objection amounts to little. The status of the negotiation is much like that of Secretary Hay's concerning the Open Door in China. In that, too, there was no question of a treaty or an alliance; but an exchange of notes proved of the greatest value.

Secretary Root's undertaking is of narrower scope, but deals with a situation even more critical. That our relations with Japan have been strained for three years past, it is useless to deny. In both nations a state of mind has existed which has predisposed men to exaggerate trifles, and dwell too much upon points of friction. It was to this kind of lurking apprehension and mental inflammation that Mr. Root addressed himself; and it seems to us that the solution hit upon will be of immediate practical effect, and of lasting value as an example of peaceful adjustment of difficulties. The instrument agreed upon rests on a basis of mutual respect. Japan disclaims any designs upon our territorial possessions, as we upon hers. This at once disposes of the Japanese "swoop" upon Hawaii, or the Philippines. In China and Manchuria, where trade interests are common, the agreement guards each side; and in case anything arises to disturb conditions in the Orient, the two governments agree to "consult" with each other, and to act in common, if a way be found to do so. In short, the agreement emphasizes the stake which both Japan and the United States have in the maintenance of peace, points out the many ways in which they can coöperate, and adds written and official pledges which are as binding as good morals and the national conscience, no more and no less. The way in which this achievement has been hailed abroad as a great work for peace, is a good measure of its importance. Foreign commentators know that if either party to it were to violate the contract, no court exists to inflict punishment, except the court of international public opinion. But the impalpable writs of that court are gaining in respect with every year. International goodwill is an asset which the richest nation cannot throw away; and a repute for honor among sister-nations is a thing which the mightiest will not to-day disregard. It is upon these simple principles that the agreement with Japan is founded.

At last, it appears, there is to be a radical overhauling of the Navy Department, undertaken by Secretary Newberry. The necessity of a reorganization has been felt by every recent Secretary who has been in office long enough to master his duties. So long ago as 1885 President Cleveland, in his annual message, used the following emphatic language:

> I deem it my duty to especially direct the attention of Congress to the close of the report of the Secretary of the Navy [Whitney], in which the humiliating weakness of the present organization of his department is exhibited, and the startling abuses and waste of its present methods are exposed. The conviction is forced upon us with the certainty of mathematical demonstration that before we proceed further in the restoration of the navy, we need a thoroughly organized Navy Department.

But Mr. Whitney's appeals were in vain; he, too, had to content himself with the shifting of duties between the bureaus. Nor did it avail him to recall to the memory of Congressmen that ten years previously, in the investigation of the Navy Department of 1875-76, an able officer, Commander D. McW. Fairfax, had informed the House Naval Committee that "the bureau system was gradually undermining the discipline of the Navy Department, and must sooner or later be changed." Secretary Herbert, in 1894, dwelt on the incessant friction between the bureaus, all coördinate. Secretary Long, after his experience in the war with Spain, also urged strongly that the department should be reconstituted. It was during his administration, we believe, that the captain of a battleship received orders from one bureau to sail from the New York Navy Yard at once and was threatened with court-martial by another if he did so. Mr. Long, in 1899, declared that the bureaus of steam engineering, construction, and equipment should be consolidated, since all their functions related to the preparing of a ship for sea, and in 1900 he repeated this recommendation. The facts, then, are indisputable. The strange thing is that the abuses have persisted through so many administrations.

The decision of the Supreme Court, in the matter of the two-cent-fare law of Virginia, is important, both in itself and in its implications. We may be sure, for example, that the corporations in this State, which are thinking of testing the constitutionality of the Public-Service Commission law, will instruct their counsel to read, mark, and inwardly digest this decision, before proceeding. The Virginia Commission is not,

indeed, on all fours with the New York body. The former is a creation of the new State Constitution; the latter of the Legislature. The functions of the two are, however, in many respects similar. Both are empowered to fix rates. To do that was alleged by the Virginia railways, as by opponents of our Public Service Commission, to be a judicial act; and judicial powers cannot be delegated. But the Supreme Court has now decided that it is a legislative act. This does not mean that it is final, or cannot be inquired into by the courts. If its effect, in a given case, is confiscatory, its enforcement can be enjoined. But the act itself is not judicial. This being so held for Virginia, would surely be so held for New York also. By so much, therefore, the probability that our statute would be upheld by the Supreme Court as valid, is heightened by the decision.

The prevailing opinion of the court goes a long way towards clearing up a dubious and disputed province of law—what may be called the twilight zone which lies between the State courts and the Federal courts. It will be remembered that efforts have been made in several States to prevent cases arising under railway-regulation laws from being taken before Federal judges. In some instances, severe penalties have been proposed for even attempting such a course. On this question of the fundamental right of appeal the opinion of the court, as read by Mr. Justice Holmes is very explicit:

> A State cannot tie up a citizen of another State, having property within its territory, invaded by unusual acts of its own officers, to suits for redress in its own courts.

So that is ended. At the same time, the Supreme Court is desirous, in practice, of showing all deference to the State courts. The gist of the decision is to send back the whole case for trial before the Virginia Court of Appeals. The railways should have exhausted their recourse for justice in the State before resorting to the Federal courts. Said Judge Holmes:

> The State had endeavored to impose the highest safeguards possible upon the exercise of the great power given to the Corporation Commission by providing for appeals to its highest courts. It was only a just recognition of the solicitude with which the rights of the railroads had been guarded that they should make sure that the State, in its final action, would not respect what they thought their rights to be, before resorting to the Federal courts. If the rate should be affirmed by the Court of Appeals, and the railroads should still regard it as confiscatory, they would be at liberty to renew their application to a Federal court.

This seems to be common sense, and it lays down a general rule which the Supreme Court may be expected to follow. It should do much to allay any feeling which may have been growing up that the Federal courts are too prone to ignore or over-ride the State courts. On the other hand, State Legislatures will doubtless be slower, after this decision, to boast that they have made their laws "injunction-proof."

If Mr. Taft's choice of Mr. Hitchcock as his Postmaster-General is open to any censure, it is because Mr. Hitchcock was the campaign manager. In consequence, the appointment may appear to some as a payment for that labor. It must, however, be admitted that if Mr. Hitchcock had remained First Assistant Postmaster-General, his promotion would be hailed as particularly desirable. For Mr. Hitchcock, like Mr. Cortelyou, has worked his way up through the government service. Hence his appointment to the Cabinet should be another stimulus to the great body of civil servants in Washington. None the less, there should be more sensitiveness in regard to the practice of rewarding political managers with high office. Of course, a President must form his estimate of a man, in part at least, on the basis of services to the party. Had Mr. Hughes, for instance, not been reëlected Governor of New York, Mr. Taft would have done well to consider him for a Cabinet position because the Governor's great assistance during the campaign was a demonstration of capacity that should be enlisted in leadership. To obtain high office by intellectual contributions to party success is an historic and eminently proper way of advancing one's self. Since we cannot train our Cabinet ministers in Congress, after the good English fashion, it is especially legitimate to qualify as adviser to the President by proving one's fitness on the stump or in the party councils. It is when we come to the purely executive side of party management that drawing the line between the fit and the unfit is difficult. Critics will be moved largely by the effect of the example set by selecting Mr. Hitchcock, rather than by any objection to his promotion. They will doubtless ask whether it will not induce the mob already asking for minor offices to believe that the smaller places are also to go to men "who had their coats off during the campaign."

Fortunately, we have made great progress since the days when only a few "doctrinaires" denied that the spoils belong to the victors. The civil service bars now guard our Presidents from that shocking rush for jobs, which, in Mr. Garfield's case, led to assassination. Rewards are less frequently given for mere machine work; and the publication of campaign contributions will make it more difficult, hereafter, to assign an office to a man merely because of his cash payment to the National Committee. For Mr. Hitchcock's case there is, of course, abundant precedent. Mr. Roosevelt early rewarded Hanna's right-hand man, Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, by making him Postmaster-General. Mr. Cortelyou was already in the Cabinet when he managed Mr. Roosevelt's campaign of 1904, but his transfer to the Postmaster-Generalship came soon thereafter. Indeed, this office, with its enormous patronage, is by custom specially reserved for valiant party laborers, one reason, perhaps, why the postal service has never been more successful as a business enterprise. Justice to President Roosevelt demands, however, a recognition of the fact that in his distribution of Cabinet offices he has been much less guided by a desire to reward party workers or campaign contributors than by his wish to recognize the various elements in our cosmopolitan electorate. It has meant far more to him to give representation to our Jewish and Catholic fellow-citizens, and to have a genuine Southern Democrat at his Cabinet table. Whether Mr. Taft will be guided by similar motives remains to be seen. The promotion of Gifford Pinchot, who has been such an admirable Chief Forester, would meet with hearty approval. Anything that makes for efficiency, both in the Cabinet itself and out of it, will be acclaimed; and the oftener a man is appointed because of peculiar fitness, the more disreputable it will seem to put a man into the Cabinet merely for the money he has paid or the votes he can swing.

Some of the advocates of protection show a curious obtuseness in regard to taking a personal interest in laws which will affect their own pockets. Mr. Dingley was a woollen manufacturer, but found no impropriety in working for increased duties on the product of his mills. Yet this was much as if a member of a city council or a head of department should have an interest in a contract upon which he himself was to pass officially. In principle, it comes pretty near the offence of Senator Burton of Kansas, who violated the statute forbidding members of Congress to act as attorneys for private clients before the government departments. But Representatives seem free to admit in the hearings by the Ways and Means Committee that they have a personal interest in certain tariff rates. Thus, when the lumber schedule was under discussion the other day, Congressman Joseph W. Fordney of Indiana remarked: "I have been in the lumber business ever since I was a boy." He also stated, alluding to lumber manufacturing: "I am in the manufacturing business in the South, in the State of Mississippi"; and again, referring to the lumber business on the Pacific Coast: "I am in the business out there." Even more striking was the case of ex-Congressman M. E. Rhodes of Missouri, who asked that the duty on barytes be increased from 75 cents to $5 a ton. He read from one of his own letters: "I have personal knowledge of the situation, because I am interested in the mining of barytes." He explained to the committee:

> When I was in Congress I introduced a bill in the Fifty-ninth Congress which sought to fix a specific duty of $5 a ton on crude ore, because I believed at that time that that would give us ample protection.

Thus protection appears to abrogate the maxim that a man shall not be judge in his own cause.

The process of "chloroforming Tim" is now complete. The Taft cottage at Hot Springs witnessed the last act of the tragedy—or is it a comedy? After a conference on Sunday Mr. Woodruff announced his withdrawal from the race for the Senatorship in favor of Secretary Root. Of course, Mr. Woodruff "profoundly appreciates the unanimity and earnestness" with which he has been "appealed to by the organization and the members of the Legislature" from his "home county of Kings," and the "cordial offers of support" which have come to him "from every section and almost every county of the State." But with that delicacy of sentiment which has marked his whole political career he feels that "the power of the State organization should not be used by the chairman of the State Committee to further the candidacy of any one person against another." Moreover, Mr. Taft wishes to have Mr. Root in the Senate, and therefore Mr. Woodruff magnanimously makes the Great Renunciation. Of course, this means that there will be no opposition to Mr. Root's election. The only ominous feature of the affair is Mr. Taft's statement that Mr. Woodruff "has established his claim to the gratitude of the Republicans of New York, and also of the country at large." This looks as if Mr. Woodruff's claim to something "equally good" were in some way to be recognized.

The decision of the Unionist Peers to kill the Licensing Bill in the House of Lords will intensify the difficulties of the Liberal Prime Minister. It had been plain for some time that the Lords would not accept the bill as it left the Commons, but it had been hoped that they would pass it with some amendments, especially as several bishops favored it as a temperance measure. The outright killing of the bill, therefore, raises once more the question whether Mr. Asquith will dissolve and appeal to the people, with a programme of radical reform of the Constitutional position of the Lords. Probably, the Premier will find it wisest to pocket this affront and wait until a break comes on some more vital question. The Lords have accepted worse bills—the Trade Disputes and Old-Age Pension Bills—without protest. They have thus laid themselves open to the charge that they rejected the Licensing Bill in order to favor "the trade," and to gain the popular support of those workingmen who want cheap beer.

When the Viceroy of India abandons his inspection trip and returns to Calcutta heavily guarded, when lieutenant-governors and district superintendents are being attacked by bomb-throwers, Englishmen must take the Hindu disaffection seriously. The relatively small number of violent outbursts, news of which has leaked out through the dispatches, is still large enough to prove the strength of the new Nationalist movement among the natives. Japan's sudden rise has taught its lesson quickly, as everybody but a few civil service officials expected. And the Indian government must deal with the Nationalists, not as a pack of fanatics or murderers, but as a political party having a popular cause. English newspapers in India and at home are already conceding the wisdom of a policy of concession and conciliation. It may be, as the Calcutta *Englishman* holds, quite impossible for the British to give India a Constitution at once; there may be too many dishonest natives in power for that. But a progressive scheme of reform yielding steady increase of political knowledge, privilege, and influence to the governed is feasible—and ordained by the great awakening of the East.

All the evidence indicates that the unpopularity of the German Emperor still continues. It was thought that his yielding to the Chancellor and the Reichstag, with public opinion so strongly behind them, would be greeted with a burst of joy and renewed loyalty. In fact, however, his act seems to have been received with a certain relief, it is true, but with little enthusiasm. The talk is still of a great constitutional crisis. One cause of this persistent coldness towards the Kaiser undoubtedly is that he made his concession appear both ambiguous and grudging. When a sovereign has to surrender, the wise thing is for him to do it heartily and completely. William II might have learned something from Elizabeth of England. When she and her Ministers fell into a controversy with the House of Commons and the nation, over the question of monopolies, the Queen knew how to retreat gracefully. Macaulay wrote:

> There seemed for a moment to be some danger that the long and glorious reign of Elizabeth would have a shameful and disastrous end. She, however, with admirable judgment and temper declined the contest, put herself at the head of the reforming party, redressed the grievance, thanked the Commons, in touching and dignified language, for their tender care of the general weal, brought back to herself the hearts of the people, and left to her successors a memorable example of the way in which it behooves a ruler to deal with public movements which he has not the means of resisting.

DANGERS OF MAJORITIES.

It is no surprise to find Gov. Hughes the same man after election that he was before. He has accustomed us to that; and his speech to the Republican Club of this city last week contained his familiar doctrine. To serve the whole State; to make fitness the sole test for appointments to office; to advocate measures which are sound, whether they are immediately popular or not; and to do the thing that is right, whether it be considered politic or otherwise—such is the programme which this just and tenacious man marks out for himself and his party. One incidental sentence of the Governor's contains a good deal of political philosophy:

> Our chief danger lies in the fact that we have been given such a strong endorsement that we may forget the promises we have made.

It takes a cool and balanced head to see peril in a great political success, and to fear that the very disorganization of the other party may be a snare to your own. This idea found a spokesman in the recent conference in London about methods of electoral reform. A deputation waited upon the Prime Minister to ask that an inquiry be made into minority representation and other plans, before drafting a bill. In the course of the discussion, Lord Hugh Cecil declared that the great majorities of the last few years had been a misfortune to both parties and to the country. He referred impartially to the large preponderance of his own party in the last House of Commons, and to the immense majority of the Liberals in the present. In both cases, he maintained, the majority in representation did not really indicate so great a set of public opinion. The result was that party leaders were tempted to be careless and vainglorious, too indifferent about needed legislation, and unduly confident of the strength of their position, even when on the eve of defeat. This view is borne out by political experience in our country as well as in England. It is wise counsel which Gov. Hughes gives his party. Mr. Taft, too, is plainly of the same mind—namely, that it is well to rejoice in the sweeping victory at the polls, but that it is the part of wisdom to rejoice with fear and trembling Great majorities mean great responsibilities. Obstacles to be avoided or surmounted in an electoral campaign are often trifling compared with the difficulties of guiding the party aright after success is won.

The danger presents itself in two forms: first, as a temptation to be lazy; second, as an invitation to be reckless. It is easy for a party returned to power by a large majority to forget that its chief duty is not to enjoy the sweets of office. Pressure for appointment is the first thing that a new Governor or new President feels. It might seem to him as if the only aim of a popular uprising in an election was to find a place for Smith, and to vacate one for Jones. Gov. Hughes said that his desk at Albany was piled high with applications for office. But he took up the matter as one of the besetments of an executive with a victorious party behind him. It will never do for a party to say to itself that it has much spoils laid up for many years, and that all it has to do is to eat, drink, and be merry. By such a course it only points itself out as a fit subject for punishment by the voters—and elections often indicate the popular desire, not to approve of one party or the other, but to punish it.

The other danger which a great political majority brings with it is proneness to be extreme and overbearing. Moderation is one of the last lessons a certain order of politicians ever learns. Their instinct is to say, "What is a majority for except to be used for all it is worth?" Some measure born of party greed or personal selfishness is pressed forward. In an evenly balanced condition of parties, it could never be enacted, but a Prime Minister or a boss with a "fine brute majority" at his command, will see the chance to apply it, and will find it hard to resist. Yet true political leadership will always attempt to curb such impulses on the part of those who think themselves forever in control of government. This kind of political pride goeth before destruction. Party chiefs who think of a temporary or accidental majority merely as a means of furthering their own ends, and riding rough-shod over the other side, are simply preparing for themselves a day of judgment. When it comes, and they, in their turn, go down in electoral ruin, they will discover too late that they had used their large majority as a rope to hang their party with.

So well established is this frequently fatal nature of a majority, that it almost seems as if a law of party suicide were at work. Sea and land are compassed to secure a majority; yet the direct tendency of it appears to be to lead to a minority next time. The real task is, not only how to get a majority, but so to use it that it may be both kept and respected. That is the study to which party leaders should give their thoughts and vigils. It is evident that Gov. Hughes is at work on this great problem of political power; and we look forward to his recommendations to the Legislature as instruction in the way truly to utilize and safeguard a party majority.

THE SOCIALIST SHOWING.

The canvassing of the vote cast by the minor parties on election day has not been completed, but enough is at hand to show that Mr. Debs failed to come into his expected million by more than five hundred thousand votes. Socialists admit that the result of the election has been a disappointment, but refuse to call it a defeat. You cannot defeat a party which has so sure a mortgage on the future as all true Socialists believe they hold. Ever since Karl Marx demonstrated, to the satisfaction of those who subscribe to his theories, that the iron laws of evolution make the triumph of collectivism over the present economic system inevitable, his followers the world over have adopted the cheerful philosophy of looking upon every victory as a fulfilment of the Marxian prophecy, and every setback as only a postponement. Optimism naturally thrives on success, and there can be no denying that international Socialism has, in the very matter of its numerical growth, been successful to a degree calculated to turn the head of any high-spirited young party. With prosperity there may have come certain departures from the early rigidity of theory and practice. Socialist politicians, anxious to gain votes, have not disdained to make use of temporary or local issues. But in the end it is always the same great argument they fall back upon. "You can't beat us; we are bound to win in the long run because we have on our side the great law of evolution as summed up in our 'materialistic conception of history.'"

Why should the materialistic theory of history guarantee the success of Socialism? The reasoning is straightfor-

ward. Historical evolution is shaped, not by ideas, but by mechanical necessity. The moral ideals of society, its religious creeds, its political, legal, and social institutions, are all the outgrowth of economic conditions. This may be sneered at as a glorified sovereignty of the stomach, but there are your facts. In the long result, it is the producers who shape and rule society, and history is the story of conflict between a class of producers who would retain their control over society after their usefulness is gone, and a new class of producers struggling to come into its own. But it is evident that democracy has put power into the hands of the great mass of the world's workers. Hence these masses are ultimately bound to change society so as to assure their own welfare and domination. Q. E. D. The materialistic conception of history is the great Socialist weapon against the Philistines. To argue upon this or that temporary political issue, moral issue, or even economic issue, is waste of time, when you know that at bottom it is food, clothing, and shelter that rule the world. Injunction planks, monetary reforms, popular election of Senators, morality, patriotism, are all instruments of delusion. The materialistic theory of history teaches us that men in the last resort are swayed by the question of more food, more clothing, and more shelter. And in that game we Socialists hold the winning card.

But if the last election has proved anything, it ought to show the Marxians that their favorite weapon is one that cuts both ways. Bryan may hunt for explanations of what happened to him, and Debs may adduce this or that minor reason for the way he fared, but at bottom it is quite apparent that millions of workingmen and hundreds of thousands of business men who believed that Taft meant more food, clothing, and shelter than Bryan, voted for Taft. And if the Socialists need the consolation, we will grant it to them that many thousands who might have voted for Debs in prosperous times, refused to take a chance on Bryan's election when times were already pretty bad. Here, then, we have the materialistic theory and the economic man asserting themselves with a vengeance, but on the wrong side. If there is comfort in the thought that your pet theory has been shown to be correct, even if it is done at your own expense, that comfort is open to all good Socialists. If they assert that the workingmen who voted for Taft and more food will soon discover that the increased supply will not be forthcoming, the answer is that the discovery will come too late for the election of 1908, and will probably be forgotten before 1912. If Socialists were content to sit still and wait for the disillusioned workingman, after a half-century of disappointment, to cast himself into their arms, their confidence in the iron law of economic progress might, perhaps, be justified. But when they enter a specific political campaign on the issue of more food and shelter, in the future, they labor under the disadvantage of dealing with the ordinary man who prefers more food and shelter, in the present.

If the Socialist party really wishes for success at the polls, it will have to offer the voter something besides a distant, though perfect, social reconstruction based upon the materialistic conception of history. Wherever political Socialism has influenced public life, as in France, and to a less extent in England and Italy, it has been because of its readiness to deal with immediate issues of the day. Socialists must take sides on questions that can be solved from a socialistic standpoint without waiting for the establishment of the complete Socialist commonwealth. When they finally consent to deal with temporary issues, they may find out, too, that society is not so materialistic as the materialistic theory of history would have it, and that the economic man, on occasions at least, is something more than a consuming animal. They may find, for instance, that moral issues, patriotic issues, and even religious issues, are good for winning campaigns. Man has been known to give up food, shelter, and even life, for an idea. But he will rarely give up the nearer chance of food, shelter, and clothing, for a possibly greater amount of food, clothing, and shelter, far ahead.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY AND THE SLAVS.

Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina has been explained as part of a new and aggressive policy. According to this theory, the virtual ruler of the Hapsburg realm is not the aged Francis Joseph, but his heir presumptive, Francis Ferdinand, to whom the main conduct of affairs has been delegated. Francis Ferdinand is a young man with ideals and a mind of his own; and among such ideals the principal one is said to be nothing less than the shifting of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from its present double basis of German and Magyar equilibrium to a basis predominantly Slav. The future Emperor is credited with still wider aims. Once reorganized as a Slav power, Austria may make her way down into the Balkans, no longer a conqueror, but the natural ally and protector of the southernmost Slavs. And thus that historic goal of East European ambition, the open Ægean Sea, is reserved neither for Russia, whose eyes have been fixed on Constantinople for so many centuries, nor for the Pan-Germanists, who have been drawing a belt of Hohenzollern imperial rule from the Baltic, straight across Europe and over into Asia Minor, but for Austria-Hungary, which has seemingly been so concerned with her internal troubles as to have neither time nor inclination for visions of dazzling expansion.

This splendid Austrian hope, like most enthusiasms, has a certain justification in fact. The importance of the Slav element within the Austro-Hungarian dominions has been rapidly increasing. In numbers the Slavs grow faster than the Germans or the Magyars. In civilization they are overcoming the handicap which till now has given the control of affairs to the minority race both in Austria and in Hungary. The southern Slavs have still a long road to travel; agriculturists by nature and preference, they may never quite raise themselves to the intellectual level of the town-dwelling Germans and Magyars; but, after all, with the progress of democracy, numbers must begin to count more and more. In Austria universal suffrage has shattered the power of the Pan-Germanists. In Hungary the Magyar rulers are compelled by an extension of the franchise, grudging though the law is, to give a larger share in the government to the Slav races. The mere figures in themselves are impressive. In 1900, the forty-five millions of Hapsburg subjects comprised a little over eleven million Germans, less than nine million Magyars, perhaps three and a half millions of Romanic blood (Rumanians and Ladins), and

twenty-two million Slavs. In the Austrian half of the monarchy the Slav majority was especially large, fifteen and a half millions, as against nine million Germans and a million Rumanians and Ladins. The rate of increase since 1900 has been in favor of the non-Germans. In addition, Bosnia-Herzegovina has just added nearly 1,700,000 subjects of Slavic blood; so that at the present moment the Slavs have an absolute majority within the realm as a whole, and are in a majority of two to one in Austria.

The tradition of the Slav's unfitness for political rule is a waning one. Only ten years ago it was the German students who carried things with a high hand at the University of Prague. To-day it is the Czechs who victoriously rush the poor Germans. The Czech renaissance in Bohemia has been described by well-informed observers as one of the most amazing, if little-known, developments of European history during the last twenty-five years. German influences in Bohemia are carrying on a losing fight. The German language, and German science and art, are not being wiped out by a new sort of barbarian invasion, but effectively replaced by a Slav culture. The southern Slavs, while intellectually backward, have shown great power of resistance. In Croatia-Slavonia they have doggedly held their ground in face of the drastic methods of their Magyar rulers. Their passionate resistance to Austrian domination in Bosnia is historical. Indeed, the annexation of Bosnia has been described by apologists for Austria (for example, Dr. Emil Reich in the *Nineteenth Century* for November) as forced upon the latter by a gigantic Slav conspiracy for the overthrow of Hapsburg rule. The Bosnian press has been outspokenly seditious, and the Austrian censorship has coped with it in vain. In short, the Slavic peoples of Austria-Hungary have been proving very emphatically that they were not predestined from the beginning of time to be political hewers of wood and drawers of water for their German and Magyar brethren.

These are the facts which are supposed to have given rise to the new policy of Austro-Hungarian reconstruction. The dual realm is to be transformed into a federal realm. Report speaks of a new doctrine, "trialism," which would add to the present two members of the monarchy, a third in the shape of a Slav state formed out of the southern provinces of Austria. But though "trialism" is being widely talked about in Austria, it is hard to see how it can ever be put into practice. The great mass of Austrian Slavs is not in the south. Out of Austria's seventeen millions, over thirteen millions are in Bohemia, Poland, Silesia, and Moravia; and it is certain that Bohemia, which has long claimed an equal position with Austria and Hungary, would have to be satisfied bofore an autonomous Slav state in the South could be created. But whether there are to be three, four, or more equal federal members, federalism and growing Slav ascendency would seem to be questions of the near future in Austria.

MILTON AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

I.

Dryden, we know, sometimes visited Milton, in whose eyes the young guest was "a good rhymist, but no poet." It is not difficult to frame an image of such a visit. Milton, we may suppose, was then occupying the house in Bunhill Row, opposite the Artillery-ground, where he resided for the last twelve years of his life, left to decay in ignoble privacy by the contemptuous tolerance of the court. There the old man might be found, now blind and poor and served by his unwilling daughters, "in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair [in which he liked to lounge with leg thrown over the arm], and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones." On such evil times had fallen the author of "Comus" and "Lycidas," whom "patriotic piety," as he wrote in that last pathetic letter spelled out so painfully to an ignorant amanuensis, "had almost left without a country."

From this visit the mind travels to another at the end of the century. The young visitor has now himself grown old, and takes his ease in the famous chair by the fire in Will's Coffee-house. The world had not dealt altogether gently with him, but he had moved with the stream, always at the head though obeying its least impulse, and by industry and genius had made himself the recognized dictator in the new society of wits. About his comfortable seat stood the chiefs of that society as at a *petit coucher*, glad to hear his opinion on some poem or play of the hour, proud to take a pinch of snuff from the great man's box, while at a distance crowded the aspirants, awaiting their time and eager to catch some stray word from the inner circle. Enter the room a young boy, thin and sickly and with large straining eyes, brought thither by an older friend that he may at least in later days say *tantum vidi*. Those, in fact, were the regretful words used afterwards by Pope in his first published letter to Wycherley.

As a pendent to these scenes should be added the words of the weightiest critic of the following century. "Milton's republicanism was, I am afraid," says Dr. Johnson, "founded in an envious hatred of greatness. . . . He thought woman made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion." And as a writer he was "to be admired rather than imitated." The honor of acknowledged authority was reserved for Dryden who had himself learned to yield. "The new versification, as it was called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness." Dr. Johnson did not see far into the future, was even unaware of the force of the movements making for "relapse" in his own day; but when the change came, it went not back to Milton, but to his more lawless predecessors. His peculiar union of a free fancy with a disciplined form has never dominated English letters, and he has remained always in essential things alone and unapproachable.

There is a sad lesson in the contrast of those two scenes, a warning whose full magnitude is seen only as we look back over the record of the three centuries since Milton's birth. In the one are typified the isolation and weakness that waited upon the fretful revolt against what Milton himself called "the sour leaven of human traditions"; in the other, the arrogance and narrowness of a revengeful reaction. Both are a commentary on the limits and meaning of change. Many things in those days when the England of the Tudors was passing into that of the Stuarts cried out plainly for reform. The pity is that, instead of a skilled hand to revive and cultivate, there was let into that garden a horde of ruthless vandals. It is a small thing in itself that for a while the imagination was distrusted under the Puritan régime, that the theatres were closed, the picture collections of Charles dispersed or destroyed, the churches made barren of their beauty, the poets silenced or driven into obscure places. That the land was for a time, in the language of Strafford, "frequent in combustions, full of massacres, and the tragical ends of princes"—this is only one of the passing events of history. But it was a matter of serious import for the whole future of England that this complete break in tradition left the imagination in its hour of triumph a prey to all sorts of pernicious influ-

ences. When fire or commerce sweeps off the forest from one of our mountain sides, it is said that the trees have no power of resowing themselves; the land lies bare to wind and sun, and the lowland farms are deprived of their reservoir of fruitful waters. The trees may be replanted artificially by the hand of man, but too often the soil has been washed away, meanwhile, by exposure, and there is no assurance that ever such noble woods can be reared as when the original growth is trained and properly thinned. Something like that happened to English letters.

II.

When literature was restored with the Stuarts to London, it came back in a new guise, and, like the courtiers, in foreign dress. Unfortunately, it was in substance neither good English nor French. The form was borrowed from abroad, and the wit, but in character the heroic drama, to take the most conspicuous example, was removed by a whole world from the tragedy then flourishing in Paris. The forced aristocratic style and a certain air of unreality were transferred to the London stage, but the marvellous economy of art, the subtle penetration of human nature, the pure exaltation were for the most part exchanged for fury and fustian.

Nor was the old English spontaneity present to take the place of Racine's chastened idealism. It is a disagreeable fact that the excesses of the intervening prohibition left the door open for a revival of the worst, and only the worst, features of the Elizabethan drama. In their reaction from the passionate, if often misguided, morality of the Puritans, the new playwrights returned not only to the old lewdness, but to the barbarous lust for blood and horrors. The French banished even decorous death from the scene; but Dryden knew the temper of his audience when, in his "Amboyna," he showed the English merchants tortured by the Dutch, and in his "Indian Emperor" gloated over the execution of Montezuma.* And with this taste for the shambles, carried over from the Elizabethan stage and deprived even of its pretext of youthful extravagance, went the Marlovian defiance of egotism now a little absurd in the hearing of Charles's subservient court. The same contrast between form and substance runs through comedy and the other *genres* of the period. They were not merely immoral, but beneath all their laughter and polished wit, may be detected a vein of cynical indifference to suffering and at times a brutal cruelty. Those poets of the court, and one must add in his famous criticism, Charles Lamb also, forgot that a deliberate attempt to stimulate the animal passions is always destructive of the first purpose of art. The French may not have been less immoral than their imitators, but they had this instinctive sense of their craft. That first outbreak of the Restoration is not a savory chapter in the record of English letters.

*These illustrations are taken from Alexandre Beljame's "Le Public et les hommes de lettres." Students of English literature need not be told how thoroughly M. Beljame has worked out this whole subject.

III.

It is the teaching of a certain school of so-called scientific history that the changes of civilization are produced by large impersonal laws under whose sway individual men are as pawns in the game of fate. That theory is, perhaps, not quite so common now as it was a few years ago, and there would appear to be a reaction in favor of the directing influence of dominant minds. Certainly, if any great event can be attributed to the character of a few men, it was the crime of the seventeenth century in England, with all its attendant evils. In that month of spring in the year 1603 when James Stuart was riding south to take up his crown in London, a prophetic eye might have foreseen the troubles he and his sons were to cause. On the way the so-called Millenary Petition was presented to him by a band of moderate and conforming Puritans, who desired only a few unimportant changes in the service and prayer-book; one of the first acts of James at Hampton Court was to deny the Petition and to abuse the petitioners with a threat to "harry them out of the land." After that the history of England for two generations was a series of *ifs*, depending on the character of three or four men. Thus, if Prince Henry, with his objection to a Catholic marriage, had not imprudently chilled himself on the tennis court, and so left the throne to his brother Charles; if Charles at the beginning of his reign had not been bribed to accept the Petition of Right and so bound his hands; if Wentworth had been kept in England to raise a standing army, instead of being called back from Ireland when too late, and if Henrietta Maria, by meddling with the soldiers, had not brought him to the scaffold; if Charles had married a Protestant instead of a Bourbon princess; if he had chosen a wiser prelate than Laud; if he had not attempted to seize the five members of Parliament, or had planned the attempt more secretly; if the navy had not been wantonly alienated; if, in a word, James and Charles had not been at once so obstinate and so weak, they might either have succeeded in establishing, for a time at least, a monarchy like that raised in France on the ruin of the Fronde and the Reformation, or they might have guided their people through a bloodless and healthy revolution. But for the fanaticism of the king the opposing fanaticism of Pym and Lilburne and Cromwell would never have come to the top, crushing between them the moderate men who were the real strength, and, in the end, the salvation of England. For it is the very character of moderation that it should be helpless at first against the assaults of enthusiasm, and should come to its own, if at all, only after the frenzy of excess has exhausted itself. We shall never know the full tragedy of those moderate royalists, driven by harsh choice into the army, like Falkland, who threw away his life in order "that all might see that his impatiency for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity or fear to adventure his person"; or of those Puritans who felt to their friends in the other camp as Sir William Waller wrote to one on the eve of battle:

> My affections to you are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship. We are both upon the stage, and we must act the parts assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honor and without personal animosities.

These were the men who bore the glorious tradition of the past—peace-loving gentlemen in the ranks, statesmen in the service of a blind king and a mad Parliament, poets and great preachers in hiding among the Welsh hills, subtle philosophers and divines like John Hales of Eton and the high-bred Platonists of Cambridge, whose voices were drowned by the shrill contending clamors, or who, more pitifully yet, felt the fires of hatred slowly kindling in their own breasts. These were the men, and not, as a modern historian says, the soldiers of Cromwell at Naseby, who might have "planted freedom in the deep, fruitful soil of antiquity." And they were the majority; it is undoubtedly true that, as Clarendon wrote, "the number of those who desired to sit still was greater than of those who desired to engage in either party." Their very desire for quiet growth, their "peace-ingeminating" spirit, prevented them from grasping rudely at the control of affairs; yet, so far as human reflection can discern, there was no reason why they should not have been led by wise authority to preserve the old tradition in the land, adding to it the strength and not the fury of the new light. Such a "patriot king," dreamed of idly by Bolingbroke when too late, might then have warded off the evil rebellion and the sordid reaction.

IV.

But these things lay in the lap of Chance, and Chance set over the land the man of all others fit to confound confusion. Yes, if there is any one truth to be guessed from the vicissitudes of that age it is the incalculable power of that Fortune whose whim, according to Julius Cæsar, and he should have known, governs mankind—*fortuna cuius libido gentibus moderatur.* Looking over the unnecessary calamities of

those years, considering the inconsequence of great things and the fatality of contemptible things, and perceiving the tremendous and unending moral results that waited upon the hazard of one man's character, one may conceive that history was the work of such a Provident Deity as Bossuet proclaimed, who bends human affairs to his unfathomable arbitrary will, and who was laying upon England the punishment of distractions for her heresy, or one may humbly lower the eyes before that "Nothing" of the skeptical Earl of Rochester:

Is, or *is not*, the Two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the Subject of Debate,
That perfect, or destroy, the vast Designs of Fate;—

but it is inconceivable that one continuous or parallel reign of mechanical law and reason governed that world of mishap, as Descartes and the men of science were beginning to teach. Physical cause and effect proceeded with immitigable regularity, and so with moral law, but where the two realms overlapped was an incommensurable disproportion, a strip of blind chaos, unknown and untravelled by reason, out of which came and went the busy emissaries of Chance.

And Milton was at once the victim and the agent of this lady of misrule. Fancy loves to evoke what might have been the reality, but was not. Instead of that scene in Bunhill Row, I behold our greatest poet, the darling and spiritual aid of a brave government, now in his reverend years, surrounded by "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," handing on to his disciples the unquenched torch of England's mighty inspiration, and then turning finally to his quiet end—

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

All the traits of his early works pointed him out for that high mission—the gravity of his character, his native mastery over words, his ineffable gift of harmony, his splendid imagination, his deep knowledge of human destinies. He alone might have accomplished what Ben Jonson had not the genius to do. He might have preserved the soaring inspiration of the Elizabethans, yet chastening it in form by his classical discipline, so that it should have remained a sound and authoritative model of art; and enlarging it to embrace both the forward-looking uplift of true Puritanism and the reverence for remembered gracious things of the Cavaliers, so that he should have imposed himself on the nation, not as one whose "predominant desire was to destroy rather than establish," but as indeed the "god-gifted organ-voice of England." Our life might have been ruled by him as Greek was moulded by Homer, to the avoidance of much wasted energy and of innumerable false starts. How nearly he missed his supremacy can be seen from the homage bestowed on his name at this centennial of his birth; yet a candid survey of our literature must still add that he has been in essential things a hero "admired rather than imitated."

V.

This failure is due, in part, to the deviation of the people from their natural course, but in no small part to the thwarting of the poet's own development. For it is undeniable that the effect of events was to exaggerate in Milton certain dangerous tendencies which might have been restrained and guided into virtues. One sees this more strongly perhaps in his prose than in his verse. It is a sad task to read his noble enthusiasm for true liberty in the "Reformation in England," published in 1641, and to think then of what was actually to come. Who does not know its peroration?—

O thou, that, after the impetuous rage of five bloody inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows; when we were quite breathless, of thy free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us; and having first well nigh freed us from anti-Christian thralldom, didst build up this Britannic empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her; stay us in this felicity, let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth that viper of sedition, that for these fourscore years hath been breeding to eat through the entrails of our peace. . . .

Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measure to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages. . . .

There is a note of magnificent expectation here that not Burke or any other was ever again to attain; and then, with that sound ringing in our ears, we turn to the leaden pedantries, the smouldering malignity, the hateful scandal-mongering of the two "Defensiones" written later by Milton as the official mouthpiece of the Commonwealth, to excuse to the world its criminal excesses. The change, with all it implies, is inexpressibly disheartening. Nor did he escape in more intimate matters. From upholding the false liberty of government he passed naturally, at the first pinch of circumstance, to a plea for personal license. In 1643 he married Mary Powell; in the same year, apparently before the honeymoon had ended, he was composing his address to Parliament on "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." But a little while before, in his "Reformation," he was saying: "Well knows every wise nation that their liberty consists in manly and honest labors, in sobriety, and rigorous honor to the marriage-bed"; and now he cannot endure soberly a few weeks of annoyance, but will for his relief rush in and alter the laws of the land. Because the experience of the race would hold him to an uncongenial bond, he must cry out against "the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom." His argument is conducted with gross sophistries and wresting of Scripture texts. His thesis is, in Miltonic language, that "the pining of a sad spirit wedded to loneliness should deserve to be freed"; in the cant of modern tongues, that husband and wife who find themselves of incompatible temper should forthwith separate, without even recourse to a court, and seek their "affinities." In his indecent haste he has no regard for the obligation of contract or for the discipline and ultimate happiness of a mutual accommodation. The ways of Milton with his wives and daughters, make what apologies we can, are not the aspect of his life we care to dwell upon.

VI.

Fortunately, his poetry, as it moved in a more ideal sphere, escaped the worst of these evils; yet even here there is much to regret. Only national prejudice can be blind to the defects of "Paradise Lost." In his second period, says Taine,

An epic writer and a Protestant, enslaved by a strict theology, robbed of the style which makes the supernatural visible, deprived of the dramatic sensibility which creates varied and living souls, he accumulates cold dissertations, transforms man and God into orthodox and vulgar machines, and only regains his genius in endowing Satan with his republican soul, in multiplying grand landscapes and colossal apparitions, in consecrating his poetry to the praise of religion and duty.

The emphasis may be misplaced, there may be grave omissions, but as a whole that is likely to remain the honest opinion of the world in regard to our English Homer. The native-born will be carried by the sweep of Milton's language more lightly over these bogs, and the national ideals reflected in its plot will endear even its faults to patriotism; but a nicer judgment will always see much to offend. I do not believe there is in the literature of the world anything comparable to the fourth book of "Paradise Lost" for its extreme contrast of good and bad taste. From the evening hymn of Adam and Eve, with its exultant ecstasy of pure religion, we pass to echoes of a mean and wrangling theology, from the radiant glories of Eden spread before our view and from the loveliness of "espoused Eve," we are

cast into a frigid Puritanical discussion "of purity, and place, and innocence." These contrasts are the measure of Time's injury. What that epic might have been, if Milton had brought to it the gravity of political experience without the exacerbation of faction, may be surmised from the flawless beauty of the last poem of any length written by him before he was caught into the political and religious vortex.

VII.

In the autumn of 1637, at the end of his "long holiday" at Horton, Milton was asked to contribute to a book of elegies celebrating the death of Edward King, a fellow of Christ's, Cambridge, where Milton had known him in his own college days. From this request came "Lycidas," the "touchstone of poetic taste," as Tennyson, speaking with authority, pronounced it to FitzGerald. It has been commonly observed that the poem contains little grief for a personal loss, but borrows its emotion from the larger religious issues then beginning to weigh upon the author's mind. The criticism is obvious. It should be added, however, that the poem is still an elegy, to the reader of to-day even more perhaps than to the writer, a magical dirge over an age passing away with its destiny unfulfilled. When we read the lament:

But, oh! the heavy change now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays—

we should know that it is not the death of the obscure collegian that communicates to us the thrill of strange emotion, and that these metaphors of nature are not a meaningless convention; this heavy change is for the disappearance of a whole imaginative world, with its "wood notes wild." And so we may follow the poem through all its ebb and flow. The sorrow of Camus, and the shuddering denunciation of the Pilot of the Galilean lake, are not, as their sound reaches us now, solely for the evils of prelacy; we hear also the vulgar and hypocritic zeal of many Puritans who,

. . . when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

And we remember the promise and lofty lives of those divines of Cambridge, of Benjamin Whichcote, a scholar there in Milton's day, and his companions, who refused the Covenant and took from Puritanism its enthusiasm without its intolerance—and all that promise made of no avail. And if at the end of the poem Milton rises to a height of celestial vision such as no poet before or after ever reached in English words, the joy of that prophecy is for us strangely mingled with pain. For one who can set himself apart perhaps, but in no wise for England, was that lost spirit made "the genius of the shore." While for Milton, who was then "mewing his youth" and preparing for his proud ambition of singing such things as the world would not willingly let die, there were no "fresh woods and pastures new," but the fields over which rolled the hideous clamor of civil war.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The catalogues of portions of his great library which have been printed by J. Pierpont Morgan, have scarcely been noticed in the public press. The catalogue of the library of James Toovey, which he purchased entire, came out several years ago. More recently Mr. Morgan has issued a catalogue of manuscripts and early printed books, mainly from the libraries of William Morris, Richard Bennett of Manchester (who purchased the larger part of Morris's library), and the Earl of Ashburnham. The manuscripts form one volume and the printed books three, large quarto, from the Chiswick Press. Of the catalogue of manuscripts, prepared by M. R. James, five copies on vellum and 170 on paper have been printed; and of that of books, five on vellum and 120 on paper. The manuscripts described are Bibles, Missals, Psalters, and Horæ (but none of the modern manuscripts, such as have been recently exhibited at Columbia University), and the volume contains forty facsimiles in colors and five plates of bindings. The early printed books have been described by E. Gordon Duff, the late Robert Proctor, and others; the introduction is by Alfred W. Pollard. In some ways the most remarkable book in the list is the great Mainz Psalter of 1459, printed by Fust and Schoeffer, the Sykes-Thorold copy, for which Quaritch paid £4,950 in 1884, keeping the book in stock for over twenty years. The books printed in England include a long series of Caxtons, mostly from the collection of the Earl of Ashburnham. The catalogue is in every way a notable work.

The "Catalogue of Books Printed in the Fifteenth Century Now in the British Museum" is to appear at an early date. It is in six parts. The twenty-nine plates will give reproductions of more than 240 types used at Mayence, Strasburg, Bamberg, and Cologne.

An exhibition commemorative of the tercentenary of the birth of Milton will be held at the Grolier Club in this city December 4 to January 9.

The second portion of the library of Henry W. Poor will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city December 7, 8, and 9. Among important older books are: a manuscript Latin Bible, dated at the end 1425; several manuscript Books of Hours of the fifteenth century; Dante's "Divina Commedia," with Landino's commentary and with three (only) copper plates by Botticelli; the Aldine Horace of 1519, and several other books from the Aldine Press; and thirteen items from the Elzevir Press, including De Laet's "Novus Orbis seu Descriptionis Indiæ Occidentalis" (1633), pages 101 to 110 of which contain a description of New Netherlands. Of early English literature this part includes: Roger Ascham's "The Scholemaster" (1571), second edition; Montaigne's "Essaies" (1603), the first edition of Florio's translation; Chapman's translation of the Iliad (about 1611), the first complete edition, lacking six leaves at the end; Killigrew's "Works" (1644), first edition; Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" (1663); Donne's "Poems" (1639), and John Davies's "Summa Totalis" (1607). The McKee copy of Robert Hayman's "Quodlibets, lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfoundland" (1628), a curious book, in verse, is the most important early item of Americana. There are many first editions of nineteenth century authors, among them such rarities as Bryant's "White-Footed Deer" (1844), Lowell's "Il Pesceballo" (1862), earliest issue, and his "Vision of Sir Launfal" (1848); Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy" (1839), and the rare second edition of "The Celestial Railroad" (1847); Holmes's "Poems" (1836); Longfellow's "Ballads" (1842), a presentation copy in the original boards; George Eliot's "The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems" (1874), one of twenty copies printed on thick paper, with an important A. L. S. of the author referring to the book inserted; Tennyson's "Poems of Two Brothers" (1827), large paper copy; also the privately printed "Sailor Boy" (1861); Scott's "Waverley" (1814) and "Ivanhoe" (1820), and Thackeray's "Virginians," in parts. Among important sets are *Notes and Queries*, 119 vols., and a complete set of the publications of the Folk-Lore Society of London, 50 vols. in cloth, and 23 parts in paper covers. The frontispiece of the catalogue is a reproduction, in colors, of the binding of Mr. Poor's copy of William Loring Andrews's "New Amsterdam, New Orange, New York," one of the thirty Japan paper copies. Another reproduction shows the binding of Brown's "Self Interpreting Bible," New York, 1792, described as probably the finest specimen of early American book-binding in existence. This volume was shown, November, 1907, at the Grolier Club exhibition of American book-binding before 1850.

In Hodgson & Co.'s sale, London, November 6, the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," large paper, with the frontispiece portrait in the correct first state, brougbt £85. Other important items sold as follows: Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), first edition, £28; a set of *Botanische Zeitung*, £43; Andrew's "Geraniums," two volumes, £21.

At a sale of autographs and manuscripts at Sotheby's, London, November 16 and 17, the original assignment by John Keats to Taylor & Hessey, the publishers, of the copyright of his two books, "Poems" and "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems," dated September 16, 1820, brought £50. Other prices were: Charles V of France, sign manual to an ordinance, of date 1356 to 1360, £49; Edward VI of England, sign manual to a warrant, £54; Henrietta Maria (Queen of Charles I), A.L.S., £20; Charles Lamb, interesting A.L.S., £21; and Cotton Mather, A.L.S., accompanied by tbe mezzotint portrait by Pelham, £38.

At C. F. Libbie & Co.'s sale at Boston,

November 23-25, a fine copy of Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England With the Eastern Indians" (Boston, 1726), brought $530, the record price; Whittier's "Moll Pitcher" (1832), original paper covers, somewhat faded, $370, also the record. No copy with both covers has heretofore been offered at auction, though there is one in this condition in the Chamberlain collection. Another valuable item was Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (1840), two volumes bound in one, the copy given by the author to "Miss Anna and Miss Bessie Pedder," with autograph inscription, $290. Other prices were: FitzGerald's "Euphranor" (1851), the author's first book, $30; his "Polonius" (1852), $21; and "Agamemnon" (1876), $11, all first editions; Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" (1875), first edition, $70, and the first edition of Vol. II, 1878, $53; and a mezzotint portrait of Washington, "Published March 14, 1801, by J. Hinton," $85.

The price of Beverley's "History of Virginia," in the Poor sale, was $100 instead of $180, as given in this column a week ago. Since the book seldom sells for as much as $50 at auction, and since it is not uncommon, even $100 may be called an absurd price.

Correspondence.

TARIFF REFORM AND A RESPONSIBLE MINISTRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An article in your paper of November 19 leads to the following reflections: that there never will or can be any effective reform of the tariff till the whole subject is placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, dealing at once with expenditure and revenue and entrusted with the duty of preparing, presenting, and defending in open session of Congress a plan of reform; that this plan and no other, and without modification except such as he chooses to accept, shall, after reasonable discussion, be put to a vote. What the ultimate result may be is another question, but the necessity of going so far may be easily shown.

For this purpose, let us consider the course of legislation. The composition of both houses is the same. Both are made up of representatives of local districts. There is nobody representing or clothed with authority to speak for the whole as a unit. The duty of each member is to look after the interests of his own constituents, and only to a very limited extent after those of others. It is an old saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's. Any member of both houses can introduce as many bills as he pleases, upon any subject he pleases, and all are thrown into committees of these local members. Log-rolling and trading, with a complete absence of personal responsibility, are the inevitable result. The executive, which alone represents the whole country and the administration of the government, is never heard at all, unless summoned or admitted before the committees. Its only means of influence is to join the universal practice of lobbying, and it can never be held to any responsibility except by a process of impeachment. It is not rash to say that if there were a Democratic President and a Democratic majority in both houses, private interests would still rule, and the fortress would still remain impregnable. The condition of things is so absurd as to be almost incredible, if it did not rest on a stubborn basis of fact; and, what adds greatly to the interest, it is repeated with slight modifications in every State, and in principle in every city in the Union.

On February 4, 1881, a unanimous report of a committee of eight members of the Senate recommended the admission of the members of the Cabinet to Congress on certain days and under certain conditions, in conformity with the practice of almost every other government in the civilized world. The absorption of all power by the Legislature has prevented since the slightest attention to that plan.

The history of tariff reform in Great Britain in the first half of the last century and the maintenance of free trade ever since furnish an illustration of the strongest and most concrete kind, and the first step towards the introduction of the principle here must be made, if at all, by diverting attention from the product to the machinery. The Federal government is on too large a scale to furnish original results, but the initial experiment is perfectly easy in any one of the forty-six States, and only needs a little insight and resolution on the part of a Governor to win for himself and his State a world-wide and lasting renown. G. Bradford.

Boston, November 23.

WHY AMERICANS ARE NOT POLYGLOTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I say a word on the subject recently discussed in the article entitled "Underlanguaged Americans" (October 15)? When the writer says that "habit, propinquity, utility, the constant mingling of peoples and languages, have helped to make the Continentals the linguists they are," I believe that he gives the real causes; but when he goes on to say that "the chief reason of their superiority to us is their better teaching of modern languages in the schools," I cannot agree with him. The real cause above all others of the Continental's superiority to us is, I hold, "propinquity." From this arises "constant mingling of peoples and languages," from this comes "utility," and a combined result of all these is "habit." We shall find that the inhabitants of small countries, surrounded as they are by people of different tongues, are *forced* to become polyglots. Even though it be not uncommon for a Belgian to speak English, French, German, and his own Flemish, yet no one would maintain that superiority in such a case is due to better instruction in the schools. It is due to pressure from without. A widespread practice originating in necessity may develop into a national trait, but the extent to which "habit" does determine the Continental's aptitude toward the acquisition of other languages cannot be accurately measured and gives room for wide speculation.

The most tangible incentive to the learning of foreign tongues is, beyond doubt, "utility" or expediency, and so it has ever been. The Greeks and the Romans had to learn something of the languages of their subjects. In modern times the English had to gain some acquaintance with the tongues of India. At the close of our war with Spain, when it seemed probable that Spanish would be of practical use, many Americans in a short time learned to speak Spanish.

All concede that instruction in a German gymnasium is excellent, for the thoroughness of German scholarship is incontrovertible testimony of the thorough groundwork laid in the lower schools. But one thing seems certain, and that is that the teaching of English as a living language in the German universities will not bear comparison with the teaching of German or French in our best colleges. Any one who has visited the classes in a German university will readily admit this.

Among scholars I maintain that it will seldom happen that the more common modern languages will not be understood. "Professor Royce's paper," you say, "was easily followed by the audience" of scholars at Heidelberg. But such an assembly is not quite parallel to the Tuberculosis Congress at Washington. A nearer parallel would be such a meeting as was held at the opening of the Harvard Graduate School in 1904. At that time several addresses were made in German and French by distinguished visitors and they were "easily followed by the audience" and were "applauded throughout." It is true that Professor Sievers of Leipzig spoke in English, but we must now recall the fact that last year President Hadley was able to address his Berlin audience in German. I believe that ability to speak or understand a foreign tongue is as widespread among the scholars of this country as of any other country. It is the general mass of people that is deficient in this respect, and only when it becomes a matter of expediency—a question such as faces the Continentals to-day—can we expect the "underlanguaged Americans" to become glib polyglots. G. C. Scoggin.

University of Missouri, Columbia, November 20.

A TRANSLATION OF FEUCHTERSLEBEN'S "ZUR DIÄTETIK DER SEELE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 19 is an interesting letter of Gustav Pollak on a "Physician of the Soul, Seventy Years Ago," in which the statement is made that Feuchtersleben's "Zur Diätetik der Seele" (The Hygiene of the Soul) has never been translated into English. I have in my library a translation into English of Feuchtersleben's work, with the title, "The Dietetics of the Soul." This translation, on its title page, is said to be "edited by Col. H. A. Ouvry, C.B., and revised from the thirty-second German edition." It bears the imprint, London: Kerby & Endean. 1873. James W. Holland.

Philadelphia, November 20.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your issue of November 19 contains a communication from Mr. Gustav Pollak, in which, speaking of Ernst Baron von Feuchtersleben's "Zur Diätetik der Seele," he says: "It has never been translated into English." Mr. Pollak is in error. For many years I have been the possessor of an

English translation of the work. I do not know who made the translation. It seems to have been well done. The title page of the book is as follows:

The Dietetics of the Soul by Ernest von Feuchtersleben, M.D. Valere Aude. Edited from the Seventh Edition. New York; C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston; Crosby, Nichols & Co. MDCCCLVIII.

O. K.

Detroit, November 28.

Notes.

The British League of the Empire will soon publish a "Text Book of the History of the British Empire," prepared under the general supervision of an editorial committee, of which Prof. J. B. Bury, Regius professor of modern history at Cambridge, is chairman; A. F. Pollard, professor of history at the University of London, will edit the book. Professor Pollard has himself written the section treating of the United Kingdom. The Canadian section has been written by Lawson Grant; the New Zealand section by Dr. F. W. Pennefather; and the West Indian section by N. Darnell Davis. Other contributors are: Sir Frederick Pollock, A. W. Jose, Dr. A. J. Herbertson, E. I. Carlyle, R. W. Frazer, and H. W. Wilson. A part of the gift of £5,000 to the league by the late Louis Spitzel will be used in producing the work, which will be sold at such a low price as will bring it within the reach of a large number of readers.

On the ground of expense, the British government has decided to discontinue the calendaring of the Acts of the Privy Council of England, on the completion of that service with respect to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, ending in 1603—a service upon which Sir John Dasent has been engaged for the last twenty years. At the same time, provision has been made for the publication of calendars of such of the Privy Council Records as relate to America and the West Indies. This work has been intrusted to Lawson Grant, the assistant lecturer, since 1906, to the Beit professor at Oxford. His first calendar, expected this month, will cover the years to 1680 (June). Most of the volumes of acts between 1603 and 1610 are missing, hut abstracts of some of these are preserved at the British Museum. Some of the papers calendared have already been noted in the Calendars of the Colonial Series of State Papers, issued by the Public Record Office, but they will be treated at greater length in Mr. Grant's calendar. The bulk of the matter will provide fresh material for the history of the colonial period of the United States.

"Race Questions and Other American Problems," by Prof. Josiah Royce (The Macmillan Co.) consists of five addresses, each containing some practical application of the doctrine of life elucidated in Professor Royce's recent volume, "The Philosophy of Loyalty." The application is most direct in the last chapter, which deals with the need of healthful development on the motor side if the whole human organism is to be made an effective instrument of loyalty to worthy causes. The kind of loyalty defined and supported as a proper motive in athletics is, of course, carefully distinguished from that form which merely gathers enormous crowds of excited humanity and rends the air with shouts but does not think. Unfortunate social conditions have harmfully influenced the ethics of athletic sports by subjecting them to the confused and unprincipled sentiments of great crowds of people. There must be clear-headedness, self-possession, if the latent moral benefit is to be realized. "Nobody can learn loyalty from mobs. The Harvard Stadium is an admirable place when it is not too full of people." In all these chapters "clear-headedness" is really as important a key word as "loyalty" itself. The initial chapter, "Race Questions and Prejudices," is chiefly an exhortation to get rid of stupid pre-judgments, resting on untenable foundations, and look on the individual possibilities and interrelations of races in the calm light of reason and evidence. The second chapter is noteworthy for its forcible plea for a clear-headed "provincialism," that intelligent loyalty to the lesser group which is needed to save the individual from the levelling tendencies of the age. Humanity, patriotism, all the legitimate interests of broader scope, will best thrive only as the smaller community shall live its own life, and not the life of any other community, nor yet the life of a mere abstraction called humanity in general. Outside influences upon the smaller group are inevitable, but a clear-headed provincial self-consciousness and pride will control and assimilate these influences, not fall and be crushed by them. The levelling spirit of the time gives the mere crowd, reading the same newspapers, thoughtlessly accepting the impressions of the mass, and liable at any moment to be swept into folly and crime when some special excitement transforms the mass into the mob. In the rightly constituted social group, on the other hand, each one feels his separate responsibility, individual reacts beneficially upon individual, and the combined result may be a wisdom superior to that of any separate member of the group, not a folly of which each one independently would be wholly incapable, as in the case of the mob. Apart from the strong common sense of his views and their bearing upon the immediate problems of life, Professor Royce wields an uncommonly lucid and forcible pen. This volume makes a plain and important appeal to any intelligent man or woman, and should have a wide reading.

"Recollections of a Varied Career," by William F. Draper (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), is the story of a life that is interesting and remarkable. Born in 1842, Gen. Draper came in boyhood into the environment of the well-known Hopedale Community, in Massachusetts, working in mills of which his father, uncle, and other relatives were managers. Enlisting as a soldier, he followed during the civil war the fortunes of the Ninth Corps, at New Berne, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, and Knoxville. In 1864, in the Wilderness, he was severely wounded, but was absent from his place only for a brief space. He was in the front before Petersburg, reaching the rank of general at the age of twenty-two. A place awaited him in the Hopedale mills, where he rose rapidly to a chief position, exhibiting mechanical ingenuity as well as business shrewdness. The mills became highly profitable largely through his efforts, whereupon Mr. Draper entered upon still another field. He was elected to Congress where he presently made a good reputation. It would do him injustice to suppose he promoted a high tariff for any other reason than what he thought to be the public good; but all the same he feathered well his own nest thereby, and doubtless the Hopedale Company was entirely satisfied to have a partner engrossed in such legislation. Finally, Mr. Draper exchanged Congressional for diplomatic service, becoming minister to Italy, where his good sense, geniality, and aptness in foreign tongues, backed up by a handsome fortune, made his incumbency rather memorable. In all his varied life, as soldier, business manager, legislator, and diplomat, this typical American seems to have always fallen upon his feet, and yet it may be suspected that his very versatility has been a snare to him, as to many another capable man. His widely differing undertakings interest him about equally; he pursues each in turn with zeal, but presently drops it for another. In no line does he reach the top. His brilliant opening as a soldier is cut short by circumstances. Possibly his heart was more in this life than any other; he gave it up apparently with regret, and would gladly have returned to it if he could, during the war with Spain. Though his mechanical ingenuity is marked, he does not carry out the aptitude to the point of becoming a noted inventor. Though a good manager of affairs he cannot be classed among the famous captains of industry. At Washington, he is wide awake and adroit rather than solidly able and statesmanlike. He discharges efficiently the duties of a second-class mission, but his narrative here offers pleasant gossip about high society rather than sober discussion of the international problems which profoundly vex the nations.

In reading "Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days" (Little, Brown & Co.) one is constantly led to wish that better use had been made of the abundant material at the disposal of its author, Captain John D. Whidden of Boston; for occasionally he essays a literary flight outside his usual record in log-book style, and these excursions seldom fail to interest, instruct, or amuse. The story he tells is of a simple and worthy life, spent until 1870 in the merchant service, whose ways and customs are truthfully and sympathetically described. When the demand for quick freights in swift sailing vessels disappeared, the American mercantile marine practically vanished from the face of the waters and the writer wisely sought occupation ashore. The real cause of this decline he finds in our protective system which has resulted, as he justly perceives, in shutting us out of the one field where free trade must always prevail:

With the ending of the war all hoped that the tariff, especially on shipping, would be reduced, to enable our shipyards to again resume building, and enter into competition for the world's carrying trade, where we had lost prestige; but it was not to be. The tariff was still kept on, the same as during the war, and no one, under these conditions, was insane enough to build. The carrying trade of the world that should have been in American bottoms was allowed to slip from us, and with

it one of our finest New England industries—shipbuilding.

Our legislators should read these pages written in unconscious support of the present movement to strike the tariff shackles from American industries.

"Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an account of a trip to Palestine made on condition of writing out the impressions of the journey for *Scribner's Magazine*. The little volume is dainty, charmingly illustrated with a dozen colored plates, in fine, a beautiful picture book of the Holy Land and a suitable gift book for Christmas. There is nothing new in it, and yet the author has added to the literature of the Holy Land something worth having in the record of impressions made by the land itself, its people, and its pilgrims on a devout and poetic soul. Palestine was, in a certain sense, a religious revelation to Dr. Van Dyke, and that revelation he has sought to transmit to his readers. Seeing with sympathetic eyes and interpreting with much insight, he casts a glamour of love and reverence on barren hills and fond superstitions. Part of this effect he has endeavored to convey by a series of poems interspersed among the chapters of description. In versification and spirit these poems remind one partly of Walt Whitman, partly of the Bible. To some they will doubtless seem beautiful and original; to others, only prose reflections of greater originals. The narrative passages are generally charming, despite some little affectations. The basis of the book, as set forth in the preface, Dr. Van Dyke's "new conviction that Christianity is an out-of-doors religion," may prove of use to those who have been trained to look at the Bible only as a collection of theological texts. But we venture to think that the "out-of-doors" in Palestine would not so greatly impress any observer were it not for the meaning of the land itself to the world. This fact Dr. Van Dyke brings out in the chapter in which, passing over from the ruined cities of Decapolis and the grander trans-Jordanic region to Palestine proper, he thus describes the difference which makes the latter, not the former, the country of real interest:

> In the little land between the Jordan and the sea things came to pass which have a more enduring significance than the wars and splendors, the wealth and culture of Decapolis. Conflicts were fought there in which the eternal issues of good and evil were clearly manifest. Ideas were worked out there which have a permanent value to the spiritual life of man. Revelations were made there which have become the guiding star of succeeding generations.

"Washington: The City and the Seat of Government," by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.), contains excellent illustrations, some twenty-five photogravures. The book itself, bound in red and gilt, resembles a style of literary product that used to lie on drawing-room tables, half a century ago. The text takes you along in that smoothly flowing way characteristic of the newspaper man who is doing his best to fulfil an engagement to "write up" the subject. Mr. Forbes-Lindsay is no better and no worse than the average of his class of hack-writers. He is serious, and he is, up to a certain point, painstaking, but he is not entertaining. Out of old material he has constructed a book that will meet the requirements of the reader who is not particular about accuracy in respect to minor details. What he has to deliver about the Supreme Court of the United States for example (p. 378) indicates that he is well beyond his depth, though only a lawyer might suspect the fact. Again, of Mr. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, he says (p. 164) that being "sent [in 1824] to the country for his health," he "betook himself to a remote house on Clement Hill, where at present Fourteenth Street intersects Massachusetts Avenue." As a matter of fact, upon elevated ground at the spot he mentions, Charles Hill, a wealthy land-owner, built in early days a large house—now owned by the Episcopalians as a bishop's residence. A nephew, Clement Hill, lived on H Street, in a house later occupied by George Bancroft. It is hardly needful to remark that no such locality as Clement Hill ever existed in Washington. In an appendix Mr. Forbes-Lindsay reprints a portion of an interesting little book (now out of print), "The Reminiscences of Christian Hines." There is no excuse for leaving out whole sentences of Christian Hines's text—jumbling together names and putting persons in squares where they do not belong. This book, to speak plainly, has no historical value. The ground has been recently travelled over by other writers, who are more entertaining and less inaccurate than is the present author.

The fifth volume of the translation of the "Memoirs" of Dumas (The Macmillan Co.) concerns itself with the years 1831-32. It begins with political riots, fantastic and short-lived military organizations, plots and counter plots, the machinations of courtiers, the social unrest, more Parisian than national, that made Louis-Philippe uneasy on his throne. It carries the reader through a world of anecdote, character sketches, public and domestic comedy and tragedy, until it ends with comments not serene, and criticisms far from suave, on the chief dramatic, literary, and artistic affairs of the day. They are truly "memories" (more or less trustworthy), always in the unresting manner of the romancer's own life, with nothing of the natural pensiveness of retrospect. Pages of irrelevant and monosyllabic conversation are followed by others so full of matter as to make reading a serious matter of unpacking. Still, the numerous stories and the author's amusing naïveté make the volume, like its predecessors, entertaining to dip into.

Christopher Hare has paraphrased Baldassare Castiglione's "Cortegiano" in an attractive volume entitled "Courts and Camps of the Renaissance" (Charles Scribner's Sons). "Paraphrased" is hardly a comprehensive enough word, because Mr. Hare not merely epitomizes the book itself, but gives a discursive account of Castiglione's life and of the stirring events which he saw. Castiglione's biography was well worth presenting in this fashion, and "The Courtier" is always in order. The contacts which such a man had with the great ones of his age, furnish a better insight into the human side of the renaissance than we often get when our attention is primarily directed to Alexander VI, or Julius II, or to the ambitious princes who competed for secular prizes. Castiglione's career and example remind us that a good man could succeed in an age which seemed callous to virtue. Many portraits from well-known paintings enhance the impression of reality which Mr. Hare's agreeable narrative makes upon us.

Students of Italian history may care to know that Prof. Luigi Colini Baldeschi has completed the task of classifying the very rich archives of Cingoli and will soon publish a detailed report of their contents. Cingoli is one of those towns in the Marches which passed through an era of marked economic and social development between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Much of the historical material of this period has been lost; some has been published, but a large amount remains unexplored in town and parish records. The manuscripts of Cingoli, which are among the most valuable, begin in the first years of the twelfth century; and the documents of the first decades of the thirteenth century are especially numerous.

Zanichelli of Bologna announces the early publication of the nineteenth volume of Carducci's writings. It is now evident that it will be impossible to complete this edition in twenty volumes as originally announced. Even thirty volumes may not suffice, if the numerous introductions which Carducci wrote for Barbéra's Diamond Editions are included. The reprinting of these prefaces begins in the forthcoming volume, which bears the title, "Melica e Lirica del settecento con altri studi di varia letteratura." The contents include studies of Pietro Metastasio, Giovanni Fantoni, Ugo Foscolo, Alberto Mario, the erotic and lyric poets of the eighteenth century, and an unpublished essay upon the Court of Rome, based upon some letters from the Abbot A. Niccolini to Monsignor G. Bottari. It is also announced that a committee of French and Italians has been formed to erect a monument to Carducci in Paris.

"Dante e la Lunigiana" (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli) comprises nearly a dozen essays, written by Italian Dantists to celebrate two years ago the 600th anniversary of the poet's coming into Valdimagra. The subjects are critical, literary, historical, biographical, and geographical. Among the contributors are such authorities as Senator D'Ancona, Prof. I. Del Lungo, and Prof. P. Rajna. One section is devoted to sketches of Lunigianese students who have been experts in Dante. Many half-tone pictures really illustrate the district or reproduce documents, and there is a considerable bibliography. A companion volume, "Dante ed i Malaspina," by Giovanni Sforza, is in press. The present collection of essays gives a fair sample of the methods and range of specialized Dante studies in Italy.

Prof. Raffaello Fornaciari has gathered into a volume entitled "Fra il Nuovo e l'Antico," a score of literary papers, long and short, which he has contributed during the past half century to Italian journals. The topics range from "The Sentiment of Humanity in Greek Literature," to secondary figures like Vettori, Caro, Manni, and Monti, and to grammatical studies of the historical imperfect and the pronoun "lo." (Milan: Hoepli. 6 lire.)

"Schubart: ein deutsches Dichter- und Kulturbild," is the title of a volume by Karl Maria Klob (Ulm: Heinrich Kerler), which transports the reader into the time when Prince Karl of Würtemberg lorded over his people, not only as absolute mon-

arch, but as infallible arbiter of taste. The work may prove useful to the student of the German poetry of the period, and especially of Schiller's first period, the youthfully rebellious storm and stress of which was largely due to the tyrannical pressure under which he chafed in the famous Karlsschule.

Otto Hauser, whose reputation as a linguist and metrical translator completely overshadows his merits as writer of orlginal fiction, drama, and verse, is adding constantly to his already long list of works. He has published anthologies of Flemish, Belgian, Danish, Japanese, and Chinese poetry; has rendered into German Verlaine, Dante Gabriel Rossettl, Swinburne, Wilde, Longfellow's "Evangeline," Van Eeden's "Ellen," and a Croatian comedy of the renaissance. Now he appears in Die Literatur, edlted by Georg Brandes (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), as the author of a brief history of Chinese poetry. The little volume is clearly and concisely planned, and popularly written. It contains nine illustrations, among them portraits of Emperor Kien Long, Confucius, and Meng Tse, and some charming pictures inspired by poems of Litaipe.

The stream of books on Goethe seems to be unending. Ludwig Geiger, professor at the University of Berlin, and recently created Geheimer Regierungsrat, has published (Leipzig: R. Voigtländer) "Goethe und die Seinen: Quellenmässige Darstellungen über Goethes Haus." This book of nearly four hundred pages affords intimate glimpses of the family life of the poet, a subject of perennlal interest both to the student and the general reader. The charming personality of Goethe's mother continues to tempt the writer of literary portraits. Johannes Höffner has written "Frau Rat Elisabeth Goethe, geb. Textor" (Bielefeld: Velhagen & Klasing); and Elisabeth Mentzel, author of a history of the theatre of Frankfort, has added "Frau Rat Goethe: Ein Lebensbild" (Frankfurt-am-M.: Neuer Frankfurter Verlag). One of the most interesting new editions of Goethe's poems is edited by Ernst Hartung, under the title "Goethes Gedichte im Rahmen seines Lebens" (Munich: Wilhelm Langewiesche-Brand). The seventh volume of nearly three hundred pages contains "Ueber allen Wipfeln." The work is illustrated.

"Schiller und Lotte: Ein Briefwechsel" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs) is the title of the correspondence between Schiller and his wife, which has been edited in two volumes by a descendant of the poet, Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm.

That standard statistical annual, Otto Hübner's Geographisch-statlstische Tabellen aller Länder der Erde, has appeared for 1908, its fifty-seventh issue, edited by Prof. Franz von Juraschеck, president of the statistical Zentral-Kommission of Austria (Frankfurt-am-M.: H. Keller). The statistical data are, wherever possible, official.

Of the new six-volume "Weltgeschichte: Die Entwicklung der Menschheit in Staat und Gesellschaft, in Kultur und Geistesleben," edited with the coöperation of a score of specialists by Prof. Julius A. G. von Pflugk-Harttung, the fourth volume has been the first to appear. It is a history of the Reformation, by Prof. Theodor Brieger of Leipzig, with the special title: "Geschichte der Neuzeit: Das religiöse Zeitalter, 1500-1650." (Berlin: Ullstein & Co.). The author emphasizes the new things in Luther's ideas and thus opposes recent efforts to assign him rather to the middle ages than to modern times.

The American Economic Association will hold its twenty-first annual meeting at Atlantic City December 28-31. The American Association for Labor Legislation and the American Sociological Society will hold their sessions at the same time and place. The provisional programme of the Economic Association includes the following papers: President's address, S. N. Patten, University of Pennsylvania; "Theory of Collective Bargaining," J. B. Clark, Columbia, with discussion by A. C. Miller, University of California, G. E. Barnett, Johns Hopkins, T. S. Adams, University of Wisconsin, C. W. Doten, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, R. F. Hoxie, University of Chicago; "Accounting," W. M. Cole, Harvard; "Accounting in Its Relation to Economics," M. H. Robinson, University of Illinois; "The Present Position and Probable Development of Accountancy as a Profession," Joseph E. Sterret; "Capitalization of Public Service Corporations," Charles J. Bullock, Harvard; "Employers' Liability," M. O. Lorenz, University of Wisconsin, Miss Crystal Eastman, of the Pittsburgh Survey, C. P. Neill, United States Bureau of Labor; "Canadian Industrial Disputes Act," Adam Shortt, Civil Service Commission of Ottawa; discussion by O. D. Skelton, Queens University, and Dr. Victor S. Clark, Bureau of Labor, Washington; "Influence of Income on Standards of Life," Robert C. Chapin, Beloit; "Family in a Modern Mill Community," Miss Margaret F. Byington; "The Results of the Pittsburgh Survey," Dr. Edward T. Devine; "The Revision of the Tariff, H. C. Emery, Yale, N. I. Stone, Bureau of Statistics, Washington, Simon Lipman, University of Illinois; "A Central Bank," F. M. Warburg, New York, O. M. W. Sprague, Harvard, Horace White, New York, Joseph French Johnson, University of New York.

The exhibition of documents, at the Public Record Office, London, in connection with the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Lord Chatham's birth, included two or three documents of special interest to Americans. One was a list of English prisoners released from Canada, in November, 1759; wherein will be found several American colonists who served in Major Rogers's corps of Rangers. The following is a copy of a letter in Latin, sent to Chatham by his famous son, William Pitt, then a schoolboy at Brighton. The "Gulielmus Johnson, Eques Auratus," is, of course, Sir William Johnson, the victor over Baron Dieskau, and the superintendent over the Six Nations:

Mi Charissime Pater,—

Gaudeo audire te rursum bene valere. Vidimus Primates Mohecaunnuch et Wappinger Tribuum Indiorum a Septentrionale America qul veniunt in Angliam supplicare regem ob quosdam agros. Gulielmus Johnson Eques Auratus desiderabat auxilium eorum in bello et illi omnes abierunt ut pugnarent contra Gallos sed cum domum rediebant sentiebant Batavos arripuisse omnes suos agros. Vulgus apud Portland illos parum commode tractabat.

The documents were selected and arranged by Hubert Hale, director of the Royal Historical Society, and one of the senior members of the Record Office staff, to whose invaluable help and sympathy so many American students can testify.

A committee of prominent Harvard graduates, headed by Alexander Agassiz, has sent out the following appeal:

Charles William Eliot, after forty years of faithful and brilliant service, has resigned the presidency of Harvard University. We think this event should be recognized by some suitable action on the part of the alumni. With the coöperation of the Alumni Association we invite the graduates of Harvard University, and others who have been connected with it, to subscribe to a fund to be known as the Charles William Eliot Fund, the income of which shall be paid to President and Mrs. Eliot during their lives, and afterwards be used in such a manner as he may designate. It is especially desired that this fund should be, so far as possible, the gift of all, and the smallest contributions will be as gratefully received as the largest. Subscriptions, to which no publicity will be given, may be sent to F. L. Higginson, No. 50 State Street, Boston, Mass.

John Henry Wright, professor of Greek and, since 1895, dean of the Graduate School in Harvard University, died November 25 at his home in Cambridge. Professor Wright was born in 1852 at Urumiyah, Persia, where his father was then stationed as missionary. He was educated at Dartmouth and Leipzig, and in 1873 received the appointment of professor of ancient languages in the Ohio State University. From there he went to Dartmouth, thence to Johns Hopkins, and in 1887 to Harvard. He did a large amount of editing for classical and archæological journals, and published articles in them on various topics. One of his greatest editorial works was the supervision of "A History of All Nations," twenty-four volumes, 1902. He was eminently successful both as a teacher and an administrator.

John Bell Henneman, professor of English and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., died at Richmond, Va., November 26. He was born at Spartanburg, S. C., in 1864, and after graduation from the University of Virginia he taught in Wofford College. Then he studied abroad for three years and received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Berlin. On his return to America he was professor first at Hampton-Sidney College, and then at the University of Tennessee. In 1900 he was called to Sewanee, and in the same year he began to edit the Sewanee *Review*. He was general editor of the Johnson Series of English Classics; with Prof. W. P. Trent he edited a complete edition of Thackeray in thirty volumes (1904), and "Best American Tales" (1907). In recent years he had devoted much time and energy to the movement for raising the scholastic standards of Southern colleges and universities, particularly by increasing the requirements for admission. His services to the cause of education were thus very important.

From Edinburgh comes the report of the death of George Seton in his eighty-seventh year. He had written much on Scottish heraldry and genealogy, including: "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland," "Cakes, Leeks, Puddings, and Potatoes," "Gossip about Letters and Letter-Writers," "St. Kilda, Past and Present," "Memoir of Chancellor Seton," "The House of Moncrieff," "A Budget of Anecdotes," and "The Family of Seton during Eight Centuries."

Eduard Woelfflin, professor of classical philology at the University of Munich, has died at Basle, his birthplace, at the age of seventy-seven. His best-known works are "Sentenzen des Publilius Syrus," "Asinius Polio de Bello Africo," and "Benedicti Regula Monachorum."

NOTES ON BOOKS FOR CHILDREN—II.

It is only within recent years that fairy tales have become folk-lore, and it is, perhaps, unfortunate that so many volumes for children are being compiled in accordance with this scientific view. This year, however, a score of volumes cater to the imaginative side of young readers. "The Elm-Tree Fairy Book" (Little, Brown & Co.) is the third in a collection being edited by Clifton Johnson, with the purpose of *softening* the action. We cannot approve doubtful material, but softening generally means weakening the interest of the story as a story. "Fairy Tales from Folklore" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is by Herschel Williams, who has based his tales on material never before published. A third fairy book, under the editorship of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, bears the tempting title of "Tales of Laughter" (McClure). Scandinavia is well represented, with a scattering of old favorites, even to a selection from Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno." "Gaelic Fairy Tales" (David Nutt) is a small book, prepared by Winifred M. Parker. Its title page reads: "Na Daoine Sidhe is Uirsgeulan eile"; the pages offer alternately Gaelic and an English translation; the elusive quality which marks the narrative, is not so foreign to the dreamy tendency of all children. William Elliot Griffis, in "The Fire-Fly Lovers" (Crowell), tells some fairy tales of old Japan. Clara Kern Bayliss, assisted by the clever brush of E. Warde Blaisdell, imitates Brer Rabbit in her "Old Man Coyote" (Crowell), a product of Western Indian tradition; these stories have variants among many tribes. "Stories of Persian Heroes" (Crowell), issued in a decorative volume, with colored borders, places Rustum, as a hero, beside Hercules and Alexander. E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, the author, will have done children a service if he succeeds in preparing the way for Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." Many old friends are to be found in "The Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls" (Little, Brown), edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. Maria Edgeworth, Juliana Horatia Ewing, and Lewis Carroll figure among the authors. "Johnny-Cake," culled from the *American Folk-Lore Journal*, is worth saving; its counterparts are many. "The Tortoise and the Geese" (Houghton Mifflin) is a collection of fables credited to Bidpai, and now freshly retold by Maude Barrows Dutton. La Fontaine and Æsop drew from this Indian philosopher, and we should imagine, to judge by the present book, surpassed him in liveliness. Edward Brooks has retold the "Wonder Stories from the Mabinogion" (Penn Publishing Co.), with an explanatory preface. It will be remembered that a book of like character was written by Sidney Lanier. "Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Elizabeth M. Wheelock, contains very little spontaneous narrative, although the events are faithfully followed. The cover design leads one to expect more. Lucy Fitch Perkins has decorated Edith Ogden Harrison's "The Flaming Sword" (McClurg), in which the author extracts certain lore from the Bible, treating the material purely as narrative. The moral attachment is a little too evident.

A fairy story which has enjoyed long popularity, George Macdonald's "The Princess and Curdie," is issued by J. B. Lippincott, with twelve illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk. The volume is a companion to Macdonald's "The Princess and the Goblin," which the same publishers put on the market at this time last year. The type is large, the pictures are charming. Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies," with color plates, and other pictures by Arthur Dixon, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Another welcome reprint is Mrs. Molesworth's "Fairies—of Sorts" (Macmillan), rather attractively illustrated by Gertrude Demain Hammond, and containing the tale of "The Groaning Clock." A cheap edition of Paul de Musset's "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain" has been published by the Harpers. "The Top o' the World," which was originally conceived by Mark E. Swan as the libretto for an extravaganza, was a most suitable entertainment for youngsters. Now that it has been turned into a book (Dutton), with illustrations by Hy. Mayer, it has lost some of its picturesqueness, though the story is just the same. L. Frank Baum his invented some "American Fairy Tales" (Bobbs-Merrill), which are more popular than they are striking, while, in "Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz" (Reilly & Britton), the same author exhibits his ingenuity in building upon the basis of a former success. The color plates by John R. Neill are out of the ordinary. The idea underlying H. Grace Parsons's "The Jimpy Stories" (Dutton) is excellent. Bedtime tales are needed, and were there not a certain irritating condescension in the style, Mother Goose as here used might prove excellent. No one understands better than Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett the difficult art of writing for children; she seems suddenly to have become endowed with a new quality marked by such an excellent narrative as "Racketty-Packetty House." This year "The Spring Cleaning" (Century), while it does not exceed "The Cosy Lion" in quaintness and excitement, is equally full of originality and spontaneousness. Indeed, there is no story we more heartily recommend than this in which the Green Workers with their hot-water bags and the Green Tuggers outwit the Frost Imps in their efforts to grow primroses for the benefit of Jane Ann Biggs. Mrs. Burnett's "The Good Wolf" (Moffat, Yard) is marked by the same excellent qualities; the instinctive humor and the unerring repetitions of effective phrasing are wholly commendable. Instead of acting as editor and compiler, E. V. Lucas this year figures as the author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature, and Other Stories" (Macmillan); most of these tales are reprints, and probably there are some readers who already know "A Day in the Life of a Shilling."

Evidently Miss Mary Wright Plummer has received sufficient encouragement to persuade the loquacious Roy and Ray, who accompanied her to Mexico last year, to go this year through Canada (Holt). However excellent the material, we cannot overcome our dislike of the cross-question. Miss Plummer, who has done her work carefully, is a trained observer. Another book "Canada," by Beckles Willson, in the Romance of Empire series (Stokes), is full of adventure and atmosphere, and depends on no artificial methods for conveying fact. Two other volumes in this series are: "The Netherlands," by Mary MacGregor; and "Australia," by W. H. Lang. The three books are effectively illustrated, and are bound in striking covers.

For the moment Andrew Lang has abandoned fairies in various colored volumes; and his Christmas offering for children this year is "The Book of Princes and Princesses" (Longmans, Green, & Co.). The text is from the hand of Mrs. Lang, who has written some fifteen "true stories" out of "the old books of history." Among the heroes and heroines are Napoleon, the Princess Jeanne, and Princess Elizabeth. In the preface Mr. Lang explains that some true stories may be almost as interesting as fairy tales. The illustrations by H. J. Ford, eight of them in color, are in Mr. Ford's usual admirable manner. A condensation of Froissart's "Chronicles" for "younger readers of our history" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has been handsomely illustrated in color by Herbert Cole. James Morgan's "Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and the Man" (Macmillan) is a biography, marked by the directness and unqualified enthusiasm of his "Theodore Roosevelt." "The Story-Life of Lincoln" (Winston), by Wayne Whipple, is a rather fragmentary compilation, designed to meet popular demand. "The Boyhood of Lincoln" (McClure) is told by Eleanor Atkinson; and an incident in his life is recorded by Margarita S. Gerry in "The Toy Shop" (Harper), but should one wish an excellent piece of fiction about Lincoln let him buy Mary S. Andrews's inspiring story of "The Perfect Tribute" (Scribner). Frederick A. Ober continues his series, Heroes of American History, in the lives of "John and Sebastian Cabot" and "Juan Ponce de Leon" (Harper); the author is painstaking and sometimes picturesque in his descriptions. Mary E. Phillips's "Laureled Leaders for Little Folks" (Lothrop, Lee) treats of Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Longfellow. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay's "Daniel Boone: Backwoodsman" (Lippincott) would be commendable as a biography, if it were not partly fiction; where there is a paucity of authentic data, the author feels compelled to invent. But Mr. Forbes-Lindsay has a picturesque style. For Dutton, Everett McNeil has combined narrative and fact for "In Texas with Davy Crockett." "Story-Lives of Great Composers" (Stokes), as viewed by Francis Jameson Rowbotham, is a thick volume dealing with seven musicians; at the end of each chapter is a list of important compositions. The text is illustrated with old-fashioned cuts.

In the field of fiction Marion Ames Taggart continues to be healthy and sentimental in "Six Girls Growing Older" (Wilde), a continuation; Annie Fellows Johnston has been forced to account for every breathing moment of her heroine, and "Mary Ware: The Little Colonel's Chum" (Page) is one of the moments. This is the ninth volume. The irritating fact about Mrs. Johnston is that she seems to have a certain power which could rise

above "The Little Colonel" as a trademark. "The New Boy" (Houghton) is one of Arthur Stanwood Pier's St. Timothy's Tales, with the usual athletics, and stereotyped characters. Ralph Henry Barbour's "Harry's Island" (Century), save that it is much too long, shows surprising ingenuity in invention; hut it is like what he has done before. A quasi-love story for girls, hy Enid Leigh Hunt (Lippincott), "The Advent of Arthur" is typically English; it forms one of five rather thick books published by Lippincott. There is "Life on the Ocean, or Twenty Years at Sea," heing the personal adventures of the author, George Little, introduced by W. Clark Russell; and Cutcliffe J. Hyne also contrihutes to the series. The Harper's Young People Series contains some good material, especially a story, "For Sale—A Warrior," in "Adventures with Indians," by Philip Verrill Mighels, and an interesting sketch, "The Buccaneers," in "Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers," by Howard Pyle. A third collection is called "Adventures at Sea." Two quaint little stories are Marguerite Bouvet's "Clotilde" (McClurg) and Mrs. M. E. M. Davis's "The Moons of Balhanca" (Houghton). The former is for older girls, and deals with New Orleans, when customs of France and Spain lent color to the social life; the estrangement between mother and daughter is deftly treated. The latter story contains more of the typical New Orleans atmosphere. Among the many tales of colonization, conquest, and pioneer adventure, we pick up Everett McNeil's "The Boy Forty-niners" (McClure) as a sample of five-cent literature toned down. Any newsboy would enjoy this narrative, however clumsy the writing. The book is not to be recommended for children who can get hetter, hut some librarians may welcome this story as a stepping-stone to higher things. Having met success with a former hook of like character, S. R. Crockett issues a second series of "Red Cap Tales" (Macmillan) based on four of Scott's novels. The connecting links are excellent, while the stories are told with spirit; the illustrations are rich in color. We helieve that a complete edition of Scott's novels, thoroughly illustrated, might sell almost as well as Henty.

As a fitting close we would record the Rev. Isaac Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs for Children" (Page), reissued in charming form; there is a lightness, a brightness of cover and illustration that offset the weighty injunctions of the verses. Mrs. Arthur Gaskins is the artist.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION.

University Administration. By Charles W. Eliot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This volume, which consists of six lectures delivered at Northwestern University, comes from the press at a fortunate time. The recent resignation of President Eliot has provoked a wide discussion of the man and his work. Various reasons have been assigned for his success. This is the authoritative statement. In the limits of an ordinary review an adequate outline of the book is impossible; for it is packed with matter. Here, then, we shall attempt nothing more than to discuss a few salient points.

President Eliot's theories of education are presented chiefly in the two chapters, "The Elective System" and "Methods of Instruction." At the present moment the elective system is being freshly attacked—a fact which lends peculiar interest to this summary of some forty years of experience with it. President Eliot is as uncompromising as ever in support of the principle. He believes that it is far more beneficial than the old required cirruculum; and that it is a peculiar advantage to the lowest quarter of a college class, because it "not only gets much more work out of that quarter, but also offers them their only chance of experiencing an intellectual awakening while in college." He tells us that three experts examined independently all the choices made by members of the classes of 1884 and 1885 at Harvard. The three men agreed upon only six cases in which the selections "lacked coherency and consecutiveness." "Two out of the three experts—but not the same two in every instance—agreed on twenty-one cases within the two classes." This, it must be admitted, is a very small amount of abuse to serve as a basis for wholesale condemnation of the system. President Eliot adds:

> This verdict would stand unchanged today, except that the recent gross exaggeration of athletic sports has added slightly to the number of incoherent or wrong-motived selections.

For the capable and ambitious student, the advantages of the elective system are, in our opinion, indisputable. We need not labor the point. The elective system is infinitely flexible and may be easily adapted to individual needs. Then, too, without it anything like advanced study in the branches for which a student has special aptitude would be impossible. And, on the moral side, as President Eliot has so often urged, the system throws the youth upon his own responsibility and serves to develop in him the feeling that his failure or success depends upon himself. This feature alone would compensate for many defects. The teacher, too, profits greatly; for the elective system affords him, as well as the undergraduate, a chance for advanced work; it helps to keep him from becoming a machine. To quote once more:

> The attention of faculties and the public has been too often concentrated on the effects of the elective system on young students; whereas its effect on teachers and on the development of real scholarship throughout the country, ought to receive more attention; for it is there that its effects have been most beneficent.

What, then, are the objections? The broad principle that underlies it we believe to be impregnable. There is not a college faculty in the United States that would attempt to prescribe a hard and fast curriculum for four years. The thing cannot be done. But the practical application of the principle is attended by many difficulties; and these, in our opinion, President Eliot has insufficiently emphasized. He assures us that the system "works well, wherever the administrative methods which should accompany such an elective system have been well devised and well executed." Elsewhere he remarks that "the main principle being settled once and for all, the administrative methods will be capable of indefinite improvement." Yet in neither of the two chapters we are now considering does he lay his finger firmly on certain of the troubles that have beset many institutions that are smaller and less fully equipped than Harvard. That college has been peculiarly fortunate in an unbroken administration through four decades, under a president who has had a definite policy which he has pursued with extraordinary tenacity. The result is that the Harvard curriculum has been developed with fair consistency and symmetry. Other colleges have had three or four presidents, some with one policy, some with another, and some with none. Under these unhappy conditions the most aggressive and pertinacious members of the faculty—often those with the lowest ideals of scholarship—have expanded their departments absurdly at the expense of the college as a whole. They have filled many pages of the catalogue with a dazzling array of courses that profess to be "advanced," but that are really nothing but a paper sham. These courses, valueless as they are for intellectual discipline, have depleted the really solid courses by attracting scores, perhaps hundreds, of students—some of the lads innocently imagining that the east wind is food for the mind, some deliberately seeking the easiest way to a degree. But on the strength of this fraud upon the college itself as well as the general public, ignorant and unprincipled teachers, pointing to their big classes, have secured the moral and financial support of the authorities, and have seriously cheapened the college degree. Were this the proper occasion, we could fortify our argument by citation of names and places, East and West—and so could every college professor who reads this article. Again, in the institutions where the aim has been to make an impressive exhibition of resources—a "window-dressing," to use the appropriate commercial phrase—the elective system has lent itself to the introduction of various new courses for which no adequate methods of instruction have been devised, and for some of which, we make bold to say, none ever can be devised. These evils

may not be inherent in the elective system, but at least they have been its inevitable accompaniment. Had they been more clearly recognized and guarded against, the elective system would stand in higher favor to-day.

President Eliot himself admits that an absolutely free and unrestricted choice of studies may have its drawbacks, and he is at pains to show that there are rather sharp limitations. The student cannot, for example, take advanced courses in any subject till he has mastered the elementary ones. But that restriction presupposes, as President Eliot puts it, "a well-ordered series of consecutive courses in each large subject of instruction"—a height to which many institutions have not yet attained. Furthermore, "in a well-managed college competent advice is always offered to the newcomer in planning his own schedule of studies." But the "freshman advisers" at Harvard, an innovation of the last twenty or twenty-five years, are a frank recognition of the fact that freshmen do not always choose wisely. Again:

> He [the student] cannot take two courses which occur in the time-tables at the same hour; and the time-tables may be systematically used to prevent unwise combinations of courses.

But if these restrictions are legitimate and useful, it cannot be argued *a priori* that others may not be; and certainly we have not yet experimented long enough and under sufficiently various conditions to reach a final conclusion. To the imposition of greater restrictions than these President Eliot, however, cannot see his way clear—at least at Harvard. The group system seems to him too rigid. Unless the boundaries of the groups are often transgressed, the boy whose aptitudes do not appear in his freshman year may be condemned to spend "several years in an ill-fitting group of studies." This is worse than choosing amiss "one or two studies which he can easily replace." Granting for the moment that at Harvard the present restrictions are severe enough, and that the results are as completely satisfactory as President Eliot believes them to be, we yet remain skeptical as to the case of institutions which cannot boast a thoroughly systematic scheme of courses and well-devised and well-executed methods of administration. There are colleges which have not yet worked out the adjustment of liberty and limitation. We have welcomed heartily the elective system—of which President Eliot has been the most powerful advocate—as an act of emancipation in the world of scholarship. But there, as sometimes in the larger world, emancipation has not been an unmixed good. For the next generation we must bend our energies to the practical application of the noble principle of freedom, and, if we may use the figure, to the complicated problems of educational reconstruction.

But the early introduction and development of the elective system would not have given Harvard such immense prestige and popularity had not the administration of the university been extraordinarily efficient. As an undergraduate President Eliot rowed in the crew and mastered the theory of applying every ounce of strength of every man to the production of a desired result. To that theory he has been unrelentingly faithful for forty years. Alumni, overseers, members of the corporation, teachers and other officers, undergraduates, and such outsiders as he could interest, have been enlisted in the one great enterprise of making the Harvard boat go, while he himself has, so to speak, pulled a magnificent stroke. It has been a wonderful exhibition of skilfully directed energy; and this book contains many *obiter dicta* showing how it is possible to appeal to one man's self-interest, to another's loyalty to the college, and to still another's devotion to science—all *ad majorem gloriam* Harvard. The vigor of the faculties, the administrative staff, and the governing boards President Eliot would maintain by a constant stream of young blood. He has been described as "the best judge of academic cattle in America"; he has picked out the finest stock while it was still young, and secured it at a bargain. This is a striking, even if unpleasant, way of stating an important truth. He has watched for promising graduates of Harvard; he has made it his business "to discover and make proposals to men still young who have distinguished themselves in the service of other institutions." He has tried to get the fullest possible return for his outlay:

> The larger institution does not need to offer such men full professorships. They can ordinarily be obtained for assistant professorships or even for instructorships without limit of time.

President Eliot has never hesitated to remind an aspirant for a place at Harvard that "to serve as an assistant to a successful professor in a university course is the best thing that a young scholar can do towards getting a good position for himself." President Eliot has also found that "it is often impossible for trustees to procure in the market the human article they need or think they need." But he has been too shrewd a Yankee to take the crudely commercial view which such phrases might suggest. He hastens to explain:

> Money is not the appropriate reward for the quick sympathy, genuine good will, patience, and comprehensive learning which go to the making of a first-rate university teacher.

Granted enough to live on and a pension system to provide "for the humane retirement of incumbents whose efficiency is impaired," the things which attract a professor are "long vacations, the gratification of his intellectual tastes, good fellowship in study, teaching, and research, plenty of books, . . . better schools for the children, a wholesomer life for the family, more social and educational advantages, and the general prestige of the inviting institution." In fine, one of the things which has imparted to Harvard its tremendous momentum has been the laborious, steady, and intelligent application of those broad principles of economy and efficiency in operation which make any industry profitable—but with due regard to the distinction between an industrial venture and an intellectual.

And, finally, the book is interesting as another revelation of one of the most impressive personalities in America. The orderly arrangement of the matter, the firmness and perfect lucidity of the style, the keen observation of men and affairs, the foresight, the worldly wisdom, in the high sense of that term, the forthright directness—these characteristics compel attention whether or not one is interested in problems of university management. Indeed, we may look upon this volume as an epitome, or record, of a life devoted to the service of Harvard, and, through Harvard, of the nation and the world—a devotion and a service for which the fitting reward is the gratitude and regard of thousands of men and women and the approval of conscience.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Whole Family: A Novel by Twelve Authors. New York: Harper & Bros.

This must have been good fun for everybody involved, though how it all came about is a question for the curious. We know, in a general way, who got together this company of strange bookfellows. Their joint performance was, we believe, the subject of a guessing-contest. But on what principle were they chosen? It is not easy to see why, if so-and-so is included, he or she is not. Did all the participants come willingly into the game, or were certain of them under some strange compulsion? One fancies Mr. James hypnotically persuaded to take his place in the circle between facetious Mr. Bangs and soulful Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and caused to produce an excellent parody of himself, as if in spite of himself. It would be interesting to know, moreover, whether Mr. Howells simply set the ball rolling off-hand, or whether there was some sort of understanding as to what the general situation should be. And what determined the number of performers at twelve? Mark Twain included, it might have been called "A Baker's Dozen," and would still have been a Harper's. One supposes, however, that the possibility of exciting

this kind of curiosity might be one of the arguments for such an undertaking.

The result is sufficiently amusing, as occasional in its nature as a parlor charade. Mr. Howells leads off with a chapter so good that one fancies a superior "Kentons" might have developed if it had been for him to write the rest. The family is a representative "best family" of a Middle Western town. The father is a successful manufacturer, a self-made man, but (in Mr. Howells's hands) a person of intelligence and humor. After his kind, he is domestically inert and helpless in the hands of his women-folk, a puzzled though benignant spectator of their ways, individual and social. The mother is a person of dignity, locally supreme, neither intellectual nor a fool, unless in her easy-going subjection to her children. The rest of the group are: a resident grandmother, a transient old-maid aunt, married son and daughter with their respective spouses, a girl just out of college (co-educational), a school-girl, an urchin, and a friend of the family. The precipitating event is the engagement of the "co-ed" and a young professor of her college. And so out passes Mr. Howells in the middle of a sentence, with a mild glance of wonder at the gay figure which brushes by him and gains the middle of the stage. This is Miss Wilkins, who has conceived the old-maid aunt as a belated siren, and so plays her. And so in turn enter the rest, each with his monologue, ready and willing to expound or confound that slow course of events which ends with the linking of the girl with a mate whimsically provided at the eleventh chapter by Miss Brown, in the face of all suitors theretofore proposed. It is pure vaudeville, but many of the "turns" are characteristic and amusing; none more so than that of Mr. James, who holds the stage (if not the house) twice as long as most of the others, and, as he would say, gets beautifully nowhere.

Barry Gordon. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: The McClure Co.

When did the Gentleman of Old Virginia, with his Cavalier ancestors, his deep drinking and hard riding, his pride and his "chivalry," first come upon the stage of fiction? He must have been a welcome and picturesque figure, once, but now he lags superfluous, and it takes all the skill and charm of a Thomas Nelson Page or a Hopkinson Smith to put any life into his poor old bones. So amateurish a writer as Mr. Payson can awaken no belief in the reality either of the gallant Col. Gordon of Gordon's Raiders, who dies drinking to the Devil, or of his son, the hero of the book, who carries his Virginian virtues and vices through a stormy career of school and college scrapes and seven years' adventures in all parts of the world—including such little every-day incidents as going up, quite casually, in a Paris balloon and finding himself swimming for life in Lake Tchad—winding up with the rescue of his brother from the clutches of a second-hand Raisuli. In Morocco Mr. Payson seems rather more at home than at Harvard, on which he bestows a "campus" and a president who expels Barry, out of hand, for refusing to give the names of his companions in a freshman-sophomore rush.

The Altar Stairs. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The opening chapters of this book prepare us merely for a tale of breathless adventure, and as Rod Maclean sets out to corner the copra and timber trade of the Solomons, we hear with him only the insistent call of the sea. It is not long, however, before we find ourselves enlisted with him in more pregnant adventure in other and deeper waters. A human soul's discovery of itself and the laws of its being is always a theme of absorbing interest—interest in this case of a painful intensity, since Rod is no willing pilgrim, and is dragged passionately struggling from his City of Destruction. The grip of the story can in no way be conveyed by an outline of the plot, each incident being so firmly built into the general structure that the whole must be envisaged in detail to be appreciated. Among the dramatis personæ there are but few lay-figures; the majority are of startling vitality. Tony Heritage is decidedly the conventional villain, even to the setting of his eyes too close together, and one can but wish for a touch of the human relief Stevenson understood so well, in the too diabolic figure of Tuli. But Strickland, the missionary. "Little Mademoiselle," Leroit the dour engineer, and Hugo, have a genuine and compelling charm. It would seem as if there might be less wading in gore without sacrificing the sweep and vigor of the story; yet when one paints with so sure and broad a touch, it is perhaps unwise to quarrel with the superabundant red of his palette.

A Woman at Bay. (From the Italian "Una Donna.") By Sibilla Aleramo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To the revolutionary women of our own race, chafing at political and economical inequality, this elemental cry from the Old World comes strangely. It is hard for an American woman, however she may pity the protagonist of the book, to sympathize with this morbid, "oversexed"—if we may coin such a word—passionately complaining creature; but the story of brutal physical tyranny and abuse, however hysterically told, is not negligible when we consider that it represents an actual condition of the present day, permitted—one might almost say enforced—by law. The novel-with-a-purpose rarely gives the delight that lies in true art; in this instance there has been no attempt to that end. It is the self-told life of a woman entrapped when but a child into a marriage whose increasing misery and degradation drive her to attempt suicide. After the birth of her son, she endures rather than be separated from him; but as his dawning consciousness begins to apprehend the horrible and irremediable discord of his surroundings, the mother is compelled to face a choice of sufferings:

> If I went, my boy would be orphaned; if I stayed it would be to set a degrading example before him throughout his entire life. He, too, would grow up in the midst of strife and madness.

She chooses to leave her son the memory of a mother willing to sacrifice even her own longing for him to the insistent call of what her spirit recognizes as right. The story leaves her supporting herself by teaching, her starved motherhood turning to the starved childhood of the sickly poor, hoping afresh for others, if not for herself.

It is practically impossible to judge from a translation the style of the original; in this case, however, that factor hardly enters, as the book is evidently intended rather for propaganda than for literature. Indeed, one can but feel that it is the writer herself who speaks in the closing pages: "I am not asking for fame but only to be heard."

Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Fred Morrow Fling. In 3 vols. Vol. I.: The Youth of Mirabeau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Professor Fling's object is clearly stated in his preface:

> I have conceived my task in a large way and have striven to write the life of Mirabeau with an historical setting that will make it intelligible. I have endeavored to present Mirabeau as a true heir of the Riqueti, as a product of eighteenth-century France, but possessing a marked individuality and reacting upon his environment as a leader in the greatest revolution of modern times. In narrating his life I have tried to avoid the rôle of an advocate and to attain to a strictly scientific point of view. I have sought to describe his life as it actually was—in so far as the evidence permits it—but to describe it sympathetically.

It may be said at once that this aim has been signally realized in as far as that is possible in the first volume, which is characterized by a large and coherent plan, a mastery of voluminous material, a power of presenting characters in just relief against the background of the age, by moderation of judgment and detachment of view.

It is a singular fact that this is the first comprehensive and scholarly life of Mirabeau in English. Macaulay,

seventy-five years ago, wrote an essay on Mirabeau, with Mirabeau largely left out, in which he succeeded in characterizing him as a Wilkes-Chatham—a phrase as satisfactory as any for those who are content with labels. Carlyle, in his Olympian way, made Mirabeau the hero of his homily, and with a tremendous beating of the drums of rhetoric proclaimed him "world-compeller" and "Sovereign Man," leaving an impressionistic portrait, not an informing narrative. In recent years Von Holst has given us a suggestive study of his public career, and Willert an excellent but brief biography. Nor did Mirabeau fare much better at the hands of Continental scholars. For nearly a century after his death there was no adequate biography of the great tribune. This want was met twenty years ago by the almost simultaneous appearance of two works of great value: in French, that of Charles de Loménie in the last three volumes of "Les Mirabeau," and in German that of Prof. Alfred Stern. These have remained since 1889 the only important biographies of Mirabeau. Professor Fling's will, when completed, make the third; and if the excellence of the first volume is maintained, will fill an important gap.

The volume before us concerns mainly the youth of Mirabeau; that is, the first twenty-five years of his life, from 1749 to 1774, when he became legally of age only to be declared legally a minor by reason of his "imprévoyance vraiment enfantine." It is the fullest treatment of the subject that we possess from any expert, being more than twice as extensive as Loménie's and many times as extensive as Stern's. Nor does this treatment appear to be too ample. There is little that may be deemed superfluous, little that does not contribute to the enrichment of the narrative. Professor Fling's chief contribution to our knowledge lies in his elaborate and discriminating account of the relations of Mirabeau and his father. Hitherto those relations have been treated too much *en bloc*, as if they early became fixed and unchangeable. The result has been over-emphasis, lack of shading, a sense of unreality and unnaturalness. Professor Fling gives a truer and more convincing description of those relations, so portentous for both father and son, by showing, chronologically and at length, the vicissitudes through which they passed. His principal source of information is found in the correspondence that passed between Mirabeau's father and uncle, between the *marquis* and the *bailli*, a correspondence extensive, intimate, remarkably frank, remarkably vivid. This priceless material in twelve folio volumes of manuscript, preserved in Aix in Provence, has hitherto been used by Lucas de Montigny, the adopted son of Mirabeau, for his "Mémoires de Mirabeau," a work primarily of filial piety rather than of scholarship; and by Louis and Charles de Loménie in their five volumes on "Les Mirabeau." Professor Fling has made liberal extracts, has pieced them together skilfully, held them under rigid criticism, and has thus succeeded in presenting striking portraits of three salient Mirabeaus, father, son, and uncle. He has explained the growth of a strangely complex character. The exclamation of Jaurès is relevant even at this stage: "Quelle immense force organique était dans cet homme!" And the *bailli* wrote when the young man was twenty-one:

> If he is not worse than Nero, he will be better than Marcus Aurelius, for I have never encountered so much intelligence. It made my poor head spin. . . . The devil himself has not so much.

But the book contains far more than this. From its pages we get significant pictures of pre-revolutionary France. We see the Marquis de Mirabeau, *L'Ami des Hommes*, as riotous youth, as philosopher and reformer, and particularly as founder of a family, a "dynasty," as he called it—a plan zealously pursued for years, only to end in a tragic *débâcle*. Yet the author never loses sight of his main object, the evolution of a personality; but as he proceeds he throws many vivid side-lights upon the old régime.

Of the thoroughness of Professor Fling's investigations the work gives abundant proof. He has mastered his materials, both published and unpublished. At every step he is careful to cite authorities, and at the end he gives a critical and classified bibliography which is a model of its kind. He writes, too, in engaging temper. There is the most candid, even enthusiastic recognition of the contributions of other students of the subject. Professor Fling questions, accepts, and rejects the opinions of his co-laborers with entire independence of judgment and with entire friendliness. Whether he has, however, shown a good sense of proportion in assigning so much space to the first twenty-five years of Mirabeau's life, can be answered only on completion of his work. The style is marred by an occasional awkwardness of phrase and a translation at times too literal. As a whole, however, the English is clear and straightforward. The note at the bottom of page 153 contains some errors of dates.

Supplementary Papers of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The American School in Rome has issued a second volume of its Supplementary Papers, for which there was no room in its usual medium for publication, the *Journal of Archæology*. A grant of the Carnegie Institution ($3,000), made it possible to illustrate the issue freely and well. Over half the space is occupied by A. W. Van Buren's transcription of the famous palimpsest of Cicero's "De Re Publica." When the Vatican Library was preparing its facsimile, it gave the school the privilege of issuing this transcription. The two publications supplement each other so thoroughly that neither is complete of itself. Mr. Van Buren in an introduction explains the peculiarities of the manuscript in the way of ligatures, abbreviations, syllabic divisions, and orthography. Obviously, it is a labor that will interest a small circle of specialists, and for them it will be of permanent value.

George H. Allen's article, "The Advancement of Officers in the Roman Army" also appeals to specialists, but in a wider sense, and it will be consulted by historians, as well as by classicists. It analyzes and tabulates the system of promotion followed by the Romans during the first three centuries of the Empire. Special branches of the service have been tabulated before, but this is the most thorough study of the army in all its branches. The elaborate system of offices in civil life, the *cursus honorum*, through which all Romans prominent in public life were obliged to pass, can now be paralleled by a corresponding *cursus honorum* of the army. One of the questions still left in obscurity is that of the variations which must have occurred in the system during the four centuries of the empire, through the reforms of such great military organizers as Trajan, Hadrian, and Septimius Severus; and also from other causes, such as the gradual withdrawal of both the native Italians and of the upper classes from military service, and the increased enrolment of barbarians. It would seem as if the study of the higher commands, up to the tribunes and prefects, might have been somewhat more complete. But, in general, the study is fundamental. It was based entirely on epigraphical evidence, as literary sources were practically useless.

Prof. J. C. Egbert's "Inscriptions of Rome and Central Italy" has a broader title than the contents really warrant, for the article treats of a few small groups studied by him during his year at the school in Rome—inscriptions of the Villa Tavazzi, near Rome, some of which are owned by the school itself, of Gabii, and of Capua and its vicinity. For the first time, the name of the famous early Roman goddess, Mater Matuta, is shown to appear in an inscription found in Rome itself. The Capuan group is the most interesting, especially, perhaps, the tombstone of the contractor of the Roman theatre at Capua, with a por-

trait of the builder, his hoisting machinery and workmen.

The fourth and last article in the volume, by C. D. Curtis, "Roman Monumental Arches," is attractive in theme and addressed to a wide audience, whom it takes over a considerable part of the Roman world in a description of monuments, both artistic and picturesque. After a discussion of the origin and different architectural forms of the so-called triumphal arches, Mr. Curtis gives a brief account of each example that either remains or had been accurately noted before destruction, seventy-nine in all. Mr. Curtis's explanation of the purpose of the arches is that they were merely free-standing bases for statues and otherwise had no use or purpose whatsoever. He theoretically excludes, therefore, all city gates, all entrances to temples and other enclosures, all cases where the arches are connected with other architectural units. In laying down these norms, he criticises previous writers who have included such monuments in their lists of arches. It is, therefore, surprising to find here the arch at Palmyra, which is part of a colonnaded avenue; those at Rimini, Trieste, and Adalia, which are city gates, connected with walls; those of Sbeitla and Medeina, which are entrances to enclosures; and those of Corinth and Khamissa, which are forum gateways. In Rome itself, the arch of Claudius was part of the arcades of an aqueduct, and the arch of Gallienus was a gate in the Servian wall. The distinction was, in reality, an illogical one and deserved to break down. Mr. Curtis also disregards his proposed exclusion of arches which were not accurately described before destruction or of which only little remains; for there is practically nothing exact known of the arch of Tiberius, the *arcus novus* of Diocletian, and the arch of Claudius in Rome, all of which he has included. As these arches in Rome itself are mentioned, it may be added that the author shows lack of discrimination, even here. He is in doubt whether the arch of Gallienus was originally single or triple, when not only the structure itself, but the great drawing of it, made by San Gallo before 1500, proves that it had three arcades. On the other hand, he is sure that the so-called arch of Drusus was originally triple and not single, on the basis of some blocks, which any architect would have told him were later insertions. From every point of view, the series should not be made to include, as arches, the *spina* of the circus of Vienne and a mausoleum at Celenderis. The most spectacular *quid pro quo* is calling the famous solid mausoleum of the Julii at S. Remy an arch, because it is crowned by a small arched canopy. The human and historic interest would have been greatly enhanced if the real meaning of the arches as civic monuments had been grasped and if greater familiarity with his theme had enabled the writer to triple or quadruple the number of arches described. Altogether, it must be confessed that the article contains no new material and makes no contribution to knowledge.

Science.

An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays. By William Osler. New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net.

No slight excellence in the purely medical writings of the present Regius professor of medicine at Oxford is the charming fashion in which he weaves historical allusion into a narrative otherwise plain and dull, and not the least of his many services is the stimulus he has given to the study of the historical side of medical questions. How effective this has been may be inferred from the numerous historical articles in the Bulletins of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and in other professional journals in recent years. Those who wish to know the method of this stimulation may learn it by studying this delightful book, which contains a baker's dozen of essays in biography prepared as occasional addresses before various societies. The main title is given by the story of the career of John Bassett, an obscure Southern practitioner, rescued from oblivion by the chance recognition of merit in a couple of contributions buried in a journal almost equally forgotten. Osler's interest in Bassett illustrates his view of biography; that it is not so much the enumeration of events as the estimate of conditions and results that counts. This, of course, may come close to preaching —in fact, at times one dimly discerns the shadow of a cassock beneath the professional gown—but it is a very good sort of preaching, concerning ideas and ideals of which the average medical student hears far too little.

Six of these essays deal with Americans: Bassett, Bartlett ("a peripatetic of peripatetics"), Beaumont (a model account of the first American physiologist), Holmes, Pepper, Stillé; and, incidentally, much is added to throw light on medical practice and instruction of the first half of the last century. It so happens, quite accidentally, that stress is laid upon the rejuvenation of medicine in this country by those exceptionally brilliant students who went to Paris in the third decade; in fact, another entire essay, a very charming one, is devoted to Louis and his influence on American medicine. Some day Professor Osler may find opportunity to estimate the influence of a later call of Europe which led no less brilliant, although perhaps less conspicuous, students, to sit at the feet of gifted German teachers and to bring back those methods of investigation in the laboratory which have done so much to put American medicine upon a proper foundation—a more potent influence than that of Louis and his school, we venture to think, because wider and deeper. Of these six essays the most complex is the remarkable appreciation of that really remarkable man, William Pepper. It would be interesting to know Dr. Pepper's opinion of the insight and discretion, not to say reserve, which Professor Osler shows here.

The rest of the book deals with older writers and brings much entertaining, sometimes curious, information. The least medical—on the whole the least satisfactory—is the essay on Keats, but it is amply redeemed by that on Sir Thomas Browne, read at a tercentennial celebration in England, in which the zeal of the biographer is almost outstripped by that of the bibliophile who had many editions to show. Bibliographical interests are also conspicuous, but less so, in the account of Fracastorius, the intellectual father of Syphilus, whose disease became a scourge. Seventeen pages are devoted to Thomas Dover and his extraordinary career as buccaneer and physician, burning many kinds of powder, one of which is familiar to posterity and bids fair to survive the competition of coal tar derivatives without number. Dover is interesting to posterity also as the rescuer of the original Robinson Crusoe, although some editors are rather less certain of Defoe's obligations to Alexander Selkirk. The essay on Locke brings out the medical side of his life and adds much to the work of other authors, being based on Osler's own examination of the Locke manuscripts in the British Museum and the record office.

In many respects the gem is the last essay of all, the Harveian oration of 1906, in which the writer undertakes to say something fresh on a topic which has been treated hundreds of times by his predecessors—and succeeds. Premising that the distinction of Harvey lies less "in the demonstration of the fact of the circulation" than "in the demonstration of the method," he proceeds to consider the discovery as illustrating certain aspects of the growth of truth. Here come out all the merits of Osler's method in biography. In nearly all the essays, there is abundant evidence of research, of the hunt for original sources (almost too briefly recorded for the benefit of the reader), and the careful use of them; but there is no musty odor, no rattling of dry bones, whether Osler goes back thirty or three hundred years. The reader feels that the author thoroughly understands the men of whom he writes and to an un-

usual degree is able to think their thoughts and appreciate their difficulties, so that biographical data are no longer mere dates and chronicles, but become living things, human experiences intelligible and appealing.

The "Surgical Memoirs" of Dr. J. G. Mumford (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is not concerned with the practical side of surgery as the conventional title would lead the reader to expect, but rather with its history. Almost exactly a third of the volume is a reprint from Keen's "System of Surgery," where it serves as an historical introduction in which the development of the art is given in what is often the barest outline, jumping gayly from Galen to Vesalius with a mere intimation of the existence of the Arabians and no mention at all of Salerno. The subject is considered in connection with seven great names (Hippocrates, about whom much is more mythical than the text admits, Galen, Vesalius, Paré, Von Haller, Hunter, Lister), with incidental mention of numerous others. A section devoted to American surgery gives the student a slight acquaintance with many worthies. The more important things in the rest of the book are two essays on surgical matters, one of them an entertaining summary of the "Teachings of the Old Surgeons," and five in biography, extended sketches of the careers of Cooper, Brodie, the elder J. C. Warren, Jacob Bigelow, and Samuel Howe. The story of Howe is told in a chapter whose title, "Boston Medicine One Hundred Years Ago and a Notable Physician of the Last Century," is quite misleading, for the reader will learn little of the medicine or its practice in 1807. The essay on Jacob Bigelow, not a surgeon, but a medical man of most varied interests, is exceedingly attractive, and appears to be much more the work of the author himself and less a facile compilation from standard sources. Taken as a whole, the book, well printed and enriched with a dozen good portraits, is written with too ready a pen, but is nevertheless pleasant reading and will be useful to many to whom a more scholarly work would be unwelcome.

The "Text Book of General Bacteriology," which Prof. E. O. Jordan has prepared (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.), rests on the assumption that the subject should find a place in every general scientific course, and fulfils the requirement well. Some of it is a little special for a general reader quite unfamiliar with the subject, but much of the book is easy and pleasant reading. The title is interpreted liberally; for the pathogenic protozoa, particularly the trypanosomes and the organism of malaria, are included. In short, the book deals with the micro-organisms of special interest to man, excluding, however, the higher forms, despite the importance of microscopical stages. The chapter on method is brief—in places almost too brief—it being held that the practice of the bacteriologist is to be learned in the laboratory. After a short account of classification follow chapters on the relation of bacteria to disease, and on immunity, very well treated. Later come the more important organisms with a brief account of the disease due to each, and some discussion of treatment, particularly of the specific treatment by antitoxic preparations. All this is well done, and, considering the space allowed, remarkably clear and intelligible, save that the clinical side of the subject is not quite so simple and easy, as the reader is often led to infer. The material is everywhere fresh and of the newest, not even that wandering human typhoid culture recently unmasked as the source of many cases being overlooked. In the tuberculosis question Jordan considers Koch's attitude, that bovine tuberculosis involves no danger to man, dangerously one-sided. In the matter of antitoxins, except for diphtheria, the statements are very conservative, being favorable to a protective vaccination for typhoid, and to Haffkine's inoculation for plague, but less so to Yersin's serum; finding the value of tetanus antitoxin to be chiefly prophylactic, and dubious as to Shiga's antidysenteric serum, which by one of the rare misprints is called a polivalent serum. There are also good chapters on the behavior of bacteria to milk, and concerning their rôle in tanning, in the curing of tobacco, and in other industries. The bacteriology of water is taken up in a particularly instructive fashion destructive to faith in filters as commonly used. A final chapter notes briefly the infectious diseases (smallpox, scarlet fever, mumps, yellow fever, and others), which are probably caused by micro-organisms not yet definitely determined. In each case the prevailing thories are briefly considered. Only for mumps and scarlatina does the discovery of the germ seem to be regarded as near at hand. There is no mention of any possible relation of micro-organisms to cancer.

In this day, in which so much attention is given to the abnormal, it might well repay some psychologist to make a study of the type of mind displayed by those who delight in writing books in which they profess to advance a given science, although quite unwilling to acquaint themselves with the work of their predecessors or contemporaries. "A Theory of Mind," by John Lewis March (Charles Scribner's Sons), and "Psychology of the Will," by James A. Ritchey (Broadway Publishing Co.), are excellent examples of works of this character. Dr. March apparently glories in the fact, mentioned in his preface, that "the preparation of the theory has been accomplished almost in solitude"; he thus accounts for the fact that he has "little to say in the way of special acknowledgment." Dr. Ritchey seems to be familiar with Noah Porter's "Human Intellect," but he offers little evidence that on the subject of his discourse he has read with understanding any works much more modern. It is significant that both of these authors are masters of arts and doctors of philosophy. Surely, men who have thus been honored should feel themselves bound by the responsibilities of men who have been highly trained. No "theory of mind" can be seriously considered which does not declare its relations, perhaps hostile, perhaps friendly, with the conceptions of the great modern psychologists. No "psychology of will" can be treated with respect which does not show an appreciative comprehension of the broad field of thought in relation to this subject which is open to any one who is within reach of our public libraries.

In "Electro Metallurgy" (D. Van Nostrand Co.), John B. B. Kershaw aims to give a brief and clear account of the application of electricity to metallurgy. The science and art of the subject dates from the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy, who, in 1806-08, by means of a battery separated the metals sodium and potassium; and it received a great impetus by the invention of the Gramme dynamo in 1870. The progress in the art may be gauged by the increase in the output of products and the cheapening of price. The production of aluminum in 1889 was eighty-five tons; in 1906 it was 12,000 tons, and the price has fallen from $14 to fifty cents a pound. The production of calcium and carbide of calcium—the latter forming the basis of an acetylene gas industry—shows even greater progress; and a great range of new substances, among them carborundum, have been discovered which are revolutionizing the mechanical and chemical industries. The application of the dynamo to metallurgy has led to a great development of water power; and thus a country which is rich in this power is destined to pre-eminence in metallurgical industries. The future of Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland, for instance, in the direction of electrical industries is greater than that of Germany. The political economist will find this book very suggestive.

The committee in charge of the Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship for Women will offer, every two years, a fellowship of the value of twelve hundred dollars, available for study and research in physics, chemistry, or biology, in either America or Europe. Applicants must already hold the degree of doctor of philosophy, or be similarly equipped for the work. Application should be made before March 1 to the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, from whom further details may be obtained. The donor of this fund, Emile Berliner of Washington, is one of the perfecters of the telephone and the inventor of the gramophone; he has also been of late years unremittingly active in the campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis.

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia has conferred the Hayden Memorial Gold Medal for 1908 on John Mason Clarke, the State Geologist of New York, in recognition of his distinguished services to geological science.

There will be a notable gathering of scientists in Baltimore during the Christmas recess. The American Association for the Advancement of Science will meet December 28 to January 2; the American Health League, December 31; the Eastern Branch of the American Society of Zoologists, December 29-31; the American Society of Vertebrate Paleontologists, December 28-30; the Geological Society of America, December 29-31; the American Physiological Society, December 29. The American Society of Biological Chemists, the American Nature-Study Society, the Entomological Society of America, and other scientific bodies will also hold their sessions in Baltimore.

The next International Congress of Chemistry will be held in London from May 27 to June 2, 1909.

The senior astronomer of England, Andrew Graham, has just died in Cambridge

at the age of ninety-three. He was of Irish birth, and began his astronomical work in the late Col. Cooper's observatory at Markree, County Sligo. Afterwards he was the assistant at the Cambridge observatory, where he devoted himself chiefly to observing one of the zones of stars arranged for by the Astronomische Gesellschaft.

The death is also reported of a young astronomer of promise, C. C. Dolmage, who was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1893. His great work, "The Astronomy of To-day," was published only a few months ago.

Jean Albert Baudry, the French scientist, died November 27, at the age of eighty-one. He was educated at the College Stanislas. In 1853 he travelled in the Orient, and he then spent five years—1855 to 1860—in palæontological researches in Greece. He was made assistant naturalist at the Museum of Natural History, and in 1872 professor of palæontology in that institution. His works include "Recherches scientifiques en Orient," "Animaux fossiles et géologie de l'Attique," "Enchainement du monde animal dans les temps géologiques," and "Essai de paléontologie philosophique."

From Paris comes news of the death, at the age of sixty-six, of Dr. Ernest Hamy, for nearly forty years a laborious student of anthropology. With Quatrefages he classified and described "fossil man"; he organized the ethnographical museum of the Trocadéro, so rich in Americana, and, most of all, he stimulated students, museums, societies, congresses with his own unceasing activity. Since 1892 he had been professor of anthropology at the Muséum (Jardin des Plantes). Among his writings are: "Pièces de paléontologie humaine" (1878), "Cronica ethnica" (1880), "Origines du musée d'ethnographie" (1890), "Études historiques géographiques" (1890), and "La Galerie américaine du musée du Trocadéro" (1898). He leaves an extensive library and collection in the American section of his science, chiefly in South American documents; the fate of this collection will be watched with interest by many students who long ago recognized his admirable equipment for his work.

Drama.

"THE WINTER FEAST."

It is improbable that "The Winter Feast," the second in the cycle of plays written by Charles Rann Kennedy—"The Servant in the House" was the first—which was produced in the Savoy Theatre on Monday afternoon, will rival its predecessor in popularity, owing to its gloomy and unsympathetic character. But it is, nevertheless, a work of uncommon power, which will confirm the reputation of Mr. Kennedy as a dramatist of vigorous imagination, high artistic purpose, and rare technical skill. Considered as a piece of original dramatic invention, it is one of the most notable achievements of recent years.

The story is too complicated for any attempt at brief analysis here, but it may be described as a companion piece to "The Servant in the House," being a study in human ferocity as that was an essay on brotherly love. The scene is laid in the house of an old Viking, in Iceland, in the eleventh century, and the plot deals with the desolation, despair, and slaughter arising from a bit of cruel treachery committed twenty years before the first lifting of the curtain. Of the eight characters concerned, all perish except two, the original sinner and the evil spirit who, for vengeance, sets the machinery of suspicion, jealousy, and hatred in motion. The dexterity with which this machinery is handled, the adroit and logical way in which circumstances and character are made to act and react upon each other, the ingenuity displayed in bringing about the clash of conflicting passions, and the neatness with which the threads of a most complicated design are woven into the scheme of the final catastrophe, denote a master-workman. There is also a remarkable observance of the unities. The entire action proceeds from the one dominant motive, there is but one scene, and the supposed time of the play is no longer than the actual time of the performance. Moreover, it is to be noted that though the tale is one of slaughter, suicide, and broken hearts, all the deaths except one—about which there is nothing sensational—occur off the stage. The actual horrors are left to the imagination. In spite of this, the barbaric atmosphere, with its frank passions, its superstitions, its rude honor, its simple courtesies, and its hospitality, is well preserved. The dialogue, with its touch of the archaic, is studiously simple, but terse, forcible, and often eloquent. In several of the most critical scenes the quality is that of poetic tragedy. To sum up, this is a play of positive value, but the unrelieved and unduly prolonged gloom of it will militate against its success with the general public. It ought to be shortened by half an hour and played in much quicker time.

The acting is unequal. Miss Matthison gives a superb performance of a scorned woman. Arthur Lewis is exceedingly effective as a malevolent priest, and Walter Hampden does some capital work. Other characters are less happily cast.

Miss Fannie Ward will open her American engagement in Jerome K. Jerome's new comedy at the Park Theatre, Boston, January 4. The title of the play has been changed from "Fanny and the Servant Problem" to "A Servant Problem." Charles Cortwright will play the chief male character.

Miss Margaret Anglin is reported to have been very successful in Melbourne with her performance of Viola, in "Twelfth Night." Warm praise also is bestowed upon the Malvolio of George S. Titheradge. It is the expressed intention of Miss Anglin to appear as Katharine, Viola, and Beatrice in New York next autumn, after her production of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." The announcement is interesting, as she is one of the few younger actresses with whom high achievement in the poetic drama seems possible.

Music.

Piano Compositions. Johann Sebastian Bach. Vol. II. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Gottschalk Piano Compositions. Vol. I. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Songs from the Operas, for Mezzo-soprano. Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

The Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Co. already includes thirty-five volumes, all edited by specialists and printed in the clearest type, on strong glazed paper; and the books remain open at any page without having their backs broken. Lovers of the best in piano music will welcome particularly the second Bach volume, edited, like the first, by Ebenezer Prout, and including a selection from his larger compositions—chiefly suites, toccatas, fantasias, and fugues. Dr. Prout, an accomplished scholar, has been, since 1894, professor of music at the university of Dublin, and under his guidance it becomes easier to master and enjoy the Bachian polyphony. An introduction discusses the phrasing, notation, fingering, and the vexed question of the ornaments; there are also notes on the pieces selected. As regards the ornaments, the editor wisely accepts the theory that many of them were introduced to compensate for a want of sustaining power in the old instruments and therefore he excludes all which may not have been written by Bach himself. In playing these pieces on the improved modern instruments "too few ornaments are certainly better than too many." While some of the pieces in this volume are for the trained virtuoso only, amateurs can play not a few, especially the slow ones, which contain more of the essence of Bach's genius than the others. Some of them are almost startlingly modern; for example, the adagio on pp. 122-3, with its delightfully natural ending. But all of this music is a source of endless delight; it never palls, like the works of most other masters.

In startling contrast to this collection is the volume of selections from Gottschalk. In the sixties of the last century this pianist was for a time the rage. For his friends he played Beethoven or Mendelssohn, but at his public concerts he confined himself almost entirely to his own works. "There are plenty of pianists," he used to say, "who can play that music as well as I can, or better, but none of them can play

my music half so well as I can." He was born at New Orleans, his father being an Englishman, his mother a Creole of St. Domingan descent, and he was the first American musician to achieve distinction in Europe. Berlioz said of him:

> The boldness, brilliancy, and originality of his playing at once dazzle and astonish, and the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things seems to belong to another individuality, distinct from that which marks his thundering energy.

In this sentence Berlioz puts his finger on the three qualities needed for the proper interpretation of Gottschalk's piano music—brilliancy, simplicity, energy. William Arms Fisher, the well-known song-writer, who edits this volume, has chosen specimens of each of these styles, and his introduction supplies the information needed by those who would breathe the real Creole atmosphere of the Gottschalk music. It is not "high-toned" music, being mostly of the drawing-room order; yet an age which applauds Melba and Tetrazzini madly, ought to find much to entertain it in the florid music of Gottschalk.

H. E. Krehbiel has again displayed good judgment in his selections of operatic songs for mezzo-soprano. They range from Caccini in the seventeenth century to Massenet, who still launches an opera every other year. An erudite and helpful introduction comments on each of the songs chosen, forming, in fact, a miniature history of the opera in Italy, France, and Germany.

Massenet's operatic miracle play, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," which had its first European performance at Monte Carlo in 1902, was heard in America for the first time at the Manhattan Opera House last Friday. The libretto is based on one of the stories in Anatole France's "Étui de nacre," which in turn harks back to a mediæval legend. The story of a juggler, who has no way of attesting his faith except to execute his tricks in honor of Our Lady is calculated to bring out the best qualities of Massenet's genius. That genius, like Gounod's, hovers between two topics, frail femininity and religious ecstasy. In "Thais" the two are combined; in the "Jongleur" we have only the mystic ecstasies of the monastery, and those the composer expresses with a rare art of creating atmosphere and conjuring up the spirit—ecclesiastic and musical—of the fourteenth century. To give Mary Garden a chance to appear in this opera, M. Renaud (who impersonates in it, with his usual delightful art, the part of the monastery cook Boniface) persuaded Massenet to rewrite the part of the old juggler; and so skilful is Miss Garden in metamorphosing herself that the change must be pronounced an actual improvement. It is the best thing Miss Garden has done here, the combination of youthful reverence in her face with a certain degree of mischievousness being particularly fascinating. She is always a good actress and sometimes a good singer.

Art.

Little Books on Art. Enamels by Mrs. Nelson Dawson; Jewellery by Cyril Davenport; Miniatures by Cyril Davenport; Bookplates by Edward Almack. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1 net, each.

The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain. By Leonard Williams. [The World of Art Series.] Three vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Decorative art as a topic for popular study is losing nothing of its fascination; and the present year has seen the establishment of two useful series devoted to that subject. A large and thoroughly planned set of books to which we have devoted much space in these columns, the Connoisseur's Series, has brought into special notice the general editor, Cyril Davenport. He is also the author of two of the Little Books on Art, now before us. These are square books, only four and one-half by six inches, with many inserted plates and a few text cuts. The colored frontispieces, though specially announced, are not epoch-making productions; nor are the half-tones themselves of very great charm. They serve their purpose, however, of explaining the text.

In "Enamels," Mrs. Dawson shows familiarity with the different processes described, or many of them. There are seven principal chapters, of which, after an introduction, one is devoted to Cloisonné enamels, one to Champlevé enamels, and one to painted enamels; but then the logical order is broken, because Chapter v, instead of dealing with still another process, discusses Oriental enamels made by all the three methods named above. In like manner, Chapters vi and vii are devoted to Irish enamels and modern enamels, however made. This breach in logical sequence is a matter of regret, for nothing is more to be desired than a treatise which shall insist upon the unity of design and of processes between East and West, the middle ages and modern times. Careful readers will separate this book into two parts: a really useful treatise based upon the writer's own experience in the practice of the art; and that cursory examination of a few pieces in museums, to which Chapters v, vi, and vii are devoted. There is to be noted, moreover, an arbitrary omission of certain important branches of the enameller's art. On page 168, we are told, for example, that Cloisonné enamel on a porcelain ground "hardly comes within the scope of this book," though why this very common form is excluded is not explained. In short, the value of the book ceases with page 140, and the close of the discussion of European enamels.

The volume on Jewels in the Connoisseur's Series ignores the work of the ancients and of the men of the East. No such fault is to be found with Mr. Davenport's own volume, which is as general in its application, and as critical in its comparison of the habits of many nations and many times, as could be desired. This is, in fact, the typical book of the series. In an attempt to explain in one hundred and fifty small pages, the most important things in regard to personal jewelry, Mr. Davenport has been eminently successful. From these chapters, the most practised student of the subject could hardly fail to learn much that is new.

The same author's "Miniatures" is a sound explanation of this minute and delicate portrait painting. The subject is divided geographically: after a very brief introductory treatise on antiquity, English miniatures occupy Chapters ii, iii, and iv, and foreign miniatures are crowded into the twenty pages of Chapter v—all this to the exclusion of portraits painted in enamel, the Limousin and Petitot masterpieces, and all their kind, which are taken by themselves in Chapter vi. Wax miniatures are assigned eight pages in Chapter vii; but this subject has nothing to do with painting at all. An exhaustive treatise on these little-studied bas-reliefs would indeed be welcome to all students of the minor arts, and we may be glad to see even this slight and yet suggestive chapter. Another subject, remote enough from miniature painting, is touched upon in the pages which deal with the flat abstractions known as silhouettes. The author is evidently aware that the term miniature has nothing to do with small size, and yet he seems content to class under it all diminutive portraits, and nothing else. It is desirable that the title of his book should be changed so as to describe more exactly its contents.

Book plates are generally uninteresting to the student of art, for the bookplate which is a fine design is very rare; and the design which is significant and suggestive, is almost as uncommon. To seek for the two in one—to ask for bookplates, which are valuable from their association and meaning, and also as artistic designs—is to propose to one's self a search for almost impossible perfection. The reason is not far to seek. Bookplates came into fashion at a time when fine designing was a rarity, when the instinct for truth and charm in simple compositions had almost disappeared from Europe; and unfortunately for this branch of art, there were no examples in antiquity, nor any patterns to be taken from the

Orientals; and Europe—the inartistic and uncertain Europe of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—was left to itself to make such designs as seemed to it good. The results have been very unattractive. Collecting bookplates is an amusing occupation, but it must have a demoralizing effect upon the taste.

The larger and more pretentious work by Leonard Williams, aims to put into logical form what is known of the finer industrial arts of Spain. Volume I is wholly devoted to metal-work—jewelry, iron-work, bronzes, and arms; and we have only to regret that so little space has been assigned to the wrought balconies and screens which are so numerous in the peninsula. The choir-screens alone would suffice to fill a volume. But this is a small book of reference, not a folio of illustration. Volume II deals with furniture, ivories, pottery, and glass, and the one hundred pages and the thirty plates given to the pottery are well employed. More has been written about Spanish glazed and enamelled pottery than of all other Spanish arts together—but it is not easy to have too much of it. The glazed potteries, known as Hispano-Moresque, and as lustred wares, rank with the majolicas of Italy in artistic merit—in originality, if not in elaborate finish. In the chapters before us more space is allotted to more recent ware, the porcelains, as that of Buen-Retiro, and that of Moncloa, than is commonly allowed to those elaborate pieces; but the few paragraphs on the blue wares of Talavera are more valuable. Volume III takes up textiles, including embroidery, as well as lace and tapestry; and there are several appendices, and an index. The effect of Moorish design upon semi-Christian art is to be studied in Spain alone. The architecture of the Mudejar period has been presented, indeed, in the folios published by Uhde and Junghändel in recent times, as well as in the "Antigüedades de España," and other less trustworthy books; but it is hard to follow the traces of the style in the minor arts. Arms and armor show it in the very slightest fashion; and the armor of the royal collection is what foreigners study the most carefully, after the Moorish potteries. These volumes, then, serve as a suggestive and stimulating introduction to all these treasures of the peninsula; and, although the hard-working student would welcome more system, and a more analytic method, the book so arranged would be less popular. The publishers of all these books are to be congratulated and thanked upon these useful aids to the study of the finer and more graceful arts.

That there should have been two artists in the nineteenth century, each of considerable eminence, of identical name and surname, must frequently lead to confusion. It is therefore well to state that the Alfred Stevens whose drawings are reproduced in the latest issue of the Newnes-Scribner's Series of Drawings of the Great Masters is not the Belgian and Parisian painter of high-life, but the English painter and sculptor, whose best known work is the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's. In the drawings themselves we must confess to a certain disappointment. There is feeling for mass and for movement, and much vigor, especially in the slighter and more rapid sketches, and there is delicate workmanship in some of the decorative studies. It is the character of his female figures that puzzles, leaving one in doubt whether he drew too literally from a poor model or invented an ugly type to which he adhered. In contrast with their robust limbs, the small, flat waist and protruding abdomen of these figures are in either case disquieting.

In "Kunstgewerbe und Kultur," two volumes in Die Kultur series, Prof. Werner Sombart traces the evolution of the art industries of the past, and dwells upon the difficulties of the present day. He distinguishes between a struggle with capitalism and a struggle with the mechanical technique of modern times. Warmly referring to Ruskin as the champion of what now seems a lost cause, he admits that under the modern economic system and in the existing stage of artistic development a return to old processes of work and to previous ways of distribution would be impossible. "One must bear in mind the fact that at the time when artisans were artists art itself was hardly more than a trade."

An exceptionally fine specimen of bookmaking, both in letterpress and in illustrations, is the folio being published (Geneva: F. Boissannas & Cie.) under the patronage of King George I of Greece, entitled "En Grèce par monts et par vaux." The editors are Daniel Baud-Bovy and Frédéric Boissannas. The first instalment has just been issued, and the work, when complete, will contain chapters on Corfu, Athens, Zemenon, the ancient cities of Mycenæ, Argos and Tiryns, and the temples of Tegea, Bassæ, Olympia, and Patras. The archæological data are by George Nicole and the introduction is by Th. Homolle.

"Rosa Bonheur: sa vie, son œuvre" is an expensive memorial volume (50 francs—E. Flammarion) compiled by Anna Klumpke, the American friend and testamentary executor and legatee of the great woman painter.

H. Fierens-Gevaert, lecturer on the history of art at the University of Liège, publishes a quarto volume, with forty-four inset plates (12 frames—Van Oest, Brussels), on "Les Primitifs Flamands." There are to be four volumes, sold separately. This first number begins with the creators of Flemish art—Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, Roger Vander Weyden, the newly distinguished Maître de Flémalle, Pétrus Christus, and Thierry Bouts and sons. The reproductions (62) are from Belgium collections.

The British School of Archæology at Rome has continued its exploration in Sardinia during the past two months under Dr. Duncan Mackenzie. As before, special attention has been paid the *nuraghe* and the "tombs of the giants." Several previously unknown types were discovered and photographed and their ground plan reproduced. They show important resemblances to prehistoric sepulchral monuments in other parts of Western Europe.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces the foundation of the Carol H. Beck Memorial Gold Medal, to be awarded annually to the best portrait in its annual exhibition, painted within three years of the time of its exhibition by an American artist. The medal is endowed by the Hon. James M. Beck, as a memorial to his sister, Miss Carol H. Beck, a portrait painter, who died October 15, 1908. The Beck Medal will be awarded for the first time from the 104th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, which will be held from January 31 to March 14. The committees of the exhibition are as follows:

Painting—Hugh H. Breckenridge, Adolph E. Borie, 3d, Paul Dougherty, Thomas Eakins, W. Sergeant Kendall, L. H. Meakin, Gari Melchers, William M. Paxton, Edward F. Rook, Edmund C. Tarbell, Everett L. Warner.

Sculpture—Charles Grafly, H. A. MacNeil, A. Phimister Proctor.

Hanging—Hugh H. Breckenridge, Paul Dougherty, William M. Paxton.

The Common Council of Florence has voted to celebrate the semi-centennial of the Tuscan revolution of 1859, "not with empty festivities and mere commercial speculation, but with the creation of an institution of great civic and artistic importance"—to quote the words of the motion. The city, dissatisfied with its Galleria Moderna, proposes to found a permanent gallery of modern art, native and foreign. It is expected that the government will permit the modern collection now in the Belle Arte to form the nucleus of the new gallery, which will be placed in the Palazzina in the Cascine and opened to the public next spring. The Common Council has also voted to support the plan, already announced, for an exhibition of portraits in Florence in 1911. It will be limited to five or six hundred canvases, painted between the end of the sixteenth century and 1861, the year of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy. As a part of the city's memorial of the events of 1861, the changes necessary to reopen Or San Michele and the Logge of Leon Battista Alberti will be made, and a marble reproduction of Michael Angelo's David will be placed in the position once occupied by the original in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

Dr. Pietro d'Achiardi has been commissioned to complete the rearrangement of the Vatican gallery, which had been interrupted by the death of Prof. Ludwig Seitz. Dr. d'Achiardi is thoroughly competent for the work, as he has been intimately connected with the gallery in his position of scientific adviser to Professor Seitz.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are early Dutch and Flemish pictures at Ehrich's; miniatures by Charles Turrell at Scott & Fowles's; paintings by Charles Melville Dewey at Macbeth's, till December 10; oils and water-colors by Herbert W. Faulkner, Powell's, December 14; Sir L. Alma Tadema's Caracalla and Geta, Arthur Tooth & Sons, December 31.

Alfred Paris, an artist who has exhibited at the Salon since 1886, has just died

at Fontainebleau at the age of sixty-one. He studied under Édouard Detaille, whose style he followed. He illustrated a number of books, including Halévy's "Recits de Guerre," published by Goupil.

Finance.

LOW MONEY RATES AND THE GREAT BORROWERS.

The present month opened with demand loans in Wall Street at about 1 per cent., and rates for three months' loans on stock collateral, below 3 per cent. For December, these are unusual figures. This month is normally a period of active money and falling bank reserves, when currency flows in the largest volume of the year into the channels of hand-to-hand circulation, and when the credit facilities of great banking institutions, here and abroad, are strained to provide simultaneously for the heavy commercial trade and for the large fiscal operations which mark the so-called "turn of the year." How exceptionally low these present rates for money are, may be judged by the fact that in December, 1907, call money on the New York market touched 25 per cent.; in 1906, 29; 1905, 125; 1904 (when trade reaction and abundant bank reserves had been, as in the present year, the order of the day), 5; 1903, 9; 1902, 12; 1901, 12; 1900, 6½; 1899, 186; 1898, 6; and 1897, 5½. It is possible, no doubt, that the money market, later in the present month, will reach higher figures than this week's; but the rate for call money has nevertheless been lower than in any December since 1896, and that for time money lower than in this month of any year since 1898. On nearly all the larger foreign money markets, the case is similar.

Low rates for money, an indication of idle capital, would on their face suggest the probability of free use of credit, both in speculation and in promotion of enterprise. The first result has certainly been witnessed. The Stock Exchange, for a week or more, has been deserted by the outside investing public because of high prices, but nevertheless, the quotations have been so jacked up by professional speculators that, in a score of active shares, the record prices of the year have been attained since the public was driven out. At the same time, powerful borrowers have appeared with applications for new capital.

When the bids for $12,500,000 in New York city bonds were opened on Monday of last week, it was found that the total applied for was $157,000,000. This oversubscription caused frequent inquiry in banking circles, as to why the railways do not at once take advantage of so favorable an opportunity for raising large sums. Industrial corporations seem to be doing so; the American Telephone Company has this week offered $50,000,000 bonds, and the United States Rubber Company $20,000,000. It was the railways, however, of which James J. Hill declared, in 1906, that $1,100,000,000 new capital for improvements every year, for the five ensuing years, was absolutely indispensable. Two weeks ago, the Illinois Central sold bonds to the amount of $20,000,000; last week the Erie applied for authority to issue $30,000,000, and the Denver and Rio Grande negotiated a sale of $17,500,000; but in all three cases the primary object was to pay off floating debts. There has been no important sale of bonds by railways since last June, when the Union Pacific brought out its $50,000,000 first and refunding 4s. During the eighteen months preceding the Union Pacific issue, the roads, in most cases, could raise money only through short term high interest bearing notes. Why do they not come into the market now?

The floating debts of a pressing nature have now been pretty generally extinguished. But this brings up a matter concerning which much was said in 1906—the problem of additions and improvements, lack of provision for which was then declared to be throttling industry. Are the railways to do nothing in that direction now, and if so, why? Two important railway officers have lately answered the question. In his annual report of last October, President Ripley of the Atchison said:

> The recession of business found your company engaged in extensive construction and improvement work, some of which was so far advanced that it could not be suspended without great loss. Such work therefore was vigorously pushed and substantially completed. Other construction and improvement work, although highly desirable from the standpoint of economy of operation and good service to the public, was suspended and will not be taken up again until conditions improve.

When asked, last week, if there would not now be a rapid increase on the part of the railroads in orders for materials, James J. Hill replied:

> Conditions are improving undoubtedly, but we [the Great Northern Railway] have fifty locomotives stored away which have never had steam in them. Until they are put in use, I do not think that we will place orders for new ones.

That Mr. Hill's explanation of the case does not apply to one railway only, was sufficiently proved by a recent Railway Association report on the car supply. In the middle of November, idle cars were 300,000 less in number than in the middle of April, but 109,500 nevertheless remained sidetracked, whereas, exactly a year before, the supply was 44,800 short of immediate requirements.

Yet even these explanations leave the questions open: first, whether the railways will not once more enter the money market on an enormous scale if trade activity does return to normal and idle cars are all in use; second, what effect such a new demand for capital would produce on the market.

"King Cotton," by James L. Watkins (New York: Published by the author), adds another reference book to the already long list of those annually published for the benefit of the cotton trade. But here an effort has been made to give more than the usual compilations and statistics of crops, prices, exports, etc. The author has gone exhaustively into the history of cotton in each of the cotton States.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Lyman Whitney. A Parable of the Rose, and Other Poems. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Andersen, Hans. Fairy Tales. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Arundel, Gerald. Victor and Other Poems. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Baddeley, John F. The Russian Conquest of the Caucasus. Longmans, Green.

Baldwin, May. Holly House and Ridges Row, a Tale of London Old and New. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Belles-Lettres Series. Middleton's and Rowley's Spanish Gipsie and All's Lost by Lust; Arnold's Poems; Exodus and Daniel; Shelley's Poems; Otway's The Orphan and Venice Preserved. Boston: D. C. Heath.

Blake, Mrs. Warrenne. Memoirs of a Vanished Generation. 1813-1855. John Lane. $5 net.

Butler, Nicholas Murray. The American as He Is. Macmillan. $1 net.

Carnegie, Andrew. Problems of To-day. Wealth — Labor — Socialism. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.

Carr, Kent. Rivals and Chums: A Public School Story. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Carrington, Hereward. The Coming Science. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

Cartwright, Julia. Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier: His Life and Letters. 2 vols. Dutton. $7.50 net.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. IV. Clan-Dio. Robert Appleton Co.

Chapin, Frederic. Toodles of Treasure Town and Her Snow Man. Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.

Chapman, John Jay. The Maid's Forgiveness: A Play. Moffat.

Chipman, William Pendleton. In Ship and Prison: A Story of Five Years in the Continental Navy with Captain Samuel Tucker. Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.

Clarke, Helen A. A Child's Guide to Mythology. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25 net.

Crothers, Samuel McChord. By the Christmas Fire. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

De Mill, Richard Mead. The Foundation and the Superstructure, or the Faith of Christ and the Works of Man. Putnam. $3 net.

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Ebbinghaus, Hermann. Psychology: An Elementary Text-Book. Boston: D. C. Heath.
Education, Report of the Commission of 1907. Vol. I. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Elliot, G. F. Scott. The Romance of Early British Life from the Earliest Times to the Coming of the Danes. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Erixon, Alexandre. The Vale of Shadows. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Ferrero, Guglielmo. The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Vol. IV, Translated by H. J. Chaytor. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Frye, W. E. After Waterloo: Reminiscences of European Travel, 1815-1819. London: William Heinemann.
Gonnard, René. La Hongrie au XXe siècle. Paris: Armand Colin.
Great Rivers of the World, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Hanscom, Elizabeth Deering, Ed. The Friendly Craft: A Collection of American Letters. Macmillan. $1.25 each.
Haskell, Helen Eggleston. O-Heart-San: The Story of a Japanese Girl. Boston: L. C. Page.
Herter, C. A. On Infantilism from Chronic Intestinal Infection. Macmillan. 90 cts. net.
Howard, Jerome B. Progressive Dictation Exercises. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
Huntington, Ida M. Peter Pumpkin in Wonderland. Rand McNally.
Hyne, Cutcliffe, J. Sandy Carmichael. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hyrst, H. W. G. Adventures among Wild Beasts. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Inchbald, Mrs. A Simple Story. Henry Frowde.
Jefferies, Richard. The Open Air; The Life of the Fields. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Jewett, John Howard. Grandmother Goose Stories: Kittens and The Bear; Ducklings Go A-Swimming; What Happened to the Little Chicks; Goslings' Picnic. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Kingsley, Charles. The Water-Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. Dutton. $2.50.
Learned, Marion Dexter. The Life of Francis Daniel Pastorius. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell.
Lee, Holme. Legends from Fairy Land. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lincoln Centennial Medal. Presenting the medal of Abraham Lincoln by Jules Edouard Roiné. Putnam. $5 net.
Lodge, George Cabot. Herakles. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lorin, Henri. L'Afrique du Nord. Paris: Armand Colin.
Lowell, James Russell. The Vision of Sir Launfal. Charles E. Merrill. 25 cts.
Lownhaupt, Frederick. Investment Bonds: Their Issue and Their Place in Finance. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Meade, L. T. The School Favourite. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Marriott, Charles. A Spanish Holiday. John Lane. $2.50 net.
Martin, Nettie Parrish. A Pilgrim's Progress in Other Worlds. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Co.
Moses, Montrose J. Henrik Ibsen: The Man and His Plays. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Nicoll, W. Robertson. Ian Maclaren: The Life of the Rev. John Watson, D.D. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
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Peple, Edward. The Mallet's Masterpiece. Moffat. 75 cts. net.
Pownall, Charles A. W. Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, Author of The Letters of Junius. London: Henry Stevens.
Rees, Arthur Dougherty. Give Up Your Gods: A Drama in Three Acts of Pagan and Christian Russia. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Reynolds, Stephen. A Poor Man's House. John Lane. $1.50.
Richards, Ellen H. The Cost of Cleanness. John Wiley & Sons. $1.
Rosse, Georg von. Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten. Lemcke & Buechner.
Rooses, Max. Jacob Jordaens: His Life and Work. Dutton. $12.50 net.
Russel, Florence Kimball. In West Point Gray, as Plebe and Yearling. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.50.
Sandwick, Richard L., and Bacon, Anna Tilden. The High School Word Book. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cents.
Schurz, Carl. Reminiscences. Vol. III. McClure.
Shute, Henry A. The Country Band. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Smith, J. Russell. The Ocean Carrier: A History and Analysis of the Service. Putnam.
Smith, Richard Gordon. Ancient Tales and Folklore of Japan. Macmillan. $6 net.
Stables, Gordon. A Little Gipsy Lass. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Stead, Richard. Adventures on The High Seas. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Steel, Flora Annie. India Through the Ages: A Popular and Picturesque History of Hindustan. Dutton.
Switzerland, as Described by Great Writers. Edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Sutton, Adah Louise. A Little Maid in Toyland. Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.
Tardieu, André. La France et Les Alliances. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Thurston, E. Temple. Mirage. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Towne, Charles Hanson. The Quiet Singer, and Other Poems. B. W. Dodge.
Uncle Lawrence: Young Folks' Ideas; Young Folks' Queries; Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Watkeys, Frederick W. Old Edinburgh. 2 vols. $3.
Wickson, Edward J. California Fruits and How to Grow Them. Los Angeles: Kruckeberg Press. $3.
Williams, W. M. J. The King's Revenue: Being a Handbook to the Taxes and the Public Revenue. London: P. S. King & Son.
Wisdom for the Foolish. By Lambkin Sphinx. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Wright, Carroll D. The Apprenticeship System in its Relation to Industrial Education. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1908.

The Week.

The President's message has one piquant and almost sensational passage in which Mr. Roosevelt accuses Congress of wishing to prevent him from investigating "criminals in the legislative branch." But aside from that, his last address to Congress is decidedly routine and perfunctory. As he says, "this Administration is ending." He is done with the job. He evidently expects little or nothing from this expiring Congress, in the way of carrying out his recommendations, and the probabilities are strong that he will not be disappointed. In the long passage on law, the Constitution, the courts, and the functions and duties of judges, Mr. Roosevelt says many things that are obviously true but in general he seems unable to conceive of a law, or a principle, which sometimes works temporary and incidental harm, but which is such a proved embodiment of liberty any justice that it cannot be hastily set aside. All his tests are personal. He has no large and enduring standards by which to judge particular cases. To him, the law is a nose of wax, to be shaped according to the desire or whim of the hour. In the section devoted to the condition of the Treasury he would apparently avoid the hard facts; he groups figures for the past seven years—the time since he became President—shows that there has been, during that period, a net Treasury surplus of nearly $100,000,000, and calls this "an exceedingly satisfactory showing." If Mr. Roosevelt had looked back only seven months instead of seven years, he would have had to record a deficit of more than $78,000,000 in that brief time. If he had taken the last fiscal year with the part of the present one already elapsed, he would have had to confess a deficit of nearly $120,000,000. He is at least consistent, however, in not saying one word about economy, the duty of Congress to keep down expenditures, or the need of carefully studying the public revenue. Lavish to the last, he takes pride in the fact that the "nation has never hesitated," during his Presidency, "to undertake any expenditure that it regarded as necessary."

Mr. Taft's speech to the North Carolina Society in this city Monday evening revealed again the admirable temper of the man. He was earnest, frank, sincere, desirous to end unhappy and illogical conditions in the South. His utterances were in line with his previous references to the subject in the campaign, and even prior to that, and should have a far-reaching effect in the South. There the number of people who vote the Democratic ticket while hoping for Republican success is increasing; and everywhere there is a striving for a release from the political impotence to which the South is reduced. On the negro question, which is at the bottom of the trouble, Mr. Taft touched bravely enough. Expatriation of the negro is, as he pointed out, impossible, and so is the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. On neither of these proposals need anybody waste a breath. The negro must remain, if only because the South cannot do without his labor, and that labor ought to be thoroughly educated to be effective. The hope and the opportunity for the great mass of the negroes, he urged, must be in skilled artisanship and in farming. As for the bugaboo of social equality, Mr. Taft showed that it cannot be created by law or by anything the Federal government could do. Equality of opportunity, equality before the law, at the ballot-box, and in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness—these alone are the Constitutional guarantees.

This is, as we have more than once argued, perhaps the best reason for opposing discriminating laws against the negroes. Public opinion can regulate social intercourse; in the long run, laws never can. In advanced and well-regulated communities the enforcement of racial differences by the degradation of one element in the community smacks as much of barbarism as does the setting apart of the Jews in Russian cities, and brings with it similarly the temptation to kill and destroy. It is a confession that the much-vaunted superiority of the one race cannot be maintained except by giving it exceptional opportunities, comforts, and privileges. Against this idea Mr. Taft, the jurist, has plainly set his face. He demands, especially, equality at the ballot-box. Not that he is opposed to laws imposing educational qualifications; but he would have both races subjected to the same test. Upon that footing the negro, we are confident, would be happy. But now, by terrorism, actual or implied, by cheating, by lying, and deceit, the educated, wealth-producing negro is denied his vote in a thousand communities. These wrongs will never be righted until some leader like Mr. Taft is absolutely frank on this point.

The report that Congressman Burton will be Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Taft's Cabinet has elicited nothing but praise, so far as Mr. Burton's fitness is concerned. He is one of our steadiest and best-trained public men, who has made a special study of finance, and whose convictions and courage are of the soundest. But in all this ointment there is one disagreeable fly. Mr. Burton has announced his candidacy for the Senate. His preference and the natural crowning of his career would be to succeed Foraker. But that place is wanted for and by Charles P. Taft. Boss Cox of Cincinnati, whom William H. Taft denounced, is for Charles Taft; and the mention of Mr. Burton for the Cabinet looks unpleasantly like a scheme to remove a rival. If C. P. Taft were not a very rich man, and the brother of the President-elect, nobody would think of him as a Senatorial possibility. Mr. Burton is immeasurably his superior. If Ohio is going virtuously to retire Foraker, the field ought to be left open to something besides money-bags. Nor do we see how C. P. Taft in the Senate could be anything but an embarrassment to President Taft. The latter, far from aiding his brother's ambition by taking a much better man out of his path, ought to call upon fraternal affection to make one more sacrifice, and avoid a contest which would surely make a bad impression.

Speaker Cannon's defence of the rules of the House is strong, on general grounds. We have little sympathy with the outcry against the rules, as such.

A firm regulation of procedure is confessedly necessary; and some man, or group of men, must prevent the flood of proposed legislation from swamping the House. Bills simply must be sent to powerful committees, and some one in authority must decide which measures shall be called up, and when. Otherwise, we should have, not an orderly House, but chaos. The present rules are a slow growth. They have gone on strengthening the power of the Speaker under Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Crisp, as well as under Mr. Reed and Mr. Cannon. The process, as a whole, was inevitable. In the House of Commons a parallel evolution has occurred. Control of time and of legislation has been made more rigid. There is no getting away from that. But the real objection to Speaker Cannon lies not in the system which he administers, but the way in which he has administered it. He has been narrow and dense, where he should have taken broad views and been more awake to legislative needs. Such power as he has is necessary, but it is also necessary that it be used more wisely. The real argument is not for better rules, but for a better Speaker.

The Post Office Department's suggested reorganization of its administration in urban zones, coming so soon after the transfer of fourth-class postmasters to the classified list, will make the political jobber think that he is being hunted in earnest. In the New York city district the significance of the change would appear in strongest light. Were our postmaster to manage all the territory lying within the twenty-mile circle, New Jersey and Westchester County Congressmen would lose a host of useful friends overnight, though the public might get a cheaper and better service. Those who are interested in preserving this valuable patronage will, of course, have no difficulty in turning State's rights to account against the reform. But few people to-day can work themselves into a fit of terror over the thought that an official on Manhattan Island is distributing Newark letters. The proved success of centralization in the Boston postal district should outweigh many objections.

It is quite impossible to tell which is the more pitiful, the little Republican bosses' cheap impudence with regard to Gov. Hughes, or their hopeless lack of humor. Last Friday's conference at the Republican Club in this city was as unblushing a bit of political marketing as we remember for many a day. The little bosses let it be known that they look upon the head of the ticket elected in November as no man of theirs. The others—the Lieutenant-Governor, the Comptroller, the State Treasurer, the State Engineer—the bosses own, and these worthies have solemnly pledged themselves to delegate into Timothy L. Woodruff's hands the appointive powers vested in them by the State Constitution. Nothing more shameless can be conceived than the authorized phrasing of the formal jobbing contract, that Mr. Woodruff is to be "the clearing-house man through whom all appointments are to be made to the State departments of"—everybody except the Governor. Of him "those present at the conference to-day are to make no requests for appointments." We know how it is. In every happy family there is bound to be a black sheep who simply has to be cast off to assure the comfortable existence of the rest; some gambler, horse-thief, or forger. That's Gov. Hughes.

Mr. Gompers is beginning to find one reason why he could not deliver the labor vote. Somebody else was delivering the offices. President Roosevelt's appointment of a third labor leader, whom he was able to detach from Gompers, was made public last week—the editor of the *Labor World* of Pittsburgh, who is to be Appraiser of the Port in that city. The local Congressmen were not consulted, and neither were the Pennsylvania Senators, so that there is muttering in Washington over this irregularity. That may be left to itself; the chief import of the matter is in the light it throws upon Mr. Roosevelt's methods and upon the nature of labor leaders. The moral is that, in the labor world, as elsewhere, the east wind cannot compete with good official salaries.

Whether or not one agrees in full with Moorfield Storey's indictment of our government of the Philippines, the fact remains that we are densely ignorant of what is going on in our provinces. What American citizen knows of the successful career of the first Philippine Legislature, its altogether excellent record? Vice-Governor Forbes returns from the islands, and says that everything is progressing magnificently, and that all is well, only we must continue indefinitely to rule the Filipinos against their will. Whereupon we slap each other on the back, exclaim over the greatness of our ability as colonial administrators, and promptly forget about the archipelago for another six months. If Mr. Storey or any one else complains that the swindler who professed to make gold out of sea-water is an honored member of the teaching force in the Philippines, he is written down a bore. Our touching faith in the ability of our ruling officials to pass upon their own achievements would be sublime if it were not pathetic. It is partly due to the fact that we have no effective Opposition in Congress and are debarred from questioning Ministers as to this or that occurrence on the other side of the globe. There is little or no fear of criticism or restraint. All of this merely illustrates anew how unfit our form of government is for ruling subjugated peoples.

Ambassador Takahira happily describes the nature of the agreement between his government and that of the United States. He calls it simply "a transaction between trusted friends." The text of the notes exchanged bears out this characterization. The wording ingeniously avoids the form of a treaty. There are no promises; no binding obligations are assumed; what we have is merely a statement of facts. "It is the wish of the two governments"; their "policy is directed"; they "are firmly resolved"; and, in case of any disturbance in the Orient, "it remains for the two governments to communicate with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it useful to take." A lawyer, to be sure, might pick the agreement to pieces and show that it contains not a single clause by which either country could be held. But it is not a question of a legal contract. A friendly understanding is all that we have in hand; and to a diplomatic document of that kind the old saying applies with especial point: "C'est le ton qui fait la chanson."

The strength of our position in the Far East gains from the fact that we

are now the friend both of Japan and of China. Peking is said to be discontented with the vague terms of our recent agreement with Japan. It finds therein no effective guarantees against Japanese aggression in Manchuria, carried on under more or less legal guise. But it was natural that the Chinese should be somewhat discontented with that very lack of precise obligation which is the chief merit of our understanding with Japan. To have entered into detail regarding China or any other subject under consideration, would have come dangerously near to formulating a treaty, instead of expressing a condition of mutual accord. The fact remains that only a few days after our exchange of notes with Japan, a Chinese ambassador has visited the White House to thank the President for our generous conduct in the matter of the Boxer indemnity. The President's order in that case constitutes one of the most meritorious acts of his Administration, and has had its reward in the sharp change of feeling it has brought about in China since the days of the anti-American boycott, three years ago.

Twelve dead and three hundred and fifty hurt—that is the best summary of football casualties available for the season just ended. Four of the dead were members of college elevens, those of the Virginia Military Institute, the University of North Carolina, the University of Arkansas, and Utah Agricultural College. The larger colleges had their usual roll of disabled players, but, as usual, the higher percentage of injuries was in the minor teams, such as those of high schools and normal schools. In view of the figures, it cannot be said that there has been any great diminution in the risk run by the participants. On the other hand, owing to better supervision by the officials, there has been a gratifying improvement in the bearing of the players. But there is still room for revision of rules, as there is a distinct drift back from open play to line-bucking. But the strongest arguments against the continuance of intercollegiate contests under present conditions are not to be found in the fact that the casualties have been as heavy this year as in the season of 1905—casualties which led to the "opening up" of the game. They lie, as before, in the distraction of the student from his studies, and the overemphasis upon the importance of the contests, and athletics generally. By hard work professionalism has been eliminated; brawny truck drivers are no longer induced to take a course in the veterinary department during a football season; graduate students and freshmen have been excluded from any university teams. For these reforms the college world is duly thankful; but the musty professors still regret that their students do not get down to work until the "championship" is settled. President Eliot's words of two years ago are still unanswerable:

> Both at school and at college the popular competitive sports now take away the time and interest of the players from physical exercise which can be combined with intellectual exercises, such as country excursions on foot, visits to industries, or field study of any of the different forms of natural history. The American secondary schools have distinctly lost ground within the last twenty years; because the afternoons are so generally devoted throughout the year to competitive games of ball, and the boys' daily conversation runs on the games, instead of on their reading, their walks, or the sights and sounds of real life in city or country. The same distractions have impaired the intellectual quality of college life.

A hint that Prime Minister Asquith might dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country was dropped by Mr. Lloyd-George last Saturday, but probably it was scarcely more than a mild threat intended to keep the discouraged Liberal majority in line. It is by no means sure that a general election at the present moment would mean a Conservative victory. The bye-elections have been going against the government, but so bye-elections in England usually do. The Liberal majority is still so enormous that the party can lose heavily and remain in power. On their side the Liberals have the active resentment of many people against the patently provocative attitude of the House of Lords. To-day that feeling might be strong enough to send the Liberals back to power with a mandate to reform the upper chamber. But in two years the soreness may be allayed, and the Liberal party may have to stand the taunt of having done little but take the cash of public office while letting the credit of fruitful legislation and public support go. But parties are, after all, made up of individuals; and these will, as a rule, balance personal interest against the general party welfare. The tremendous sweep of January, 1906, landed in the House of Commons scores of more or less humble persons who under ordinary circumstances can never hope to see Westminster again, even if the Liberals should succeed in retaining power. And the pressure exerted by such members, who have much to lose and little to gain, may be sufficient to make Mr. Asquith hang on. Yet it requires resolution to lie still in impotence under an increasingly galling fire; for we may be sure that the Conservatives in the House will not be slow in baiting a government whose chances of enacting desired legislation is inversely proportioned to the size of its majority.

The German and French budgets have been recently compared by a French financial expert to the disparagement of his own country. Jules Roche, who, it is true, has long been a bitter critic of French government finance, maintains that all this talk about Germany groaning under an unparalleled burden of taxation is foolish. Chancellor Von Bülow is quite right in asking for more revenue. The Germans can stand it. By taking the total of the revenues for the Empire and the separate States, and subtracting the income derived from the railways, telegraphs, forests, mines, and other forms of productive state industry, he finds that, in 1907-08, 60,000,000 Germans paid 3,900,000,000 francs in taxes, while 40,000,000 Frenchmen paid 3,050,000,000 francs, giving a per capital taxation of 65 francs for Germany and 76 francs for France. M. Roche holds, further, that France has reached the limit of her sources of revenue, while Germany has still a wide margin to draw upon. The double system of German finance makes the best comparisons liable to error. If we take Prussia alone, with a population some two millions less than France, we find that in 1906-07, according to the "Statesman's Year-Book," the revenue for Prussian and Imperial uses was about 3,270,000,000 francs, which would turn the per capita taxation in favor of France. But, after all, the chief point to be made is that France *does* manage to get on with her budget, while Germany goes on eating borrowed capital and now faces an accumulated deficit of $500,000,000.

"DRESS GOODS, YARNS, AND TOPS."

78 Chauncy Street, Boston.
July 10, 1897.

My Dear Mr. North: I am unable to go to Washington and have no one to look out for my interests there but yourself, and I depend upon you. Of course, Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns, and tops.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM WHITMAN.

This is one of those interesting letters between Mr. Whitman, president of the Arlington Mills at Lawrence, Mass., and S. N. D. North—then secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, now Director of the Census—showing by what tricks a tariff bill is framed. The correspondence was presented at the hearings of the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Whitman is an old hand at lobbying. When cross-examined on this subject during the trial of a case in Boston in 1902 he admitted that he had been at Washington more or less looking after tariff legislation. At first he denied that he had ever been paid for his services, but later he explained:

Why, much to my surprise, there was somewhere about 1883, I think it was in 1883, a few gentlemen got together and made up a small purse to help me, and gave it to me.

But Mr. Whitman found a better way when the Dingley bill was being concocted in 1897. Senator Aldrich kindly invited Mr. North to serve as one of the clerks of the Finance Committee, while in the pay of the Association of Wool Manufacturers. "I am the only person whom the committee allows at its meetings," wrote Mr. North in a letter to Mr. Whitman April 4. Mr. North felt that these "confidential relations" would not allow him to keep Mr. Whitman so fully posted as he might like, but he added:

If I find that it is desirable that you should come on here, I will telegraph you that the situation requires attention, and you will doubtless have no trouble in finding out what is the matter.

For all practical purposes, of course, this was as good as direct information, and nothing in Mr. North's labored and wholly ineffectual letter of explanation alters the fact that he was present at the sessions of the committee as a sort of secret agent or spy, and that the wool manufacturers thus enjoyed an important advantage, both potential and actual, over other persons who might be interested in these schedules. Mr. North, of course, did nothing illegal. And he was properly rewarded; for, as he himself puts it, the officers of the Association, in "recognition of the arduous and responsible work" which he had performed for the committee, "apart from" his "duties as secretary of the association," presented him with the sum of $5,000.

We wish each of our readers might get hold of the pamphlet in which the letters between Mr. Whitman and Mr. North are published. There could be no plainer exhibition of that greed which makes and is made by a protective tariff. We quote a few passages:

Boston, April 6, 1897.

I depend upon you to look out for my interest in this regard. You know how important it is, not only to me, but to the whole worsted industry of the United States. . . . If there is the slightest danger of any change, I must see these gentlemen before it is too late. . . .

WM. WHITMAN.
Boston, June 2, 1897.

We all depend upon you to watch closely our interests, to see that nothing is overlooked or neglected by our friends on the committee. I have no doubt they will do all they can do, but with so many interests to look after, our special representative must see to it that our interest receives proper attention. . . .

WM. WHITMAN.
Boston, June 9, 1897.

Bear in mind that I am depending upon you wholly to look after my interests. . . .

WM. WHITMAN.
Washington, D. C., June 10, 1897.

I will do the best I can with Mr. Allison when the time comes, but he knows nothing about the understanding I have with Aldrich on the worsted yarn schedule. . . .

S. N. D. NORTH.
Washington, June 20, 1897.

It is lucky I was here, and just in the position I am. It has given me a whole day to work on the matter and get it right, and with Aldrich away, there is no one on the committee who knows anything about it. But Allison and Platt trust me, and I expect they will both agree to what I have asked. I went all over the matter with them last evening.

S. N. D. NORTH.

Our readers will agree that if Mr. North was willing to do this kind of thing, $5,000 was small enough pay for it. But we are less concerned with this particular piece of infamy than with the view it gives of a tariff bill in the making. The wool manufacturers landed the superserviceable North in a clerkship; but other interests were, as Mr. Whitman observed, well looked after. One owned a Senator, another a Representative, and so on through the whole list. At the committee hearings last week, Andrew J. Solis, a Boston dealer in wool, declared that the "top-makers"—Mr. Whitman is one of them—procured a protection of 150 per cent.; but other parties were grabbing for their share, and got it. Representative Boutell of Illinois expressed considerable surprise and horror at these revelations of intrigue, and professed a desire to go to the bottom of the matter and get all the facts. We should advise him, however, to stay his hand. Were the drag-net cast in earnest, bigger fish than the unhappy North would be caught. In a thoroughgoing investigation we should learn what manufacturers subscribed to the Republican campaign fund of 1896, and who solicited the funds; what were the secret understandings with the leaders, and with less important individuals in the Grand Old Party; who looked after the steel schedules, who after the oil, and all the rest; what Cannon's special duties were—Aldrich's seem fairly well known—what Dalzell's and Payne's, and all the other zealous "standpatters"; exactly what they did and why they did it. Then we should uncover a scandal compared with which the looting of the insurance companies, the Credit Mobilier affair, and the operations of the Whiskey Ring were nothing. Then Mr. Roosevelt might discover that there is a moral question in the tariff issue. Then every man who had eyes to see or ears to hear would know that our tariff laws are shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin.

THE NEW CIVIL-SERVICE ORDER.

Mr. Roosevelt has imitated previous Presidents in extending the provisions of the Civil Service Law just prior to his retirement from office, but none of his predecessors ever took a more important step than Mr. Roosevelt's of last week, and none was entitled to warmer thanks from the country. Under this new order, every fourth-class post office east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio is brought under the civil-service rules. The present incumbents will, of course, be undisturbed; but as they die or resign or are removed, their places will be filled only by men who have passed an examination. No less than 15,488 of the 55,318 fourth-class postmasterships are affected, and it is probable that as soon as these have been classified the number will be increased.

This epoch-making reform has a dou-

ble significance. It is not only that the Executive is thus deprived of a large amount of patronage, and that the assault has begun upon one of the last strongholds of the spoilsman, but that the 15,488 postmasters thus included in the rules will have to give up, once and for all, any partisan political activity. There is little doubt that, except in some few cases, the classified Federal employees were not permitted to take an active part in the campaign just closed. The fourth-class postmasters were, however, as heretofore, the special agents of the party machine. The rôle played by the Southern postmasters in nominating Mr. Taft under Mr. Hitchcock's skilful guidance everybody remembers. From time immemorial the village postmaster has been the chief local dependence of the party in power. Often the only Federal employee in his town, he has used his office to the full. In district, county, and State conventions he has been very prominent, and as a delegate has made it easy for a man like Senator Platt to retain his grip on the machine. Henceforth, if other Executives are as earnest in keeping Federal employees of the classified service out of active politics as Mr. Roosevelt has been, the political effect of his last order will be far-reaching. There will still be too many unclassified Federal office-holders in politics for safety, but the gain when all the fourth-class postmasters are excluded will be enormous.

Undoubtedly, the geographical lines drawn by the President will lay him open to the charge that he was careful to overlook the Southern postmasters for use in future conventions. This criticism we believe to be unjust. It must be remembered that the first step of the reform of the civil service came along curious geographical lines, and apparently discriminated in favor of certain departments. To have included all the fourth-class postmasters at once would have been a tremendous undertaking. It will be no easy matter to draw up satisfactory examination-papers, and the difficulty of holding examinations in the vast rural stretches of the West and South must be borne in mind. Again, in the South the ever-present race problem must be considered. While it is highly desirable that the bogus Republican organizations in the South should be deprived of their postmaster props as speedily as possible, we believe the President did well to go slowly.

That the competitive classified service has made vast strides under Mr. Roosevelt admits of no question. When he became President in 1901, 108,967 out of 235,766 civil employees were within the rules, a growth from 14,000 in the eighteen years following the passage of the Pendleton law in 1883. On June 30 of this year, out of a total of 352,104, there were within the classified portion 206,637, exclusive of 5,500 laborers who are under the rules though not subject to examination. With the President's new order, there will be altogether 227,625 practically protected from removal during good behavior. This is an increase from 46 per cent. of the whole service in 1901 to 64 in 1908, and this despite a great enlargement of the total number of employees. To Mr. Roosevelt belongs also the credit of bringing under the rules the rural free-delivery carriers, 40,000 strong; the Forestry service; part of the Isthmian Canal force; deputy collectors, deputy naval officers, and cashiers; the finance clerks and cashiers in post offices; and the field clerical service of the War Department (withdrawn by Mr. McKinley). The labor service in Washington and the principal cities, while not subject to examination, may properly be put in the same list. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt has introduced the system of examination and limited competition in the consular service. As our readers know, he has from time to time made very bad individual appointments. That is his unfortunate method of being "practical"—doing wrong at times in order to accomplish what he thinks good. But on the credit side must be placed the fact that by including deputy collectors of customs, he has placed higher officials under the rules than any other President; and he has rigidly enforced the prohibition against political assessments in all cases laid before him. He is thus entitled to the hearty praise of every advocate of civil service reform.

Should he desire to go still further before leaving Washington, he could classify the employees of non-free-delivery post offices, the 4,500 pension-examining surgeons, and the assistant postmasters. Yet he may wish to leave something for his successor to do. Mr. Taft, it is a satisfaction to know, is fully as ardent an advocate of a protected civil service. For years he was president of the Cincinnati Civil Service Reform League, and he introduced the reform idea into the Philippines as soon as he reached there.

SCIENCE CORRECTING SCIENCE.

Frenchmen are making preparations to erect a statue to Homer. Only a few years ago the idea would have met with the sharp objection that Homer never lived, or, if he did, that we know nothing about him. But even a few years ago it would have been possible to retort that the Athenians did not hesitate to erect an altar to the Unknown God, and that the principle might hold for an unknown poet who is revealed to us in his works. To-day, however, we can assume an even stronger position. Homer is being rescued from the limbo to which Wolff and Lachmann consigned him, and is being set upon his feet again as a real, if somewhat indefinite, personality. This procedure has stirred a French man of letters, André Beaunier, to a pæan of rejoicing in a recent number of *La Revue de Paris*. M. Beaunier, while still a child, had met Homer. The poet was in a dust-covered picture—an old man in a long robe, carrying a lyre on his back, his right arm raised to heaven, his left leaning on the shoulder of a boy who was his guide; for the singer was blind. Young Beaunier's father told him that the man was Homer, a great poet of olden days, and the son of the river Meles and the nymph Critheis.

How long did the child's belief last? Till he began his first year at the *lycée*. Up to that time Homer was not only a real person whose parents were the river Meles and the nymph Critheis, but he was the creator of a world of realities. Briseis, on whose account Achilles mingled his bitter tears with the loud-sounding Ægean, and Nausicaa playing ball with her hand-maidens on the Phæacian beach, were as real as his own girl cousins, only much more lovable. But the first week at high-school brought ruin into the boy's world. The professor of philosophy assured him that the visible universe did not really exist, that it was all a mere subjective image or "idea"; and the professor of ancient languages was sure that Homer never lived, that the poet was only a collection of folk-songs. The

destruction of the visible universe the boy could have borne with equanimity, but the disappearance of Homer shook the foundations of his being. Wolff, Lachmann, Schlegel, and Jacob Grimm were so many anarchs to him. Hence we can appreciate how M. Beaunier found joy in *their* overthrow in turn and in the reëstablishment of his ancient faith in Homer, whose father was the river Meles and whose mother was the nymph Critheis.

Something of the same joy enters into most of us when some pet "triumph" of science receives what the man in the street calls a black eye. It is not so much the joy of getting back an ancient belief which Science has superciliously waved away—"Myth!" "Legend!" "Superstition!"—as to have science convicted of falsely professing omniscience. Philologian and biologist have sinned alike in destroying without reason, and, worse still, in building without adequate foundation. It may be that Agassiz could, from a thigh-bone, reconstruct an entire brontosaurus. But, after all, that is no more than the ancients could do when they reconstructed Hercules from his foot. What is not to be denied is that more than one scientist has from a thigh-bone built an animal the like of which was never seen on land or sea, and for which he has had to invent a Greek name; and more than one archæologist has taken a couple of inscribed bricks and upon that frail basis erected a complete extinct civilization that never flourished. To believe in Homer and Moses because a vast literature and tradition centre about them is superstition. To refuse to believe that Pharaoh was the Egyptian Knuft-Ra, who lived either 2500 B. C. or 6700 B. C., it is not quite certain which, is equally superstitious. Jacob never served fourteen years for the sake of Rachel. Rachel was only a lamb and the totem of a Bedouin tribe.

At present we are swinging away from a science that seems almost as apt to go to extremes as mediæval scholasticism was. The tyranny of the scientist and the scholar is so heavy upon us that when scientists fall out the ordinary man is shocked to observe the limitations of their knowledge. It is painful, for instance, to be told that recent archæological discoveries in Turkestan may necessitate the reconstruction of the theories of Indo-Germanic philology. Now, Indo-Germanic philology, to those of us who have heard of it, is as firmly established as the Copernican system itself, or the law of gravitation. Have not the histories of great nations been written in accordance with what Indo-Germanic philology had to teach? Have not tremendous theories of race supremacy, of Aryan versus non-Aryan, been founded upon the philologian's discoveries? Have not political parties, anti-Semites, Pan-Germanists, Pan-Slavists, and what not, been based in turn upon such theories of race supremacy? And have not Dreyfus campaigns, and Kishenev massacres been brought about in turn by such racial parties? Their champions have not hesitated to call the teachings of Indo-Germanic philology to their aid. Yet an expedition goes out to Turkestan and the root principles of Indo-Germanic philology may have to be seriously modified.

Arguing against science at the present day would be acting like the farmer who saw an elephant for the first time and declared that he didn't believe there was such a beast. But to protest against the exaggerated claims of the scientists is not only legitimate, but useful. For it is certain that reaction will otherwise carry us to the opposite extreme of mysticism, spiritualism, and plain charlatanry. Bumptious fighting about electrons and ions will make an opening for the discovery of "psychomeres" or soul-atoms. Evolution itself is growing more modest, as it should. Twenty years ago the extreme Darwinians could easily have told us why women have long hair. Primitive marriage was always marriage by capture. The long-haired women could be easily seized and dragged away in the forest. The short-haired women failed to get husbands, and in the course of time died out. But nowadays we should look twice at such an explanation.

SOME SWEDISH BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

To see themselves as others see them has always been the peculiar privilege of Americans. Charity workers and university professors, politicians, and tourists from all countries of Europe pay longer or shorter visits to this country, and publish more or less comprehensive reports. Two such accounts have been printed in Sweden within the present year. Prof. Rudolf Kjellén of the University of Gothenburg accompanied the Swedish student singers on their American trip in 1904. The letters which he sent home, together with similar material, have now been issued in book form under the title "Sångare- och turistfärder" (Stockholm: H. Geber). The thirty-four days which the author spent in Pullman cars, hotels, and concert halls naturally did not suffice for a close study; but as long as he is concerned with the mere surface of things he is a keen enough observer. Very amusing, for instance, is his description of the American woman as he saw her on the streets of New York and Chicago—"a dazzling revelation . . . like a sailing ship, half swan and half chicken; . . . under the most extravagant of hats the hair bulges out over the forehead in a tremendous crown, and under it gleams a bird face on the most glorious pedestal." The entrance from the sea to New York Professor Kjellén thinks can be well compared with that to Stockholm and to Constantinople. An observer of different kind, with a definite purpose, is Harald Salomon, who in his "Om barndomstolar" (Stockholm: P. A. Norstedt & söner) tells of his experience during a journey of several months from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He attended juvenile courts, accompanied probation officers on their visits, and talked with judges and officers in New York, Washington, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia. He brings home to his readers a clear idea of one of the greatest forces for good in this country. A summary view of the systems of treating juvenile delinquents in other countries follows, and then a critical study of the Swedish plan.

"Natur och arbetsliv" (Stockholm: Norstedt) is a book descriptive of Sweden, by Anna Sandström. The first volume, now before us, deals with the southern part of the country. Though principally intended for young people, it is far from being a juvenile in the hackneyed sense; it presents in an interesting manner the natural features of the land and the occupations of its people in field, mine, and factory. The illustrations are excellent. Among the calendars which Almqvist & Wiksell, Upsala, are bringing out for the Academy of Science in Stockholm two deserve special mention: "Svenska kalendern," a "book of reference for everybody," containing all sorts of statistical and other information, mainly relating to Sweden; and "Svenska resekalendern," of which the first volume, which appeared this year, contains descriptions and plans of every city and borough in the country, together with other matter of especial interest to tourists.

The publication of Alfred Jensen's "Rysk kulturhistoria" (Stockholm:

Aktiebolaget Ljus) is a sign of the times, in that it indicates the increasing interest Sweden feels in its eastern neighbor. Translations of Russian novels have always had a vogue in Sweden, but Russian history and politics have, singularly enough, not aroused much attention until the last few years. It is only twenty years ago that Prof. Harald Hjärne's "Från Moskva till Petersburg" was discontinued for lack of subscribers, after the publication of only two parts. Professor Jensen, a life-long student of Russian and other Slavic languages and literatures, is the author of several works on travel in eastern and southern Europe, of a book on modern Russian literature, and of translations from Russian and Polish poetry. He visited Russia during tbe eventful year 1905 and described his experiences in an interesting volume, "Tsardömet vid skiljovägen." His new work, of which two volumes have been issued this present year and of which a third is expected soon, is a study of Russian civilization from literary documents, of civilization in its struggle against official and unofficial barbarism. In a number of more or less loosely connected essays the author shows the trend of intellectual and political development in Russia from the times of the Nestor Chronicle to those of the freemasons and freethinkers at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Writers like Vladimir Monomach, Krizjanitz, Kantemir, Lomonosov, Derzjavin, Radistjev, he passes in review, as well as the unknown authors of popular songs and tales, and he discusses their works as the expressions of the prevailing tendencies of their time.

The celebration of the sixtieth birthday of Professor Hjärne was marked by the appearance of two volumes: one of essays by tbe professor himself; the other a collection of monographs presented to him by a number of his former students, now engaged in historical research. His own volume, "Svenskt och främmande" (Stockholm: Geber), is made up of matter written at different times during the last twenty years. Five of the essays, without forming a connected series, present a study of Sweden as a European Power during the century from the reign of Gustavus Adolphus to the fall of Charles the Twelfth. In the essay on Charles the Twelfth the author suggests as a desirable undertaking a coöperative history of the times of this king. The contribution of his pupils, "Historiska studier tillägnade Harald Hjärne" (Upsala: Almqvist & Wiksell), is a stout volume of over 800 pages, containing twenty-seven papers by as many writers, and a "Hjärne-bibliografi," by A. Grape. The introductory paper, by Johannes Kolmodin, tells of "Early Swedish Journeys on the Volga." There are also papers dealing with Sweden's relations with Russia, for years a favorite subject with Professor Hjärne, as well as with other phases of Swedish diplomatic history; but the majority of them treat of the interior political development of Sweden. C. Hallendorff's "The Negotiations Regarding the Scandinavian Countries' Declaration of Neutrality during the Crimean War," C. A. Reuterskjöld's "On the Realization of the Idea of Neutrality in Recent Swedish History," and R. Kjellén's "1866 and 1909: Historical Notes on the Suffrage Question in Sweden," are of actual interest just now. Under the title Gleerupska biblioteket the house of C. W. K. Gleerup in Lund has begun a series purporting to show nature and man's life in description and pictures, divided into five groups: History of tbe World, History of Sweden, Geography, The Book of Nature, and The Book of Labor, written in collaboration by a number of competent Scandinavian scholars. The History of the World, already well under way, deals not merely with politics and war, but with civilization as a whole, human activity in its various phases, and ideas and beliefs.

Under the title Ljus: populärvetenskaplig studieledare (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus), the Popular Education League of Students from Norrland has begun a series of guides to scientific studies, well calculated to supplement the well-known Småskrifter and Folkskrifter, published by the two student societies, Verdandi and Heimdal, in Upsala. Each number of the new series will be complete in itself and cover a single science or branch of science, giving an account of its scope and problems, its history, and "the rôle it has played in the struggle of mankind for spiritual liberation." The authors aim particularly to furnish a guide for further studies. Among the numbers so far issued are: "The Study of Religion," N. Söderblom; "The Religion of the Old Testament," S. A. Fries; "The Physiology of Our Time," T. Thunberg, with an interesting account of the work in Pavlov's laboratory in St. Petersburg; and "Sociology," G. F. Steffen. The series is ably introduced by an essay, "Bildning och självstudier," by Hans Larsson. "The era of geographical discoveries is closing, that of geographical conquests is beginning," says Emil Svensén in his latest book, "Geografiska eröfringar" (Stockholm: Geber). The work is a survey of such conquests as have already been accomplished, among them the subjugation of the Nile, the regulation of the Hoang-Ho, the drying out of the Haarlem Sea. The chapter on "The Future" discusses the possibilities of the reclamation of Sahara and the regulation of the Gulf Stream. O. M. Reuter's "Djurens själ" (Stockholm: Norstedt) is tbe first comprehensive work on animal psychology in the Swedish language. While it is a perfectly objective treatise and in no way the work of an advocate, the author hopes that it may aid in the movement for proper protection of animals. He regards "a soul," a thinking and feeling faculty of some sort, as existing in all animals, but does not wish to claim for them a higber intelligence than "the simplest that is necessary in order to explain known facts."

In "Naturkunskapens självfbesinning" (Stockholm: Hiertas bokförlag), Prof. Vitalis Norström criticises the modern theories of "natural philosophy," as represented especially by Ostwald and Mach, from the point of view of a rationalistic idealism whose chief thesis is that the main criterion of truth is to be found in its ethical value: "That conception is true which makes life on the whole more perfect." One basis for the author's reasoning is the tendency of modern science, so pronounced during the last decades, to bring all its special branches together in coöperation and in working out a uniform conception of the universe. In opposition to the direct, or "natural," conception, the mechanical, and the empirical, Norström puts what he calls the humanistic, or philosophical, which aims at "a measurement of values which originally emanates from a cultivated feeling of the contradistinction between what is and what ought to be." The function of the "natural" sciences is to state and explain facts, while the "humanistic," according to Norström, have the "higher" duty to determine the value of such facts as come within their jurisdiction. The book and Professor Norström's general point of view have been criticised by Allen Vannérus in an interesting article in *Ord och Bild*. Dr. Vannérus, whose "Vetenskapssystematik" has been noticed in the *Nation* (May 28, 1908, p. 495), attempts, in a small volume entitled "Kultursystematik," a classification of the many manifestations of civilization and culture. This presentation, though it is by no means a mere skeleton, must, in its existing form, be regarded as a first draft, which the author might be expected to fill out in more detail. The sketch is connected, in a way, with an earlier essay, "Kulturidealism," in wbich the author presents the essence of his philosophical conviction, and in which we find a short historical account of the development of the idea of culture.

In Hans Larsson Swedish literature has a philosophical essayist of high rank, and his latest volume of essays, "Ideer och makter" (Lund: C. W. K. Gleerup), is well calculated to increase the reputation which he won by his earlier works, "Om intuition," "Poesiens logik," and "Studier och meditationer," the last of which has just appeared in the third edition. "The Struggle for Existence," "The Reliability of Intuitive Judgment," "Immanuel

Kant," "Nietzsche on History and Life," "Plato's Estimate of Poetry and Art" are the titles of some of the studies in the new volume. In "The Cause of Peace and the Rupture of the Swedish-Norwegian Union," written in July, 1905, the author appears as a friend of peace who has been rudely shaken by Norway's apparent betrayal of that cause. In another sketch, "The Freedom of Belles-Lettres," the author attacks the view that literature, properly so-called, must be of a kind that can be put in the hands of everybody:

> It is well that we have come so far as to regard science as unimpeachable in all serious investigations. But the sharp discrimination which is made in this respect between science and art is not fair. The artistic analysis and delineation are driven to take hold of the same problems that science is investigating. The form is different, but the earnestness of purpose is the same.

Professor Larsson would substitute for the more or less official censorship the private, which each individual can exercise in his own circle. August Strindberg's two "Blue Books" offer a "revaluation of all values" which results in a veritable topsy-turvydom—especially in the latter of these volumes, "En ny blå bok" (Stockholm: Björck & Börjesson). This is an omnium gatherum of theology, philosophy, science, Oriental philology, breathing the most implacable hatred and contempt for modern research. The Strindberg of the eighties—the evolutionist, the Socialist, the author of "Mäster Olof," "Röda rummet," "Hemsöborna," "Svenska öden och äfventyr"—is apparently dead, and in his stead has stepped a mystic and obscurantist who abuses what he formerly put on a pedestal, and worships what in his early days he fought with fierceness. Even his power over the language seems to have weakened, at least his abuse has nothing of the earlier directness and picturesqueness. He calls the writings of the modern theological critics "dung-hills." Strindberg is now nothing if not orthodox—and Swedenborgian, after a fashion—and his orthodoxy is of the crassest and most materialistic kind. But still there is a certain fascination in his book; in some respects he is still the old Strindberg, the individualist by the grace of himself, the egotist, if you please; and all through the two volumes we find scattered the keenest observations of life and of man's sub-conscious nature.

"Likt och olikt" is the unpretentious title of a volume of literary essays by Johan Mortensen (Stockholm: A. Bonnier); it contains studies (most of them originally written as book reviews) of such writers as Edgar Allan Poe and Lafcadio Hearn, Gustave Flaubert, and Alphonse Daudet, and among Swedish writers Oscar Levertin, Verner von Heidenstam, and August Strindberg. Of Levertin he says:

> The most singular trait in Levertin as a story teller is perhaps his exquisite power to render the local color and the temper of the time; to catch the mood that hovers over a certain place, to conjure up past times, often with nearly invisible means. In this respect he stands alone and unapproached in Swedish literature.

What strikes one most forcibly in rereading Levertin's essays and short stories as they come out in his "Samlade skrifter" (Stockholm: Bonnier) is the peculiar blend in him of the story-teller and the essayist. This, it would seem, is the explanation of that trait to which Mortensen refers in the passage quoted above. The eighteenth century was the object of Levertin's most intimate studies, and many of his published essays and larger writings may be regarded as material for that great work on "The 'Enlightenment' in Swedish Literature," which he as none else was fitted to write, and for which he had been planning and preparing for many years. At the time of his death he had put together for publication what he called "Last Stories." Swedish literature in Finland has met with a serious loss this year through the premature death of a young scholar of great promise, Torsten Söderhjelm. He had for some time been occupied with a work on the Italian renaissance, on which subject he had already published, in conjunction with Prof. Verner Söderhjelm, a volume of essays that aroused great interest. A belated study of Lucretia Borgia is contained in a volume of posthumous "Uppsatser och kritiker (Helsingfors: Förlagsaktiebolaget Helios), edited by Professor Söderhjelm and Dr. G. Castrén. About half of the volume is devoted to dramatic and theatrical criticism, reprinted from the monthly journal *Euterpe*, of which Torsten Söderhjelm was one of the founders. Of the literary studies those of the Swedish writers, Per Hallström, Sigfrid Siwertz, and others deserve particular mention.

Last year the Royal Library in Stockholm came into possession of a large collection of manuscripts by or relating to Carl Michael Bellman, including a biographical sketch of the poet by his son, which throws new light on his relations to his wife and family, which have suffered not a little as the result of unfounded rumors. The biography and some of the other manuscripts, including some hitherto unknown poems, have been published in a volume, "Bellman och hans diktning: Nya bidrag," by Richard Steffen (Stockholm: Norstedt). There has lately been discovered in the University Library in Upsala Erik Gustaf Geijer's diary during his journey to England, the original source, not only of that part of his "Minnen" which covers this period, but of his letters home. This has now been published in the current volume of *Samlaren*. Anton Blanck, who has edited the diary, is engaged on a study of Geijer's visit to England. The diary is particularly interesting in showing more clearly than before Geijer's relations to contemporary English literature.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An elaborate and extensive bibliography of the writings of Jonathan Swift, by W. Spencer Jackson, forms the larger part of Vol. XII of the new Bohn Library edition of Swift's "Prose Works" (The Macmillan Company). Though there has been an interest among collectors in first editions of Swift's writings definite information has not been accessible. The only serious effort heretofore made in this direction was Stanley Lane Poole's "Notes" in the *Bibliographer* for November, 1884. Mr. Jackson's work seems to have been well done. The transcripts of title-pages are somewhat condensed and the collations are brief, but both are full enough, probably, for practical purposes. Advertisement pages, which are of importance from the collector's point of view, are not generally noticed. No mention is made of the large and thick paper copies of the "Polite Conversation," and the copy examined by the present writer contains a leaf of "Books printed for B. Motte and C. Bathurst" preceding title, and a half-title (with "Dramatis Personæ" on verso) preceding text, which are not included in his collation. The Hoe Catalogue is probably correct in giving as the first the Dublin edition of "Cadenus and Vanessa," which has the date misprinted "2726," and the title reading, "From the original copy," whereas Mr. Jackson gives the preference to J. Roberts's London edition. Such copies of the various books as are found in a number of the largest libraries, are indicated, but the only large paper copy of "Gulliver's Travels," mentioned is the one in the British Museum. There is a copy in the Lenox Library here, and copies are found in at least three private libraries in New York. The elaborate index to the works, which forms the latter third of Vol. XII, does not, apparently, refer at all to the bibliography.

A fine catalogue, with reproductions, just issued by T. De Marinis & Co. of Florence, describes no less than five manuscripts of Dante. The most important (priced at 30,000 lire) is of the first half of the fifteenth century, in the old binding of wood, with calf back. It contains the "Divina Commedia," "Convivio," and "Canzoni," and also the "Trionfi" of Petrarch. Another, the "Divina Commedia," on 207 leaves, is dated "Verone die quinto Aprilis ora vigesima, 1449." In the same catalogue is offered a copy of the rare first Aldine Horace, "Mense Maio M.DI," a large copy, with the initials painted and gilded. This is the second book printed with the first italic type ever cast, and in value and interest, among all the Aldines, is probably surpassed only by the Virgil, printed with the same types, but published earlier in the same year.

Good prices ruled generally at the auction of the books of Edwin N. Lapham of Chicago at Anderson's, in this city, December 1-3. The prize lot was the set of "Pickwick," in parts, which brought $1,450. A good set of Pickwick in the original parts, every leaf and cover genuine, can he had readily for $100, or perhaps less. The superiority of the Lapham copy lies in the fact that the covers of the parts, and the advertisement leaves, are for the most part "first issue." When the publication of Pickwick began, its success was douhtful, and probably not more than five hundred copies of the earlier numbers were at first printed, while the first issue of later numhers was more than twenty thousand. The front cover of Part i reads, "With four illustrations by Seymour" and that of Part ii "With Illustrations by Seymour." After he had engraved three pictures for Part ii, Seymour committed suicide; and for Part iii a new artist was secured, R. W. Buss; the earliest copies read. "With Illustrations by R. W. Buss." It is said that for this part alone Mr. Lapham paid £80 or £100, and virtually the price was for this cover alone. Buss's illustrations were, however, unsuccessful, and Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") made two new plates for Part iii, as well as the illustrations to all the later parts. The covers of the later issues of the first three parts, as well as those of the later ones, read simply, "With Illustrations." Mr. Williamson's copy, the best previously offered at auction in this country, sold last January for $755, and that record is now nearly doubled. Though the value of these exceptional copies is likely to increase, ordinary copies bound up, without covers or advertisement leaves and with the edges trimmed, are not appreciating in value. First editions of Dickens's other books brought the following prices: "Sketches by Boz" (1836-37), both series, 3 vols., original cloth, $205; "The Library of Fiction" (1836-1837), 2 vols., containing two stories by Dickens, original cloth, $41; "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi" (1838), 2 vols., first issue, original cloth, $40; "Oliver Twist" (1838), 3 vols., first issue, original cloth, $40; "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838-39), parts, $31; "Master Humphrey's Clock" (1840-41), in twelve monthly parts, $55; "A Christmas Carol" (1843), first issue, in hrown cloth, a presentation copy to Albany Fonblanque, with inscription in Dickens's autograph, $270; "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1843-44), parts, $30; "David Copperfield" (1850), parts, $51; "To be Read at Dusk" (1852), a scarce pamphlet, $101; "A Tale of Two Cities" (1859), parts, $75; "Great Expectations" (1861), 3 vols., original cloth, $65; "The Uncommercial Traveller" (1861), original cloth. $28.

Some of the more important first editions of Charles Lamb, with the prices paid, were: "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff" (1796), original boards, uncut, $45; "A Tale of Rosamund Gray" (1798), second issue, with the London title-page, $360; "John Woodvil" (1802), original boards, perhaps a presentation copy, though the inscription was not in Lamb's autograph, $110; "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807), 2 vols., $247; "The Adventures of Ulysses" (1808), original sheep, $70; "Mrs. Leicester's School" (1809), original boards, uncut, very scarce thus, $205; "Elia" (1823-32), both series, morocco, uncut, $290; "Album Verses" (1830), original boards uncut, $28; and "Satan in Search of a Wife" (1831), original paper cover, $26. A few of the other prices were: Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets" (Reading, 1847), $460; "Jane Eyre" (1847), original cloth, $130; the Brontë Sisters' "Poems" (1846), with the original title-page, with imprint of Aylott and Jones, $115; the same book, with the substituted title-page of Smith, Elder & Co., $5.50; Burns's "Poems" (Edinburgh, 1787), morocco, uncut, $218; Francis Wrangham's "Poems" (1795), containing two poems hy Coleridge, $50; Goldsmith's "The Traveller" (1765), $150; 'The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), $570; "The Deserted Village" (1770), $150; "Retaliation" (1774), $150; "She Stoops to Conquer" (1773), $140; Hewlett's "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" (1895), $39; Keats's "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), and "Lamia" (1820), sold as a set, $665; a set of Hardy's novels, 33 vols., each volume autographed by the author, $310; a set of Lady Jackson's historical works, all but one presentation copies to her brother, $117.50; Charles Lever's works, 55 vols., with the original cloth or paper covers bound in, $760; Shelley's "St. Irvyne" (1811), uncut and with the rare half-title, $330; Alastor" (1816), edges trimmed, $190; "Laon and Cythna" (1818), uncut, $250; "The Revolt of Islam" (1818), uncut, $135; "Rosalind and Helen" (1819), uncut, $85; "The Cenci" (1819), edges trimmed, $225, "Prometheus Unbound" (1820), uncut, $95; "Adonais" (1821), edges trimmed, but with the original covers preserved, $820; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827), uncut, $100; "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" (1830), uncut, $70; "Poems" (1833), uncut, $80, "Poems" (1842), uncut, $94; "Helen's Tower," with ten lines of verse by Tennyson printed on the last leaf, $390; "Carmen Saeculare" (1887), the first issue, never before offered at auction in America, $245; Thackeray's "Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841), in the original paper cover, $341; "Comic Tales and Sketches" (1841), original cloth, $127; and "Vanity Fair" (1847-48), parts, $560.

On December 14 and 15 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city sells the library of George Van Nest Baldwin, with an addenda, containing a long list of first editions of Henry James. On December 16 and 17 Anderson sells a private library, containing Burton's "Arabian Nights," the original edition, 17 vols.; Dean Sage's "The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing," 1888, one of the most valuable of American angling books, 105 copies only having heen printed; and Pine's Horace, engraved throughout, first issue, with the misprint "post est" for "potest."

Correspondence.

THE MOVEMENT FOR UNIFORMITY IN COLLEGE REQUIREMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Teachers of Latin in all parts of the country are asking, through their various associations, for changes in the college entrance requirements. The contentions are two: First, that the lack of uniformity in the work demanded by the colleges imposes an unnecessary burden on the schools, by compelling division of classes and increased labor of teachers, involving waste of energy and a resulting inefficiency in teaching. Second, the large amount of prescribed literature leaves the schools little opportunity to develop courses of study suited to individual needs. For these two reasons the universities and colleges of America are petitioned, first, to establish uniform requirements for the college entrance examinations in Latin, expressed in identical terms; second, to prescribe as a basis of the set examinations much smaller portions of the literature than are now prescribed by some institutions—testing the power to read the language by simple examination at sight, and thus leaving to the schools the choice of the major part of the reading to be done by their students. It is thus evident that teachers of Latin are asking, first, for such uniformity and definiteness in requirements as teachers of English, after a long struggle, have actually secured; and, second, such freedom in the choice of texts as many teachers of English are still endeavoring to secure.

The contention that the lack of uniformity in Latin requirements is an unnecessary burden to the schools is sustained hy an examination of our leading colleges. Of some twenty-five institutions, for example, no three have identical requirements, although some of them accept alternatives. Seven of these institutions test the required proficiency in grammar by examinations based on the second, third, and fourth speeches of Cicero against Catiline; five, hy examinations on both Cæsar and Cicero as wholes; and two by a "thorough examination" on the first two hooks of the Æneid. Five of the colleges that make formal distinctions between the elementary and the advanced requirement include Cæsar and Cicero, but no poetry in the elementary requirement, while fifteen others include both Cicero and poetry. To the individual colleges these variations seem small matters: to the schools they spell confusion. In reply to the remonstrances of the preparatory schools, some of the colleges have specified alternatives which they are ready to accept in place of certain prescribed works. But these alternatives offer such manifold variations that they are not widely helpful.

In an attempt to remedy the difficulties the Classical Association of New England adopted general resolutions. Acting upon these, the Classical Association of the Middle States and Maryland proposed the adoption of the following specific plan of entrance examinations:

(1.) The requirements for admission to college in Latin shall he: (a) a thorough knowledge of the forms and inflections of Latin; (b) a thorough knowledge of the chief principles of Latin syntax; (c) a thorough knowledge of a vocabulary of 2,000 Latin words and their English equivalents; (d) the ability to scan the Latin hexameter.

(2.) The primary intent of entrance requirements in Latin shall be to test the candidate's knowledge of Latin, and his ability to make use of that knowledge. To that end the entrance examinations in Latin shall be divided into four parts: (a) Prose composition (Latin writing in prose). This examination shall be in two parts: the first part shall consist of detached sentences requiring knowledge of Latin forms and exemplifying the principles of Latin syntax; the second of a short passage of easy narrative, destined to test the ability of the candidate to write Latin consecu-

tively; (b) a short passage of moderate difficulty from some Latin prose author, to be translated and explained at sight; (c) a short passage of moderate difficulty from some Lat'n poet, to be translated and explained at sight; (d) a special examination on a particular prescribed portion of Latin literature, of limited extent (1,500 lines, more or less, prose or verse), *e. g.*, "De Bello Gallico," vii, Æneid iv or vi.

This plan, or some modification of it, seems now likely to be accepted.

What has been done toward uniformity in English requirements, and what seems almost accomplished with reference to Latin, should now be undertaken with reference to other subjects, notably mathematics. A table exhibiting the algebra requirements of seventeen universities and colleges— including Columbia, Cornell, and Princeton, as well as the leading colleges for men in New England—shows at a glance a wide diversity. Of the fifteen items presented in this table as parts of the elementary requirement, only five are prescribed by all these institutions. The advanced prescriptions display even greater variety. No two are alike. And the history of college entrance requirements gives abundant evidence for the assumption that most of the wide divergencies serve no worthy and generally recognized purpose, that they are whims—tolerated by college faculties from a pernicious sense of "departmental courtesy." The committee of twelve of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools is now at work on the problem, and hopes soon to offer recommendations similar to those already adopted with reference to Latin. That is to say, it hopes to secure an agreement, at least among New England colleges.

Not only are the schools much hampered by the present diversity of requirements. The work of the College Entrance Examination Board, a work growing every year, is seriously complicated. Owing to the large number of separate examinations now rendered necessary, the board is unable to devise a time-schedule confined to a reasonable number of days. The requirements in Latin, for instance, make it necessary for some candidates to take no less than six or seven separate examinations requiring nearly ten hours of writing. The adoption of uniform requirements, or even the elimination of the apparently useless variations, would be a great aid to this important board. WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Brunswick, Me., November 27.

FACTS AND FIGURES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While looking into Sidney Lee's "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (London, 1906), my eye fell upon the following sentence (p. 116):

> "Hamlet" is the longest of Shakespeare's plays; it reaches a total of over 3,900 lines. It is thus some 900 lines longer than "Antony and Cleopatra," which of all Shakespeare's plays most nearly approaches its length.

In his "Life of Shakespeare" (London, 1898), Mr. Lee had said (p. 224):

> Except "Antony and Cleopatra," which exceeds it by 60 lines, the piece ["Hamlet"] is the longest of Shakespeare's plays; while the total length of Hamlet's speeches far exceeds that of . . . any other of his characters.

On page 239 of the "Life" he says that "Macbeth" is "the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays"; and on p. 254 that "The Tempest" is the shortest except "Macbeth" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

All these statements are incorrect. Personally I care very little for these statistics, but, in the course of the last forty years or so, I have found that many teachers, students, and critical readers of Shakespeare are interested in them; and if the figures are printed at all they should be given accurately. "Hamlet" is the longest play (3,930 lines), but "Antony and Cleopatra" (3,063 lines) is not the next longest, *ten* others coming between the two: "Richard III." (3,618 lines), "Troilus and Cressida" (3,496), "Henry IV.," Part 2 (3,446), "Coriolanus" (3,410), "Henry V." (3,380), "Cymbeline" (3,341), "Lear" (3,336), "Othello" (3,317), "Henry IV.," Part 1, (3,177), "Henry VI.," Part 2 (3,161), and "The Winter's Tale" (3,074). On the other hand, "Macbeth" (2,109 lines) is not the shortest by *two* plays: "The Comedy of Errors" (1,778) and "The Tempest" (2,065). "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (2,180) comes next, while "The Two Gentlemen" (2,294), which Mr. Lee reckons as the third shortest, is the *fifth*. The numbers, by the way, are those of the Globe edition, now taken as the standard for line-numbers by all the recent editors, and in books of reference (Schmidt's "Lexicon," Abbott's "Grammar," etc.).

Mr. Lee is correct in saying that Hamlet speaks more lines (1,569) than any other of Shakespeare's characters (that is, in a single play); and next come Richard III. (1,161), Iago (1,117), and Henry V. (1,063). Then follow Othello (888), Coriolanus (886), the Duke in "Measure for Measure" (880), Timon (863), and Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra" (829). These are all the characters, male or female, above 800 lines. Between 800 and 700 there are five male characters; between 700 and 600, four males; between 600 and 500, seven males; and between 500 and 400, eleven males—including such important personages as Ulysses (488), Benedick (474), Henry VIII. (457), Wolsey (436), and King John (435). Among those below the 400 mark, the most notable are Kent in "Lear" (379), Shylock (364), Orlando (322), and Malvolio (306). Hamlet's 1,569 lines are exceeded by three characters who appear in more than one play: Henry V., who, in addition to the 1,063 lines in the play named for him, has 616 in "Henry IV.," Part 1, and 308 in "Henry IV.," Part 2, or 1,987 in all; Falstaff, with 719 in "Henry IV.," Part 1, 688 in "Henry IV.," Part 2, and 488 in the "Merry Wives," or 1,895 in all; and Richard III., who, besides the 1,161 lines already mentioned, has 24 in "Henry VI.," Part 2, and 390 in "Henry VI.," Part 3, or 1,575 in all. Antony, besides the 829 lines in "Antony and Cleopatra," has 327 in "Julius Cæsar," or 1,156 in all. Bolingbroke has 414 in "Richard II.," 341 as King in "Henry IV.," Part 1, and 294 in "Henry IV.," Part 2, or 1,049 in all. These are the only characters of this group who exceed a thousand lines; and only two others, I think, have more than 500 lines: Richard, Duke of York, with 737 lines in the three "Henry VI." plays; and Warwick, with 568 lines in the second and third of that series.

What female character in the plays has the most lines? I have found that nine persons out of ten guess that it is Portia—probably because of the part she plays in the trial scene—but Rosalind heads the list with 749 lines, followed by Cleopatra with 670, and Imogen with 596, while Portia has only 589. Then come Juliet (541), Helena in "All's Well" (479), Isabella in "Measure for Measure" (426), Desdemona (389), Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII." (374), Mrs. Page (361), Viola (353), Paulina in the "Winter's Tale" (331), Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (323), Olivia in "Twelfth Night" (321), Margaret of Anjou in "Henry VI.," Part 2 (317), Volumnia (315), Cressida (312), Beatrice (309), the Countess in "All's Well" (306), and Celia in "As You Like It" (304). I think these are all that exceed 300 lines in a single play. Among the nine women that I have noted between 200 and 300, the most important are Constance (263), Lady Macbeth (261), Kate the Shrew (220), and Hermione (211)—all of whom I fancy that many even among critical students and readers will be surprised to find so far down in the list; as they will also be to learn that among those below 200 are Ophelia (175), Miranda (142), Perdita (128), Cordelia (only 115), and Portia in "Julius Cæsar" (only 92). Of the few women who appear in more than one play (all in the English historical plays) the most remarkable is Margaret of Anjou, the only character of either sex who appears in four plays, and the only woman who in the aggregate exceeds Rosalind's 749 lines. Margaret has 33, 317, and 279 lines in the three parts of "Henry VI.," and 218 in "Richard III.," or 847 in all. Lady Grey (*proxima, sed longo intervallo*) has 73 lines in "Henry VI.," Part 3, and 274 in "Richard III.," or 347 in all.

The part that the women have in a play, compared with the men, varies greatly. In "Timon of Athens" the three women have only fifteen lines in all. In "Henry IV.," Part 1, out of 3,180 lines they have only 115. On the other hand, in "As You Like It" (2,867 lines), they have 1,163; in "All's Well" (2,966), 1,013; in "Romeo and Juliet" (3,053), 949; in the "Merry Wives" (3,019), 900; in "Antony and Cleopatra" (3,063), 845; and in "Twelfth Night" (2,692), 843 lines.

It should be understood that in all these statistics half-lines or parts of lines at the beginning or end of speeches are counted as whole ones, though in the Globe edition they may often be properly numbered as parts of lines in the preceding or following speech. If *all* the lines of *all* the characters in a play are thus counted *separately*, the total will always be greater than the actual number of lines in the play counted *continuously*, as in the comparative lengths of plays given above.

The history of the blunder in regard to the length of "Antony and Cleopatra" is curious, and, it may be of interest as illustrating the persistent vitality of misprints, though by no means an extreme instance of the kind. This one is now only thirty-four years old, but it may attain to a much greater longevity. It had its birth in a paper on "Metrical Tests," by F. G. Fleay, read before the New Shakespeare Society of London in 1874. In the accompanying tables the number of lines in "Antony and Cleopatra" was given as 3,964; but the appended numbers of prose lines, blank verse, and rhymed lines add

up to exactly 3,064. Mr. Fleay, in copying his figures for the table, apparently mistook the zero for a nine (his handwriting was very bad), and neither he nor his fellows in the New Shakespeare Society detected the error, though the paper was thoroughly discussed at that and the following meeting. He reprinted the table in his "Shakespeare Manual" (1876), a book which was severely criticised for its many misstatements, misquotations, and other faults (but not this one), by Dr. Ingleby, in the London *Academy* (August 19, 1876); but in 1881 Dr. Ingleby allowed Mr. Fleay to insert his metrical tables, much extended and carefully corrected, in Part II. of his own "Shakespeare: The Man and the Book." Up to 1881, so far as I know, the error as to the length of "Antony and Cleopatra" had not been detected in Europe, though it had been often quoted by Shakespeare scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. I happened to see it in 1880, while preparing my first edition of the play, published early the next year, but I think I did not refer to it in print. It reappeared in a book by one of our most eminent critics less than a year ago. No reviewer has pounced upon it there, I think, and it may survive for many a year yet.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., November 15.

AN UNNOTED ELIZABETHAN SOURCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Emil Koeppel, the latest authority on the subject, says ("Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonsons," etc., p. 83) in regard to the farcical portion of Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant":

> Fletcher found the basis of the comic action in a closely corresponding anecdote of a soldier of Antigonus, which is unquestionably very old, but has hitherto been known only in a somewhat later English version, in a collection of anecdotes compiled by Thomas Forde, published in 1660, entitled "A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleasant and Profitable."

The anecdote does not, indeed, occur in the various accounts of the life of Demetrius, on which the play is founded; but in Plutarch's Pelopidas (North's translation), Chapter i, we read:

> The report goeth, that king Antigonus gave paye to a souldier among other, that was very hardie and venturous, but he had a naughtie, sickly bodye. . . . The king, hearing him say so, commaunded his Phisitions and Surgeons to looke to him and if he were curable, that they should heale him with all possible speede and so they dyd. After the souldier had his health againe, he would venter no more so desperately in the warres, as he dyd before. In so much, king Antigonus selfe perceiving his slacknes, and drawing backe, rebuked him, and said unto him: that he wondred to see so great a chaunge and alteration in him. The souldier, never shrinking at the matter, told the troth plainely. Your selfe, and it please you majestie, is cause of my cowardlynes now, by healing my disease, that made my life lothsome to me.

Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., December 1.

ZACHARY TAYLOR'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just seen the *Nation* of October 8, containing a notice of the "Letters of Zachary Taylor from the Battlefields of the Mexican War"—a privately printed volume prepared from the original manuscripts in the collection of William K. Bixby of St. Louis. The notice concludes with the following words:

> William H. Samson has prepared the letters for printing and the very erratic spelling leads one to suspect that the copyist was at fault.

This is an unjust reflection on me, for in the introduction signed by me the statement is made that the letters "are printed precisely as he [Taylor] wrote them—without the omission of a single word, without a change in spelling or punctuation." In the introduction I took special pains to point out the disadvantages under which General Taylor wrote, and urged the reader to be "lenient in criticism of the language in which the old soldier clothed his thoughts." In view of these statements, why should your reviewer, who never saw the original manuscripts, "suspect" that anybody was "at fault"?

By the way, your readers may be interested in knowing that common American books of reference differ as to the date of Zachary Taylor's birth, and that the correct date, ascertained from the family records, is given in the introduction to this volume. He was born at Hare Forest, Orange County, Va., November 24, 1784. The sketch of Taylor in Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" was written by Jefferson Davis, whose first wife was Taylor's second daughter. That sketch gives the date as September 24, but this is by no means the only blunder; of others, the most astounding is his statement that he had married the eldest daughter, instead of the second. Your readers may also be interested in knowing that the famous "Miss Betty," who presided over the White House when Gen. Taylor was President, is still living. Mary Elizabeth Taylor, the fifth of Gen. Taylor's daughters, and the third to survive the perils of childhood, was born near Louisville, Ky., April 20, 1824—not 1826, as Davis said in his biography of her father—and on December 5, 1848, soon after her father's election to the Presidency, was married to Major William Wallace Smith Bliss, a gallant soldier of brilliant mental attainments who had been Taylor's chief of staff and was destined to become his private secretary. Bliss died at East Pascagoula, Miss., August 5, 1853. On February 11, 1858, his widow married Philip Pendleton Dandridge of Winchester, Va., whom she survives.

William H. Samson.

Rochester, N. Y., November 23.

[We are sorry if we have done Mr. Samson an injustice. Our reviewer based his opinion (1) on eighteen long letters of Taylor, of the same period, in the Library of Congress, in which the spelling does not show more than ordinary lapses; and (2) on a comparison of Mr. Samson's own pages. It may perhaps be regarded as permissible for a man to drop a final letter when writing hastily, and to indulge in some *consistent* misspelling— that is, misspelling the same word whenever written. Taylor did occasionally drop a final letter, as "cas" for "case" (p. 162) and "forse" for "foresee" on the same page. But where a man, as a rule, spells correctly, and Taylor was a fair speller, one may question the accuracy of printing "youg" (p. 168) where "young" is intended; it should have appeared "yong," if at all. So "contageon" and "contagion" are given in the same letter (pp. 131, 132) and "terable" on page 147, when there are sufficient strokes of the pen to allow of terrible. Such instances led the reviewer to suggest possible errors in copying the letters.—Ed. Nation.]

AN OPINION OF THE FILIPINOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that the inclosed extract from a letter written by a college graduate who is engaged in work in the Philippine Islands would interest many of your readers. I send it to you, therefore, in case you should think fit to publish it.

E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, November 16.

> There at home now I suppose you are in the thick of the Presidential campaign. The Americans over here are hoping that the Philippine question will be discussed actively during this fall campaign. While there is little practical difference between the Republican and Democratic positions on the question, a discussion of the question would do a whole lot of good if it only got the people interested. I have become convinced, since I came over, that the Philippine question is one of the most important and about the most ignored of all our public problems. Naturally it is the all-engrossing topic with the Americans in the islands. And after one has listened diligently for a few months to the opinions of all sorts of men, and made a few observations himself, he is prone to deny the finality or wisdom of our present Philippine policy. I think McKinley sat down one day, after lunch, and lit a cigar, and evolved the Philippine policy before he got up again. However he formulated it, it has been followed with admirable consistency ever since. It is the laudable scheme of fitting these people for self-government and then presenting them with independence.
>
> To govern themselves a people must have some vital conception of public honesty and observance of law. In this municipality the president, vice-president, and justice of the peace were caught the other day deliberately breaking the internal revenue laws regarding buying tobacco. A supervising teacher gets some lumber to build a school house, and one of his subordinate Filipino teachers steals it as soon as the American is gone. Public officials graft without shame at every opportunity. A Chino-Filipino district judge imposes a merely nominal fine on Chinos convicted of violating the opium law.—Etc., *ad libitum*.
>
> To govern themselves a people must also be endowed with at least a small measure of industry. A public road is being built in the province north of this one. The government engineers are offering A1 wages for men, all sorts of natives are lying around their houses doing nothing, except petting their fighting cocks and eating their meals. So the road must be built by labor brought clear from Manila. The explanation of this state of affairs is this: When a native harvests a good corn or rice crop and has, therefore, an assured food supply for a little while, he immediately quits work. When a carpenter working on a house has drawn three or four days' pay, he forthwith decides that it is no longer needful to work, and lays off as long as his money lasts. And yet if a famine comes or a flood sweeps the crop away, the improvident creatures throng the houses of the better Filipino families and the Americans, begging for enough to feed them.
>
> Considering these things it seems unlikely that the Filipinos will be ready for independence in any twenty years, or forty years or fifty years. Suppose they could reach the goal in fifty years. The United States would have poured into these islands untold billions in money and brains and lives; then it would be gone, every sou of it, in the twinkling of an eye.
>
> Some Americans over here declare that

we should drop the Philippines like a hot biscuit, and *do it now*. They say so because they believe the Filipinos will never reach the place where they can conduct a decent popular government. They point to the fact that this cry for independence is nourished and kept alive by the *principales*, the aristocratic families, constituting about 10 per cent. of the population. This upper tenth sees in independence unlimited power and opportunity for grafting the peasantry. After all, the Filipinos are only Malays. And did you ever hear of a Malay republic? Or did you ever hear of *any* Malaysian government not despotic? Incidentally, did you ever hear of any respectable popular government anywhere in the tropics?

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce as soon forthcoming, "Anselm's Theory of the Atonement," by the Rev. George Cadwalader Foley; "The Philosophy of Revelation," by Prof. Herman Bavinck of Amsterdam; and "Sir George Mackenzie, the King's Advocate (Bluidy Mackenzie), 1631-1691," by Andrew Lang.

A committee of friends of the late Edwin Burritt Smith of Chicago—George Laban Paddock, Albert Harris Tolman, and Frederick William Gookin—proposes to publish a memorial volume containing the more important papers and addresses of Mr. Smith, provided a sufficient number of copies is subscribed for in advance to defray the cost of publication. The volume, an octavo of about 375 pages, will contain a portrait of Mr. Smith. Subscriptions ($2.50), should be sent to Mrs. Edwin Burritt Smith, No. 5530 Cornell Avenue, Chicago.

It is proposed to publish a memoir of the late Dr. Walter Headlam, which will be written by Cecil Headlam, his youngest brother. Any friends of Dr. Headlam who have letters or impressions which they would care to communicate, are invited to send them to Mr. Headlam, Esthwaite Mount, Hawkshead, near Ambleside. Dr. Headlam's edition of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus has been found to be in a much more advanced state than was expected, and arrangements are in progress with a view to its publication.

Sir Herbert Thompson has edited the Coptic (Sahidic) version of certain books of the Old Testament, from a papyrus in the British Museum. This papyrus contains parts of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Ecclesiasticus, which are now printed in this version for the first time, together with a collation of all other printed Sahidic texts of the same portions of the Old Testament. The volume will be published by Henry Frowde.

Henry Holt & Co. bring out a new edition of René Bazin's "Italians of To-day," translated by William Marchant, with only the notice of copyright, 1897, to show that it is a reprint. (See the *Nation* of November 11, 1897, p. 382.) The title-page is thus a trifle misleading, for the Italians of to-day, though perbaps not much changed, are yet, in many places, not quite the same men and women as toward the end of the nineteenth century. As the informed reader gets on, he sees for himself when René Bazin was in Italy. Umberto is King; Ada Negri a girl in the twenties; there is a scarcity of silver coin; the *risanimento* of Naples is in progress; Fogazzaro is spoken of as the author of "Daniele Cortis," with no mention of his "Piccolo Mondo Antico." But, whatever their dates, good books are always good books. Bazin talks to us like a clever, cultivated man, sitting, say, in his club, and clearly and vividly, with artistic self-restraint, telling his friends of his travels in Italy, of the people he met there, of the impression things made upon him.

Since the date of its first publication in 1895 (see the *Nation*, July 25, 1895, p. 65) A. F. Mummery's "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus" (Scribner) has remained a standard work among Alpine climbers and lovers of adventurous travel. The book is again reissued, with an introduction by Mrs. Mummery and an appreciation of the author by J. A. Hobson. The reproductions of Mr. Pennell's drawings and the photogravures retain their clearness, despite the number of times the plates have been through the press. It is altogether a beautiful book.

Eric Parker's volume on "Surrey" calls attention once more to the unusual excellence and similarlty in tone preserved in this series of the Highways and Byways (Macmillan). They are without a rival in their happy union of the guide book and the book of personal impressions. Mr. Parker apologizes in his preface for leaving out of his survey the ten miles south of the Thames that have been transformed in recent years by the spreading out of London, but he has been wise to restrict himself to the older unchanged country still virgin of the suburb. And there is plenty left to fill his book with interesting recollections. His plan of survey has been simple and will recommend itself to other explorers. Setting out in the morning he has walked until evening, and has then returned by train to the point be started from. His record has all the leisureliness and lightness of the free pedestrian. Of literary memories Surrey is full. Charles James Fox at St. Anne's Hill, Fanny Kemble at Weybridge, John Evelyn at Wotton, Sir William Temple and Swift at Moor Park, Cowley at Chertsey, Matthew Arnold at Pain's Hill, Fanny Burney at Juniper Hall—these are but a few of the names that meet one from page to page. Here, too, are the royal palaces at Richmond and Kew, with their reminiscences of the Georges, of which Mr. Parker makes less than he might. Altogether it is delightful reading of its kind. The illustrations are by Hugh Thomson, and are more distinct than the sketches in some of the other volumes of the series, while missing no charm of light impressionism.

Charles Marriott, travelling chiefly third class or on foot, with no impedimenta but a *Rücksack*, has drawn a picture from life in "A Spanish Holiday" (John Lane Co.)—the life unknown to tourists who think, and think rightly, that first-class carriages and botels are none too good for comfort in Spain. But the author was not in search of comfort, and his recital of harmless adventure and first-hand impressions is refreshingly free from the conventional enthusiasms and the heavy burden of historical allusions commonly found in the traveller's tale. To travel third-class in Switzerland is to travel with other aliens. Even the pedestrian scarcely gets into touch with the national life, so completely is it preoccupied with him rather than with itself. But a third-class ticket or a walking tour in Spain brings one directly into contact with the raw Spanish material, and to this contact is due the main interest of Mr. Marriott's book. He does not go further south than Toledo, most of his time being passed in the less frequented Basque provinces; and he finally returns to England in a villainous tramp steamer. But he challenges attention at once by the frank admission of his superficial acquaintance with things Spanish, and holds it by a consistent refusal to generalize from brief experience. There is a total absence of the "knowing it all" air, and thus his passing comments are generally just and to the point. No one, for example, who has lived in Madrid can fail to know as true his surmise that the lower classes are "less out for enjoyment than because it was impossible to find rest or comfort within doors." In his short visit to the Prado he discovered also what admirers of the Spanish school are apt to forget in presence of its masterpieces, that "though Spain has produced great painters as painters, perhaps the very greatest, she has not expressed herself so characteristically in painting as she has in literature." Neither the realism of Velasquez nor of Goya tells us as Cervantes does the truth about Spain. While Mr. Marriott's volume is not one of great permanent value, it is both intelligent and interesting, and will well repay reading. The illustrations are good.

The *American Journal of International Law* for October, just issued, completes the second year. Following the set papers that fill its first ninety pages, appear continuations of departments that have been carried through all the eight numbers—editorial comments, chronicles of international events, a catalogue of public documents relating to international subjects, a review of judicial decisions. The editorial comments in the present number are significant. They contain a list of treaties of arbitration, between seventy and eighty, seven of them treaties to which the United States is a party, negotiated since the conclusion of the first Hague Conference, with summary of the principal stipulations; details of the proposed conference to settle certain questions of maritime law; a summary of proceedings on trial of the first cause brought before the new Central American Court created for settling international disputes; and an optimistic reference to Costa Rica, now likely, as furnishing a member of the court, to participate in future adjudications, and likely to throw her influence in the direction of peace. The international bearing of the new Turkish Constitution—that of 1876 reproclaimed—is also editorially discussed. Appropriately, the separately printed supplement of official documents presents this reproclaimed Constitution in full, together with three treaties applying to the Balkan situation: that of San Stefano, early in 1878, between Russia and Turkey; that of Berlin, a few months later; and that of 1879, between the then late belligerents, constituting a definitive peace treaty. Two of the essays proper, Richard Pearson Hobson's on "Disarmament," and Dr. B. F. Trueblood's on "The Case for Limitation of Armaments," are controversial. Hobson thinks that as the more warlike nations, those least inclined

to settle their disputes peaceably, would retain their armaments, it would be unwise for the more peaceful to discard or weaken their only means of enforcing international obligations and stipulations. Independently of Dr. Trueblood's paper, this same issue contains parts of addresses delivered by Premier Asquith and Chancellor Lloyd-George of the British Cabinet at the recent peace meeting in England, in which steps in the direction of reducing armaments and incidental expense were distinctly advocated by the latter.

The International School of Peace has issued through Ginn & Co. a volume containing the texts of the conventions agreed upon by the peace conference at The Hague in 1899 and 1907. The French originals are accompanied by a parallel English translation. Related documents, such as the Russian imperial rescript of 1898, and others relating to the historical development of international law in the matter of war, have been included. The work is edited by Prof. James Brown Scott, who was technical delegate from this country to the Second Peace Conference. Secretary Root has supplied a brief prefatory note in which, with customary acumen, he lays his finger on the essential importance of the two Hague conferences:

> . . . . a fact which affects our judgment regarding all of the attempts in recent years to secure international agreement upon matters affecting peace and war; this fact is that each attempt is to be considered, not by itself alone, but as part of a series in which sound proposals may come to general acceptance only by a very gradual process extending through many years.

Professor Scott's volume makes a very useful companion volume to Prof. William J. Hull's book on the two peace conferences, published under the same auspices a few months ago and reviewed in the *Nation* of October 2, 1908, p. 386.

Unlike the flood of Lincolniana which the approaching centenary is setting loose, "The Lincoln Centennial Medal," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, contains something new and excellent. The book is but a frame for Jules Edouard Roiné's exquisite bronze medal of the great President. Hung in a heavy board, the bronze disk presents a happily unidealized profile on the obverse, and, on the reverse, a chaste symbolic wreath of palm and oak surrounding Lincoln's autograph. This medal is so altogether pleasing that one is tempted to cut it out and let the book find its own fate. George N. Olcott's paper explaining the origin and symbolism of the medal is hardly necessary to enjoyment of the latter, though agreeably informing. Richard Lloyd Jones's account of next February's celebration has passing interest. And the "Characteristic Utterances" of Lincoln, being seven and very brief, are scarcely enough.

It is rash to generalize, but we cannot remember reading an anthology of letters that was not interesting. This is not to say, however, that all collections are equally good. One of the best is the little volume published last year, "The Gentlest Art; A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands," edited by E. V. Lucas. These letters are mostly by English writers; and a companion volume, "The Friendly Craft: A Collection of American Letters" has been prepared by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, professor of English in Smith College (The Macmillan Co.). Gathered under various appropriate heads, such as "The News from Home," "Little Men and Little Women," "Students' Tales," "Lovers and Friends," "Genial Gossip," "Makers of History," "Quips and Cranks," and "The Fine Art of Living" is a wide variety of letters from youths and maidens, men and women. The volume is, in our opinion, quite as entertaining as Mr. Lucas's, and that is saying a great deal. The pages contain abundant humor, with now and then a touch of pathos. The generation which has grown up since the civil war will receive from some of the letters of that period—say those of Lincoln, Curtis, and Greeley—an uncommonly vivid impression of the intensity of the strain on men's emotions while the fate of the Union was hanging in doubt. Readers of the *Nation* will be interested to find several bits from Mr. Godkin's hand. Professor Hanscom is to be congratulated on an admirable piece of work.

Seldom is the administration of public schools treated so philosophically and courageously as in W. E. Chancellor's "Our City Schools: Their Direction and Management" (D. C. Heath & Co.). The author's point of departure is his belief that a correct *system* is absolutely essential to good schools; that those charged with the supervision of schools have too long contented themselves with seeking the best results possible under conditions far from perfect; and that they should have the courage to demand the best-known methods both of legislation and administration. Many ideas which he presents seem radical, and yet nearly all may be found exemplified in practice. But however revolutionary some of his proposals appear, he compels us to think and to ask whether we are basing our procedure upon rational principles or merely upon tradition.

The second volume of Charles De Garmo's series, The Principles of Secondary Education, is devoted to "Processes of Instruction" (The Macmillan Co.). A better title for this admirable series would be Principles of Education Applied to Secondary Instruction; for, of course, it is not true nor does the author assume that the principles which he urges are not valid in all educational philosophy. His application of these ideas to the work of the high school is, however, new. The books, used as texts, both by students preparing to teach and those already teaching, should serve to give a philosophical basis for work and lead to an improvement in method. The present volume deals with the acquisition of facts, and their meaning, the educational status of the high school student, the inductive and the deductive approach to knowledge, and processes of application. Insight and efficiency are the supreme results to be secured by our methods of instruction—insight leading to culture, and efficiency to mental discipline. The aim of the book is to render so clear the principles on which the acquisition of knowledge is based that the teacher will instinctively employ the methods that lead to insight and efficiency.

In "Education and Industrial Evolution" (The Macmillan Co.) Prof. Frank T. Carlton discusses the problems of education as related to the social and economic improvement of the people of the United States. The recent modifications in educational science have been away from the leisure-class ideal of education for culture and toward the democratic ideal of education as a means of improving civic and industrial efficiency. These changes must, in the opinion of the author, continue and keep pace with social and industrial evolution. We have passed through three distinct epochs in the development of our educational system, and are apparently entering upon a fourth, in which the social purpose is dominant. The real function of the schools is to adjust the individual to his environment—physical, industrial, and social. The school must aim to demonstrate the social necessity of each worker's task and thus offer a clue to the intricate relations of labor and capital. The book gives a résumé of what has already been done in public education to promote social efficiency and of the present tendencies. It will serve to concentrate attention upon the problems which are perhaps the most vital of all those connected with the schools to-day.

"Chaucer, a Bibliographical Manual" (The Macmillan Co.), by Eleanor Prescott Hammond, is an excellent book. Such a work is, of course, mainly a compilation, but Miss Hammond has the advantage of an extensive first-hand acquaintance with the manuscripts of Chaucer's poems and of the critical discussion which she records, so that her book, as a rule, is marked by a freshness which does not belong to the mere compiler's work. This is particularly noticeable in the sections on the manuscripts and the relative dates of the "Canterbury Tales." In the First Section—on the life of Chaucer—we have, among other things, a useful reprint of the early and generally inaccessible biographical notices of Chaucer by Leland, Bale, Pits, etc. The bibliography of the works themselves is extremely thorough, and includes an exhaustive record of everything relating to the manuscripts, sources, dates, editions, and critical discussion. It is to be regretted, however, that Miss Hammond should so frequently neglect to give the dates of the manuscripts. The only omission worth mentioning as regards the sources which we have noted is in the case of "The Reeve's Tale." As announced through the Chaucer Society last year, J. V. Scholderer appears to have discovered at last the original—or, at any rate, a close analogue—of this tale in the tract entitled "De Generibus Ebriorum et Ebrietate Vitanda," which is reprinted in F. Zarncke's "Die deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter" (1857). Miss Hammond gives next a careful bibliography of the pseudo-Chaucerian works. A section is also devoted to linguistics and versification. The book concludes with an account of the libraries where most of the Chaucer manuscripts are found, and of the scholars who have contributed most to the elucidation of the poet's works. It is to be noted that Miss Hammond's practical directions in regard to the British Museum are not quite up to date. The ticket of admission to the reading room no longer suffices for the students' (or manuscript) room. A separate ticket is required. In taking leave of this valuable book, we would call attention to one suggestion it contains, which,

if followed up, may, we believe, prove fruitful in Chaucerian investigation, viz.—as to the part that the mediæval *florilegia* played in the poet's reading. It is very likely that much of his knowledge of the classics came from this source.

The activity with which the study of English literature has been pursued at the French *lycées* and universities for some years past has manifested itself in critical and biographical works of high value, such as Angellier's "Burns" and Morel's "Thomson"—to mention only two. Another product of this recent activity is "Les Contes de Canterbury" (Félix Alcan), the first complete translation of the "Canterbury Tales" in French, with the exception of an obscure and valueless one executed about fifty years ago by the Chevalier de Chatelain. The new version is the work of twenty-one French scholars, among whom we recognize the names of Émile Legouis, Derocquigny, and W. Thomas. The introduction (twenty-four pages) is from the pen of Legouis, with whose dissertation on the "Prologue of Good Women"—to say nothing of his more important work on Wordsworth—Chaucer scholars are already familiar. It is, perhaps, a little strong to speak of the "Canterbury Tales" as "un des plus remarquables prolongements a l'étranger de notre poésie nationale," for, after all, Chaucer is more indebted to the Italians than to the French; but M. Legouis's essay is thoroughly appreciative and contains some observations which are well worth noting, such as the one to the effect that what appear as narrative defects in the "Canterbury Tales" often have a dramatic propriety when considered in connection with the character of the particular speaker—so, for instance, in the case of the digression on drunkenness and gambling in the "Pardoner's Tale." On the other hand, there are some errors in the introduction. Like Mr. Saintsbury in "The Cambridge History of English Literature," M. Legouis repeats the old misstatement as to Chaucer's having spent a year in Italy in 1372-3. The *compotus* published by F. J. Mather, jr., in 1896, shows that he was out of England on that occasion only about five months in all—the time of travelling included. It is not correct to say, either, that the "Confessio Amantis" preceded the "Canterbury Tales." The earliest recension of the former work, as the manuscripts state, was completed in 1390, and there is no reason to believe that Gower began his work before Chaucer did his. Furthermore, M. Legouis follows Ten Brink in the statement that Chaucer was allowed to perform his duties as collector of the port by deputy, owing to the intercession of Anne of Bohemia. Documentary evidence, however, proves that it was the Earl of Oxford who brought this about. The translations are based on the text of Prof. W. W. Skeat's "Student's Chaucer" and the few notes are drawn, in the main, from the same scholar's edition of Chaucer in six volumes. Although in prose, the translations are arranged in lines numbered so as to correspond to those of the original poems. This, of course, renders comparison with the original easy. We are sorry to see that in the note to l. 136 of the Prologue in the description of the Prioress —"Ful semely after hir mete she raughte" —the translators prefer to take the last word in the sense of "eructavit" rather than "reached."

"Les Troubadours" by Joseph Anglade treats of the lives, works, and influence of those precursors, in the classic and Albigense period, in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and of the difference between troubadours and "trouvères" (Paris: Armand Colin). "Le Roman sentimental avant l'Astrée" by Gustave Reynier undertakes French beginnings under influence from Italy and Spain, at the end of the sixteenth and opening of the seventeenth centuries (Armand Colin). Léon Pineau, professor of foreign literature in the university faculty of Clermont-Ferrand, treats in a book of handy compass "L'Évolution du Roman en Allemagne au XIXe siècle" (Hachette). This is a little known world to the general public, for whom pure literature from Germany all but stopped flowing after Goethe and Schiller. Prefacing his studies with the beginnings of that brilliant outburst, the French professor, with an enthusiasm for his theme that surprises, goes into all the reactions and progressions of the last century in a fiction which has certainly not conquered the world.

Karl Wippermann's Deutscher Geschichtskalender (Leipzig: Grunow), which appears in two volumes annually, has just been issued in its first half for the current year. The volume, of more than four hundred pages, contains a full and systematic summary of the world's political events in the first six months of 1908.

In view of the Balkan troubles, the "Generalkarte der südost europäischen Halbinsel" (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer) is a timely map. Its scale is 1:1,500,000 and the size is 85 by 95 centimetres. The railway lines are brought up to the present year and extra maps of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have been added.

Theodor Fischer's "Mittelmeerbilder," belonging to a new series, Abhandlungen zur Kunde der Mittelmeerländer (Leipzig: Teubner), contains the results of the study and observation of a leading authority on the Mediterranean lands. Geographical problems, as also questions of the history of culture in these regions, are chiefly discussed in this collection of papers. The final chapter, which treats of the political importance of the Mediterranean nations, is especially interesting, as it speaks also of the Oriental (Balkan) and Egyptian questions.

The latest volume in Die Kultur series (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.) is a book of 118 pages by Dr. Cornelius Gurlitt, "Konstantinopel." It is a brief study of the history and culture of the city presented in the author's lucid and dignified manner, yet popular enough to appeal to the average reader. It contains thirty-two illustrations, many of them reproduced from the photographs taken for a more ambitious work by the same author, "Die Baukunst Konstantinopels," which is being published in parts by Ernst Wasmuth, Berlin.

Dr. Karl Beck of New York is the author of a profusely illustrated volume of travel, in which he describes a trip to the West Indies, Colombia, Panama, and Costa Rica, under the title "Sonnenblicke aus dem lateinischen Amerika" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.).

The house of S. Fischer in Berlin attempts to supply the demand for cheap editions of modern fiction in the Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane, at the price of 1 mark a volume. The series begins with Theodor Fontane's novel "L'Adultera." Fontane may be called the last of the old and the first of the new school of fiction, and this work marks the beginning of that period in his development, when he began to choose his plots from the society of Berlin in his own time. The second volume contains Jacob Schaffner's "Die Erlhoferin," the story of a brothers' feud, and the scene an old Swiss estate. The first of the foreign writers to appear in this edition is Jonas Lie, who is represented by "Eine Ehe."

Many works by foreign authors are appearing in German translations. Peter Nansen, who has recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his literary career by a complete edition of his works in his own country, Denmark, appeals to German readers with a volume of selected stories, "Jugend und Liebe" (S. Fischer), for which his compatriot, Hermann Bang, has written an appreciative preface. Laurids Brun is another Dane to enjoy success in Germany. His "Pan" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a love which breaks through the crust of social conventions. Johannes V. Jensen is a Danish writer who has won popularity by tales of grotesque fancy and grim satire. He has lived in America, and his recent works are concerned with things American. The scene of his novel, "Das Rad" (S. Fischer), is laid in Chicago, and its environs, and the title is derived from the Ferris wheel.

A work possessing considerable interest is the volume of memoirs written by the late Austrian admiral and baron, the Dane Hans Birch Dahlerup, edited by his grandson, Joost Dahlerup, under the title of "Mit Livs Begivenheder" (The Happenings of My Life), and published by the Gyldendal Publishing House (Copenhagen and Chicago). The first volume, which has just appeared, deals mainly with the author's stay in Norwegian waters and seaports as a young lieutenant of the navy during the wars of the early years of the nineteenth century, as well as his several sojourns at Portsmouth, Reading, and other English towns as a prisoner of war. During two of these sojourns, he met and quite minutely (although far from favorably) characterizes "King Jörgensen" of Iceland. The memoirs abound in interesting references to contemporaneous social life of Denmark, Norway, and England. The author, even while an English prisoner of war, was offered an opportunity to serve as an English naval officer in the war of 1812 against the United States, but refused the commission. The next two volumes will refer mainly to the author's career in the Austrian naval service. The editor—a resident of New York city, by the way—is himself an author, having just issued through the same publishing house a novel, "For Vind og Vove" (A Prey to Wind and Waves).

The American Philological Association will hold its annual meeting at Toronto, December 28-30. The following is a list of the papers: "Influence of Meter on the Homeric Choice of Dissyllables," John A. Scott, Northwestern University; "Worship and Prayer among the Epicureans," George D. Hadzsits, University of Pennsylvania; "The

Metaphorical Use of *Pronuba*," Harold L. Cleasby, Syracuse University; "The Tonic Laws of Latin Prose and Verse," Thomas Fitz-Hugh, University of Virginia; "An Unpublished Portrait of Euripides," William N. Bates, University of Pennsylvania; "A Point in the Plot of 'Oedipus Tyrannus,'" T. D. Goodell, Yale; "The Recently Discovered Turfan Fragment of the Crucifixion," Herbert C. Tolman, Vanderbilt University; "The Puteanus Group of Manuscripts of the Third Decade of Livy," F. W. Shipley, Washington University, St. Louis; "Certain Numerals in the Greek Dramatic Hypotheses," Roy C. Flickinger, Northwestern; "Livy i, 26, and the *Supplicium de More Maiorum*," W. A. Oldfather, Northwestern; "The Britons in Latin Poetry," Richard M. Gummere, Haverford; "Comparisons and Illustrations in M. Aurelius," Curtis C. Bushnell, Syracuse; "The Reed in Greek Medicine," Campbell Bonner, University of Michigan; "The Satirical Element in Rutilius Numatianus," George D. Kellogg, Princeton; "The Use of the Œ-Diphthong in Plautus," A. R. Anderson, Princeton; "Roman Milestones and the *Capita Viarum*," Gordon J. Laing, University of Chicago; "Some Recent Contributions to the Study of Lucilius," Charles Knapp, Columbia; "Plato, 'Phædo' 66 B; Acts 26, 28," J. E. Harry, University of Cincinnati; "Individualistic Tendencies in the First Three Centuries of the Roman Empire," Clifford H. Moore, Harvard; "Latin Echoes of the Greek Bucolic Poets," Wilfred P. Mustard, Johns Hopkins; "*Virtus* and *Fortuna* in Certain Latin Writers," Kenneth C. M. Sills, Bowdoin; "A Greek Parallel to the Romance Adverb," Paul Shorey, University of Chicago; "The Limitations of a Certain Use of the Article," C. W. E. Miller, Johns Hopkins; "The Use of the Dactyl after an Initial Trochee in Greek Lyric Verse," E. H. Spieker, Johns Hopkins; "Dante's Designation of Virgil as 'il mar di tutto il senno,'" Kirby F. Smith, Johns Hopkins; "Note on Cicero, 'Ad Atticum' i, 6," W. S. Scarborough, Wilberforce University; "Polybius and the Gods," Hamilton F. Allen, University of Illinois; "Scholia on Terence," Edward K. Rand, Harvard; "Relative Standards in Science and in Syntax," William Gardner Hale, University of Chicago; annual president's address, Charles E. Bennett, Cornell.

The next annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society will be held in Philadelphia February 21 and 22. All persons intending to present papers to be read at the meeting are requested to present the titles to Max J. Kohler, corresponding secretary. No. 42 Broadway, New York.

William Ireland Knapp, a student of Spanish literature, died in Paris December 6 at the age of seventy-three. He was born in this city and educated at New York University and Colgate University; and he had taught modern languages at Colgate, Vassar, Yale, and the University of Chicago. Among his books are "The Earliest Decree on Printing" (1881), "Grammar of the Modern Spanish Language" (1882), "Modern Spanish Readings" (1883), "Modern French Readings" (1883), and "Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow" (2 vols., 1899); he had also edited four or five volumes of Spanish texts.

Anthony Stocker Aglen, archdeacon of the diocese of St. Andrews, died in London last month. He was born in Somersetshire in 1836, and was educated at University College, Oxford. Among his books are "Lessons in Old Testament History" (1890), and "Odes and 'Carmen Seculare' of Horace Translated" (1896). He edited a selection from the writings of Dean Stanley (1895), and contributed various articles to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and Bishop Elliott's "Commentary on the Old Testament."

NOTES ON HOLIDAY BOOKS.

As Christmas approaches the world of books blossoms into flower as the world of nature does in May. And, like the fields in May, most of the books of travel and description mentioned below are profusely illustrated in color, and afford the searcher after holiday gifts an excellent opportunity to test the saying of Lipsius that "no man can be such a stick or stone whom that pleasant speculation of countries, cities, towns, rivers, will not affect." Reproductions in color of the work of the artist, while less faithful than photographs, possess the charm which belongs to art precisely because art is not nature. If one were sure to find the warmth and delicate beauty of the plate in the scene which it depicts, these books might well lead one to pack one's trunk without delay and to seek what Burton asserts is "the best, surest, and readiest cure of melancholy, *loci mutatio*." Maud Howe's (Mrs. Elliott's) "Sun and Shadow in Spain" chiefly illustrated from photographs, is for those who delight in the personally conducted tour. Associations of this kind are dangerous, whether in literature or life. In the former case, however, one can lay down a book without imperilling a friendship. Here the picture is painted with a lively imagination and an unfailing enthusiasm. Much of the information supplied by one of the party, who acts as a sort of Greek chorus, would be less wearisome if soberly stated as matter of fact. In the form presented it is as irritating as the loquaciousness of the typical guide. The text is disfigured by the constant use of exclamations and colloqualisms in Spanish. *Mire! claro! ojalá! pobrecito! se sabe! Por Dios!* are not so associated with the genius of the language as to defy translation. In Mr. Calvert's "Valladolid, Oviedo, Segovia, Zamora, Avila and Zaragoza: An Historical and Descriptive Account" (John Lane & Co.), as in the other books of the series, the numerous illustrations are found at the end of the text, which is chiefly historical in character. Unfortunately Spain has as yet done little to make available this region, rich in artistic treasures, which most travellers pass by for that "strip of Africa sewn on to the skirt of the Continent"—Andalucia. "Southern Spain" (The Macmillan Co.), also by Mr. Calvert, is devoted to this province, Murcia, and Valencia. The brush of Trevor Haddon has been successfully called upon to convey the tawny colors of the South, and to make this volume one of the most fascinating gift books of its kind.

The same may be said of "Belgium," painted by Amédée Forestier, text by George W. J. Omond (The Macmillan Co.); "The Rhine," by H. J. Mackinder, illustrated in color after Mrs. James Jardine (Dodd, Mead & Co.); and "Along the Rivieras of France and Italy," written and illustrated by Gordon Home (The Macmillan Co.). In these three works the pictorial glory is most alluring. They all betray the tendency to get away from the dust and smell of the motor into the quiet of valleys and villages untainted by this blessing and scourge of modern travel. Especially to be noted are the descriptions of that enticing but little visited region of the Meuse and Lesse in the Ardennes; of the eastern portion of the Italian Riviera, the Gulf of Spezia, Lerici, and Porto Venere. The by-ways of Europe are far from exhausted, and often lie close to the highway over which we rush so hurriedly. Excellent maps supplement Mr. Mackinder's "Rhine," together with skeleton sketches of its tributary systems. Taken together, much sameness necessarily prevades books of this class, but in the beauty and variety of their illustrations they will commend themseves to all intending travellers, as well as to those who desire to refresh the memories of past wanderings.

Of a somewhat different character is Francis Gribbie's "Geneva" (Macmillan), in which description gives place frankly to history and anecdote. Mr. Gribble has already proved his familiarity with the country by his "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," and he here traverses some of the same religious ground. The present volume is entertaining, but would have been more of a unit if, in such chapters as those on Ferney and Coppet, he had told more of the places and less of their famous owners. The illustrations are from paintings by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis, fair work but a little lacking in distinction. "Switzerland" as a whole receives attention in a book of that title (Dodd, Mead & Co.), containing descriptions of the land by various great writers selected by Esther Singleton. It is illustrated with abundance of photographic scenes clearly printed. Miss Singleton's method of composing these books is now so well known as to need no special comment. Besides the "Switzerland" she has this year a volume of "Great Rivers," in which one passes from the Rhine as seen by Victor Hugo to Pierre Loti's Ganges, Thoreau's Merrimack, Henry Drummond's Zambesi, and so over the famous waters of the world.

Four of the picture books have to do with English scenes. One of them belongs to the now extensive series published by Black and Macmillan, and presents "Yorkshire" painted and described by Gordon Home. The work appeared originally in three volumes, devoted respectively to "Coast and Moorland Scenes," "Dales and Fells," and "Vales and Wolds," and these are now brought together with what corrections have proved necessary. Mr. Home's text is chiefly descriptive, and suffers a little from the monotony due to such writing and from an uncertain taste when the purple patches are in order. His pictures are more to our liking. He has caught the tints of heather and gorse, and he has put distance into his scenes of moor and wold, without which the land of Yorkshire would lose its character. Even better, if anything are the views along the rocky coasts. The picture called Whitby Abbey from the Cliffs is a particularly good example of his skill in reproducing the sense of space and loneliness. Of a

different type is a volume on "The Greater Abbeys of England" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by Abbot Gasquet, which is chiefly historical. Abbot Gasquet writes, of course, from a strongly Catholic point of view. The Visitors of Crumwell (to use the spelling he affects) were a set of vile spies, who took no evidence and had no regard for truth. That may be true, but it is not fair to slur over the fact that they probably did nothing more than bring to a focus, and no doubt exaggerate, the popular scandal about institutions which were ceasing to fulfil their original economic function. Disputed points of history have, however, little part in the author's chapters. The stories of the various abbeys are told in good English and with the same ripeness of knowledge as in his other works on the subject. The illustrations, by Warwick Goble, suffer in many cases from blurring, as is so common in these colored plates. The interior scenes, those of Westminster, for example, are more successful than the landscapes. An uncommonly handsome book is "The American Pilgrim's Way in England, to Homes and Memorials of the Founders of Virginia, the New England States, and Pennsylvania, the Universities of Harvard and Yale, the First President of the United States, and Other Illustrious Americans," by Marcus B. Huish (London: The Fine Art Society; New York: Max Williams). The frontispiece is a map showing the old homes of the Washingtons, the Franklins, the Calverts, the leading families of early New England, of John Harvard, Elihu Yale, and many more. The text describes these places and gives more or less about the various families which have played such an important part in American history. The feature of the work, however, is the illustrations. The text contains nearly one hundred black and white pictures of churches, castles, houses, tombs, brasses, and other memorials, as well as portraits. The forty-three full pages in color, reproduced from paintings by Miss Elizabeth M. Chettle, are admirably done. Both the execution of the original and the printing for the book are better than the common run of such work.

Under the ambitious title "Gardens of England" (The Macmillan Co.) twenty paintings by Miss Beatrice Parsons have been made the basis of a pleasant treatise on gardening by E. T. Cook. The paintings are considerably above the average in point of merit, and they have been well reproduced in color with careful printing. As in most cases of this kind, the text prepared for general reading does not describe the pictures, but, for all that, the chapters on the herb-garden, and on lavender and rosemary are pleasant reading for the winter, and are about as good as if they had illustrations to match; while, on the other hand, the pictures are very good without any specific description. It is not easy to find much uninteresting matter in any of the modern illustrated garden books, for, in spite of an endless amount of repetition and frequent disfigurement by fine writing, a certain charm persists. The volume before us is attractive in its style and sound in its advice.

Cecil Headlam has a happy knack of making books about places in which he mingles history and art with scenery and personal impressions. He has already written about Oxford, Nuremberg, and Chartres: this year his subject is "Venetia and Northern Italy: Being the Story of Venice, Lombardy, and Emilia" (The Macmillan Co.). Readers already familiar with the chief cities and paintings will find this volume interesting because it takes up many of the minor places—Pavia and Piacenza, Parma and Modena, and the smaller towns of Venetia and of the Marches. Mr. Headlam describes as an eye-witness, and he relies upon the best English authorities for his brief historical surveys. Ruskin and Symonds supply him with the bases of his art criticism, but he still reserves the right of private judgment. The general impression he makes is that of an intelligent and sympathetic companion, who never discourses long enough on any subject to weary his hearers. Quantitatively, he seems to succeed in imparting a larger number of facts than is usual in books of this kind. There are twenty-five full-page illustrations in color, of varying excellence. The view of S. Apollinare in Classe, for instance, has much to commend it, while in some of the others one color crudely predominates. The shadows—as in the Paduan view (p. 240) or St. Mark's (p. 268) or Milan Cathedral (p. 64)—are sometimes unmanageable. On the whole, however, most readers prefer crude colors to black and white.

Vernon Lee has consented to the reprinting in an *édition de luxe* of her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), which first appeared in 1880 and at once gave her a reputation. She has in nowise altered these delightful studies, which, she tells us in a characteristic preface, she wrote before she was twenty, and fears to reread lest she should be impelled to revise them beyond recognition. Miss Paget is quite right; they owe much of their charm to the enthusiasm, exuberance, and audacity of youth; and her youth, be it said, was precocious and intense beyond that of even girls of unusual intellectual forwardness. But the exuberance and verve will not wholly account for the lasting qualities of her studies She has hit on several important facts, and has so interpreted the eighteenth century—which it used to be the fashion to despise—that its true significance can be understood. Her account of the Arcadians, of Goldoni and of Metastasio, of the musical life and the comedy of masks, is still the best in English; we could not wish to have it chilled by revision, or her literary and artistic judgments flattened out to fit her knowledge at fifty, or her glowing, galloping style checked in either heat or speed. Correctness, orthodoxy, can be had for the asking at any academic counter; Miss Paget deals in something better. Her book has been beautifully illustrated by a large number of portraits, facsimiles, and views, which give to it a worthy historical setting.

If the old world were not generally more attractive than the new, and the works of man than those of nature, Mr. Reeves's charmingly illustrated and informing account of New Zealand would tempt one to take immediate passage for that land of alp, fiord, and geyser: "New Zealand," painted by F. and W. Wright, described by the Hon. William Pember Reeves. High Commissioner for New Zealand (The Macmillan Co.). The scenery of New Zealand may fairly challenge comparison with that of Switzerland, the lower snowline fully making up for the disparity in elevation. Especially interesting are the chapters on sport and country life, and much light is thrown on the social conditions which, Keir Hardie asserts, have established a standard of comfort and a recognition of the rights of labor which make New Zealand the most desirable of all countries for the emigrant workman.

This season of the year always brings out a number of reprints designed by form and illustration for gifts. If the more handsome books of this kind are less conspicuous than last year, there are a number more suitable for moderate purses and perhaps for the actual reader. Thus the J. B. Lippincott Company has an edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," which is as attractive as it is practical. The illustrations by T. H. Robinson, somewhat in the style of Hugh Thomson, harmonize admirably with the text. Another volume of the same character is Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park," in the Series of English Idylls (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The illustrations, to the number of twenty-four, are full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock. They are pretty and in keeping with the story, but the highly-glazed inset pages are an interruption to the reading rather than a pleasant accompaniment such as is afforded by ordinary line drawings. Of a different kind is Harper's Doone-land edition of "Lorna Doone," in which the actual country of Blackmore's story is kept before the eye by reproductions of photographs. Of more holiday aspect is "The Chariot Race from Ben Hur," printed separately by Harpers, with three or four strongly designed pictures by Sigismond Ivanowski. The colors have come out rather better than usual in these reproductions. With this book may be placed a volume containing seven of the better-known "Tales by Edgar Allan Poe" (Duffield & Co.), to which E. L. Blumenschein has contributed full-page plates, somber in color, and, if truth must be told, a little muddy in effect. The letter-press is clear and excellent. The most artistic of these reprinted books is Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw," which Houghton Mifflin Co. has brought out for the first time in separate book form. John Cecil Clay has furnished a series of quite charming pictures and decorations in the vein of Aldrich's peculiar humor. To this list we may also add three volumes of Scott (J. B. Lippincott Co.): "The Talisman," with pictures by Simon Harmon Vedder; "Kenilworth," by Henry J. Ford, and "Ivanhoe," by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Each artist has supplied twelve colored illustrations. The the volumes, which are handsomely printed in large type, contain glossaries as well as Scott's introductions and notes; and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford has written brief prefaces. We should be glad to see all the Waverley novels issued in this attractive style. Another favorite novel is Mrs. Gaskell's "Cousin Phillis," with which George Bell & Sons begin the Queen's Treasures Series. The second volume is Mrs. Ewing's "Six to Sixteen." For both books Miss M. V. Wheelhouse has provided illustrations in color, all of them happily conceived and executed. Henry D. Thoreau's "Cape Cod,"

with more than thirty pictures in black and white by Wilton Johnson, comes from Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Most of the pictures appear to be half-tone engravings from well chosen photographs.

"The Little Flowers of St. Assisi" in T. W. Arnold's translation, with a preface by Dr. Guido Biagi of the Laurentian Library, Florence, comes to us from Duffield & Co. The volume, which is well printed and bound, is profusely illustrated, both in color and black and white, with reproductions of old and new pictures, and manuscript illuminations relative to St. Francis. These illustrations convey very happily the mediæval atmosphere. With this book we may also place "The Confessions of S. Augustine" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) in Dr. E. B. Pusey's translation. Paper and press-work are both uncommonly good. The frontispiece, title, and table of contents are printed in color—miniatures and illuminated borders adapted by Miss E. A. Ibbs from manuscripts in the British Museum, and in the Bibliothèque National, Paris.

With these illustrated books should be mentioned several excellent reprints which may be none the less acceptable because they lack pictures. Thus, Thomas Whittaker has a neat and cheap edition of Herbert's "Priest to the Temple," with a commendation and brief notes by Joseph Blount Cheshire, bishop of North Carolina. Lovers of Herbert will respond to the editor's story of the influence upon his life from a chance reading of this prose treatise when he was "thirty-five years ago a 'briefless barrister' in a great city, with no special intentions towards the ministry." A neat pamphlet for those who love the preaching of art has been made at the Marion Press for Ernest Dressel North of this city, containing Whistler's "Ten O'Clock," which has long been out of print. Here we have Whistler in his mood of ecstatic Emersonianism:

> The master stands in no relation to the moment at which he occurs—a monument of isolation—hinting at sadness—having no part in the progress of his fellow men.
> So Art is limited to the infinite, and beginning there cannot progress.

Emerson himself is present in the Thumb-Nail Series of the Century Company, his three essays on "Power," "Success," and "Greatness" being included in a volume, with an introduction by Richard Watson Gilder. Another volume contains the "Odes, Sonnets, and Lyrics" of Keats. This series, now well known to the connoisseur, shows the daintiest work of the De Vinne Press. In poetry there are two other reprints that deserve notice: One is Longfellow's "Poems of New England," issued by Houghton Mifflin Company in limp covers in what may be called satchel form. It is an anthology that has never lost its popularity. The other is "King Solomon and the Fair Shulamite," published by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. The text, printed in verse form, is arranged by Julia Ellsworth Ford from King James's version of the Song of Songs, with use of the revised version where this has seemed better to preserve the continuity of the story. The illustrations are from the early work of Simeon Solomon.

A delightful bit of fooling is the little book of rhymes and quaint woodcuts by Robert Seaver, called "Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candlestick-maker" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Mr. Seaver in his pictures has caught the spirit of the old chap-books admirably. The rhymes get their humor from the modern application at the close, as thus:

> Ye tallow chandler in his shop,
> He makes ye tallow dip,
> And cuts ye wicks and fills ye moulds,
> Ye while he drinks his flip.
> Full many a studious gentleman
> Doth hie him forth to buy:
> Ye lamp of knowledge at his shop,
> Is here for all to try.
> So works ye tallow-chandler,
> Nor wotteth that he must,
> In modern days, give up his ways
> To Midnight Oil, their Trust.

THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem: The Topography, Economics, and History from the Earliest Times to A. D. 70. By George Adam Smith 2 vols. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $7.50 net.

The value of these volumes lies, not in the presentation of new discoveries, but in the sane exposition and discussion of what we already know with regard to the topography, the archæology, and the history, religious, social, and political, of Jerusalem. The work is a sort of thesaurus of information, from the earliest times down to the capture and destruction of the city by the Romans, arranged in a readable and attractive manner. To the Bible student it presents, in relatively small compass, a handy commentary on the Bible, both the canonical books and the Apocrypha, and on Josephus as well.

The great importance of Jerusalem to the world, despite its insignificance in size and political power, is brought out in Professor Smith's introductory chapter, "The Essential City." There he pictures not only the "ceaseless human strife" but also that strife between the Spirit of God and the spirit of man, in which "the real tragedy of Jerusalem has consisted":

> Nowhere else has the universal struggle been waged so consciously, so articulately as in Jerusalem. Nowhere else have its human responsibilities and its Divine opportunities been so tragically developed (Vol. I, p. 5).

The fact that God and man have been so intimately and so tragically brought together, if one may so express it, in Jerusalem, has made the religious development which centres about that spot the source of vital inspiration to the most progressive, cultivated, and thoughtful part of the earth's population. Three great religions call the city sacred, a record which no other city can show. This is the secret of the perennial interest which attaches to its otherwise rather dry annals. The place is undesirable and actually repellent in its surroundings, with no ruins of artistic merit, yet its topography, its geology, its archæology, and its political chronicles are matters of intense concern to millions of people.

Always before the eyes of men, the subject of innumerable books, its name familiar to more people probably than that of any other one place, Jerusalem is yet, in itself, comparatively little known. The records of it contained in the Bible, which have been the heritage of the ages, have undergone such a re-examination in recent years that even from this point of view we are seemingly only beginning to study Jerusalem. The new critical methods, which have changed so profoundly our conceptions of all ancient civilization, have nowhere produced such a revolution as here, because, in the case of Jerusalem, the earlier interpretations of its history had come to be regarded as themselves sacred. Both metaphorically and physically, ancient Jerusalem has been buried under the accumulations of the succeeding centuries, the traditions and the ruins of Roman, Greek, Moslem, and Frank. Valleys were filled up and hills cut down, until the whole became almost a dead level covered with modern structures perpetuating fable and concealing fact. While religious fancy busied itself with the sites and the story of the past, there was but little actual scientific exploration, and that only on the outskirts, as it were.

We are just beginning to restore the early Jerusalem, but thus far our investigations have tended in many respects to increase the confusion rather than to afford certainty. In the matter of the water supply, for example, traces are found of conduits leading from we know not what sources and emptying into we know not what reservoirs. A considerable number of old reservoirs and pools have been unearthed, but almost none are surely identified with ancient names or dates. Into this subject Professor Smith introduces a new element of perplexity by his suggestion (Book i, Chapters 4 and 5) that seismic changes may have closed up springs once in existence and opened others. Personally, we do not think that this suggestion carries us anywhere, and we are glad to see that, in spite of this new uncertainty, Professor Smith himself is convinced that the Virgin's Spring, the intermittent water source on the west side of the Kedron Valley, opposite the village of Siloam, has remained practically unchanged, and that he accepts the now generally received identification of this spring and pool with the Gihon of the Bible. This identification affords a starting point in his topographical study, and, to some extent, the key to that topography. It is fairly clear that the original city must have been situated near a permanent supply of water, and this spring appears to afford the only supply of that description. The early passages and tunnels by which this spring was made accessible to the hill above testify also to

an intimate connection between it and some fortified place above and behind it. From this and other considerations it would seem that the original town actually stood on the crest of the hill Ophel, immediately above this spring. Here also stood the Acra, or citadel of the Antiochian period, on a hump of the hill supposed to have been cut down later; but this identification encounters serious difficulties, and until the site can be excavated it must be regarded only as a working hypothesis.

As with the water supply, so in the case of the walls, Professor Smith, by the very clarity of his statements, only makes more evident the uncertainty which exists. We know substantially the course of the eastern and the western walls, at least after both of the greater hills were included in the fortifications; and one, probably two, of the great towers of Herod can be identified with certainty. Indeed, the lower part of one of these towers still serves as the foundation of the Turkish citadel. On the south, also, the line of the wall has been traced; but from the edge of the Tyropœon valley eastward the line exhibits so many variants that we are as yet unable to determine what was enclosed at different periods. On the north there has been practically no exploration, although with the fixing of the wall on that side is connected the burning question of the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Here, with the best scholars of the present time, Professor Smith wisely refuses to commit himself.

Professor Sanday and others believe that the site of the house where the Last Supper was held, and where the first followers of Christ were wont to gather in an upper room, as determined by early tradition, which can be traced to contemporary sources, was at the present "Tomb of David," outside of the gate of Zion, south of the city. This theory Professor Smith flouts, arguing that there is no satisfactory evidence for that identification or any other. In fact, so far as specific sites are concerned, with the exception of the Temple, the Tower of Antonia, the Tyropœon valley, Gihon, and one or two of Herod's Towers, it would seem that we do not really know where anything stood in ancient Jerusalem, a conclusion most disappointing to those who wish to visit the particular spots where the great events recorded in the Bible took place. It must not be supposed, however, that in spite of this vagueness as to various details it is impossible to restore a fairly vivid picture of Jerusalem in the successive stages of its progress. This Professor Smith has endeavored to do, and, to a considerable extent, has done successfully in the first book.

This study of topography forced upon his mind the economic problems of Jerusalem, which "run through every phase of her ethics and politics." How large was the city? How did this population and the vastly greater numbers which gathered there in festival times subsist? Situated disadvantageously, as Jerusalem is, both for agriculture and for commerce, how did she obtain the necessaries of life? Starting with the intention of writing a chapter on the material resources of Jerusalem. Professor Smith developed this theme into a book of ten chapters, the second part of Volume I. In this field Professor Smith is one of the pioneers; and therefore, valuable as his discussion is, he feels that the has not spoken the last word.

Probably the most valuable, certainly to the ordinary reader the most interesting, part of the whole work, is Book iii, comprising the whole of Volume II, which treats the "political and religious history of Israel from the time when with David the city was first identified with the fortunes of the people, to that of Titus when such an identification came to an end." At first a political capital, Jerusalem became, by the erection of Solomon's Temple, also a religious capital. It was not, however, the real centre of the Jewish religion, the sacred city of the faith, until the promulgation of the law under Josiah, in 621 B. C., when "vivid sympathy . . . for the whole land . . . was replaced by a fanaticism for the temple and the city." Especially conversant with the religious development of the Jews in and around Jerusalem and its temple, Professor Smith is at his very best when he deals not with the legal and ritual, but with the prophetical side of this development—as might be expected from one who first became famous as a commentator on Isaiah and the minor prophets. Technically, an Old Testament scholar, Professor Smith also introduces a fresh element into the study of Jerusalem in the Gospel period and sounds a wholesome note of warning with regard to the relation of the Christian religion and its founder to the Old Testament religion, pointing out that Christ and that side of the popular religion with which He was in touch, connected directly with the ancient prophetism rather than with the late apocalyptic developments or with the legal and ritual religion of the time.

Considerable portions of Books i and iii, the topography and the history, had already appeared in the *Expositor* and elsewhere, and have undergone scholarly criticism. The larger part of Book ii, economics and politics, is here published for the first time. The work is satisfactorily provided with maps and charts, including a large pocket plan of the city, based, by permission of the Palestine Exploration Fund, on Sir Charles Wilson's ordnance plan; a geological map, founded on the material collected by Dr. Blanckenhorn for the Deutscher Palästina Verein (the maps were prepared by J. G. Bartholomew); and some fifteen admirable reproductions, almost entirely from Professor Smith's own photographs. There is a general index to each volume, with special indexes of passages referred to in the Bible, the Apocrypha, Josephus, and the Talmud.

Lynch's Daughter. By Leonard Merrick. New York: The McClure Co.

Here is a story turning on the subject of tainted money, although it does not flaunt that hackneyed phrase. Old Lynch was a piratical financier, and his hundred millions were made by grinding the faces of the poor. Therefore his daughter Betty, greatly to be desired in herself, became an impossibility for Richard Keith, an English artist. He could not bring himself to profit by a tyranny that had always "horrified and revolted" him. Equally scrupulous was he as to the aims and uses of his own profession. "I don't think one is entitled to fritter away either one's wealth or one's art," he said. Though reasonably successful at portrait-painting, he aspired to do symbolic work, which, less rewarding pecuniarily, should better satisfy his ideal of giving to art and to his country the noblest that in him lay. Thus, with conscience opposed both to his own best chances of making money, and to the acceptance of it from the objectionable Lynch, his love affair with Betty would undoubtedly have been strangled by him, had not Betty herself taken a hand and convinced him that she was equal to the rôle of a poor man's wife.

The marriage takes place early in the book. The story is of struggle, incapacity, wavering and broken faith, bitter lessons, and a triumphant outcome. Though the opening menace of the novel is that it shall be a pamphlet on Trust methods and idealism in art, it passes happily on into the lighter, brighter airs of a married love-story, and may be read without dread and with pleasure.

Ganton & Co. By Arthur J. Eddy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is remarkable how little either of distinction or of crude force belongs to the current American stories of this type. The situation they try to portray is pregnant enough: it is the situation with which we are all deeply concerned just now. The old multi-millionaire of simple personal habits and endless greed of power; the young man, spoiled by wealth, given to fast society, impatient of work, and destined in the natural course of things to become a mere squanderer; the problem of protecting "labor" from the tyranny of un-

scrupulous capital and the tyranny of equally unscrupulous demagogy—these are matters which occupy our thoughts. Yet we seem to be able merely to talk about them. The novel or play embodying them, as a strong art should be able to embody them, is still to be written. Mr. Eddy offers us a book much like a dozen others we recall during the past two years. Old John Ganton is the familiar figure of the unscrupulous and successful commercial tyrant. His financial operations smell to heaven like the vast stock-yards upon which they are founded. But he has few accusers and fewer qualms. The making of money is a game, the rules of which he takes to be as liberal as those of love and war. But the present game is, after all, of the author's playing, and old Ganton is merely the chessman predestined to his part. The son, the society people, the labor leaders, are yet more wooden figures, conventional presentments of the types with which our energetic press has abundantly acquainted us. Nowhere is there a touch of that sublimation of the type, that precipitation of the familiar experience which may some day, let us hope, give permanence to their literary record. "Ganton & Co." is not a hopelessly bad novel; it has merely come to swell our ever-increasing store of the unhopefully mediocre.

The Gentleman. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Take three parts of Stevenson to one of Charles Kingsley, flavor with reminiscences of Blackmore, beat violently, and serve in paragraphs *à la* Charles Reade—such seems to have been the formula for this rather extraordinary book. That Mr. Ollivant knows how to write no one that has read "Bob, Son of Battle" will deny; at his best he really has style; his words are admirably chosen and seem to impinge directly, even painfully, upon the reader's senses. This powerful realism is here applied, for the most part, to scenes of carnage and horror, yet it is redeemed from the lower deeps of brutality by the atmosphere of romance which the author can throw about his most gruesome incidents. Partly, too, it is saved from being unbearable by the breathless rapidity with which one life-and-death struggle follows another. So dizzying is the whirl of events that it is hard to believe how simple the plot really is—a desperate effort on one side to carry out and on the other to foil a scheme to betray Nelson into the hands of Napoleon, as he watches at Boulogne for his opportunity to invade England. Moreover, the scene is laid on a narrow strip of Sussex coast and the waters of the Channel immediately off-shore, and the entire action takes place in three or four days. Yet this classic severity of plan is so thickly overlaid with incident that the reader who has been able to "swim the sea of slaughter" as far as the latter half of the story can hardly remember the beginning. It is a pity, for the two heroes—Kit Caryll, a fifteen-year-old midshipman with the sensibility of a girl, the heart of a lion, and the resourcefulness of a genius, and the nameless "Gentleman," a Franco-Irishman, valiant and terrible, gentle and debonair, as any champion of mediæval romance—are really delightful figures, if they would only stand still long enough to be looked at.

The Long Arm of Mannister. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Here Mr. Phillips undertakes to show, in a thrilling succession of anecdotes, that the way of the transgressor is much harder than the Biblical aphorist dreamed it. He has succeeded remarkably. George Mannister, whose fortune and home nine dastardly conspirators have wrecked, sets forth to vengeance. Such is the benumbing power of guilt that his intended victims, London's cleverest sharpers, can do nothing but wait with chattering teeth for the "long arm" to seize them. One musters up strength enough to flee some distance—in vain, of course. But all the other eight linger in cafés and clubs, wondering fearfully when and how the blow shall fall upon the next of their number. Sometimes they piteously beg Mannister to hasten their doom, whereat the avenger assures them that he must take them in a certain order. The instinct of self-preservation does not warn them against accepting dinner invitations from their pursuer, riding with him through lonely streets at night, or confiding to his ear their business and social secrets. Every young man contemplating a career of crime, literary or otherwise, should read this tale and be warned.

Three of a Kind. By Richard Burton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a story of "a man, a waif, and a dog." Its geography declares itself in the post of the newsboy, which was "hard by the Common, just where the little stations of the subway belch forth or swallow up the throngs of city folk." Its musical programme embraces "a selection from the Niebelungen," and a girl singer who "held the roughest, most careless element of her audiences spellbound by the freshness, the sweetness, and purity of her rendition of some familiar ballad like 'Annie Laurie' or 'The Last Rose of Summer.'" Concerning Christmas, it is learned that the simple and inexpensive gifts at a humble celebration "were productive of more merriment and went further to meet real human needs, than is often true of the perfunctory and impersonal present-making of those whose purse is plethoric." From this foot may it be learned that here is no Hercules. Saccarissa, rather, is the presiding divinity over a tale of long-lost loves and inlaid caskets, new-found letters and boys, attics with Spanish leather screens, and the sentiment that seems inseparable from stories with violins in them. Happily, a certain amount of sugar is wholesome, and there is here, besides, a good deal of good human nature in the old German musician; while the boy and the dog are very commendably real, the boy satisfactorily canine, the dog more than half boy, as nice boys and good dogs should be and are.

Two English Queens and Philip. By Martin Hume. Pp. xi.+498. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

Some of Major Hume's readers may note with alarm the brevity of the interval (less than one year) which has elapsed since the appearance of his "Court of Philip IV"; others will be stirred by anticipations, not untempered with apprehension, on learning that the present work is the first of a Romantic History Series under his general editorship; one and all, however, will join in congratulating him on the honorary M.A. which Cambridge University conferred upon him last June, and which is duly exhibited upon the title-page of his latest production. "Two English Queens and Philip" contains, in effect, a thoroughly readable popularization of the more romantic of the historical facts which are to be found in the most recent volumes of the Spanish Calendar. It begins with an account of the way in which the disappointed Emperor indemnified his beloved son for his loss of Germany, by marrying him to Mary Tudor, in the hope that this match might ultimately annex the English crown to Spain. It recounts in detail the successive disappointments of that hope, from the day when the patriotic Bishop of Winchester drafted the marriage treaty in such terms as to safeguard the liberties of England, through the tergiversations and jiltings by Elizabeth, to the initiation of active though indirect hostilities between the two countries, in the shape of English intervention in the Netherlands and Portugal, and Spanish plots in Ireland and Scotland. It closes with the execution of the Scottish Queen, the last of a chain of events which brought the two nations face to face in 1588, because, by removing the regular Catholic claimant to the English throne, it enabled Philip for the first time to strike a blow for his own land.

The field covered is naturally one in which Major Hume is specially competent. His editing of the Spanish Calendars has familiarized him with its details to an extent which no one else can boast, while his little Life of Philip II

(which the present reviewer ventures to think is by far the best book he has ever produced) shows an ability to treat it *en bloc*. Errors of detail in the present volume are surprisingly few, and the point of view is on the whole sound. Whether the policy expressed in the famous

> Con todo el mundo guerra
> Y paz con Inghalterra.

was as wise in theory or in practice as Major Hume would have us believe may well be doubted. There were many alternative possibilities open to the Spanish monarch; and competent critics have urged that in allowing the conflict, when once inevitable, to be postponed till the late eighties, he made a grave mistake: for every year saw Elizabeth more firmly seated on her throne, while Philip's power had passed its zenith in the seventies. A book like this, however, cannot be measured by the same canons as a serious historical work; it is frankly written to please a large public, and not for the instruction of specialists. It is no sinecure to popularize further a period that has already been treated by Froude, but there are not many persons living today who are better fitted to do so than Major Hume. We venture to think that in works like this he has found his real vocation, and, provided his readers are adequately warned not to accept all his statements unreservedly, we trust he may continue to live to produce a great many more.

The Childhood of Man. By Leo Frobenius; translated by A. H. Keane. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3 net.

Dr. Frobenius has spent many years in collecting material illustrative of the arts and crafts and religious ideas of barbarous races, and has made his home into a museum somewhat similar to that founded by the late Gen. Pitt-Rivers in Oxford. In this volume he has brought together a number of more or less interesting facts gathered partly from personal observation, partly from the private communications of eye-witnesses and from published works. In a succession of chapters he talks of adornment, tattooing, tests of manhood, the communication of ideas by dress, gestures, drums; and pictures of funeral ceremonies, worship of skulls and ancestors, the adventures of the souls of the dead, the origin of the world, the theft of fire, the stone and iron ages, cannibals, and war. Of all these things he discourses in a lively and familiar way, with many shrewd observations. Not much of what he communicates is new, but his treatment of his subjects is fresh and suggestive. Besides the numerous illustrations furnished by the author, this English edition contains reproductions of some rare water-colors taken from the volume of drawings executed by John White, who was made Governor of Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587.

Frobenius is less happy in his interpretation of savage customs than in his accumulation of facts. His chief contribution to mythology is found in his statement (p. 331, ff) that the whole history of the faculty possessed by rude peoples of comprehending the world is clear as soon as we recognize their three periods of development: animalism (the age of esteem for animals), manism (the age when the power of departed souls [*manes*] was dominant), and solarism (the contemplation of the universe). It is in solarism that he finds the key to many early ideas and ceremonies: the rising and setting of the sun explain the numerous stories of man's climbing up to the sky by trees, ladders, and spider-webs; the descent of gods or men to the underworld, fire-worship, the "Jonah-myths" in which a person, human or divine, swallowed by a marine monster, emerges from his prison, usually by cutting his way out; the widely distributed conception that heaven and earth formerly lay together and that heaven was lifted up, generally by violence, to its present position; and the journey of the souls of the dead along a path which is the path of the sun. Most of these conceptions, however, admit of simpler explanations: it is a natural fancy to climb to the sky or descend to the underworld; naturally, the sky must have been pushed up to its present place; the Jonah type of story might easily suggest itself to dwellers by the sea; fire is worshipped because it is bright and powerful. As for the journey of the soul, it is conceived of in many ways, and these are usually imitations of earthly journeys. The worship of the sun and moon in very early times and the worship of the stars at a later time have been widely diffused; but Frobenius has used his "solarism" in a way not warranted by the facts.

Carla Wenckebach, Pioneer. By Margarethe Müller. Pp. xiv—290; 7 portraits. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.00.

In August, 1879, Anna Doris Amalie Katharine Wenckebach, known to hundreds of Wellesley students as Carla, landed in New York, engaged to serve as governess in the family of a wealthy merchant of North German birth. For three years she taught seven hours a day, besides contributing gratuitous articles to the *Staats-Zeitung*. Then, after a period of discouraging struggle with the problem of self-support, she went to the Summer School at Amherst, where she attracted the attention of President Alice Freeman of Wellesley and was appointed head of the German department. In less than two years, she completely reorganized it. She herself did every grade of work from the most elementary to "Faust," in the senior year, often taught double time, and also prepared a series of text books, designed to forward "the new methods" of instruction in language. In less than a decade, she was hailed as "one of the most distinguished leaders in her field of work—the reform of language-teaching." She also started the department of pedagogy. And there, "the little Bismarck," as she was familiarly called, exerted her vivifying influence until her death in December, 1902. This was Carla Wenckebach's career in America. In the Fatherland, she is commemorated by a large bronze relief in the Hanover Seminary, where she was one of the pioneer graduates, with a teacher's diploma.

She was born in the ancient city of Hildesheim, in 1853. After graduating from the newly founded Hanover Normal School, she secured a position as governess in a family in Perthshire, Scotland. There, above all things, she detested the Scotch-English Sabbath, with its "pharisaical sanctimoniousness." She yearned for "the serenity and bliss of our Continental Sunday, with its summer joys of walks and garden concerts, and its winter cheer of home conviviality and theatre-going." After several vicissitudes, she became a governess in an officer's family in Tiflis. Her experiences here are among the most interesting in the book. She was the most naïve and unconventional figure that one could imagine. At first her quaint and inartistic dress might attract amused attention, but that was speedily forgotten, under the spell of her enthusiasm. A description of her, written by one of her friends and admirers, is worth quoting:

> I sat down opposite the professor, who had all this time been majestically enthroned on her high desk chair, her feet supported by an enormous hassock, her shapely hands resting on her knees. She wore a red velvet dress with a large flower pattern stamped on it, and a juvenile red sash around her waist; and she was sparkling with gold or some kind of yellow metal that glistened in her finger rings and bracelets, in her dress buttons and the beads used for a ruching. With bewilderment my eyes travelled down the length of her heavy gold chain, and up again from her waist to the enormous brooch—a gold dollar surrounded by spikes—to fasten at last on that wonderful square head of hers, with its crown of short blonde hair which bristled up over her fine brow like the crest of an alert bird. . . . In the course of the conversation I became more and more conscious that I was in the presence of a rare and powerful personality, and this impression of power, associated with Fräulein Wenckebach's strong neck and jaw, her fine, firm mouth, her determined chin, her habitually clenched fists, and her clear starlike gaze, almost drowns

the memory of her musical voice and of the gentle, graceful motions of her body.

The account of this remarkable woman's life is very interesting. One would scarcely suspect, but for Professor Müller's prefatory confession, that English was not the author's mother tongue.

Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten unter besonderer Berücksichtigung seines politischen, ethischen, sozialen und erzieherischen Einflusses. Von Georg von Bosse. New York: Imported by Lemcke & Buechner.

This volume by a Lutheran pastor in Philadelphia is voluminous, almost encyclopædic, and yet it passes over or touches but lightly more than one name that might justly be allotted considerable space. The truth is, that the index is anything but complete, and many who are treated in the text find no place there. For example, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg and Karl Knortz. They, however, receive no more attention than some persons who have been identified with a particular neighborhood or local movement, perhaps long ago forgotten in the general story of German-American culture. The plates, too, seem somewhat capriciously chosen.

Having said this in slight disparagement of a work that sometimes partakes too much of the scrap-book, or at best of the heavy, prosaic *Arbeit*, we are glad to praise the positive merit of the book. It contains much valuable and interesting matter. Dr. von Bosse discusses the grounds for German emigration, looks from various sides at the value of the German emigrant, his ideals and his services, and examines the character of Germans of the colonial period, and the nature of their first settlements in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New England. He gives one of the best records, since that offered us by George Washington Greene, of the considerable part played by Germans in the Revolution. He also tells the story of the Germans in the Civil, as well as in the Spanish-American war. One of the concluding chapters sets forth the relation of the German to his adopted land, and his achievements in politics, and his influence on the development of schools, music, literature, the theatre, and art. Naturally, such men as Carl Schurz and Richard Bartholdt receive their meed of praise, and recognition is accorded even to such native Americans as Prof. Calvin Thomas, who is credited to Michigan rather than Columbia. It could not be expected that the author should treat his theme with anything less than enthusiasm. Yet without any of the offensive phrases with which some German writers have sought to exalt German influence in America by decrying the Yankee and the men of other races, Von Bosse calmly states his belief that had the Germans not come to America in such numbers and when they did, and were they not of such sterling worth, the course of affairs here must have been far different. The great West would never have been conquered and developed in so short a time, the war of secession could not have been so quickly concluded, and the clarifying of America's political atmosphere must have been sadly delayed. Then, too, without the Germans, Americans would have remained longer in ignorance of good music, and American art would not have made such progress.

Science.

The New Physics and Its Evolution. By Lucien Poincaré. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

The Radioactive Substances. By Walter Mackower. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Evolution of Forces. By Gustave Le Bon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The theories of physical science are undergoing profound modifications which are due to the discovery of cathode rays, X-rays, and radium. Those who are desirous of following these modifications can find no better treatise than that of Poincaré. Like most cultivated Frenchmen, he has a lucid style, which is maintained in the translation, and he has avoided mathematical language; for, as he says, "algebra is an admirable tongue, but there are many occasions where it can only be used with much discretion." The keynote of the book is the remark that physical science progresses by evolution rather than by revolution; and that science in general is in some sort a living organism which gives birth to an indefinite series of new beings which take the place of the old. The author shows how the science of mechanics, and the mechanical hypotheses of Newton, Descartes, and La Place have been modified by recent discoveries, and he explains the limits of metaphysics and philosophy in dealing with the laws of nature. The general reader is given in the space of three hundred pages an admirable résumé of the new theories in respect to electrons and the bearing of these theories upon the doctrine of a universal ether filling all space.

Since the discovery of radium a new subject called radioactivity has arisen. The literature in regard to it is already voluminous. Mr. Mackower's treatise will enable the general reader to form a good idea of the great progress made in this field during the past five years. His book is not so exhaustive as that of Prof. Ernest Rutherford, but it is simpler; and on reading it one can understand why certain physicists believe in the disintegration of the chemist's atom, and why our views of the cause and probable duration of the sun's heat and of the earth-heat may have to be modified. It can be studied with profit before taking up Dr. Le Bon's treatise in the same series.

In "The Evolution of Forces" Dr. Le Bon develops still further the idea which he first enunciated in a book entitled "L'Évolution de la matière" (1905), that all matter is continually in a state of dissociation and decay. This theory was received with great doubt by the scientific world; but the recent experiments with radium give surprising support to the contention of Dr. Le Bon, who certainly exhibits great originality and a powerful imagination. This imagination flashes forth in the following paragraph:

> During the accumulations of ages unknown to history, the millions of stars with which space is peopled must have begun or ended cycles of evolution analogous to that now pursued by our globe. Worlds peopled like ours, covered with flourishing cities, filled with the marvels of science and the arts, must have emerged from eternal night and returned thereto without leaving a trace behind them.

The author includes in this volume some very interesting experiments on light invisible to the eye which he terms black, or dark, light. These experiments, if substantiated, will contribute to our knowledge of phosphorescence.

As a supplement to "Religion and Medicine," by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, Moffat Yard, & Co. will issue next spring "The Emmanuel Movement: Its Principles, Methods, and Results," by the same authors.

Longmans, Green, & Co. announce a three-volume work, "Design in Nature: Illustrated by Spiral and Other Arrangements in the Inorganic and Organic Kingdoms as Exemplified in Matter, Force, Life, Growth, Rhythms, etc., Especially in Crystals, Plants, and Animals," by J. Bell Pettigrew, late Chandos professor of medicine and anatomy in the University of St. Andrews.

The number of books on the fascinating subject of radio-telegraphy rapidly increases. C. C. F. Monckton's "Radio-Telegraphy" (D. Van Nostrand Co.), although not so complete as Prof. J. A. Fleming's work, gives the general reader a good account of the rapid progress in the new art of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony. We learn that the first transatlantic wireless message was received in 1901, and since that time 119,445 words have been transmitted across the Atlantic by the wireless system; and the wave length used in transmission has been increased from 1,200 feet to 12,000 feet. Poulson, the Danish inventor, hopes to transmit speech across the Atlantic with only ten horsepower of radiated energy. Mr. Monckton is successful in making his exposition of the various systems of trans-

mission and reception, now in use, intelligible to the non-scientific reader.

In "Mind and Work," by Dr. Luther H. Gulick (Doubleday, Page & Co.), we have a refreshingly optimistic study of many subjects which will appeal not only to the teacher, but also to the layman. Nor is the writer's optimism of the irrational type that refuses to face the facts of experience. He neither overlooks nor underestimates the ills of human existence, but he teaches in a happy way the wisdom of choosing to minimize what is evil where it must be borne, and of avoiding it, so far as is wholesome, by sane precautionary action. His psychology is, in the main, sound, although his desire to express himself in colloquial language at times leads him astray. His indebtedness to Prof. William James, which is evident throughout the book, might well have been more often acknowledged; for the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with psychological literature is not unlikely to attribute to the writer not a few teachings which are, in fact, mere paraphrases of James's brilliant suggestions—and this especially as the author's reference to other authorities is quite adequate.

Dr. Andrew J. McCosh, one of the leading surgeons of this city, died December 2 from injuries received by accident. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1858, the son of James McCosh, afterwards president of Princeton. Having graduated from Princeton in 1877, he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, and afterwards in Vienna. Since 1889 he had been one of the surgeons at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city; he was professor of clinical surgery at Columbia University; and he was a frequent contributor to the medical journals and a member of various medical societies.

Drama.

Recollections and Reflections. By Ellen Terry. New York: The McClure Co.

This is an agreeable but disappointing volume: agreeable because characteristic in its butterfly style of one of the brightest personalities known to the modern stage; and disappointing because, abounding as it does in evidences of quick and shrewd observation, it is so comparatively poor in those revelations of close personal intimacies in which the memory of Miss Terry must be so rich. Her reflections are, as a rule, so sound and apt that the reader wishes for more of them; while the recollections, as is so often the case in theatrical biographies, are frequently so trivial, or so entirely professional in their interest, that they might have been compressed with advantage. Few persons could have known Henry Irving better, and yet of him, the man himself as apart from the actor and manager, she has little more to tell than Bram Stoker or Austin Brereton. Scarcely a hint is given of the intellectual, social, or personal attributes which won for him, in his private capacity, the friendship of statesmen, poets, scholars, and artists, secured him election to the most exclusive clubs and a reputation as one of the most accomplished hosts of his day.

Of Irving the actor she has many interesting things to say. She does not hesitate to intimate that her artistic instinct and equipment were superior to his in 1867, when she first played with him in Garrick's version of "The Taming of the Shrew." She saw in him then no sign of future greatness. For his part he thought her "hoydenish." In those days, as afterwards, she says, he thought and cared for nothing but the theatre, went hungry to buy a book or a stage jewel that might be useful, and awaking in the dead of night would strike matches to look at his new treasure. "He had it all in him," she says, "but could express very little. Many of his defects sprang from his not having been on the stage as a child. He was stiff with self-consciousness." This was after eleven years of hard work. What impressed her most in him was the suggestion of an indomitable will, and this," she adds, "was the peculiar quality in his acting afterwards—a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties." For years, she remarks, Irving's self gripped him like the shell of a lobster, but he overcame his dragging leg, his disregard of vowel sounds and other deficiencies by years of toil. At thirty, he was nervously sensitive to ridicule, with a touch of exaggeration in his carriage—"a dash of Werther, with a few flourishes of Jingle"—but ten years later, when he had "found himself" at the Lyceum, he had the quietness and confidence of the man of the world. He was, she goes on to say, an egotist "so absorbed in his own achievements that he was unable or unwilling to appreciate those of others." She never heard him speak in high terms of great foreign actors who visited England. "It was never any pleasure to him," she declares, "to see the acting of others." But, while saying these hard things, Miss Terry is a hot enthusiast for Irving's genius. She ranks him with Garrick and Edmund Kean. His Hamlet, she holds, had no equal, but she seems to regard Philip as his masterpiece. He confessed to her, she says, that he was hampered in the vehemence of passion. "He had to take refuge in speechless rage when he would have poured out his words in a torrent." So he failed comparatively in Othello and kindred characters. The more he felt, the more deliberate he became, and this tendency in his Shylock had a bad effect on her Portia, as his slow Benedick had on her Beatrice. Upon his conscientiousness, indefatigability, and comprehensive grasp as a manager, she dilates frequently. When he came to the first rehearsal of a new play, the whole representation, down to the smallest points, had been mapped out in his mind. At the last, he was warned by his physician that if he played Mathias again, it would be at the peril of his life. He played it and within forty-eight hours was dead.

Of herself, except when she prefers to maintain complete silence, Miss Terry talks with much frankness and with pleasant modesty. She prints, of course, some of the choicest tributes paid to her charm and ability, but she never poses as a genius, constantly insisting that her success was due not so much to any special gift as to the minute and laborious training to which she was subjected in early youth. It is not necessary to dwell upon these childish experiences, but the facts that she was drilled almost from infancy by her parents in the arts of speech and motion, and that it was the clearness of her utterance when she was eight years old which gained her the favor of Mrs. Charles Kean, are worth noting. She was with the Keans for three years, and has much to say about the exhausting rehearsals and their attention to details. Ever since those early days she has been a firm believer in the old stock company system as the only real school of acting, and evidently does not think that a player who is restricted by his individuality to one line of characters has much right to the title of actor. Looking back upon her youth, her conclusion is that the work then was harder, the pay less, and the actors better. Concerning her ill-considered marriage with George F. Watts she writes with regretful and dignified simplicity, without betraying anger or sense of injustice. She admits that the artistic and literary atmosphere which she breathed during that period of her life broadened her perceptions and improved her taste, and so was beneficial to her in her later theatrical career. She owed much to the constant criticism of the experienced Tom Taylor and the more brilliant Charles Reade. It was the latter who was for ever preaching the importance of pace in comedy, and her quick exits and entrances, her flashing deliveries and airy movements were largely the result of his admonitions. It was with him that she learned to appreciate the value of variety in intonation and gesture and in technique generally. It is for the lack of such training, she argues, that the new actor, whose individuality will carry him through a modern play, that has been written to fit him, is an utter failure in Shakespearean or old comedy parts.

The glimpses which Miss Terry affords of other persons do not add materially to common knowledge. Her account of her American tour is perfunctory and her closing chapters seem hasty and padded. The whole book would

be the better for judicious editing, but her gossip is suggestive of her own bright and impulsive personality, and doubtless will find many eager readers.

"A Mystery Play in Honor of the Nativity of Our Lord," by Robert Hugh Benson, with illustrations, appendices, and stage directions, will soon be issued by Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Maid's Forgiveness," by John Jay Chapman (Moffat, Yard & Co.), a play in three acts and eight scenes, is a bit of twelfth century romance, which possesses much literary merit and some effective theatrical qualities. It is written in blank verse and prose, and tells a somewhat fanciful, but interesting, story of a royal bigamist, his remorse, confession, and abdication, and the enthronement of his newly discovered heir in the place of the really illegitimate son, who had been accepted for twenty years as the crown prince. Both the plot and the construction are old-fashioned, but the characters of the two half-brothers—the one a gallant man of action and the other a fervent idealist, oppressed by the conviction of a wrong to be righted—are well and vigorously drawn. The dialogue is not only excellent in form—the blank verse especially showing careful study of the Elizabethans—but vigorous, picturesque, and imaginative in matter. The little piece—for it is short—would need some modification to make it suitable for stage presentment, but it is genuine poetic romance, and, if well acted, would be very effective. Unfortunately, romantic actors are now very scarce.

The twenty-third volume of the Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas (London: David Nutt) begins an edition of "John Fordes Dramatische Werke" in Neudruck herausgegeben von W. Bang. The present issue carries us through "The Louers Melancholy" and "Loues Sacrifice," with an appendix containing Dekker's "Penny-Wise, Pound Foolish." The text we may assume from the character of the series to be reproduced with great accuracy, and, though we may regard the reproduction of Ford's spelling and punctuation as a nuisance for all but the specialist in Elizabethan literature, we may grant its utility in a series designed for scholars. The notable feature of the book is an introductory study of "Ford's Contribution to the Decadence of the Drama," by Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, which has the rare merit in such scholastic productions of possessing real ideas. Professor Sherman shows how Ford went back for his inspiration to the earlier Elizabethan drama, feeling no sympathy with the new life that was then stirring in England. He felt, in fact, little sympathy with actual life of any date, but drew the world as it came to him already interpreted on the stage. It is notable in this respect that almost all his scenes, with the exception of "Perkin Warbeck," the least characteristic of his plays, take place within four walls; he has "nothing like the field of Agincourt, no Dover Cliff, no storm at sea, or wave-smitten coast, no Roman Forum, mountain cavern, barren heath, or forest of Arden." Masculine interests are almost entirely eliminated, and in their place is the curiosity of strange and unnatural passions. Here, again, the interest is not moral in the proper sense of the word, but psychological. Perhaps, the best paragraph in the introduction is that which analyzes Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," and shows how this play, which leans toward decadence, yet lacks the true decadent stamp by its loyalty to convention and its avoidance of that questioning spirit which would have made Isabella weigh the value of preserving her chastity at the cost of her brother's life. One's only regret on closing this admirable study is that the author has not carried his argument into a more general discussion of decadence.

Music.

Stokes's Encyclopedia of Music. By L. J. de Bekker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.

The claim is made for this volume that it contains a wider variety and perhaps a greater number of topics than any other musical reference work. It certainly is remarkably comprehensive, condensing an enormous amount of well-sifted information into 743 pages. What strikes the examiner particularly, however, is, if we may use the word, its up-to-dateness. Here are articles on Oscar Hammerstein and his New York and Philadelphia opera houses; articles on the singers he has brought to this country, and the new operas they have sung; articles on the Metropolitan Opera House, its managers, past and present, its operas, and its singers, with the exception of Destinn. Seven columns are devoted, in addition, to the musical societies and activities of New York, while Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other American, as well as foreign, cities are similarly treated. The leading American and foreign conservatories have articles including the names of the teachers, with other information not conveniently accessible elsewhere. Nor are the publishers forgotten. American names are much more fully represented in this one-volume dictionary than in the five-volume "Grove."

A novel feature consists in giving the principal achievements of each person of note in the musical world at once after the name. This bird's-eye view is then followed by a detailed biographic sketch and a list of works, which is usually complete; in the case of Edward MacDowell there are four columns of titles. Grieg, on the other hand, is unaccountably slighted. Only a few of his works are mentioned, and the article begins with the erroneous statement that the "Peer Gynt" music was first written for piano and afterwards developed for orchestra. And Grieg surely deserved more than a column in a book which devotes eleven columns to Mendelssohn, and which has room for nearly two columns regarding an obsolete opera like "Lucrezia Borgia," and gives the same amount of space to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," which is never sung in America and hardly ever in Europe. At the same time, the stories of the operas are among the most useful features of this book; they are well told, and all the recent productions, from "Thais" to "Tiefland," are included. The author draws the line at "Salome," which is disposed of with the words that "the text is the obscure production of a decadent genius, and morbidly decadent rather than biblical"; in this one case the temptation was evidently too great to allow the writer to adhere to his principle of making his book "a record of fact and not of opinion." The technical and historic articles, such as "Acoustics," "Singing," "Opera," are lucid and usually satisfactory, but both "Symphonic Poem" and "Symphony" called for fuller treatment. Among the abbreviations, "ten." for "tenor" seems uncalled for and disturbing. Apart from such details, the Stokes "Encyclopedia" calls for the highest praise; as a modern supplement to other musical dictionaries it is indispensable in every public or private library.

Before Oscar Hammerstein made the bold and unexpectedly successful attempt to produce "Pelléas et Mélisande" at his Manhattan Opera House, Debussy's opera had been tabooed by timid managers of both continents Since this achievement, it has been accepted and staged at a number of German and Italian opera houses. By way of commemorating tbis triumph, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have brought out an édition de luxe of Maeterlinck's play, on which the opera is based, with colored margins, pictures of Mary Garden, Maeterlinck, Debussy, and a number of scenes from the opera. The translation is by Erving Winslow and there is also a long introduction by Montrose J. Moses, who concludes that this opera marks merely a transition stage in the development of Debussy's style, as the play did in Maeterlinck's, and who predicts that in the years to come the "Pelléas" score will take its place with the countless operas of "Francesca da Rimini," now forgotten. Perhaps it will; but at present it is popular, wherefore this book will be welcomed by many who have seen, or intend to see, the opera.

Wassily Safonoff has selected for the third pair of concerts of the Philharmonic Society to be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall a programme consisting wholly of the works of composers of Slavic birth. A novelty in its present form is Smetana's "Ultava," the second of a series of four symphonic poems in a group called "My Fatherland." This composition has been in part rewritten by Mr. Safonoff. Joseph Lhévinne, who is to be the soloist at these concerts, will play for the first time here Rubinstein's fantasy for piano in C major, which is an extremely difficult and complicated work. Tchaikovsky's symphony in B minor after Byron's "Manfred," which will serve to show to the best advantage Mr. Safonoff's characteristic interpretation of this Russian composer, will conclude the programme.

Art.

Seven Centuries of Lace. By Mrs. J. H. Pollen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $9 net.

Chats on Old Lace and Needlework. By Mrs. Emily Leigh Lowes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.

As inheritor of the La Primaudaye lace collection and wife of the official editor of the South Kensington Museum Catalogue of Books on Art, Mrs. Pollen has had unusual opportunities for the mastery of her subject, and "Seven Centuries of Lace" might be expected to bring to light much new material. It is a disappointment, therefore, to find that the text preceding her fine photographs contains little in the way of historical information, and that a disproportionate part of it is given over to a discussion of the gammadion as employed in lace design and an effort to show that laces commonly assigned to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries may be correctly placed at a much earlier date. She believes that the geometric character of primitive design was modified earlier than is generally supposed, and she fortifies her theory by such argument as this:

> We find in an eighth century "Gospel" in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, a scroll ornament painted with vine leaves, grapes, etc. Why should not this have inspired a lace worker of the same period to attempt a similar design? At a little later date a "Sacramentaire" has most realistic flowers and leaves ornamenting the initials in the Manuscript. These beautiful works of art were executed by religious persons and monks probably of the Benedictine Order. A great part of the lace made at the same time was undoubtedly the work of nuns. What more likely than that mutual assistance was given to carry out the principal aim of both—the ornamentation and glory of the Sacred Scriptures, and the services of the Church? (p. 24).

This, of course, is nothing more than unsupported assumption.

The remainder of the text, which deals for the most part with the plates, is almost superfluous, since its important points are sufficiently covered by the descriptive lines beneath each illustration. These plates originated in the author's desire to convey practical information by photographic reproductions of lace, and thus avoid the unfolding and actual handling of her valuable specimens. The idea of such reproductions, however, is not so original as Mrs. Pollen thinks, since the same method has already been followed with success by Bertha von Jurie in her unpretentious but useful "Spitzen und ihre Characteristik." And the part which a succession of photographs might play, if accompanied by a really adequate text, is even better shown in the letter from Alan Cole which serves as a preface to the present volume. Through classification of kindred designs, laces have been broadly arranged in three groups: the first designs, involving simple geometric forms, are gradually succeeded by more conventional devices, suggesting plants and animals; while these are followed by attempts at realistic renderings of actual things. These three groups, Mr. Cole asserts, are accompanied by three varieties of equally recognizable textures: "the first comparatively stiff and wiry, the second more lissom and inclined to tapiness, and the third still more lissom, becoming filmy in quality." Without the plates it would be impossible for the inexperienced to visualize this description, but with them a study of the three groups shows exactly what is meant. Of these full-page pictures there are 120, ranging in subject from the alb, said to have been worn by St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), to details of mantillas and lappets of the nineteenth century. They are admirably executed, and, with the exception of a few fragile laces like *point de gaze*, whose delicacy it is impossible for any form of graphic art to express, they show with amazing clearness the effect produced by different kinds of stitches. Particularly interesting are the examples of *tela tirata*, or drawn work, which is commonly classed as an earlier form of lace, although it does not comply with the popular understanding that lace is a fabric created independent of any foundation. The portrayal of a number of enlarged varieties of *réseaux*, the mesh background of both needle and bobbin-made laces, is also illuminating.

A glossary of Italian terms, although promising in appearance, adds little to the general glossary published in 1900 by Jackson and Jesurum. The added terms are almost entirely stitches used in *tela tirata*, such as *punto a rammendo*, *punto a stuora*, and *punto treccia*, darning, matting, and tress-stitch, respectively. The book is beautifully printed and handsomely bound. If supplemented by a good history, tracing the development of design and technique, its excellent plates would have genuine educational value, but in the present form its usefulness is practically limited to the collector or to those already somewhat familiar with the history of lace.

Of quite another type is "Chats on Old Lace and Needlework." Its style is colloquial and its text is arranged with an eye to easy assimilation. The numerous illustrations are mediocre, but they are skilfully handled in relation to the subject, their uses being well shown in the chapter, "How to Identify Lace." The sections devoted to sale prices of old laces and embroideries are novel and interesting. Modern lace, also receives brief treatment, but in this connection a tendency to immoderate statement is shown. In speaking of Russian lace, the author says that only two special kinds of hand-made lace are known in that country. Now, Mrs. Mincoff, in her "Pillow Lace," 1907, tells us "Great quantities of lace, mostly of coarse thread in vermiculated patterns, are produced in Central Russia; 32,514 lacemakers are employed." This is only one of several instances of too hasty generalization. The book belongs to the get-wise-quick class, but its size and arrangement make it a convenient handbook for household use, and as such it may be recommended.

The November number of the *Burlington Magazine* is unusually technical and archæological, even for this publication. The section on Art in America deals with nothing more recent than Persian bowls of the ninth century in the Metropolitan Museum, and pictures of the fourteenth century, in the Jarves collection at New Haven, and nothing more modern than a sketch by Constable is reproduced in the body of the number. The leading article is on the art of that inartistic people, the Spartans; and that of next importance is on the origin of certain Oriental carpet patterns. While the connoisseurs for whom the magazine is professedly published will doubtless find their account in it, there is little to appeal to the ordinary lover of beauty.

At least one valuable addition to the information available to English and American readers about Delft potteries may be credited to "Delft Ware, Dutch and English," by N. Hudson Moore (F. A. Stokes Co.). This addition is a statement of the substance of Joost Thooft's pamphlet, "De porselene Fles," which relates the story of the survival of the factory of "The Porcelain Bottle," with a record of continuous productivity (though not of Delft ware at all periods) from 1672 to the present day. The new Delft, it must be admitted, is not altogether convincing—with the practical abandonment of stanniferous enamel on coarse bodies and the adoption of practices that were first introduced by Wedgwood. The product is hardly comparable with the old Delft in simplicity of design or charm of tone. For the rest, Mrs. Moore's book has been judiciously and interestingly compiled from the recognized sources of authority, with inclusion of certain data and illustrations that bear on the importation of Delft ware to this country. The list of Delft potters with their marks is inclusive enough for the purposes of the collectors for whom the manual is designed.

"Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages: A Description of Mediæval Workmanship, in Several of the Departments of Applied Art, Together with Some Account of Special Artisans in the Early Renaissance," by Julia De Wolf Addison (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is a good book; but it will probably, in many instances, prove too advanced "to inform those who have no intention of practising such arts." Its wealth of general ideas, specific descriptions of craft processes, and quotations from original documents, will, one may suspect, best be appropriated by those who have already acquired a little store of

practical information through actually handling and manipulating some of the tools and materials of the various applied arts. Cultivated people, however, of whatever previous training and tastes will at least get entertainment from the author's occasional personal sallies and from the quaint and amusing transcripts from old writers. The chapters would be easier reading if the material in each were arranged under definite propositions. A certain large logic is revealed by perusal, but the first impression is one of confusion. The colored illustrations are admirable. Despite palpable defects of literary craftsmanship the book should be especially valuable to workers in the arts and crafts, as the production of one who is not only an accomplished executant in the departments of ecclesiastical decoration and illumination of books and manuscripts, but who appreciates beyond the generality of craftsmen the importance of basing present-day accomplishments on knowledge of what has gone before. Her inquiry about each of the arts discussed is practical. She seems always to ask what are its capabilities, what its proper limitations. The natural curiosity which the worker feels concerning the social and professional conditions under which superior art was produced is met not by rewritten description, but by citations from original sources.

Considerable new material is utilized by the recent work of Dr. August Heisenberg of the University of Würzburg, "Grabeskirche und Apostelkirche: Zwei Basiliken Konstantins" (Leipzig: Hinrichs). Largely on the basis of a manuscript found in Milan, the author, especially in the departments of philology and of the history of architecture, is able to offer new data on the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and the Apostles' Church in Constantinople. The discussion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupies 234 pages, and is illustrated by 14 tables and 14 drawings; and the Apostles' Church 284 pages, with 10 tables and 3 sketches. The two volumes of the work, however, cover a great deal more than these two subjects, as indicated by the subtitle, "Untersuchungen zur Kunst und Literatur des ausgehenden Altertums." The period treated is from the fourth to the sixth century.

A welcome addition to the handful of good books on Japan is Gaston Migeon's "Au Japon: Promenades aux sanctuaires de l'art" (Paris: Hachette). M. Migeon, a curator of the Louvre, is naturally free from the jocular amazement of the average scribbling tourist. He has the positive distinction of being about the only European author who has written on Japan with full appreciation of the value of its early hieratic art. Unhappily, the Western world has formed its idea of the art of Japan and of the character of the nation as well, from the prints and gimcracks of the last two hundred years. Exquisite in workmanship, this little art belies the great art that preceded it. The knowing person presumably has a nodding acquaintance with Kôrin and the Kano school. But how many professional students of art know of those remoter Chinese and Japanese monks whose religious painting is comparable to the best of the Italian primitives—who had as well discovered the secrets of landscape and atmospheric effect at a time when the ancestors of Claude and Monet were still barbarians? To this older painting and to the sculpture of Nara, which he does not hesitate to rank with the best products of Egypt and Gothic France, M. Migeon devotes most of his pages. But he is also appreciative of the popular school, which native purists usually underestimate. The chapter on the temples of Nara will be decidedly useful to the deliberate traveller. Very charming are the descriptions of the three famous landscape regions of Japan, of the Nô dance and popular theatre. But one could wish that M. Migeon had passed some of these rather familiar themes in behalf of the private collections which he mentions tantalizingly. Here some consideration of discretion may have sealed his lips. To Americans this excellent work on the ancient art of Japan brings a keen regret. It was an American, the late Prof. E. F. Fenollosa, who better possibly than any other Occidental knew this great period. It was he who virtually made the magnificent collection at Boston, and aided in assembling the even choicer Freer collection, which is already dedicated to the nation. Yet fate willed it that Fenollosa should write only on the recent popular school, never reaping as a connoisseur the fruit of his labors as a collector. Who will undertake the great task, the most rewarding life work that remains in the history of art, of giving us a scientific history of ancient Chinese art, and of its greatest offshoot in old Japan?

Many contradictory reports have been circulated with regard to the intentions of the Italian government on the question of excavating Herculaneum. The correspondent of the London *Times* has made an interesting and reassuring report. The Italian government, we are told, is willing to carry out the excavations, and has set aside £2,400 for the preliminary research advised by archæological authorities. The new law, however, introduced by Signor Rava for determining the compensation to landowners, though it has passed the Chamber of Deputies, has not yet passed the Senate. Under this law all antiquities found in excavations belong absolutely to the State, and landowners have no property or interest in them whatever. Under the former and still existing law landowners are entitled to a considerable share in the value of antiquities found. Unfortunately, the most extravagant hopes have been raised among the owners of houses at Resina, who refuse now either to sell their land or to permit excavations, except under preposterous conditions. Until the new law is passed, therefore, nothing can be done, unless, as Professor de Petra suggests, a special law is made for Herculaneum, as has been done in the case of the Zona Monumentale in Rome.

The tenth annual exhibition of the American Society of Miniature Painters will be opened at Knoedler's Galleries, in this city, on January 23, and continue until February 6.

An exhibition of arts and crafts at the National Arts Club, in this city, will be open till December 28. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are water colors by Mrs. W. J. Stillman, at Oehme's; decorative panels by Gustave Cimiotti, jr., Bauer-Folsom's, till December 12; paintings by members of the Painters' Club, Julius C. Haas's, December 12; paintings by Frederic Remington at Knoedler's, December 12; three centuries of engravings and etchings, Ederheimer's, December 31; mezzotints in color from paintings by old masters, Klackner's, December 31; etchings, dry-points and mezzotints, Sir Seymour Haden, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, January 2.

William Martin Aiken, the architect, died in this city December 7 at the age of fifty-three. He was born in Charleston, S. C., attended the University of the South, taught school for a time, and then studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. From 1880 to 1883 he was in the office of the late H. H. Richardson, Boston. He practised architecture in Cincinnati, 1886-1895; taught in the Cincinnati Art Academy; was supervising architect of the United States Treasury Department, 1895-1897; he designed the government exposition buildings at Atlanta (1895), Nashville (1897), and Omaha (1898), the mint buildings at Philadelphia and Denver, and numerous post office and custom-house buildings. Since 1897 he had been in practice in New York; from 1901 to 1903 he was consulting architect for the Borough of Manhattan. He contributed to Russell Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture" and he had written for the *Nation*.

Finance.

GOLD OUTPUT AND PRICES.

The extraordinary rise in prices of commodities, between the middle of 1897 and the middle of 1907, the "industrial boom" which accompanied that advance, and the extravagant era of speculation which resulted, have of late converged unusual attention on the theory that gold itself was depreciating because of greatly increased production. As to the fact of that increased production, there is no dispute. From $237,833,984 extracted from the world's mines in 1897, the output rose to $412,556,136 in 1907. During the same interval, the "index number," giving an average of prices for selected commodities, also rose, according to Sauerbeck's system of computation, from 62 to 80, and, according to the London *Economist's*, from 1,885 to 2,601. Even as a coincidence, the exhibit of gold output and of price movements is striking, and the average mind is too prone to the *post hoc* argument to neglect the inviting inference. Hence the assumption that the rise in prices occurred because of the increased gold production—an assumption which, applied in popular reasoning to property of all sorts, to wages, and to the price of securities, as well as to commodities—became specially interesting during the crash of 1907. How could such a fall in prices have occurred in the absence of decreased gold production? The world's gold output had not decreased; it was $7,495,000 greater in 1907 than in 1906, and has probably been larger still this year—in spite of

which the *Economist* "index number" declined from 2,601 in June, 1907, to 2,168 in September, 1908.

A valuable contribution to the discussion was published recently by the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of this city, from the hand of its editor, Walter Renton Ingalls. Mr. Ingalls flatly takes issue with the whole theory of increased gold production as a cause of the enhancement of prices in the last decade, and he disputes it on the basis of statistics. Increase of gold production, he admits, will cause increase in price of commodities, other things being equal. But other things are not equal:

> Population and the production of the necessaries of life may increase in the same ratio as the production of gold, so tbat the latter merely supplies the increased requirement for it, and under that condition will not influence prices one way or the other. Industrial changes in processes of manufacture, means of transportation, and many other conditions may affect prices so that the average of the latter will go down, while the production of gold goes up, or *vice versa*. The crises of 1873 and 1890 were each followed by several years of severe commercial depression, but in each case, while prices were falling the production of gold was increasing.

He finds the fairly exact coincidence of the movement of gold output and commodity prices, in the decade before the panic of 1907, to be exceptional, in that other periods show sharply contrasting movements:

> After the crisis in 1857, the prices for commodities rose steadily until 1864, while the production of gold was going down. Prices then declined until 1870, while gold production was fluctuating between comparatively narrow limits. In 1871 prices started upward and rose until 1873, while gold production was declining. Prices then fell steadily until 1879, while gold production was increasing. After a slight rise of prices in 1880, the decline was resumed, and this time coincided with a declining gold production until 1883, when gold production began the rise which has continued with only slight interruptions ever since, while the decline in commodity prices kept on until 1896. Thus it may be seen that from 1858 to 1896 the prices for commodities frequently went down as the production of gold increased, and *vice versa*.

To what, then, are we to ascribe the steady enhancement of prices since 1897, proceeding step by step along with enlargement of the gold output? Admitting the improvement of industrial methods in the period—which should have tended not to raise, but to lower, prices—Mr. Ingalls assigns as the true causes of the advance in cost of necessaries of life "the exhaustion of certain natural resources, such as timber, tending to increase prices; the policy of labor-unionism and the increasing inefficiency of labor; the industrial consolidations, accumulation of great fortunes through anticipation of profits, and an inauguration of general extravagance in living; waste of resources and reckless expenditure of money in replacing them; over-extension in enterprise; failure of agricultural development to keep pace with the growth of population, thereby increasing the cost of food and clothing and directly leading to advance of wages for labor in manufacturing." Premising that "any possible depreciation in the value of gold must arise from an increase in the ease of obtaining it," Mr. Ingalls proceeds to point out that the cost of gold production is increasing, not decreasing; that even in the Transvaal, the grade of the ore extracted has rather steadily diminished; that the seemingly enormous dividends of the companies operating in the Rand are in reality part repayment of capital with a view to eventual exhaustion of the mines; that the rich "placer mines" of a generation ago are rarely discovered nowadays; and that gold mining "is now carried on as an industry, and, as in the case of most industries, at a small margin of profit on the whole."

The article does not discuss the immediate bearing, on the problem of price enhancement, of the mere accumulation of gold in bank reserves. Our own feeling is that increased gold production nowadays exerts its influence on financial and commercial markets through that medium, with the consequent lavish extension of credit, more than through any other. So long as things go well, the effect of the easy credit, thus created, on the speculative markets, on the capitalization and borrowing power of the industrial consolidations, on over-extension of enterprise, and on general extravagance of living, may go far towards explaining both the "boom period" of the past ten years and the violent reaction which has followed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia De Wolf. Mrs. John Vernon. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Addison's De Coverley Papers, from the Spectator. Edited by O. M. Myers. Henry Frowde.

Baring-Gould, S. Cornish Characters and Strange Events. John Lane. $5 net.

Beale, S. Sophia. Recollections of a Spinster Aunt. London: William Heinemann.

Bigelow, John. A Substitute for the Tariff upon Imports, and a Provision for an Equitable Distribution of the Wealth of Nations. New York. Privately printed.

Bosse, Georg von. Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten. E. Steiger. $2.25 net.

Braby, Maud Churton. Modern Marriage and How to Bear It. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Cannon, William Austin. Topography of the Chlorophyll Apparatus in Desert Plants. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Caw, James L. Scottish Painting, Past and Present, 1620-1908. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Cheyne, T. K. The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah. London: Adam & Charles Black.

Clemen, Carl. Religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Cohlentz, William W. Supplementary Investigations of Infra-Red Spectra. Parts V-VII. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Cushing, Mary Gertrude. Pierre Le Tourneur. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Darmstaedter, Paul. Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika: Ihre politische, wirtschaftliche und soziale Entwickelung. Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer.

Dennistoun of Dennistoun, James. Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, Illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, 1440-1630. 3 vols. John Lane. $12 net.

Dickens, The Wisdom of. Collected by Temple Scott. Mitchell Kennerley.

Evans, Lawrence B. Writings of George Washington. Putnam. $2.50 net.

Father Tuck's Annual. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. Raphael Tuck & Sons.

Finley, John H., and Sanderson, John F. The American Executive and Executive Methods. Century. $1.25 net.

Frothingham, Arthur L. The Monuments of Christian Rome, from Constantine to the Renaissance. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Gilman, Lawrence. Aspects of Modern Opera: Estimates and Inquiries. John Lane. $1.25 net.

Golden Thoughts from the Hebrew Prophets. Edited by F. G. Montefiore. John Lane. 50 cents net.

Gorky, Maxim. The Spy. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Hallock, Charles. Peerless Alaska: Our Cache Near the Pole. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hardie, Martin. John Pettie, R.A., H.R.S.A. London: Adam & Charles Black. $6 net.

Haywood, John Camphell. The Silver Cleek. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.

Heine, Heinrich. Die Harzreise. Edited by Parke R. Kolbe. American Book Co.

Holder, Charles Frederick. The Marooner. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Homeri Opera. Edited by David B. Monro and Thomas W. Allen. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

Huish, Marcus B. The American Pilgrim's Way in England. Max Williams. $6.

Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XV to XXIV. Henry Frowde.

Ivins, William M., and Mason, Herbert Delavan. The Control of Public Utilities in the Form of an Annotation of the Public Service Commissions Law of the State of New York. Baker, Voorhis & Co.

James, George Wharton. Through Ramona's Country. Boston: Little Brown. $2 net.

James, Henry. The Reverberator, Madame de Mauves, A Passionate Pilgrim, and Other Tales; Lady Barbarina, The Siege of London, An International Episode, and Other Tales. 2 vols. New York Edition. Scribner.

Jenkin, Charles Frewen. Engineering Science: An Inaugural Lecture. Henry Frowde.

Kittredge, Daniel Wright. The Memoirs of a Failure. Cincinnati: U. P. James.

Könnecke, Gustav. Deutsche Literaturatlas. G. E. Stechert. $1.50.

Lamson, Capt. Zachary G. Autohiography. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

Lea, John. The Romance of Bird Life. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Lindsey, Charles. William Lyon Mackenzie. Toronto: Morang & Co.

MacCorkle, William Alexander. Some Southern Questions. Putnam.

Masefield, John. Captain Margaret: A Romance. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Matheson, George. Messages of Hope. A. C. Armstrong. $1.25 net.

Millerd, Clara Elizaheth. On the Interpretation of Empedocles. University of Chicago Press.

Nevill, Ralph. French Prints of the Eighteenth Century. Macmillan. $5 net.

Nott, Charles C. The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught. Century. $2 net.

Parker, Eric. Highways and Byways in Surrey. Macmillan. $2 net.

Paterson, W. E. School Algebra. Part I. Henry Frowde.

Ramsay, Dean. Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.75 net.

Ringhoffer, Karl. The Bernstorff Papers: The Life of Count Albrecht von Bernstorff. Translated hy Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. 2 vols. Longmans, Green.

Risk, Robert K. America at College: As Seen by a Scots Graduate. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Robinson, James Harvey, and Beard, Charles A. Readings in Modern European History. Vol. I. Ginn & Co.
Rossetti, Christina Georgina. Family Letters. Edited by William Michael Rossetti. Scribner's. $3.50 net.
Savory, D. Ll. Deutsches Reformlesebuch. Henry Frowde.
Sears, Margaret L. Menotomy: Romance of 1776. Richard G. Badger.
Smith, Vincent A. The Oxford Student's History of India. Henry Frowde.
Stoddard, John Tappan. Quantitative Experiments in General Chemistry. Longmans, Green. $1.
Taylor, David C. The Psychology of Singing: A Rational Method of Voice Culture Based on a Scientific Analysis of All Systems, Ancient and Modern. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Toutain. J. Études de mythologie et d'histoire des religions antiques. Paris; Librairie Hachette.
Trowbridge, Francis Bacon. The Trowbridge Genealogy: History of the Trowbridge Family in America. New Haven, Conn. Printed for the Compiler.
Vedder, Henry C. Our New Testament: How Did We Get It? Griffith & Rowland Press. $1 net.
Westermarck, Edward. The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Wright, John. Some Notable Altars in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church. Macmillan. $6 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1908.

The Week.

In appointing a committee to inquire into the President's statements regarding the use of the secret service men, the House has gone too far to retreat. There are intimations in Washington that an effort will be made to "hush up" the quarrel between the Executive and Congress. That is now impossible without reflecting seriously upon one or the other. If Congress fails to press the matter, everybody will say that it is filled with scoundrels whom the President frightened by threatening to expose. In the process of collecting materials of war, the President will doubtless go to the *Congressional Record* of May 1, 1908. Therein is the record of the debate in the House on the paragraph in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill to which the President referred in his message. He said many unpleasant things about the intent and effect of the clause providing that the secret-service agents of the Treasury should be used "for no other purpose whatever" than the one expressed in the law. The President declared that this has "seriously hampered the government in the detection of crime." But the danger that this might happen was brought forward in the debate in the House, and was then and there disposed of. It was shown that the power of any Department to employ detectives was not in the least curtailed, and that, in particular, the Department of Justice had a specific and ample appropriation for that purpose. If the Attorney-General has been "hampered" in the running down of criminals, it has not been for lack of funds put at his disposal by Congress.

The saying of the President which has most rankled in the bosoms of Congressmen, and which seems to have been most unjustifiable, was that "the chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men." Now, by this Mr. Roosevelt must have meant the argument by which Congressmen in their heart of hearts were most influenced; he was apparently thinking of a secret argument, or, at the most, what the logicians call an enthymeme—an argument only half expressed, the rest being kept in the mind. But it is exceedingly difficult to prove what another man is thinking of. Turning to the actual record of the debate on the bill in the House, we do, indeed, find one reference to the use of secret service agents to "shadow" Congressmen. The fact was first brought out that the Secretary of the Navy had employed detectives to find evidence that a certain naval officer had been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer. Then occurred the following colloquy:

> Mr. Sherley—The gentleman may be aware of the fact that this Secret Service at one time was used for the purpose of looking into the personal conduct of a member of Congress, notwithstanding the gentleman seems to think that they are answerable to no one.
>
> Mr. Bennet of New York—The gentleman is not aware of anything of that kind. As far as the gentleman has investigated it has been denied.
>
> Mr. Sherley—But that was the fact.
>
> Mr. Bennet of New York—The allegation was made, if the gentleman will permit, that the particular investigation was made not by a member of the Secret Service, but by a police officer of the city of Washington, who, when it was ascertained that he had done that, was summarily dismissed from the police force.

This would make it appear that the President's "chief argument" was advanced only to be repudiated and its basis of fact denied.

Far from clearing up the mystery of the Brownsville shooting, the President's message on that subject has made the confusion worse confounded. He has sent to Congress a report which he himself admits to be "incomplete," and to contain matter that is "worthless." It would have been better to wait until the investigation, which he says is to be pushed further, had been finished, and the results sifted and weighed. As it was, Senator Foraker was at once able to read letters throwing doubt upon the "confession" of one of the negro soldiers which the President had triumphantly produced. No one who has read with care all the evidence brought out before the Senate committee, can doubt that *some* of the negro soldiers may have got out of hand and taken part in the Brownsville shooting; but there never was positive proof in the case of a single individual. Whether the evidence now brought forward by the President is valid, is a fit subject for inquiry. It certainly was obtained under suspicious circumstances; corroboration is as yet lacking; and the particular soldier involved denies that he ever made the statements reported by the illiterate negro detective. We note with satisfaction, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to take a more reasonable view of the possible reinstatement of the negro soldiers, summarily discharged, innocent and guilty alike. He now favors a law putting back in the army any of the men who can show that they had nothing to do with the shooting, or any "guilty knowledge of it beforehand." It must be said that Mr. Roosevelt's reasoning in the whole matter is difficult to follow; he speaks of the facts as before "established beyond all possibility of doubt," and as now, by the new evidence, fixed with "tolerable definiteness." At one point, he betrays himself into the admission that "innocent" soldiers were discharged, but immediately adds that there were "hardly any innocent," but a few who were "less guilty"; yet only those who can prove themselves "innocent" may hope for reinstatement! Through all this, however, there runs a dawning sense that a great injustice has been committed, and that the President wishes it might be righted.

Mr. Roosevelt's message would not be characteristic of its author without much talk about army and navy. Not content with that, however, he has sent in an emergency message for the passage of a law regulating in advance the war-time organization of regulars, national guard, and volunteers. The plan, he says, will not cost us a dollar in peace-time, and will insure the creation automatically of war-time forces, organized with a view to profiting by past experiences and mistakes. Congress will probably find little chance for the discussion of this measure, or for the numerous other recommendations regarding the army and navy; indeed, to most of these Congress has hitherto wisely turned a deaf ear. There was that emergency message sent in by Mr. Roosevelt

two years ago, in which he declared it of transcendent importance that he should be forthwith given power to dismiss navy officers without trial by court-martial if, in his opinion, they had misconducted themselves. But Congress calmly disregarded the message—and now that very pressing matter is apparently forgotten. Probably the only recommendation for the navy that will be seriously debated is that for four more battleships.

A report from the Secretary of War without recommendations for more men and more officers would be an anomaly. Secretary Wright, therefore, follows his predecessors in asking for 612 more officers to take the places of those on detached duty, and an increase in the Coast Artillery of 1,070 officers and 26,392 men. Mr. Roosevelt goes even farther. In the cavalry he wants an immediate reorganization and increase of presumably five or ten more regiments. Whatever may be the merits of that proposal, there is very little, if any, in the request for more officers, because of absenteeism. The more Congress yields in this matter, the greater will be absenteeism and the less effort by the War Department to check the evil. More satisfactory is the report that desertion is on the wane again, and that the skeleton companies of a year and a half ago are being recruited. Instead of being 19,673 short, as on October 15 last year, the number is only 9,422. Plainly, industrial depression has helped the army by driving to it the unemployed and stimulating reënlistments, while the increases in pay granted last year and the greater severity in the punishment of deserters have also contributed to the result. Altogether, no less than 152,141 men applied for enlistment, of whom 109,721, or 72 per cent., were rejected, because they were illiterate or were not citizens or were suffering from mental, moral, or physical defects. No less than 41,463 applicants were accepted, of whom 11,793 were men desirous of reënlisting—an unusually large number.

Mr. Taft does not crack the loud whip or fire dreadful preliminary broadsides at hypothetical opponents; but his quiet manner of "getting together" with people whose opinions are different, is none the less effective. The conference last week between the President-elect and the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee brings new assurance that in the lower house, at least, there shall be no comfort for the hardened "standpatter." "I have every reason to believe," said Mr. Taft, "that they [Mr. Cannon and the Republican floor leaders] are keenly alive to the obligation which is on them as Representatives elected to represent the Republican party, to prepare an honest and thorough revision of the present tariff." There are no hints of what will happen to Congressmen who persist in their sinister subserviency to criminal interests; but a manly declaration of purpose and firm intent to see to it that whatever can be done to impress upon Congress the necessity of giving ear to the insistent desire of the country, shall be done.

Both Mr. Taft and the President have recently suggested that a large bond issue might be the best way to bring about the comprehensive improvement of our waterways. Gov. Johnston of Minnesota seems to be of the same mind, as he has spoken of the $300,000,000, which the Lakes-to-Gulf canalization would cost, as a "mere bagatelle." Every one must see that these vast projects, if seriously taken up, cannot be paid for out of current revenues. One of the inevitable consequences of putting out a large amount of new United States bonds would, however, be the embarrassment of currency reform, since such an issue would enable advocates of bond-secured circulation to argue that the supply of government securities will never run out. Thus it might be more difficult to persuade the people to abandon a rigid and unscientific system of currency. All this, of course, is no argument against bonds for internal improvements, if they are deemed necessary; but currency reformers must prepare themselves to overcome this new obstacle.

What Congressman does not deplore the evils of patronage and piously wish that he might be delivered from all office-seekers? And yet, when asked to vote for civil service reform, he recites the tenuous old sophistries which Representative Hepburn of Iowa dressed up last week for the debate on census-bureau employees. Competitive examinations, Mr. Hepburn said, are not so effective as the spoils system; the government knows only about "scholastic attainments," "while under the old method the applicant's integrity and industry were vouched for by a member of Congress." If all Congressmen had expert knowledge about integrity, if they were not in the habit of measuring a voter's industry by his zeal in repairing his patron's political fences, the country would more readily entrust the choosing of sixty thousand census enumerators to Mr. Hepburn and his colleagues. As things stand, however, the defeat of the civil service amendment to the census bill by a vote of almost two to one means a victory for wire-pullers and small jobbers. The triumph, we hope, will be short-lived. The Senate and the President still have their say.

A farmer might say that the National Conservation Commission has not helped its cause by showing one-quarter of the whole country to be still timbered. One acre of trees to three of clearing does not seem to be a dangerous ratio. Senator Smoot's report, however, might have made clear that one of the most serious features is the unequal distribution of our forests. Waste there is, terrible fires there are, and also far too little planting; but if the trees still surviving were ideally situated, worry might be deferred for many years. What we find, however, is a few great clusters in mountains and in remote districts, and everywhere else barren stretches, or at best occasional tiny patches of woodland. The evils traceable to this arrangement are perhaps the strongest arguments in favor of immediate, thorough forest regulation by States and the Federal government. Lumbermen may repent and learn to care properly for their own acreage; but, as individuals, they cannot make trees grow where the rivers and the soil most need them.

The popular vote for President, as compiled in the New York *Times* of Sunday, is interesting mainly in its figures for the smaller parties. Whether the Republican vote or the Democratic showed a higher rate of increase since 1904 or 1896, matters little, in face of the fact that, with Bryan in the field, so many Democrats abandoned party lines. But the disappointment of the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and

the Independence Party are more interesting. The drift this year was away from the smaller parties. The Debs vote will be within two or three thousands of what it was four years ago, an increase of one-half of one per cent., instead of the 150 per cent. fondly predicted. The Prohibitionists suffered a loss of about 10 per cent., and the Independence Party polled throughout the entire country only some 82,000 votes. The Socialists profess to have found this grain of consolation: The Debs vote of 1904 was much swollen by radical Democrats who plumped for the Socialist ticket rather than vote for Parker; in Chicago the teamsters' strike had a decided effect on the Debs poll. In other words, there were in 1904 tens of thousands who voted for the Socialist ticket on temporary issues, and not because they were properly class-conscious. Hence, to have suffered no loss in the last election, that is, to have seized those thousands of weak brethren and turned them into true Socialists who would not desert even under the threat of increasing panic, was in itself a triumph. The argument has, however, its weak points. If the Socialist standstill this year meant that conquered ground had been held, though no new acquisitions were made, the explanation would suffice. But as a matter of fact, the Socialists this year managed to hold their own because their gains in new territory balanced their losses elsewhere. A loss of 35,000 Debs votes in Illinois shows that the Socialists have *not* turned the neophytes of 1904 into true believers. To make only the slightest gains in New York, Missouri, and New Jersey, to lose in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Wisconsin, and to make large gains in such fresh soil as Colorado, Florida, Idaho, and Oklahoma is proof that the Socialists are still subject to the fluctuations that mark the fortunes of other political parties.

On the eve of another sensational murder trial, a movement has been started in this city to induce the newspapers to omit "libidinous details of criminality." The appeal is made to the press on the ground of public decency, and with the aim of securing newspapers that may be taken into homes without dread of their containing "lewd or suggestive articles." It is good to know that serious-minded and influential men are giving thought to this matter. It is a plain question of public morals. We do not see, however, why discussion of it, and agitation about it, should be limited to times when revolting crimes are committed, or when the ends of justice require that disgusting testimony should be brought out in court. The need of fighting for decency in the press is as continuous as is the temptation to vulgarity, sensationalism, and pruriency. One thing in the letter on the subject, signed by well-known citizens, is of special weight. It is the intimation that "readers and advertisers" could secure a clean press if they truly wished it, and set about obtaining it with real determination. This is gospel truth. The most offensive and reckless of our newspapers could be compelled by their advertising patrons to reform or die. This is elementary to the whole debate.

France has just awakened to the fact that for a nation aspiring to the leadership in culture, she has a disagreeably large number of citizens who can neither read nor write. Among last year's recruits, there were no less than 10,000 illiterates; the same number has turned up this year. In addition, there are 5,000 young soldiers, who can read, but not write. Taking the annual military contingent at about 300,000 men, roughly, this would give France 5 per cent. as the ratio of illiteracy for her adult male population. For the nation at large, the ratio would, of course, be higher still, illiteracy being more widespread among women. In the German army, in 1904, the percentage of illiteracy was 1-25th of one per cent. The highest ratio, 3-20ths of one per cent., stood for agricultural and slow-moving East Prussia. Most of the smaller German states had clean scores. The French showing is received by the opponents of the government with a certain amount of malicious satisfaction, because the anti-clericals have been accustomed to boast of what they have done to disseminate secular education among the people. The French newspaper humorists suggest that many conscripts have pretended ignorance just to tease the government; but the Minister of Education has considered the situation serious enough to issue a circular calling upon his subordinates for an active campaign in town and country.

SECRETARY CORTELYOU'S WARNING.

The manner in which public expenditures have swollen in recent years, under the burden of competitive armaments, seems at last to have excited alarm among those charged with responsibility for the new burdens. The increase of the expenses of the German Empire, which is leading to the search for new forms of taxation, and the constantly heavier burden of public debt in France, which is causing rumors of another large loan, are fortunately not paralleled fully in this country because of the rapidity of our growth and the elasticity of our sources of revenue. It is a startling fact, however, which is set forth by Secretary Cortelyou in his annual report:

> If interest on the public debt is excluded, the growth in ordinary expenditures for carrying on the government, including payments for pensions and many public works, was from $135,000,000 in 1878 to $638,000,000 in 1908, or an increase in a generation of nearly 400 per cent.

This increase has happily not been attended in this country, as to a large extent in Great Britain and on the Continent, by increase in the permanent debt. The difference is explained partly by the fact that the population has increased in thirty years nearly 85 per cent., and the national wealth, according to the somewhat uncertain figures of the census, by about 185 per cent. Even with these qualifications, however, it is obvious that Federal expenditure has been growing at a rate which calls for serious consideration and for a careful sifting of the objects and methods. It is such a sifting which Mr. Cortelyou urges upon Congress. As he points out, there is at present no single authority responsible for coördinating the appropriations for each branch of the public service and adjusting outgo to income. Congress plunges blindly ahead, making such appropriations as seem good to various committees, without any sense of proportion between respective demands. Even the Speaker of the House and the Committee on Appropriations have no responsibility, beyond that of fellow-members, for reviewing the work of other committees charged with such important appropriation bills as those for the army, the navy, the Department of Agriculture, and the diplomatic service.

Even worse than this lack of coördina

tion is the log-rolling for local appropriations. It becomes a contest in which the member with the strongest "pull" or the greatest capacity for hustling is the winner. While there is much less direct corruption in the Federal service than in that of many of our cities, no one has any official obligation to point out that a sum of a million dollars, for instance, might be better expended for proper residences for our representatives in foreign countries than for ugly and unnecessary Federal buildings at county seats. Even if such a function is assumed by a broad-minded and far-sighted Secretary of State, his recommendation weighs little against the activity of a pool of individual members of Congress which will enable each to go home and tell what he has done for his "deestrict." Bad as the system is, it is matter for surprise, perhaps—and in some measure a tribute to the average of American honesty—that the results have not been infinitely worse than they have been.

The essential difficulty in securing coordination and proportion in expenditures is the absence under our government of a responsible ministry, or concentrated control of the budget. It is difficult to see how such a control can be established directly and completely by law. Much might be done, however, by a resolute attitude on the part of the Treasury Department. The Secretary of the Treasury, as Mr. Cortelyou points out, occupies a peculiar relation to Congress, and ought to be responsible, in a measure, for the total amount of the estimates and the sums actually appropriated and expended. He ought to be supported by the President in cutting down the estimates to the income of the government, unless extraordinary circumstances should demand a temporary or permanent increase of the debt. Secretary Cortelyou has taken up this subject none too early, and it is gratifying to learn that he proposes to make an analysis of income and expenditure, which will yield a clearer view of their relations to each other, and of their objects, than is afforded by the present clumsy form of Treasury statement.

Something might be accomplished, both in balancing the budget and in enforcing sense of responsibility upon Congress, if it were provided by law that whenever appropriations or expenditures exceed the reasonable estimates of revenue, short-term obligations should be issued to bridge the deficit. If the budget were then so managed that the deficiency of lean years, like the one which has followed the panic of last fall, should be met from the surplus of fat years, a somewhat higher sense of obligation for keeping expenditure within the limits of income might be imposed upon Congress and the Administration. While the problem of fastening such an obligation definitely upon an official or a committee of Congress is difficult under our government of divided powers, it is well that attention has been sharply called to the subject by the official who comes the nearest to possessing authority and responsibility.

PUBLIC MEN AND SECRECY.

In Judge C. C. Nott's recent book, "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught," one of the incidentally suggestive things is the bringing out of the extraordinary secrecy in which the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention were shrouded. Not only at the time, but for years after, the delegates remained close-mouthed. They were bound by no oath; it was simply the honor of gentlemen that forbade them to divulge secrets which, in fact, they carried to the grave with them. At the close of the Convention, it was determined that the obligation of secrecy which had been assumed while it was at work, should be continued indefinitely. The records were sealed and placed in the custody of Washington. "For thirty years and more the seals remained unbroken; and for thirty years and more no member of the Convention spoke." Washington's diary had an entry, under date of June 1, 1787, which shows what a standard was then set when men undertook not to reveal anything: "Attending in Convention—and nothing being suffered to transpire, no minute of the proceedings has been, or will be, inserted in this diary." The sense of honor in cleaving to a pledged word was exhibited most surprisingly by the members of the Committee on Detail—who had so much to do with fixing the form of the Constitution:

> The work was done in secret; they employed no secretary. . . . After the committee was discharged, no hint or word seems to have escaped them. No man boasted of his own part, or disparaged another's. No son or daughter or grandchild has revealed a word that any member subsequently said.

There were and are, for example, disputes about the part that Wilson played in draughting the Constitution. After his death, three of his fellow-members of the Committee on Detail survived. But "Rutledge lived two years and Ellsworth nine years and Randolph fifteen years, and gave no sign."

It may be partly in imitation of this high example that the South African Convention has been sitting in absolute secrecy. The men who gathered at Durban in November had before them a task not unlike that of the men who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787. It is a work of federation and, prior to that, conciliation. They have surrounded their labors with what the London *Times* calls "a wise obscurity." No representatives of the press are permitted to be present. No fragmentary reports are given out. The delegates prefer that their results shall be judged as a whole, and that the successive steps of compromise and adjustment shall not be known. After the South African Convention adjourns, however, it may well be doubted if such a remarkable secrecy can be maintained as was observed by the members of the American Constitutional Convention.

Since their day, a great change has come. It is a change partly in men's minds, partly in their circumstances. Public men nowadays are less inclined to keep secrets; and the aids offered them, when they feel the impulse to blab, are infinitely multiplied beyond what they were in Washington's day. In the habit of present-day thought, the instinct for publicity has supplanted in statesmen the instinct for secrecy. Their first thought is, not how can I keep this from becoming known, but how can I make it known so as best to work out to my advantage, or that of my party? And whenever they feel overburdened with retained secrets, the modern reporter is at their elbow to relieve them. Newspapers have murdered secrecy. For a public man to take to-day the motto of the poet, "Oh, let me live my life unto myself alone," is becoming more and more impossible. Publicity always sits behind him like black care. Hence it is really a great achievement when a statesman can do what Lord Northcote, the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, has just done. He sailed for Europe Saturday, after travelling from Vancouver to Montreal,

and thence to New York and Washington. During these weeks, he made what an admirer has called a "non-publicity record." He evaded interviewers, escaped banquets, refused to parade either his person or his sentiments. It would seem that he must have had more satisfaction, as well as distinction, in following such a course than in running the usual round of indiscriminate publicity.

For seven years past, our political life has been one long riot of publicity. Following the fashion set by one of the shrewdest advertisers that ever lived, our public men have lost the inclination to reticence, if they ever had it. Every seal is made to be broken, every trust to be betrayed. The thing is not merely to wear your heart on your sleeve, but to cut open that organ, and lecture on its anatomy. We must have no secrets from the dear public. The grave continence of the Constitution-builders is hopelessly out of style. We have not even Hotspur's safeguard that "thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know." In the universal giving away of political secrets, many things are confided to the reporters which are neither secrets nor facts. Statesmen denounce a curious and prying press, but they are eager to make to themselves friends of that Mammon of unrighteousness, and they conceive that there is no better way of doing it than by discreet leaking of official secrets. The net result is such a general rush to tattle that the power of keeping one's own counsel now seems among the lost arts.

THE DUTCH AND VENEZUELA.

The capture by the Dutch of the Venezuelan guardships Alexis and 23 de Mayo does not make the "hostilities" appear less like opera-bouffe. The Dutch themselves explain that their act does not mean war; that these harmless vessels, with their rusty rifles, have merely been borrowed for a short time as a reprisal in order to compel Venezuela to pay attention to just demands. It is hinted that in a day or two we shall hear that the two or three other yacht-like Venezuelan gunboats which bask peacefully in the sunshine of La Guayra, have also been taken to Curaçao. But there the leisurely Dutch captains may encounter some opposition, for at La Guayra there is supposed to be a formidable, modern Krupp battery, with plenty of ammunition, perched so high above the water as to make it rather a difficult place for naval shells to reach. But granted that these toy-ships are captured, wherein will the Dutch have gained an advantage? A country that is at this moment at odds with France and the United States as well as Holland, and has angered England to the breaking point, is hardly likely to be influenced by the loss of a navy of no particular fighting strength.

The Dutch may, of course, take the aggressive to the extent of reducing to ashes the towns of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the two great northern seaports of Venezuela. Such an attack would doubtless inflict heavy loss on Venezuela, but still heavier on the foreign merchants of Caracas. Last spring, when President Roosevelt vainly asked that Congress give him a free hand in dealing with Castro, the American merchants trading in Venezuelan products were quick to send delegations to Washington to show that if there were any coercing they might be as badly punished as Castro, if not worse. More than that, ever since the joint bombardment of Puerto Cabello by Germany, Italy, and England in 1902, the customs receipts at these two ports have been devoted, according to the decree of the Hague arbitrators, to the payment of the interest charges and debt of the foreign bondholders. This has been done with sufficient regularity up to the present time; for President Castro explains the recent withholding of French payments by saying that, owing to the absence of a French diplomatic representative, the money has been deposited in the State Bank of Venezuela. Hence, if Holland should institute a rigid blockade of Venezuelan ports, or seize Venezuelan custom-houses, there would be loud outcries from the debtholders abroad, as well as from the American merchants who buy Venezuelan coffee and cocoa.

Beyond doubt, it is knowledge of this fact that makes Castro so offensively independent in his attitude towards foreign Powers. Moreover, he is well aware that if worse came to worst, and he were even compelled to retreat from Caracas, which is practically inaccessible from the Puerto Cabello side, he could still conduct a government in the interior and make sufficient money out of it, while his countrymen were carrying on the desperate guerrilla warfare of which they are capable, and in which their strongest ally would be the chill winds and fogs of the Caracas Valley, a far more unhealthy place than the sea-coast towns. Then, too, he would have an admirable excuse for stopping all payments to foreign debtors.

Holland alone could not, of course, undertake a serious invasion of Venezuela. The help of other countries would be essential. For one thing, her own claim for injuries is too slight. Moreover, Castro's marvellous talent in having some right on his side whenever he gets into a dispute with a foreign country did not fail him when it came to Holland. The Dutch cannot deny that M. de Reus, their Minister, was guilty of a grave diplomatic offence; their only contention is that Castro violated diplomatic procedure in sending M. de Reus his passports and expelling him instead of informing the Netherlands government that the minister was no longer *persona grata*, and asking that he be recalled. The Dutch try to explain the attacks upon the Venezuelan consul at Curaçao by asserting that the victim of the riots had never been formally accepted as a consul, and being without his exequatur, was not yet a consul *de facto*—rather a labored explanation. The real offence of Castro in Dutch eyes is his decree of May 11 last, which resulted in the practical suppression of the trade of Curaçao by making obligatory the trans-shipment of all goods from and to Maracaibo and other ports in western Venezuela, at Puerto Cabello instead of Willemstad or Curaçao, as had previously been the custom. To the Dutch demand that this decree be abrogated, Venezuela replies that it alone, as a free nation, has the right to say what commercial laws it shall and shall not make.

So far as the United States is concerned, under the policy laid down by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay in 1902, in reply to Germany's diplomatic inquiry, there is nothing to prevent Holland's going ahead as energetically as she pleases, so long as she does not seek to colonize or to hold any portion of Venezuela permanently. At that time it was wisely held by Mr. Hay that the South American republics could not avoid punishment for wrong-doing by hiding behind the Monroe Doctrine. On similar grounds, no objection was

made to the temporary British occupation of the custom-house at Corinto, Nicaragua. Therefore, Holland may run on this fool's errand as long as she pleases—without, we hope, any assistance from France or the United States. Neither of these countries has, unfortunately, a clean record in its dealings with Venezuela, for citizens of both countries, who now appear as claimants for damages, have conspired to overthrow Castro's government.

BIBLIOPHILES AND BIBLIOPHILES.

The publication in the London *Times* and the New York *Times* of an account of the library of J. Pierpont Morgan has naturally excited wide interest, partly because the library itself is extraordinary, more because Mr. Morgan is commonly regarded as a financier rather than a bibliophile. To the world which sees the man chiefly as a power in Wall Street, it is surprising to find a side of him devoted to the pursuit of manuscripts, tall copies, and first editions in immaculate condition. And yet it is probable that Mr. Morgan's reputation fifty years from now will rest almost wholly on his career as a patron of art and a bibliophile. His reorganization of railways and the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, the heavy labor of his strenuous days, will be clean forgotten; while the fruit of his recreations, of his hours for play, will keep his memory green, at least in the world of art and letters. His name will be entered on that shining roll of connoisseurs and collectors concerning whom each generation shows fresh curiosity. When the John Hill Burton of the late twentieth century writes a new "Book Hunter," he will devote a long chapter to the exploits of Mr. Morgan; and the Langs and the Dobsons of that new day will enshrine him in their verse along with Heber and De Thou.

And the world will be right in ranking the collector above the financier; for the financiers are many and the bibliophiles few. In his "Books and Bookmen," Andrew Lang speaks of "the famous collectors who make a kind of *catena* (a golden chain of bibliophiles) through the centuries since printing was invented." To secure a place in this distinguished line—it might almost be called royal—is a greater achievement than to found a billion-dollar corporation. The equipment of the successful financier is chiefly energy and a clear hard head, but your successful collector must have something which cannot be bought by telegraphic order—taste and literary judgment. Mr. Morgan, of course—and we take his name as a type—must consult experts; he cannot be expected to know all about illuminated missals in all tongues and to remember all the various title-pages of the first edition of "Paradise Lost"; but he must know where the facts are to be had. And without some controlling and guiding mind, itself informed and cultivated, even the largest heap of gold will buy nothing but a heap of expensive volumes—not a really fine library. Then, too, with your accomplished collector education goes hand-in-hand with acquisition, and to have gathered a notable lot of books is to have become something of a scholar in this field. More instructive than any description of Mr. Morgan's library would be his own story of the process of getting it—his outlay of time and energy and money in familiarizing himself with the world of books, his costly mistakes, in short, that long series of lessons, that training in discrimination and connoisseurship which experience alone can afford. And from the point of view of the collector, this experience, vexing as it may often have been, is really the best part of it all. To have and to handle the books is pleasant; but keener still are the joys of pursuit, the disappointments from which one recovers, the losses ultimately turned into gains, the failures that become successes, the ignorance that is the beginning of wisdom.

But these delights, this edification, are to be had without a fortune. A man with a very modest income can, in a limited range, make himself an expert, and by watching his chances can pick up a collection of books that will represent a considerable expenditure, if not of cash, at least of intelligence and taste. The world of a book collector is wide, and even a small corner of it assiduously cultivated may yield a rich return in instruction and pleasure. Collecting American authors is a pastime that attracts a number of Americans; but the Victorian poets and novelists, or the writers of the early nineteenth century in England, or of the eighteenth or the seventeenth, offer abundant material that is intrinsically interesting and valuable as literature. In French literature—as in Italian, Spanish, or German—the opportunities are equally numerous; and a man who would supplement a good general library with one or two specialties, so to speak, need never be at a loss for an agreeable hobby. Nor is it necessary for the collector to possess that last rare item in his particular line. If you are looking for American authors, your set of Hawthorne may be very interesting without "Fanshawe" (1828) in the original boards, uncut; and in that striking group of Englishmen of the early nineteenth century Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts" (1805), with the pink paper covers dated 1806, is not indispensable; nor is Shelley's "Address to the Irish People" (1812). The collector with a good fortune—in both senses of the word—may attain these heights, but far short of them happiness may be found.

For it must be remembered that the interest in an old book often lies, not so much in its absolute rarity as in the associations connected with it. In this respect it is like an old house or an old city, rendered venerable and fascinating by long human occupation. The handsome new reprint, fresh from the press, may be an admirable example of the book-manufacturer's art, but it lacks the charm of a volume which has gladdened the eyes of several generations of readers and perhaps bears upon its leaves some trace of their appreciation. We know a man who once bought for a mere trifle the "Memoirs" of Gibbon, edited by Lord Sheffield (1827), and on a fly-leaf discovered to his great surprise Scott's autograph, entirely overlooked by the book-seller. Who would not regard Scott's copy of Gibbon's Life more entertaining than any other? But even when the former owner is a nobody or is unknown, we cannot remain wholly indifferent to him; for is he not an intellectual brother, a sharer of our likes and dislikes? May we not almost visualize his face and touch hands with him across the dim centuries? For us, at least, the most attractive volumes of the old essayists are those of the *Lounger*, by Henry Mackenzie, "the Northern Addison"—and all because our set of the *Lounger*, not a first edition, was once owned, as a delicate signature on the title attests, by "Barbara Cockayne." Could such delicious vocables describe any but the most gracious figure of wo-

manhood? Who was Barbara Cockayne? We do not know. For a hundred years, doubtless, her bones have lain forgotten in some quiet English churchyard. But these were once Barbara Cockayne's books; and their yellowing pages render us oblivious to Christopher North's savage cut at "Old M." as "the greatest nuisance that ever infested any Magazine." And here even the thinnest humor, pathos, and moralizing must still appeal to all who, like the youth of whom Stevenson tells us, are moved by love of lovely names.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, November 27.

"Patrice," a romance—not a novel—by Ernest Renan, would have been an event in the lifetime of the author (Calmann-Lévy). Now, it is little more than a continuation, from the sentimental side, of the autobiographical notes of an undulating intellect. The limpid, deliciously shaded style flows here over unexpected shallows and depths. Those long familiar with it may find almost equal interest in the illustrations by the son, Ary Renan, who died before realizing his full talent as a painter. "Ragotte," by Jules Renard of the Goncourt Academy, is likely to be the classic story-telling book of the year (A. Fayard). It is scarcely fiction, but rather a series of dry-points, etched instantaneous portraits of men and things in the lives of our *frères farouches* (shy brothers)—peasants and lowly people with difficult, yet at times thrillingly pertinent, utterance. In matter of style, this writer seems to have attained absolute adequacy. The color, the poignancy of mere bits of dialogue, lift his communication of thought and feeling to high art. Moreover, it brings us understandingly face to face with human beings like ourselves, but often misunderstood because inarticulate.

"Les Toits rouges," by Gaston Rouvier, is a very modern and readable novel by an author who has kept all the *actualité* and movement of his former high-class journalism (Fasquelle). The story turns round the fecund idea which Paul Bourget set afloat in "L'Étape"—the danger of leaping from a lower social rank to a higher without passing by the intermediate stages. The *parvenu* proprietor of a red-roofed manufacturing centre thinks he has reached his ambition's aim when his riches have persuaded the impoverished noble lady, who owns the neighboring château, to marry him. "Illusion masculine," by the lady (Madame A. Cherbonnel) who signs Jean de La Brète, is likely to be among the best sellers of the season, like the other novels of this writer, for people who appreciate readable books which they can leave on the family table (Plon-Nourrit). Madame Gabrielle Reval, in "Les Camps-volantes de la Rivièra," is, as usual, not so heedful of the young person and the conventionalities which surround her still in most French families (Calmann-Lévy). This lady won literary distinction by her first books, revealing life in the higher normal school for women at Sèvres, where she was trained, and in the women's *lycées*, where she was professor—both things new and revolutionary in France. Enlarging her sphere of freedom, she now elucidates that world of cosmopolitan interlopers which has its centre at Monte Carlo.

So far as impression goes, it would seem that the proper romance and novel of average people is coming to the front. There are no doubt commercial reasons for this; but it would be unfair not to see in it a change in the reading public. Probably the new generation differs in character from the old—is less Parisian. For the Petite Bibliothèque des Familles Paul Margueritte writes "Ma Grande" (big sister). Henri Doris shows in "La Grande Déesse"—who is Poverty—how an impoverished marquis is led to develop genius and attain to happiness, and so again to riches (Plon). Mathilde Alaric, in "La Romance de Joconde" (Plon), gives an honest instance of the words of that old song

> . . . on revient toujours
> À ses premières amours!

"Le Maître du pain," by Lucy Achalme, is quite as much an instructive study, as a novel, of the family community which still exists in Auvergne (Bouville). The lady who signs Pierre de Coulevain (Mademoiselle Favre) became widely known to Americans by her novels about their European experiments; her new novel, "Au Cœur de la vie," is told in an ultra-cosmopolitan way, from varying Continental cities. René Thiry has something rare in recent French novels, a distinctly humorous story of practical meaning—"Monsieur Gendron va au peuple"—how a *bourgeois* tried to be a Socialist (Plon).

Among books more in line with the foreign tradition regarding the French novel, Madame la Baronne Aimery de Pierrebourg, who has won a high place in letters under the more plebeian signature of Claude Ferval, publishes "Ciel rouge"—a story of high and impassioned sentiment. The mother who sacrifices herself to her love for her child, and so finally quenches the husband's hatred, is as ancient as Andromache, but modern enough for any one in this new version. "L'Amour guette" is the joint work of the author of "Amitié amoureuse," and Jean de Fossendal (Calmann-Lévy). Paul Bourget, in "Les Détours du cœur," gives a number of those short and sometimes tragical stories of passion treated psychologically, which many of his earlier faithful prefer to his longer social romances. With plenty of passion also, as Balzac understood it, with abundance of personages and incident and anecdote, a young writer who should be noted, Pierre Villetard, publishes his second novel—"La Montée." It is the ruthless scramble of a mother and son toward fortune and the great world (Fasquelle). "Da'ad," by Chékri Ganem, who must be an Oriental, simmers and seethes with the passion of the Orient amid much local color.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Wilberforce Eames has contributed a bibliography of that famous New England book "The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," to the reprint just published by the H. R. Huntting Co. of Springfield, Mass. This "Faithful History of Remarkable Occurrences in the Captivity and Deliverance of Mr. John Williams." is one of the most interesting of the series of "Captivities," which are much favored by collectors. Of the first edition, "Boston in N.E. Printed by B. Green, for Samuel Phillip, at the Brick Shop, 1707," Mr. Eames locates four copies in public libraries: American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Harvard University, Massachusetts Historical Society, and John Carter Brown Libraries. Brinley's copy sold in March, 1879, for $106. Of the second edition, Boston, T. Fleet, 1720, Mr. Eames locates only a single copy, in the Lenox Library. Later editions were published at Boston, 1758; New London, no date, but 1773; Greenfield Mass., 1793; and Boston, 1795. This reprint is made from the last mentioned, which is called the sixth edition on the title-page. There were also several nineteenth century editions.

In the *Nation* for September 3, a list of several books of William Butler Yeats, which were first printed in America, was drawn from copies belonging to John Quinn. Those notes were taken from descriptions of the books prepared for the Bibliography of Yeats, by Allan Wade, intended for publication in the last volume, just issued, of the limited edition of Yeats's collected works. Sixty copies of the bibliography have, however, been printed separately, at the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, forming an octavo volume of 96 pages. Part i is a list of the books entirely by Yeats, with collations and notes beginning with an account of "Mosada, a Dramatic Poem," which first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, June, 1886, and of which a few copies were taken off separately. The prologue to "The King's Threshold," which was printed in the *United Irishman* (but not with the play as published in book form) is here given entire. Part ii is devoted to books edited by or contributed to by Yeats; Part iii, a chronological list of his contributions to periodicals; and Part iv, American editions.

Robert Hoe has printed, uniform with the previous volumes of the catalogue of his magnificent library, a catalogue of his Books of Emblems. This is a volume of 133 pages, describing upwards of four hundred books. As Mr. Hoe states in his prefatory

note, "the most ardent and learned student of this class of literature and art combined was Henry Green, author of 'Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers' and 'Andrea Alciati and His Books of Emblems.'" Mr. Hoe acquired the manuscript lists and data left by Mr. Green at his death, recording about three thousand books of emblems, and he suggests that the printing of this bibliography would be a valuable contribution to the knowledge of this department of literature.

On December 21 and 22 the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a selection of books from the library of Prof. Brander Matthews, largely relating to the history of the stage. A copy of the rare first edition of J. P. Kemble's "Fugitive Pieces," York, 1780, is included. In the McKee copy of this book there was inserted a letter from Kemble, in which he wrote:

> I did, indeed, put that nonsense to the press: but let me do myself the credit to say that I ran the very morning I saw it in print, to suppress it, and unfortunately was too late to prevent the sale of those few copies which I so earnestly wish to send to the flames after all the rest of them.

Lowndes tells of £15 being paid for a copy in a sale in which the author was the under bidder, but the book, though rare, is now of much less value.

The important items in the sale of the second part of the Poor library at Anderson's in this city December 7, 8, and 9, brought good prices. The following are a few of the more interesting: Hayman's "Quodlibets Lately Come Over from New Britaniola, Old Newfound-land" (1628), an inferior copy, the McKee copy which sold for $61 in 1900, $75; Bryant's "White-Footed Deer" (1844), original covers, uncut, $285 (the record price); George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal" (1874), one of twenty special copies on thick paper, with interesting A. L. S. referring to it, $57; Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad" (1847), second edition, $45; Longfellow's "Ballads" (1842), a presentation copy, but name of recipient cut out, $54; Lowell's "Il Posceballo" (1862), earliest issue, $60; "Waverley" (1814), first edition, gilt edges, $49; "Ivanhoe" (1821), first edition, uncut, $35; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827), with the names of the authors of the poems marked in by Alfred Tennyson, $600; Tennyson's "The Sailor Boy" (1861), one of twenty-five copies printed separately as a small pamphlet, $305; programme of the private theatricals given February 24, 1862, at the opening of Thackeray's new residence at Palace Green Kensington, the celebrated "W. Empty [W. M. T.] House Theatricals," accompanied by five pencil drawings by Thackeray and a lock of his hair, $655; Montaigne's "Essays" (1603), translated by John Florio, first edition, with both sets of errata leaves, very fine copy, $561 (the record price); the third edition (1632), $58; and Killigrew's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1644), $330 (the record price).

Reports on a few books sold at the dispersion of the first part of the library of Lord Amherst have been received by cable. Vol. I only (the old Testament) of the Gutenberg Bible, brought £2,050, a high price for a fragment. Of the twenty-seven known copies printed on paper, four have Vol. I only, while one has Vol. II only, and of the eleven copies on vellum, one lacks Vol. II. J. P. Morgan owns one of the odd volumes (the first) acquired with the library of Theodore Irwin of Oswego. He also owns a complete copy on vellum. Dr. Schwenke, the latest authority, has estimated that the total number of copies printed on paper may have been 180 and on vellum thirty. The book is so large and imposing that the number which have survived cannot be regarded as a large proportion. King Charles the First's copy of the Authorized Version of the Bible, Cambridge, 1638, bound in red velvet, the sides and backs richly embroidered in ornaments of silver thread in high relief, brought £1,000; the *editio princeps* of Cicero, printed at Mainz by Fust and Schoiffer, in 1465, £700; George Best's "True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discoverie for the finding of a passage to Cathaya," 1578, with the two maps genuine (most copies lack the maps) £315, a low price.

At Hodgson's auction in London in the latter part of November, the *editio princeps* of Homer (with the rare preliminary leaves), 2 vols., Florence, 1488, sold for £250; "The Comedye of Acolastus," translated by J. Palsgrave, 1540, £49.

Correspondence.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF COÖPERATION IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English at Springfield for the purpose of discussing coördination and coöperation in English must have brought to the minds of many English teachers renewed question as to the need and possibility of coöperation and the reason for the difficulties that beset those who seek to bring it about.

A speaker at Springfield attributed the hampering inertia of his colleagues to a lack of respect for the English department, due, in his estimation, to the relatively small amount of time given to English in New England high schools. The trouble lies, I fear, much deeper. For years English has been taught in the schools from the point of view of form. Form and content, things to be sharply divorced in discussion only, have been and are to-day practically treated as separate entities. Weekly, fortnightly, or less often, the pupil writes a theme for his English teacher. The subject is assigned by the teacher, or sought, as a rule with some toil, by the pupil. One is reminded, in this connection, of a story told of that time-worn figure, the learned college professor, found wandering alone about the drawing room after his hostess's well-intentioned effort to effect a connection with another guest. "I hoped you and Mrs. S. would find common interests," was her greeting. "Mrs. S.," he replied gravely, "seemed to have no statement that she wished to make to me, and I had none that I wished to make to her, so we parted." The English student is less fortunate; willy nilly he must make a statement—he cannot part from his English teacher. This is, of course, an extreme putting of the case; many English teachers throughout this broad land are able to give to many boys and girls the will to think and to express their thought. But too often the English theme is a mere empty means of training in form. As a result, the high school graduate enters freshman English with a fair theoretical conviction that the "rules" of unity, coherence, and emphasis should be applied to his written themes; that they are principles that should govern his ordinary thought and speech he never dreams. He has no confirmed habit of disciplined thought and expression.

Meantime the student finds himself in other branches of his work inevitably led, day by day, to find expression for the material that they afford. Day by day he recites in class, writes this or that for the teacher of science or history. Usually he feels free to express himself as his native, untrained inclination wills. The teacher passively regrets, it may be, or actively blames the teacher of English, if his substance is incoherently presented; but the point is "knowledge of the subject matter, not form," and "there is no time to correct poor English." "It is not fair," he adds, "to take from a pupil's mark for chemistry if he has given the facts correctly." Again and again this point is made, without, apparently, the slightest realization of the fact that *mastery* of subject matter implies of necessity coherent thinking and thereby coherent expression; that tolerance of incoherent presentation encourages a mere cramming of undigested matter and breaks every law of mental discipline.

Psychologically, the stand which teachers of English have taken during the past years is unsound; no habit of clear expression can be formed in one-tenth of the time when nine-tenths encourage constant departure from it. Training in *method* of thought, in *method* of expression, in idiom, the English teacher can and must give; that in the division of labor is his peculiar task. But until he demands earnestly, steadily, the aid of those who alone can see to it that his teaching puts itself into practice; until he recognizes definitely that English is a tool, to be moulded and mastered under his direction, but to be put to its proper use and kept sharp and efficient only through the watchful care of many others who supply varying material for its exercise, he cannot do effectlve work. How can we hope to overcome the lack of respect that subtly, insidiously, follows the teaching of English through high school and college while we willingly pursue a policy theoretically wrong, and practically, by its works, proved ineffective?

Obviously, however, there are two sides to the question of coöperation. The English teacher must make the demand; but it is impossible for him to secure it unless teachers of other subjects can be induced to give their aid in a spirit of disinterested helpfulness. Prof. J. H. Gardiner of Harvard stated the issue with marked definiteness and fairness at the Springfield meeting: "Every student"—I quote freely—"owes to the instructor in every other branch as good English as he gives to the teacher of English; every teacher owes to every student an insistence upon the best that he is capable of giving. Any teacher who permits a pupil to hand in to him slipshod, incoherent English does the pupil a wrong, fosters in him those vicious mental habits of laziness and carelessness which it should be the prime aim of education to eradicate." Too few teachers seem keenly alive to this truth; here lies the fundamental difficulty in the

way of securing effective coöperation between English and other departments. If, as Professor James has said, education consists in substituting good for bad ideas, good for bad habits, all with a view to their practical application, teachers fail all along the line when they take the attitude of having too little time to teach more than so much subject matter, when they refuse to discipline a student for disordered, slovenly expression. In the haste of the daily routine it would seem that we all lose sight of the larger issues involved in such a question as that of coöperation in English. Were our aims less petty, less specialized, more largely adequate, we should see the detail in its wider significance, and, perhaps, prove ourselves educators, teachers, with one will, of human beings, where now we are mere divided instructors in subjects—English, chemistry, history.

How this coöperation is to be worked out is another question. Tentative efforts are being made at Harvard, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, and in high schools here and there; a fairly successful scheme has been for some years in practice at the Institute of Technology. English papers involving subject matter belonging to other departments and counting in both; special English classes to which those found deficient may be detailed by any department; a strict holding to account for the English of prepared and examination papers and a return to the English department of those markedly deficient; inter-department meetings with a view to mutual understanding and usefulness—all have been tried more or less consistently in various places. So much only may be said: it seems fairly certain that the idea which makes every man a master of English as well as of his own subject is not yet realized, nor is it likely to be in our present system of specialization. Under those circumstances we do not, in advocating such a policy, doom ourselves to extinction; the English department is still the clearing house for the school or college—or the indispensable handmaid, if you will. Coöperation on the part of other departments is likely to consist largely in a willingness to reduce the present incubus of written work by encouraging papers common to two departments, in holding students strictly to account for oral as well as written expression, and in reporting those found markedly deficient to the English department for discipline and drill. If this seems to place a large burden upon the shoulders of teachers of English, it may be added, with an appeal to experience, that nine-tenths of the slipshod, desultory English now handed to teachers of other subjects, is due to carelessness: boy and girl will inevitably follow the line of least resistance if no one bids them stop, while, brought to a halt, they live up to their best. The small boy quoted by a Springfield speaker was not far from wrong when he explained, *àpropos* of *his* woodchuck, which had climbed a tree—"I know they can't, but this one did. You see he had to." A willing spirit of cooperation throughout all departments would, I believe, far more simply and easily than one thinks, do away with practical difficulties, and lead to more efficient English in both school and college.

AGNES F. PERKINS.

Wellesley College, December 2.

DEAN BRIGGS ON COLLEGE PREPARATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Abraham Flexner, contending in his exceptionally interesting little book, "The American College," that college admission examinations are deadening, remarks:

> In the light of these facts one can understand a somewhat startling statement in a recent annual report [1901-02, p. 96], by Dean Briggs: "Of any two subjects, efficiently taught for the same length of time, one is about as good as another, and deserves equal recognition in a scheme of examinations." For, clearly, when half a dozen different studies have been each purged of its characteristic essence by way of preparation for examination, then, I grant you, all being equally insipid, "one is about as good as another." But now that one thing is about as good as another, provided only it is as efficiently taught for the same length of time, why should schools be put to the trouble and expense of providing a varied diet? If all foods masticated for equal periods are equally nutritious, is not a changing, well-ordered menu a sheer extravagance? Dean Briggs argues just the other way around; if one food is about as good as another, why should a housekeeper *not* keep an abundant table? If one study is about as good as another, why should a school not provide limitless variety? But the argument is wholly fallacious. A developing civilization wants physics, philosophy, poetry. It has no way of substituting one for the other; hence, it values them alike. Pedagogically, however, their value depends on entirely different considerations. It is not simply a question of how long or how thoroughly a subject has been taught. The mere fact that Roman history and American history have been taught with equal vigor for equal school periods does not make it immaterial which a particular American boy knows. English literature and Egyptian hieroglyphics cannot be made of equal value to a high-school boy by teaching them equally long with equal efficiency.

The passage in Dean Briggs's report to which Mr. Flexner refers is a discussion of the old and new methods of admission to Harvard College. My interpretation of it differs somewhat from Mr. Flexner's:

> The chief difference of training in the two methods is for those candidates who do not offer Greek: under the old method, such candidates made up for Greek by additional mathematics; under the new method they make up for it by any subjects covering the same total number of points in the admission scheme. The old method recognized two sorts of intellectual discipline (corresponding to two great orders of intellect), the linguistic or literary and the mathematical: to the first it gave more weight; but it conceded that some deficiency in the first might be balanced by an additional amount of the second. Its advocates believed that modern languages and natural science, as at present taught in schools, do not provide firm training for the mind, and that the fault is not wholly in the teaching, but lies partly in the unsettled character of the subjects themselves. The new method proclaims that of any two studies efficiently taught for the same length of time one is about as good as another, and deserves equal recognition in a scheme of examinations. It is too early to judge whether students admitted with neither Greek nor trigonometry and solid geometry are on the whole weaker than those admitted with either or with both; too early to judge whether the training of the new subjects can match the training of the old. Yet these are among the questions that rouse in conservative minds a grave apprehension.

Whether Dean Briggs says what Mr. Flexner says he says, the intelligent reader may determine. L. B. R. BRIGGS.

Cambridge, Mass., December 9.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During August, 1909, the University of Leipzig is to celebrate its five hundredth anniversary. It would be eminently fitting for the Americans who have taken their doctor's degrees at Leipzig to send to the university on that occasion some formal address of congratulation. A list of about one hundred Americans who have taken their degrees at Leipzig has been prepared, including all of the names of American scientists mentioned in "American Men of Science" and such others as could be secured from a few former Leipzig students in the vicinity of New York and New Haven.

A small committee has organized itself in an informal way for the purpose of collecting suggestions and information. If the movement seems to be of interest, a more formal organization can be perfected later and the congratulatory message can be issued by a representative committee. The undersigned, acting as secretary for the preliminary informal committee, begs leave to request (1) suggestions with regard to the mode of procedure which would be most effective in presenting to Leipzig University the expression of congratulation from former American students; (2) information with regard to Americans in all departments who have received their degrees at Leipzig. The present list is complete for all names included in "American Men of Science"; it is otherwise very fragmentary and should be supplemented even at the risk of duplicating names from various sources.

It is requested that replies be sent at the earliest possible moment in order that the organization may be completed before January. For the Committee,

CHARLES H. JUDD.

Yale Station, New Haven, Conn., December 7.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the recent tercentenary of John Milton, held in Boston under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society, it devolved upon the writer to make some introductory remarks.

Milton was essentially the poet laureate of the Puritans, and Massachusetts, conceived in Puritanism, was, *par excellence*, the Puritan colony of the English Commonwealth. Naturally, therefore, some indications were looked for in the early records of Massachusetts as a community, of influence exercised by Milton, and for evidence of any general early familiarity with him or with his writings. The "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667; Milton died seven years later, in 1674. Almost exactly a century from the last date, Massachusetts emerged from its chrysalis stage, and, no longer a province, became itself a commonwealth. Addison's famous series of *Spectator* papers, which contributed so largely towards familiarizing the English-speaking races with the one acknowledged classic of the Puritan period and régime, appeared in 1712.

Yet a fairly exhaustive search failed to reveal any indications whatever of early New England familiarity with Milton, or

of quotations from him in the New England literature, such as it was, prior to 1750. That literature is, of course, chiefly theological, consisting largely of sermons, occasional discourses, etc., in which, here and there, references to Milton appear. Rarely, however, are they to his poems. There is no indication in the "Magnalia" that Cotton Mather had read "Paradise Lost"; nor has any quotation from Milton's poems, whether of the earlier or later period, been found, so far as has yet appeared, in the numerous publications of the Mather family. There is none in Sewell's Diary.

Apparently, so far as investigation has yet disclosed, Milton's poems were almost unknown in New England until about the middle of the eighteenth century. There is no well-authenticated case of a copy of "Paradise Lost" on a Massachusetts bookshelf before that period yet brought to light.

From about the year 1750 to the beginning of the nineteenth century there is abundant evidence of growing familiarity. During the greater part of the nineteenth century, as is familiar to the experience of almost every one, the "Paradise Lost" was practically a text-book. Children were compelled, as an exercise, to commit long passages of it by heart; but during the last third of the nineteenth century this practice passed more and more into disuse.

A more careful investigation is now being made, and any data, bearing upon American familiarity with Milton and his poems during the first half of the eighteenth century, are desired. No edition of "Paradise Lost" was published on this side of the Atlantic until after 1775. The first Massachusetts edition appeared in 1794. Can individual copies of English editions of an earlier date be produced, the use of which in America, prior to 1750, is matter of proof, or even great probability? CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

84 State Street, Boston, December 15.

"JOHN LEE IS DEAD, THE DEAR OLD MAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago I discovered in the little churchyard at Mathern, near Chepstow —a village not far from Bristol, and familiar to many Americans, I dare say, through its castle ruins overlooking the Wye—the grave of John Lee, who died there in May, 1825, at the age of one hundred and three. On the tombstone are inscribed the following lines:

> John Lee is dead, the dear old man,
> We ne'er shall see him more.
> He used to wear an old drab coat,
> All buttoned down before.

At first sight it seemed to me possible that these lines had antedated those of Albert Gorton Greene, the author of "Old Grimes," and that they had even suggested the poem to him; nor was I able to get definite data in such publications as "The Library of American Literature" to prove the exact date of Greene's composition. In Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" (1842), however, "Old Grimes" is referred to and reprinted, and it is stated that it was written by Greene in the year in which he entered Brown University. Greene (1802-1868) was graduated from Brown in 1820, and I assume that he must have written "Old Grimes" about 1816, or some nine years before it was adapted to the melancholy needs of John Lee of Mathern. Does any reader of the *Nation* know the exact year of the poem's composition?

J. PERRY WORDEN.

Bristol, England, December 3.

NEGRO LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial mention, December 10, of Mr. Taft's speech to the North Carolina Society you say:

> Expatriation of the negro is, as he [Taft] pointed out, impossible, and so is the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. On neither of these proposals need anybody waste a breath. The negro must remain, if only because the South cannot do without his labor.

Expatriation is difficult, but the only humane and satisfactory solution of the race question, in my judgment. The repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment is not to be expected, I admit, and I never seriously discuss what I know is impossible.

However, it is to the last of your three statements that I now address myself very briefly. In your eagerness to defend the negro you fail to do justice to the white people of the South. You say that "the South cannot do without his [the negro's] labor." Now, Mr. Editor, are you sure that you are right? A recent estimate of the cotton crop now being marketed puts the yield at practically thirteen million bales, of which vast total Texas is set down as having produced approximately four million bales, or a little less than one-third of the entire yield. Of course, I cannot be exact in the statement I am about to make, but I do know that I am not far off the fact when I say that of the entire crop of cotton made in Texas more than 80 per cent. is planted, cultivated, and harvested by white labor. I am told by colleagues from the South that in the "hill country" of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, and the Carolinas the major portion of the cotton crop is made by white labor. What is here stated with reference to the cotton crop applies in an equal degree to all other Southern crops, except sugar and rice, that are of minor importance. Under these circumstances how can you say that the South "cannot do without the labor of the negro?"

Millions of white men who labor in the Southern fields are prosperous and healthy, notwithstanding the contrary view of people who study our conditions at long range.

JAMES L. SLAYDEN.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., December 14, 1908.

THE ABBOT AT FARNBOROUGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 26 (p. 512) your Paris correspondent speaks of "L'Angleterre chrétienne avant les Normands," by Dom Fernand Cabrol, abbot of Farnborough, England, of an exiled French community of Benedictines. Some of your readers may be under the impression that this Benedictine community was transplanted from France as a result of the recent action of the republic. It was established there before the contest broke out between the republic and the church, as guardian of the mausoleum which the Empress Eugénie erected over the tombs of her husband and her son. Their bodies were removed from Chiselhurst to Farnborough, when she occupied the large estate which she purchased in that neighborhood, where she still lives.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

New York, December 4.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) does a good service in printing a selection of the "Poems of John Clare," edited and provided with an introduction by Arthur Symons. Clare, the reader may need to be informed, was born of a peasant family in Helpston, in 1793. His first impulse to write came from reading a chance copy of "The Seasons." His first book of verse was "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life," brought out in 1820 by Taylor and Hessey, Keats's publishers. It was praised by the *Quarterly*, which had just attacked Keats, and thenceforth Clare was a servant of the Muses—and of poverty. In later years he went mad from drink and exposure, and his whole life was one of disappointment and misery. Mr. Symons furnishes an excellent account of Clare's work, showing in what way it differs from the work of Bloomfield and Burns, and bringing out its rarer qualities. Our best comment on him is to quote one of the most perfect of his poems, "The Dying Child":

> He could not die when trees were green,
> For he loved the time too well,
> His little hands, when flowers were seen,
> Were held for the bluebell,
> As he was carried o'er the green.
>
> His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
> He knew those children of the Spring:
> When he was well and on the lea
> He held one in his hands to sing,
> Which filled his heart with glee.
>
> Infants the children of the Spring!
> How can an infant die
> When butterflies are on the wing,
> Green grass, and such a sky!
> How can they die at Spring?
>
> He held his hands for daisies white,
> And then for violets blue,
> And took them all to bed at night
> That in the green fields grew,
> As childhood's sweet delight.
>
> And then he shut his little eyes,
> And flowers would notice not;
> Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
> He now no blossoms got;
> They met with plaintive sighs.
>
> When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
> And hare were plain and tree,
> As he for ease in bed did lie
> His soul seemed with the free,
> He died so quietly.

It gives one a curious sensation to pick up an old leisurely classic with all the air of conservative age about it, and find the work turned into an instrument of advanced propaganda. Such a fate has happened to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," written in Latin some four hundred years ago, and translated into English of the day by Ralph Robinson. Now Valerien Paget has changed Robinson's stately periods into current diction and published the work as "More's Millennium," with the John McBride Co. We have no objection to the translator's modern dialect—it is good English—though

we think he makes altogether too much of what he calls Robinson's "Mediævalism," and we trust it will hasten the millennium which he seems to foresee.

The two latest volumes of the New York edition of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James (Charles Scribner's Sons) are devoted to short pieces. Volume XIII contains "The Reverberator," "Madame de Mauves," "A Passionate Pilgrim," "The Madonna of the Future," and "Louise Pallant"; Volume XIV, "Lady Barbarina," "The Siege of London," "An International Episode," "The Pension Beaurepas," "A Bundle of Letters." and "The Point of View." In the preface to Volume XIII Mr. James tells us that "before the American business man . . . I was absolutely and irredeemably helpless, with no fibre of my intelligence responding to his mystery." Volume XIV contains "several short fictions" of the type which Mr. James calls "international." "A Bundle of Letters," he informs us, "was written in a single long session, and, the temperature apart, at a 'heat.'" The most interesting passage in this preface is a reminiscence of his life in London:

> I liked to think that Thackeray's Curzon Street, in which Becky Sharp, or rather Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, had lived, was not much further off; I thought of it preponderantly, in my comings and goings, as Becky's and her creator's; just as I was to find fifty other London neighborhoods speak to me almost only with the voice, the thousand voices, of Dickens.

No Christmas should pass without notice of Dickens, and we have on our table two books addressed to lovers of that author. One is "The Wisdom of Dickens," collected and arranged from his writings and letters by Temple Scott, and published by Mitchell Kennerley in a small volume neatly bound in green leather. The other is a large volume imported by Scribners, "Scenes and Characters from the Works of Charles Dickens." It consists of eight hundred and sixty-six drawings by Fred Barnard, Hablot K. Browne, and the other well-known Dickens illustrators, printed from the original woodblocks which were engraved for Chapman & Hall's Household Edition. The impressions are remarkably clear, and to turn over the pages is to see the whole of Dickens in dumb show, so to speak, a rare entertainment.

Dr. Crothers's "By the Christmas Fire" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) will be welcomed by those in search of a gift book whose dress is appropriate to the season, but whose spirit is appropriate to all the year. Though one involuntarily associates this essayist with a rock-bound coast, there is a smiling sobriety in his work, a penitential quietness as of a Puritan on a holiday. Simple, limpid, refined, his style is enlivened by a mild-hearted humor, and elevated by a reticent idealism—*puro tamen fonti quam magno flumini proprior.* When one compares him for a moment with an elder humorist bent over his musty folios with his two wax candles and his glass of gin-and-water, one wonders what part nature, what part theological frosts of New England, have played in denying us an Elia of full-hearted gayety and abundance. Yet the faint tinge of a Sunday night talk in these five essays we should not wish away; it is a necessary part of their quality. The moral kernel of these pleasant disquisitions is sound and sweet. The power of the reasoning will over "natural law" in "The Bayonet-Poker," the distinction between the geometrical moralist and the wisely flexible idealist in "On Being a Doctrinaire," the necessity of maintaining one's independence under the tyranny of printed pessimism in "Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion," the necessity of wonder in any scheme of philosophy in "The Ignominy of Being Grown-Up," the superiority of justice to pity in "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy"—all these are fair food for reflection by the Christmas fire. Few holiday books are so well worth while as this; there is something permanently winsome in its chastened hopefulness.

A fairy book of original conception is "King Time, or the Mystical Land of the Hours," by P. K. Fitzhugh (H. M. Caldwell Co.). A little boy sits before a clock and wonders what becomes of the minutes as they are ticked off, and, wondering, he falls asleep and is carried to the mystical land of King Time and sees strange things, among them a war between the Duke of Procrastination and the King. The story is told in verse and prose; the illustrations, in color and in black and white, by L. J. Bridgman, suit the excellent fancy of the tale.

A book of information which may be safely recommended is Helen A. Clarke's "Child's Guide to Mythology" (Baker & Taylor Co.), in which the legends are grouped together, not by countries, but by subjects, *e. g.*, "Tree and Plant Myths," "Myths of the Sky and Air," etc. Miss Clarke tells the old stories in simple and good English.

Mrs. Bearne has added another volume to her anecdotal histories of France (Brentano's). This time she has chosen to write of "A Royal Quartette," taking for her theme four ladies, whose lives extend from the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV to the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Her heroines are Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchess of Burgundy, for a while the Dauphine of France; Madame Adélaïde, daughter of Louis XV, granddaughter of the earlier Adélaïde; Marie Luisa, Infanta of Spain, daughter of Carlos IV; and Marie Amélie Thérèse of Naples, wife of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Mrs. Bearne, as always, has a good scent for the telling anecdote, and in the present arrangement, especially, there is an added interest in the historical changes of such lives as we pass from the autocratic court of Louis XIV to the Paris of Louis Philippe.

"The Story of the New England Whalers" (The Macmillan Co.) is interestingly told by the well-known writer, John R. Spears, to whom nothing is unworthy of study which is both nautical and American. The beginnings and the disappearance of this industry, to which only the strong and courageous were eligible, are set forth in attractive form, as are the wonderful rise and the inevitable decline of Nantucket as the world's greatest whaling base. From this infertile island the trade reached out into the remotest seas. Nantucket, indeed, furnished experts in the art to neighboring ports and to the mother country as well; no less than 149 Nantucket captains commanded British whaling ships prior to 1812. The book should appeal to all who find delight in brave and skilful deeds, done in a peaceful cause.

A valuable contribution to the literature of the Civil War is to be found in the "History of the Forty-fifth Regiment, M. V. M." (printed by Wallace Spooner), compiled by Albert W. Mann. Known as the "cadet regiment," it took part in the operations about Newbern, N. C., and especially the battle of Kinston, in 1862-63. The book is not the story of one narrator, but a number of the officers and men give their varied experiences, so that one finds in it a graphic picture of the life of a nine months' volunteer. The volume is profusely illustrated with portraits and reproductions of sketches by the artist, Frank H. Shapleigh, who was a member of the regiment.

James Baker, long known as a contributor to English critical journals, proves a delightful writer of reminiscence in his "Literary and Biographical Studies" (London: Chapman & Hall). Mr. Baker has travelled much in England and on the Continent, and has more than one new tale of Friedrich von Bodenstedt, George Müller, Tennyson, and even Verestchagin, the Russian painter. In "The Home Life of Tom Macaulay" he can chat familiarly about the great historian, for Macaulay lived, for a year or two, very near to Mr. Baker at Clifton. Mr. Baker was also one of the privileged few to invade the secluded home of Blackmore, the novelist, in the outskirts of London, though even then the author of "Lorna Doone," through his dread of publicity, and a certain ill-humor due to physical suffering, forbade the discussion of certain topics while dispensing "pot luck." According to Baker, Blackmore regarded his translation of the Georgics as his best work, notwithstanding the fact that he could get no publisher for it until he had promised to foot the bills himself. The volume contains also a sympathetic review of Heine's "Memoirs," recollections of both Queen Victoria's funeral and that of Tennyson, and a profitable investigation of the books read by Coleridge and Southey, based on a recent discovery of the Bristol Library Society Register recording the intellectual pabulum dispensed to both poets.

The latest instalment of the "New English Dictionary," which has been prepared by Henry Bradley, contains words from Movement to Myzostomous, and completes Vol. VI. The customary table of comparisons shows 3,777 words in this section, where Johnson listed only 293, and 10,072 illustrative quotations where Johnson furnished 687. The mortality rate among the M's has been high; 19 per cent. of the "main words" are now obsolete. On the other hand, 5 per cent. have not yet been admitted to good and regular standing. Though the bulk of this collection is of Greek, and especially of Roman, pedigree, there is a considerable tincture of home-made Mulligrubs and Mubble-fubbles, Oriental Muezzins, Muftis, and Mullahs, American Muck-rakes, Mustangs, and Mugwumps, and other uncouth vocables which would have tickled the horrisonant tongue of Rabelais. It is interesting to note that Mr. and Mrs. are included as independent symbols, having lost their vowels and become emancipated from their Master and Mistress for good and all. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Mr., we are told, was used for Master in any application of the word—one might hew a "Mr. root" from a tree: but eventually the abbreviated form was confined to its

present use; in the unaccented position the vowel was modified; Mr. became steadily more and more democratic, till its entire nature was transformed. There are many newly coined words here, intended for circulation among the learned—Myzostomous, for example, belonging to an order of "small worms parasitic on crinoids"; but such terms are of little interest to the layman or to one who reads dictionaries for the pleasure of historic associations. Much more piquant is our familiar Mugwump—a word spread wide by the critics of the bolting Republicans in 1884, but borne with greater honor by the Indian chiefs. It may be news to some Americans that the Rev. John Eliot, in his Indian version of the Bible, published in 1653, translated the word "dukes" in the phrase "dukes of the sons of Esau" (Gen. xxxvi, 15) by "Mugwumps." And how many of the younger generation have traced the newly popular Muck-rake back to Bunyan, whose "man with a Muckrake" symbolizes the quest in this vile world for filthy lucre? In the process of time the man with the muck-rake has come to mean one who has a "depraved interest in what is morally unsavory or scandalous"—thus, at any rate, the "New English Dictionary" defines the word. But does that quite cover the species even to-day? Surely the term extends, in compliment or otherwise, over those also who fall to with a will at cleansing Augean stables.

Some pretty German books for children are being published by Joseph Scholz of Mainz. The series called Deutsches Bilderbuch consists of the popular fairy tales in separate editions, large in size and containing, on the average, eight full-page and numerous smaller illustrations. German artists of reputation have aided in presenting most charmingly such old favorites as "Dornröschen," "Aschenbrödel," and "Schneewittchen." There are also books of legends, some of them told by poets like Eberhard Koenig. Some are illustrated by Arpad Schmidthammer, who recalls the robust humor of Wilhelm Busch.

Of the pictorial supplements to general history, literature, and science compiled and edited by German scholars, Könnecke's "Bilderatlas zur Geschichte der deutschen Nationalliteratur," with its facsimiles and portraits, has been one of the most useful aids to students. To bring it within the reach of the general reader a cheap popular edition has just been published under the title, "Deutscher Literaturatlas" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). It is edited by Dr. Gustav Könnecke and prefaced by Dr. Christian Muff. There are 825 illustrations, many of them full page, besides a number in photogravure. The work has been brought up to date by the addition of portraits of contemporaneous authors.

Although published only in September, one of the best selling books in Germany is a posthumous volume of rhymes and drawings by the late Wilhelm Busch, entitled "Hernach" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.).

The little volumes published by Albert Langen of Munich and containing reprints from the famous *Simplicissimus* are excellent examples of the somewhat cynical humor of the modern German. But they are delightfully illustrated by artists like Reznicek, Gulbransson, Heine, Thoma, and others. "Der Backfisch" and the "Simplizissimus-Kalender" are typical of the kind.

One of the newcomers in the German publishing world, Hans von Weber of the Hyperion-Verlag, Munich, is challenging the attention of bibliophiles by his exquisite reprints, among them Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," Hebbel's "Judith," and a great number of translations from foreign languages. In typography, binding, and illustration each volume is a work of art.

Among the new reprints of German classics, Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens," from the original manuscript, edited with a postlude and an index by Dr. W. H. Houben (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus), is one of the most important. A new edition of the complete works of Immermann, in five volumes, revised and with a critical commentary by Harry Maync, bears the imprint of the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig. Of a new edition in six volumes of Heinrich von Kleist's complete works and letters, edited by Wilhelm Herzog and published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig, the first volume has just been brought out.

A work in three volumes, containing an interesting correspondence, "Wilhelm von Humboldt und Caroline von Humboldt in ihren Briefen" (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn), is full of illuminating ideas about cosmopolitanism and bureaucracy and reflects the spirit of cultivated Germany in the first decade of the last century. The editor is Anna von Sydow.

An interesting series in German is the Bücher der Weisheit und Schönheit, edited by Jeannot Emil Freiherr von Grotthuss, founder and editor of *Der Türmer*. Each volume contains selections from the writings of one of the world's great men. The catholicity of the collection is remarkable. There is a volume of Beethoven's letters, edited and introduced by Dr. Karl Storck. There are selections from the writings and the letters of Frederick the Great, with some of his conversations with De Catt, edited by Fritz Lienhard. There is a book entitled "Was Goethe sagt," of which Dr. Theo. Achelis is the editor. Other volumes are drawn from the writings of the Grimm brothers, Lucian, Dante, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Gobineau, Darwin, and Kant. The latest addition to the series is a book by Dr. Otto Richter, on Fechner, whose influence upon the younger generation of German writers almost rivals that of Nietzsche.

"La Célèbre Inconnue de Prosper Mérimée" (Paris: E. Sansot) is completely elucidated by Alphonse Lefebre in her life and authentic works (for fictions have been built up around her), with a portrait and drawings from her hand. It has been known for some time that Jenny Dacquin, the Inconnue, took advantage of the loss of her letters when the house of Mérimée was destroyed during the Commune, to publish his letters to her in an expurgated form which shows the writer in rather a ridiculous light. Lucien Pinvert, in what seems to be a doctoral thesis, sums up in a considerable volume the latest that is known "Sur Mérimée" (Paris: Henri Leclere).

The able novelist Louis Bertrand, in a travel book full of real figures and color and written with a master's pen, describes what he actually has seen in "La Grèce du soleil et des paysages," without any classical posing (Paris: Fasquelle).

The New York Public Library is making a notable collection of German Americana. During 1906-7 it received 3,864 volumes and pamphlets of this character from 297 donors in 87 cities. As a result it points to a number of recent works prepared, from its material, such as Rudolf Cronau's "Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," which received the Conrad Seipp German memorial prize. The library asks for donations of old German letters, newspapers, periodicals, etc.

The University of Wisconsin has just received a valuable addition to its books for the study of the labor movement by the gift of the extensive library collected by the late Henry Demarest Lloyd. The collection is given to the university by the heirs of Mr. Lloyd, who are interested in the work of the American Bureau of Industrial Research, which has its headquarters in Madison, Wis. The Lloyd collection is particularly rich in material on trade unions, coöperation, socialism, municipal ownership, and monopolies.

At the annual meeting of the Ohio Library Association last month, the question of requiring by law that librarians shall bave proper State certificates as a condition of employment in public libraries, was a topic of interest. A form of law embodying the ideas of the legislative committee of the association was presented to the meeting, and after animated debate it was voted that this law should be recommended to the State Legislature. The proposed law would create a State library examining board, which should hold examinations, fix standards, and issue certificates to qualified librarians. As in the case of teachers, the certificates would be graded; and one year after the organization of the examining board, all persons holding positions in tax supported libraries must have a certificate. Exemption from the examination is made for librarians who have been employed for five years, and whose work is judged by the board as satisfactory.

H. E. Legler, secretary of the Wisconsin Library Commission, reports that libraries in that State have multiplied at such a rate, especially within the past five years, that there remains but one city with a population in excess of 3,000 unprovided. Of cities having a population of 1,500 or more, there are now but twelve without libraries.

The fifth annual meeting of the American Political Science Association will be held in Washington and Richmond, December 28-31. The programme includes the following papers: "The Limitations of Federal Government," Stephen Leacock, McGill University; "The Influence of State Politics in Expanding Federal Power," Henry Jones Ford, Princeton; "The Relations of Political Science to History and to Practice," the Right Hon. James Bryce, president of the association; "Ten Years' Rule in Porto Rico," W. F. Willoughby, secretary of Porto Rico; "Ten Years' Rule in the Philippines," James A. Le Roy, Fort Bayard, N. M.; "History and the Philosophy of History," George B. Adams, Yale, president of the American Historical Association; "Some Recent Tendencies in State Consti-

tutional Development," W. F. Dodd, Johns Hopkins; "Constitutional Revision in Michigan and the Middle West," J. A. Fairlie, University of Michigan; "Constitutional Changes in the New England States since 1900," Allen Johnson, Bowdoin; "The Constitution of Oklahoma," Robert L. Owen, United States Senator from Oklahoma; "The New York Public Service Commission," Milo R. Maltbie, member of the commission; "The Bureau of Municipal Research," the Hon. Henry Bruere, director of the bureau; "The Boston Finance Commission," J. Wells Farley, secretary of the commission; "The National Municipal League," the Hon. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the league; a round-table conference on "Methods of Instruction in Municipal Government," conducted by the National Municipal League's Committee on the Coördination of University and Collegiate Instruction, William Bennett Munro, Harvard, chairman, the discussion to be opened by F. J. Goodnow, Columbia; "The Increase of Federal Power under the Commerce Clause of the Constitution," William A. Anderson, attorney-general of Virginia; "The Increased Control of State Activities by the Federal Authorities, Especially by the Federal Courts," Charles A. Moore, Asheville, N. C.; "The Increased Control of State Activities by the Federal Courts," R. B. Scott, University of Wisconsin; "Aerial Navigation in its Relation to International Law," Arthur K. Kuhn, New York City; "The Law of Nature in Early American Diplomacy," Jesse S. Reeves, Dartmouth. The sessions of the American Historical Association, the Bibliographical Society of America, and the Mississippi Valley Historical Association will be held at the same times and places.

The plans for a suitable recognition, under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes are rapidly taking shape. The society will devote to this purpose its regular spring meeting, Tuesday evening, April 27, 1909. The meeting, to be held in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be open to the public. President Eliot will preside. Brief addresses will also be made by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson of Concord, son of the philosopher, who was associated with Holmes in the famous Saturday Club; by Dr. David Williams Cheever, professor of surgery, emeritus, in the Harvard Medical School, who was the assistant of Dr. Holmes when the latter was professor in the Medical School; by the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge; and by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was the personal friend of the poet. This recognition of the poet's centenary very properly will take place in Cambridge, where Holmes was born and reared, and where his father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, was pastor of the First Church for nearly forty years.

The Nobel peace prize has been awarded to K. F. Arnoldson of Sweden and M. F. Bajer of Denmark. The other awards are as follows: Literature, Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena University; physics, Prof. Gabriel Lippmann of the University of Paris; chemistry, Prof. Ernest Rutherford, director of the physical laboratory of the University of Manchester, England; medicine, divided between Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Berlin and Prof. Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Mr. Arnoldson and Mr. Bajer are ex-parliamentarians. Professor Eucken, now sixty-two years old, studied philology, history, and philosophy at Göttingen. He was professor of philosophy at Basle from 1871 to 1874, and has since held the same chair at Jena. He is the author of numerous works on religion and philosophy. Last year he published a work on the "Higher Problems of the Religion and Philosophy of the Present Day," which is supposed to be the basis of the award for "the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature." Professor Lippmann is commander of the Legion of Honor, member of the French Academy of Sciences and the Bureau of Longitudes. He is a native of Luxemburg, but his parents were French. He is an expert in acoustics and optics, electricity, and thermodynamics, has made sensational discoveries in color photography, and has written extensively on all these subjects. Professor Rutherford was born in New Zealand, in 1871; was educated at the New Zealand University and Cambridge; and was professor of physics at McGill University, Montreal, from 1898 until he went to his present post in 1907. He has devoted much attention to radio-activity and the ionization of gases by Röntgen and Becquerel rays, and has published many papers on these topics. Dr. Paul Ehrlich was born in 1854 in Schleswig and studied in Breslau, Strassburg, Freiburg, and Leipzig. He has contributed to various departments of medical knowledge, including the nature and treatment of tuberculosis, diphtheria, anæmia, and cancer. He holds many medical honors and offices in Germany, and is an Imperial Privy Councillor. Dr. Metchnikoff has been a professor at the Pasteur Institute for several years. He is a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine and of the Royal Society of London. His publications include "The Nature of Man" and "Immunity in Infective Diseases." Recently he has attracted popular attention by advocating kumiss as an aid to longevity.

Dr. Cyrus Northrop, who has been president of the University of Minnesota since 1884, will resign at the end of the present college year. He was born at Ridgefield, Conn., in 1834, and was graduated from Yale in 1857. From 1863 to 1884 he was professor of rhetoric and English literature at Yale.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, a clever and popular novelist, died in this city December 14. He was born here in 1856, studied engineering, and for a time practised that profession. His bent, however, was rather toward painting and literature. His pictures were clever and have appeared in a number of exhibitions, but he was more successful in literature. His novels are: "The Inn of the Silver Moon" (1900), "The Last of the Knickerbockers" (1901), "Myra of the Pines" (1902), and "Heartbreak Hill" (1908) (see the *Nation* of October 1, p. 318). He wrote one volume of verse, "Random Verse" (1903), and one play, "The House of Silence" (1906).

The death of Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") on December 15, at the age of eighty-six, is reported from New Haven, Conn., as we go to press. We must reserve till next week discussion of his life and work.

FERRERO'S ROME.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by H. J. Chaytor. Vol. III: The Fall of an Aristocracy. Vol. IV: Rome and Egypt. Pp. 342, 291. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net each.

The third and fourth volume of Signor Ferrero's notable history, which make their appearance in English dress just as its author begins his American lectures, are devoted to the years which intervened between the death of Cæsar and the departure of Augustus for the East, B. C. 21. The work grows in detail as it advances, the length of time comprised within the third volume being but half of that covered in the second, and while there is no loss of interest, we confess to disappointment that a writer whose merit lies on the side of insight and literary skill, rather than of profound investigation, should be drawn more and more into the minutiæ of his subject. It is true that our sources of information for the earlier part of this period are unusually full, thanks especially to Cicero's correspondence, but the extent of our knowledge of events is no criterion of their historical importance, and even Ferrero's theory of the significance of infinitesimal social forces cannot give value to these years of low intrigue and political vacillation. No great principle is at stake, no great problem is being worked out. Cæsar is gone, and his successor has not yet come—that is the substance of it all.

As in the earlier volumes, the chronological order is closely followed, but the result is far different from the bare and colorless annals of the official history of the early Romans, which Ferrero, in contrast to the "artistic and psychological" method of Sallust which he himself professes, styles "as dry and absurd a mode of narration as the critical and scientific historical methods which certain pedants would revive today." Social and economic conditions are strongly emphasized, although with a certain lack of continuity due to the strictly chronological arrangement. To Ferrero it was a sordid age, caring little for Cæsar, but much for Cæsar's money, and for the wealth that had been acquired through his acts. "If the republic is lost, at any rate save our property," wrote Atticus to Cicero, with a selfishness which "implied the risk of losing not only the republic, but also the property." There was no social stability or moral strength, and the proscriptions only laid bare the cruelty and cowardice of a generation "far weaker than the men of Cæsar's day in its fear of death and poverty." The civil war hastened the economic decline, one symptom of which was the throng of vagabond philosophers who preached an asceticism which "has invariably been

a flourishing philosophy in times of want." There was, however, a good side to this ostentatious poverty, for men were forced to husband their resources and the movement back to the land was stimulated. The revival of Italian agriculture was "the great achievement of the hundred and fifty years which had elapsed since the death of the Gracchi." The Georgics and Varro's great treatise on scientific husbandry were both begun in 37 B. C., the year with which the third volume closes, and its final pages leave us in the serene atmosphere of Virgil's "immortal hymn to the plough, an implement which, quite as much as the sword, enabled the Romans to conquer Italy."

Such efforts to correlate literature with the facts of external history are useful, even if sometimes forced. Each of the Eclogues is brought into connection with the events of the time, the glorification of Octavian's agrarian legislation in the first of them being characterized as the earliest attempt to "make bucolic poetry a medium for the treatment of what we should now call a question of the hour." Cicero's "De Officiis," though mediocre as a philosophical treatise, is recommended to the close attention of historians as a most important document, because of its theory of the possibility of a social and moral regeneration for Rome. The introduction of Horace to Mæcenas is duly chronicled among the events of the year 39; the Thirteenth Epode is localized in the camp before Philippi; and the satire describing the journey to Brundisium, which Gibbon tells us he read with geography rather than poetry for his object, is used to furnish evidence of the deserted condition of the country and the decline of the aristocracy. The Odes reflect the manifold aspects of "the general antagonism in which Italy was involved at the close of the civil war, and in which she was to struggle for a whole century, the antagonism between the Latin principle and the Greek Oriental principle of social life, between the state considered as an instrument of rule and as an instrument of refined civilization, between Roman militarism and Asiatic culture." These contradictory aspirations, whose varying phases Horace expresses without attempting to reconcile, the Æneid unites "in a magnificent but imperfect whole" which is "the voice not merely of a poet but of an epoch."

The period covered in these volumes offers less opportunity for those appreciations of persons which give so much flavor to their predecessors, but the characterizations are not lacking in point or vigor. Of the triumvirs, Antony was, with all his defects, "the one remarkable personality." "A man of powerful frame and active mind, daring and generous, but sensual, imprudent, proud, and violent," he had entered political life as "a career of glorious piracy" and pursued it wildly with varying fortunes until the position in which he was placed by Cæsar's murder compelled him to exercise prudence and reflection. In the days of doubt which followed he tried to steer a middle course between the popular party and the conservatives, and even at Cæsar's funeral, instead of delivering the inflammatory speech with which he is generally credited, Ferrero holds, following Suetonius, that he only added a few perfunctory words (*per-pauca*) to the reading of the Senatorial decree. His acts of decision were due to the influence of his brother Lucius and his wife Fulvia, a woman who had become by character and training "the stormy petrel of revolution," and had married Antony "as if it had been her destiny to become the wife of every leading agitator in Rome in turn." As the author observes:

> It has constantly happened that great historical figures like Antony have been overcome by hesitation when about to stake their fortunes upon one supreme cast, and that they have decided to act, merely under the persuasion of lesser known and less intelligent characters, whose obscurity and ignorance had enabled them to preserve greater coolness and courage at a critical moment.

In Antony's later years the dominating influence was, of course, Cleopatra; but to Ferrero their relations constitute an episode in world-politics rather than a romantic love-story, their marriage being dictated not by passion, but by considerations of political advantage. Antony, who had endured with equanimity three years of separation from Cleopatra, needed the treasure of Egypt for his Eastern campaigns, while Cleopatra hoped to save Egypt from subjection to Rome and make it the centre of a new empire. The struggle with Octavian thus became, not a struggle for monarchical power at Rome, but the last desperate effort of the only Mediterranean state which still retained its independence. The fundamental reason for Antony's defeat was neither the valor of his adversary nor his own defective strategy, but "the hopeless inconsistency of his double-faced policy, which, while professing to be republican and Roman, was actually Egyptian and monarchical." Ferrero is not the first to emphasize the Eastern aspects of this contest, and his narrative follows in the main that of Bouché-Leclercq, but he goes further than his predecessors at many points, and makes a number of interesting suggestions, especially in his interpretation of the acts of Cleopatra, whom he credits with a high degree of intelligence. He is likely, however, to be ingenious rather than convincing, and he seems to us to leave unsolved the great enigma of the flight at Actium.

Cicero's personality and place in history are summed up in the following striking passage, illuminating, in spite of its exaggerations:

> Cicero was the first of those men of letters who have been throughout the history of our civilization either the pillars of state or the workers of revolution; the great company of rhetoricians, lawyers, and publicists under the pagan empire are succeeded by the apologists and fathers of the church; monks, lawyers, theologians, doctors, and readers appear in the Middle Ages; humanists at the time of the Renaissance; encyclopædists appear in the eighteenth century in France; barristers, journalists, political writers, and professors in our own day. Cicero may have made many a grave political error, but none the less his historical importance can compare with that of Cæsar, and is but little inferior to that of St. Paul or St. Augustine. He had, moreover, all the fine qualities of the dynasty which he founded, and of their defects only the most venial. He was one of those unusual characters, rarely to be found even in the world of thought and letters, who have no ambition for power, no thirst for wealth, but merely the far nobler desire, whatever the vanity which it implies, to become the objects of admiration. Of all the men who governed the Roman world in that day, Cicero, alone amid the frightful political debasement of his time, had not wholly lost that sense of good and evil which may not raise a man above petty weaknesses, but at any rate withholds him from criminal excesses and extravagance. He alone attempted to govern the world, not with the foolish obstinacy of Cato, or with the cynical opportunism of others, but upon a rational system based upon loyalty to republican tradition amid the prevailing disorder, based upon the effort to harmonize the austere virtues of the Latin race with the art and wisdom of the Greeks and to disseminate throughout the Roman aristocracy that sense of equity and moderation which can often mollify the constitutional brutality or blindness of the principle that might is right. Historians have jested lightly upon Cicero and his Utopias; his contemporaries must have thought more of them, seeing that fifteen years later they attempted to put many of them into practice.

This attempt to carry out Cicero's ideas was, according to Ferrero, made by no less a person than Octavian himself, who "spent forty-one years in uninterrupted effort to realize the programme of political and social regeneration developed by Cicero in the 'De Officiis.'" A man of letters rather than of action, possessing "not so much overwhelming energy as cold intellectual power," Octavian resembled Cicero rather than Cæsar, whose real political heir was Antony; and the government which Octavian set up was neither a dyarchy nor yet a monarchy hidden beneath republican forms, but an honest effort to restore the republic under a constitutional ruler with powers "resembling those of the Federal President of America." It is to Ferrero inconceivable that the republicanism of Rome, which has done so much to stimulate democracy in modern times, was dead

after the battle of Actium, and, the time not being ripe for a monarchy, he accepts at their face value Octavian's professions of his desire to reëstablish the republic. Nowhere else does the author more boldly challenge current views of Roman history, but to challenge is not to disprove, and, if these views are to be established, it must be by a more patient examination of evidence than he seems willing to make. It must be said, however, that he tries to look at the problem from the point of view of the age itself, and it is only fair to reserve our judgment until the whole history of the reign of Augustus has been placed before us. One quality Ferrero has still to show before he can do full justice to the constitutional work of Augustus, namely, a certain legal sense. The Romans were a lawyerly people, careful to square themselves, as far as possible, with formal legality, and a large part of their history is intelligible only when this fact is borne in mind. We are inclined to agree with Ferrero that Mommsen has often carried the lawyer's method too far, especially by "importing legal ideas of excessive rigidity into the study of revolutionary epochs"; but the epoch to which we have now come is not revolutionary, and the establishment of the principate is in large measure a problem in constitutional law which demands a legal mind for its full comprehension.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Virgin in Judgment. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

After Mr. Phillpotts's recent sally in sensational romance, it is reassuring to find him returned safely to his solid ground of Dartmoor and its peasantry. This is a fit companion for "The Whirlwind": there was a study of Ceres, of benignly yielding and maternal womanhood; and here is a complementary study of Artemis. This story has, to be sure, its own potential Demeter, tragically undone—not in the conventional way—by her own innocence and insatiable generosity, as the virgin Rhoda is undone by her fierce instinctive distrust of men and women in any generous relation. The mature and beautiful woman, with her hard eye and cold disdain of males and mothers, her fondness for puppies and indifference to children, is a monster in the sight of her fellow-rustics, and, one feels, despite his honest efforts as her apologist, in that of her creator. Indeed, if it were not for the paradox of her robust beauty and the alleviating fact of her devotion to her brother, she might be dismissed as the mere mischief-making prude. That is the part she plays, and it hardly seems that the eventual alienation from the single object of her regard is too great a punishment. Nevertheless, it is this stern she and her equally stern brother who are the tragic figures. The lover whom she scorns and wrongs is of too volatile and eager a nature to be more than dashed by his misadventure; and the gentle wife, who is yet more cruelly wronged by her, dies fitly the death of an Ophelia—a creature pathetically inadequate to cope with this harsh world.

These are, after all, merely the most dramatically salient figures to be encountered upon Mr. Phillpotts's "Ringmoor Down." The principal charm of this book will lie for many readers in its picture of the rustic community as a whole, the place and the people as they exist day by day, without regard to the exigencies of any novelist, even of Mr. Phillpotts. The writer's chief distinction lies, perhaps, in his well-nigh Shakespearean respect and liking for simple and dull people. There is nothing of the satirical rogue in his treatment of them, no sharpness or condescension or desire to use them as copy. The group of worthies about Mr. Shillabeer's bar obviously do not discourse for somebody taking notes. Their arguments have the delicious inconsequence of every-day life. And from the midst of their humdrum, flashes of true philosophy and poety—an essence wrung from hard experience—emerge. Thus that ex-prizefighter and publican, "Dumpling" Shillabeer, on his dead wife:

> And she took such delight in everyday things, owing to being town-bred, that when I look at a sow with young, or a pony and foal, or the reds in the sky at evening, or a fall of snow, they all put me in mind of her. For whether it was a budding tree, or a fish in a pool, or one of they bumbling bees in a bit of clover, everything made that woman happier.

The story's teller's descriptions of the moor country have their usual imaginative power. It were idle to quote snatches of them here, though more than one passage is a temptation. They contribute largely to that sense of a true atmosphere—a very different matter from "local color"—which is felt in all Mr. Phillpotts's most characteristic work.

Corrie Who? By Maximilian Foster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

When the reader has once finished the first chapter of Mr. Foster's book and has discovered that it is *not* a novel of society, he will settle down to 460 additional pages of as charming a piece of light fiction as he is likely to come across in many a day. Corrie is a young girl who lives as companion to a wonderful Mrs. Pinchin and seeks painfully to find out Corrie Who and Corrie What she is. It is a story of mystery, handled very skilfully. Those desirable elements in a tale of this kind—suspense and suspicion—are to be had in abounding measure. But the volume possesses, in addition, exceptional charm of style and one delightfully elaborate character, the amazing Mrs. Pinchin to whom we have referred, the villain of the story. She is an elephantine and volcanic woman, with a limp and a cane having a fearfully prehensile hook at one end. She stuffs, guzzles, grunts at table, and dominates nearly every one in the book by sheer force of will and mind. Mrs. Pinchin and one of her enemies, Mr. Biggamore, have, to a high degree, the flavor of Dickens. Their presence in a story of mystery gives Mr. Foster's novel a strong family resemblance to "Edwin Drood."

Vronina. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The people of Southwestern England and Wales—King Arthur's Land—surely have no equal for passionate love of country, if we may judge from what their novelists feel. When it comes to a story of Devon, Cornwall, or the counties north of Bristol Channel, crag, moor, and sea are not the mere setting for human action; they enter into the tale as veritable protagonists, always conditioning the movements of the small human actors, dominating them, and often crushing them. It requires skill to handle such vast scenic props without plunging into sheer nature worship or, what is worse, boring the reader. In that respect the author of "Vronina" has been successful, though not by a wide margin. His Welsh hero and heroine are as strong and as mystic as his Welsh hills and moors. The novel suffers from starting out at too high an emotional pitch, and the style is very rhetorical. Mr. Rhoscomyl has, however, written with great sincerity about people who are impossibly good, bad, beautiful, strong, and primitive. There is an excellent tavern brawl in the early part of the book, an effective description of a night of storm in the mountains, and, as a companion picture, an all-night revival meeting.

The Tent Dwellers. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

This is that rarest of things, a book of out-door life written simply, swiftly, and honestly. It is the story of a three weeks' fishing trip in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Paine is to be congratulated on having got away from the time-honored formula for all books of this kind; namely, that there shall be immense preparations for the joys of open-air life, followed by the sad realities of wet feet, a cold in the head, washing dishes, and catching very little fish; that there shall be an unlucky and addleheaded member of the party whose adventures keep all his companions in good humor; and that little by little there shall steal into the heart of the disgruntled city-dwellers the knowledge

and love of the silence and mystery of the woods, the feeling of kinship with nature, etc. It is true that now and then Mr. Paine is tempted to speak of his companion Eddie in a manner that reminds us of Harris in "Three Men in a Boat." But the lapses are rare and are readily forgiven in view of the absence of startling adventure, miraculous feats of woodcraft, and excessive zoölogizing, botanizing, or philosophizing. To have made so fascinating an account of some weeks of quiet fishing, canoeing, and camping in the rain, is an achievement. To come sane out of the woods and have your publishers inflict on you as hideous a book-cover as Mr. Paine's publishers have bestowed upon him, is, we suppose, only one of the tragedies of civilization.

A Venture in 1777. By S. Weir Mitchell. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A spirited little story for boys, old and young, with a glimpse of Washington and Valley Forge. There is over it all the touch of the expert in the handling of matters literary and military, so that nothing of exaggeration mars the tale. To read it should be a Christmas pleasure for patriots, mischievous boys, and lovers of both. Further, it should benefit a "most Christian labor," the Church Home for Children near Philadelphia. To it Dr. Mitchell dedicates the proceeds of his "Venture," in a preface speaking his admiration and sympathy.

The United States as a World Power. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Professor Coolidge's book has interest from two points of view. As an historical sketch, it passes in rapid review those episodes in American history which have brought the United States particularly into contact with other Powers. Thus, we have chapters on the Monroe Doctrine, the Spanish war and its resulting colonialism, the Isthmian Canal, the relations of the United States with France, Germany, Russia, England, Canada, and Latin America, and the contact with Asia on the Pacific. While the narrative disclaims pretence of originality, it shows throughout a good acquaintance with authorities, especially those of a diplomatic character; and as a piece of summarization is extremely well done. Professor Coolidge neither skims nor distorts his subject: there are no merely superficial generalizations, on the one hand, nor, on the other, any effort to make the whole of American history turn about its international relations.

This much, however, was doubtless to be expected. The other aspect of Professor Coolidge's work, and the one in anticipation of which many will doubtless be chiefly impelled to read the book, has to do with its estimate of the general position and influence of the United States as a world power. "World power" with us is, of course, a compound of idealism and business. That a genuine and widespread belief in and love of liberty, a sincere desire to give spread and vogue to it, a sensitive humanitarian interest in the welfare of the race, a hatred of oppression and injustice, and a willingness to venture something on a generous impulse, have been influences of great potency in determining our attitude towards the rest of the world, is as much beyond cavil as is the fact that the demands of a cosmopolitan and rapidly growing population, the imperative need of markets for our manufactures, and our genius for business organization, force the United States to the front of the world-struggle for supremacy and place. It is one of the great merits of Professor Coolidge's book that he appreciates the significance of both of these influences, and not only gives to each its due weight, but also shows, more clearly than any other recent writer in this field, their combined effect in the development of a national temper and a national policy.

To say of an historical work that its treatment is sympathetic is often taken to imply that its point of view is, after all, a bit provincial or apologetic; but nothing could be farther from the truth than to draw such an inference in this case. If there be one characteristic, next to sufficient learning, which Professor Coolidge displays, it is that of generous cosmopolitanism. Singularly well-versed in the political history of Eastern Europe and of Asia, he is able to draw his illustrations from a wide range, and to view the progress of world power from the standpoint of the peoples upon whom the rigors of empire and "influence" most heavily fall. Yet he is not wholly unaffected by associates and associations. We cannot imagine, for example, that certain of his pages will meet with approval in German inner circles; or that all Englishmen will relish his frank declaration that the United States would have done well to get Canada in 1783; or that Japanese statesmen would fail to detect a slight tenderness in the treatment of Russia. On the other hand, the author does not conceal his convictions. He does not spare either England or France, or estimate Latin-American agitators above their deserts. Being an historian, he does not prophesy overmuch. He sees, indeed, no immediate likelihood of dispensing with the Philippines, and some prospect that we may have to take Cuba; but the Isthmian Canal can hardly fail to help somewhat in the solution of both these problems on their international side. As for the war cloud in the East, that has admittedly a dark fringe; but the economic forces which are operating to dispel it are at least as strong, for the moment, as the political forces which would aid its growth. For the problem of alien races, whether in this country or elsewhere, there is, apparently, no solution save that of getting along as well as we can with the peoples that are not Anglo-Saxon.

In short, our world mission, as Professor Coolidge conceives it, is that of peaceful, though inevitable, conquest—the victory of ideas and of economic forces rather than of arms. That Americans have thought well of themselves and their motives is not, in his judgment, a greater sin because the opinion has been, in preponderant measure, well founded; nor are their achievements in diplomacy, or, for that matter, in domestic government, the less imposing because so often due to good luck. That we are visibly awaking, albeit with irritating slowness, to the responsibilities of world power, that we are feeling increasingly the need of training and efficiency in public service, and that we still give genuine response to moral appeal, constitute for him the sure ground of confidence that beneficence, not disaster, may continue to attend the career of the United States as a world power.

In a field which, like this of world politics, changes daily before our eyes, no writer can hope to make a definitive contribution; and it can be no disparagement of Professor Coolidge to say that his book will be superseded. For the time being, however, and within its sphere, it is justly entitled to recognition as a work of real distinction. It has substance as well as symmetry and form; it is void of dogmatism or special pleading, but it moves the reader to thought; it handles serious and complicated questions with a light touch, but the impression of its solid qualities is the impression that remains.

Egypt and Its Monuments. By Robert Hichens; illustrated with reproductions of paintings by Jules Guerin and with photographs. New York: The Century Co. $6 net.

The value of the impressions of a popular writer of fiction among the monuments of the Nile is not to be measured with the yard-stick of the archæologist or the historian. The question may be fairly raised, however, as to the value of such casual impressions when they become almost purely subjective—merely a series of meditations, which, while disclosing the inner life of a writer of insight and rather graceful and delicate fancy, are nevertheless far from such a revelation of genius as would give them significance for their own sake. In this book the monuments rarely speak; we constantly listen to Mr. Hichens, to the inevitable "I": "One

day I sat in the temple," "I sat quite still in the sun," "I looked about me," "I sat very still," "I . . . sat down on a warm block of stone." Those who find the personality of Mr. Hichens of greater interest than the monuments, those who are satisfied to float away into a cloudland which might as well hang above one temple as another, or equally well above Sicily or Greece, should by all means read this volume. But the reader must not demand even the vaguest knowledge of the great past. Matter-of-fact persons may, however, venture to ask: What should you say of a walk in Florence with one who knew no distinction between the men who preceded and those who followed Raphael, but mingled them all in one confused rhapsody? To Mr. Hichens's uninformed, undiscriminating mood the cumbrous, vulgar, and debased colonnades of the decadence are as suggestive as the soaring lines of Amenhotep III's splendid court at Luxor, the noblest colonnades on the Nile. Indeed, it is the architecture of the decadent twentieth dynasty that appeals to Mr. Hichens as most striking in "nobility" and "simplicity"; to him it is "extraordinarily classical" and "wonderfully elegant."

Could not the actual objective facts presented by the monuments of Egypt be made the food for meditations full of literary charm, warm with the human and picturesque appeal of the East, and pervaded with that subtle mystery of age with which the greatest ruins of the Nile are instinct? Cannot the Great Pyramid speak to us as the earliest and most impressive surviving witness to the emergence of organized man from prehistoric chaos? Instead of a line —a single line on the terraced pyramid of Sakkara—could not that structure be interpreted as a transition form, pointing us unequivocally back into the dim ages behind the Great Pyramid to the germ out of which the pyramid form grew? Should Karnak tell us no story of the seventeen hundred years (2000-300 B. C.) during which it was building, no hint of the long tangle of harem intrigues and court tragedies which have been wrought into its walls, where one may still discern grim traces of the rise and fall of Egypt's greatest princes, as court coteries and priestly partisans elevated or overthrew them? Some vague suggestion of all this seems to have haunted Mr. Hichens at Karnak, for he says:

> Thothmes III, Thothmes I, Shishak, who smote the kneeling prisoners and vanquished Jeroboam, Medamut, and Mut, Amenhotep I, and Amenhotep II—all have left their records or been celebrated at Karnak. Purposely I mingled them in my mind—did not attempt to put them in their proper order, or even to disentangle gods and goddesses from conquerors and kings (p. 80).

It is much to be doubted whether any of his readers can disentangle Mr. Hichens here; for just at this point his eye fell on the wrong place in the guide-book, and "Medamut," the name of a *modern Arab village* behind Karnak, slipped in among the gods and Pharaohs celebrated in the great temple! In fine, allusions plucked at random from an ancient guide-book cannot reproduce the subtle atmosphere of the East, nor can a few catch-words of Islam, strewn among lurid epithets intended to paint the dying day and the hushed hour of prayer at sunset, imbue the reader with the elusive spirit of the Moslem world, as do the less pretentious sentences of simpler men, who were steeped in the life and lore of the Orient, men like Lane, Doughty, and Burton. The lazy life of the dahabiyeh voyage is well portrayed by the author; but as for the rest, it is current magazine pabulum, extremely attenuated.

The text is reinforced by Jules Guerin's paintings, twenty in number, reproduced by the three-color process. These works are highly sensational, extremely stylized, Parisian posters. They are all striking, and often original. A few are very effective; but they, too, are for the most part as subjective and imaginative as the author's text. Guerin does not possess the power of line and splendid sense of form displayed in the etchings of the Nile monuments by Ulbrich. He has failed utterly, for example, to catch the majestic symmetry of Luxor, the greatest architecture on the Nile. His rendering of Abu Simbel is grotesquely impossible and suggests little of the sombre majesty of the place. He is, however, deeply imbued with the impressiveness of hoary age, and is not infrequently successful in conveying it. As to color, no one ever saw such tones along the Nile as these pictures offer. Especially is this true of the blazing red costumes, which are wholly imaginary, like the army which Guerin marches before the Sphinx. That the work is thus emphasized and arbitrarily "touched up," is decisively shown by the moon, inserted in a position impossible in Egypt. Forty excellent half-tones, chiefly from stereographs by Underwood & Underwood, also embellish the volume. The publishers have given it sumptuous and, with the exception of the outside cover design, very pleasing form—a form worthy of a better work.

Charles Dickens. By Frederic G. Kitton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Kitton has busied himself for many years with the subject of this volume, and the Dickens market is now undeniably strong. It is, therefore, painful to say that his 504-page addition to the Dickens literature does not really justify its existence. It has no critical value of its own, and it owes little or nothing to the craftsmanship of Gissing, to the scholarship of Mr. Ward, to the originality of Mr. Chesterton, or to the critical studies of any other Dickensians. It must be judged purely as a contribution to biography. Thirty-five years ago, John Forster, Dickens's life-long and most intimate friend, literary adviser and executor, wrote a life of the novelist which Carlyle, who knew something of such matters, ranked among biographies with Boswell's "Johnson." Since that time, many others have contributed biographical sketches useful for their brevity or interesting for their amplification of portions of the authoritative life; but no one till Mr. Kitton has attempted to supersede Forster. Mr. Kitton, however—if we take his preface at its face value—believes that the "wealth of fresh matter" inaccessible to Forster warranted the rewriting of the entire life. He emphasizes particularly the "immense field for research" in the "printed letters of Charles Dickens (the majority of which were unknown to Forster)," and congratulates himself on his ability to supply from them "those autobiographical touches so useful to the historian." That is a curious point. Now as a matter of fact, Forster drew copiously from his own incomparable collection of letters for these same autobiographical touches, and, though he had access to many others, used them sparingly, because his own were much more intimate and illuminating; "to have added all such others as were open to me," he says, "would have doubled the size of my book, not contributed to it a new fact of life or character." Yet one who reads this new life without reference to Forster may well be convinced that Mr. Kitton has turned up a great mass of new material of all sorts. Unfortunately, however, a comparative examination of the two biographies shows that practically everything of value in Mr. Kitton's has been conveyed out of Forster's and the fact slurred over by inadequate acknowledgment of indebtedness.

This method of writing biography may be roughly illustrated as follows: (1) Forster compares the memory of Dickens with that of Scott, and observes that David Copperfield thought he could remember his first attempts at walking. This, said David, may be only a fancy. Mr. Kitton also compares the memory of Dickens with that of Scott, and says that Dickens could remember his first attempts at walking—without citing authority or making any acknowledgment to Forster. (2) Mr. Kitton frequently quotes Dickens without giving any reference; in a large number of cases these quotations are from letters to Forster, included in Forster's life. (3) Mr. Kitton quotes very freely from the letters and conversation of Dickens's friends—"Carlyle said," or "Jeffrey said," etc.

—without indicating his source; in almost all such cases, the source is Forster. A striking case of this disingenuousness occurs in connection with the account of Dickens's early life; no one would suspect that the "old schoolfellows," whose testimony is so interesting, had not communicated it directly to Mr Kitton, instead of sending it to Forster, who incorporated it in his book. (4) In order to bear out the preface, Mr. Kitton frequently refers the reader in footnotes to "The Letters of Charles Dickens"; in very many instances, the passages which he cites are in Forster. (5) One of the most absurd attempts to give the impression of fresh material is a reference to "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," by George Dolby, as authority for certain words of Forster, dissuading Dickens from going to America; it is difficult to understand why Mr. Kitton did not quote Forster's precise words as given by Forster. The fact of the matter is that if Mr. Kitton had acknowledged in every case his indebtedness to Forster, the superfluousness of his book would have been obvious to everybody. It is in its total effect an abridgment of the work of his predecessor: What it suppresses—the intimate comment and criticism of Dickens's bosom friend—is of the highest interest and value; what it adds—a few scraps of information and letters—does not contribute any new and important "fact of life or character."

Science.

VACCINATION AGAINST TYPHOID.

The decision of the army medical board, which met in Washington last week, to adopt for the army vaccination again typhoid fever, is not a radical venture into an unexplored field. On the contrary, it is another case where the extreme conservatism of our military men has resulted in our falling far behind other and more progressive services. Not until this year is there found in any publication of the Surgeon-General a reference to immunizing against typhoid, and this despite our harrowing and largely unnecessary losses from this disease in our camps of 1898-99. In his recently published report, Surgeon-General O'Reilly speaks of foreign armies as now being much interested in "the difficulties in the way of controlling the factors concerned in the spread of the disease," and "endeavoring to render their soldiers immune to typhoid by means of anti-typhoid vaccination." He does not record that more than ten years ago British medical officers were at work upon this problem.

It was Sir Almroth Wright, then only Capt. Wright, of the British Medical Corps, who invented, about 1898, a typhoid vaccine full of promise. It was first tried in India, where it was optional with the soldier to take the treatment or not. Among those vaccinated, however, as medical observers soon noticed, the number of typhoid cases was precisely one-half of those among the unvaccinated, and the comparative death rate was even more strikingly lowered. The Royal College of Physicians of London reported favorably on the inoculations as far back as 1903, and, except for eighteen months, when, owing to a misunderstanding, the practice was forbidden, it has been in constant use ever since. Because enteric fever was their worst enemy in their costly campaign against the Herreros in Southwest Africa, the Germans naturally tried vaccination with valuable results. Inoculation with killed agar cultures reduced the death rate considerably. In 424 cases, of which 324 were not inoculated, and 100 were, there was a mortality of 11.9 per cent. among those not inoculated and of 7 per cent. among the others. It is not, however, generally believed that inoculation, as we know it now, is going to do much where the patients have been stricken with the disease. It is in prevention that the hope lies; and though Sir Almroth Wright's statistics have been severely criticised, both the French and Italian armies have met with considerable success in experimenting along his lines. It is hard to understand, therefore, why our Medical Corps is only to-day awakening to its opportunities.

The method of preparing and using the vaccine is relatively simple. Colonies of typhoid bacilli, from which all other germs have been carefully excluded, are grown in the laboratories. These highly virulent mixtures are then killed by heat, standardized as to strength, treated with a small quantity of antiseptic to preserve them, and are then set away until needed. Vaccination itself is by means of a hypodermic syringe, two doses being usually given, often separated by an interval of days. The first dose contains several hundred million dead typhoid bacilli, and the second about twice as many. As a rule, the vaccination is no more annoying to the patient than is the smallpox vaccine. There is a slight redness and swelling at the point of inoculation, and some fever, which, however, rapidly subsides. The second injection greatly increases the degree of protection, and there have been, we believe, as yet no such unfavorable developments as have sometimes followed in the wake of smallpox vaccination and have caused the organization of anti-vaccination societies throughout the world.

There is still considerable difference of opinion as to the length of time during which the protective effect of typhoid inoculation lasts. According to reports lately received from India, the best workers believe that the immunization lasts six years. As the statistics quoted above show, there is no guarantee of absolute immunity, but it is now generally agreed, as is stated by Dr. Edwin O. Jordan, professor of bacteriology in the University of Chicago, in his new "Text Book of General Bacteriology" (see the *Nation* of December 3, p. 556), that protective inoculation is desirable even in times of peace wherever attendants in hospitals have to deal with numbers of typhoid cases. It is hoped, too, that in serious epidemics among civilian communities, typhoid vaccination may come to be an important means of staying the spread of the disease. Had it been used extensively in Philadelphia, for instance, during the recent typhoid epidemics, due to bad drinking water, many lives might have been saved. At least one British missionary association has recommended that all of its members going to tropical regions where enteric fever is endemic, subject themselves to inoculation before their departure.

One of the most notable things about the action taken last week at Washington is the composition of the board itself. Only one member of it is in the regular medical service—Gen. O'Reilly; the others are Dr. V. C. Vaughan of the University of Michigan, Prof. W. T. Councilman of Harvard, Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, Prof. W. S. Thayer of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Dr. John H. Musser of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Alexander Lambert of this city, professor of clinical medicine in the Cornell Medical school. All of these distinguished men, and others besides, have recently affiliated themselves with the army as first lieutenants of the new Medical Reserve Corps. Under the law reorganizing the medical department of the army, physicians and surgeons thus appointed may be called into active service at any time there is need for them, either as members of boards or as professional adjuncts. If by frequent consultation with distinguished men of this character, the Medical Corps can be rendered more progressive, the army will benefit enormously, and so will science. While there are a number of valuable and progressive medical officers in the army, the extreme conservatism of the heads of the department has too often kept them in the background and has driven men like the late Major Walter Reed and Col. W. C. Gorgas to find fame and reward in what is not really military medical work. Perhaps the new Surgeon-General, Col. George H. Torney, who takes office next month, will be able to inoculate his branch of the military service with a virus of radical progressiveness.

As usual, the annual report for 1907 of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution

consists chiefly of reprints of the year's most important scientific memoirs. Charles A. Parsons's essay on "The Steam Turbine on Land and Sea," is a popular historical sketch, very different from Prof. A. Turpain's "Development of Mechanical Composition in Printing," which follows it. Professor Turpain's account of the electrotypograph, while technical, is a very clear, brief statement of the mechanism of this remarkable Hungarian invention. Frank J. Sprague's "Some Facts and Problems Bearing on Electric Trunk-Line Operation," is an abridgment of a paper presented before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. An admirably simple report of the principles and operation of wireless telegraphy is given by Prof. J. A. Fleming. Two papers of interest to photographers are T. W. Smillie's "Recent Progress in Color Photography," and S. R. Cajal's "Structure of Lippmann Heliochromes," the latter an investigation of interference phenomena. The contributions on zoölogy and anthropology are the most extensive. They include a summary of Gustave Loisel's exhaustive study of English, Belgian, and Dutch Zoölogical Gardens; Theodore Gill's "Systematic Zoölogy: Its Progress and Purpose"; Prof. Theobald Fischer's sketch of "The Mediterranean Peoples"; Dr. E. Baelz's "Prehistoric Japan"; Henry Balfour's detailed examination of the types and geographical distribution of the fire piston; and other papers. The volume closes with Camille Matignon's intimate sketch of Marcelin Berthelot and Edward L. Greene's memorial address on Linnæus.

The "Infantilism" of C. A. Herter (The Macmillan Co.) is a highly specialized little treatise on a curious and hitherto unknown or imperfectly recognized disease of childhood in which growth is retarded and disturbances of digestion are conspicuous. It has been possible to show that this condition depends on the persistence of bacteria more or less characteristic of infancy and on the deficient development of other bacteria commonly found in older intestines. Dr. Herter's discussion of the question is interesting, and his proposals concerning a rational therapy are full of promise.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's volume, "Instinct and Health" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is made up of sixteen chapters on various topics related to the conduct of life. All of them have been seen in magazines or reviews of the last two or three years, and doubtless many of their readers will be glad to have them in a collected form; others may perhaps find the collection just a little cloying. The writer has a ready pen and without hesitation handles large problems in a light and easy fashion as though their solution were merely a playful exercise of intelligence. The central thought, set forth in the very first pages, but bobbing up at short intervals all through the book, seems to be that the human machine has been some twelve or thirteen million years in the making, is pretty well made, and having an extraordinary power of adjustment may be permitted in large measure to run itself. Dr. Hutchinson recognizes, however, that some guidance is necessary and gives considerable advice, often rather indefinite and vague, but on the whole sound. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to overlook what care has done for the machine and to disparage serious investigation of the conditions under which the machine works best. The teaching is largely by iteration and assertion with no marked fondness for careful argument or exact demonstration, and yet the book, while not aimed very high, ought to prove helpful to many, particularly among those to whom the literature of breakfast foods is precious, and who, in general, are keenly interested in diets.

Among the new works published by R. Oldenbourg, Berlin, two by Friedrich Ratzel command attention. One is a selection in two volumes of his minor writings, "Kleine Schriften," edited by Hans Helmolt; the other is a little book, "Uber Naturschilderung." Ratzel's contributions to ethnography and physical geography have been distinguished by an artistic handling of the material quite rare in works of science.

Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, chemist and physicist, Rumford professor emeritus at Harvard, died at Newport, R. I., December 9. He was born in this city February 21, 1822, the second son of George Gibbs, an eminent mineralogist. The boy was, besides, brought under the influence of quite another section of the intellectual world, by close family relationship with the Channings. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1841, and thereupon entered the laboratory of Dr. Robert Hare in Philadelphia. Subsequently, he enrolled himself as a student in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; but after receiving the degree of M.D. in 1845 he went to Berlin in order to devote himself to chemistry under the great analyst, Heinrich Rose, then at the acme of his fame. He simultaneously studied mineralogy under the guidance of Rammelsberg. Subsequently, he was led by the rising star of Liebig to Glessen, there to bend his attention to that organic chemistry which was just beginning to crystallize in urea and uric acid; and then, as Victor Regnault was engaged in those determinations which have never yet been superseded, the young student betook himself to Paris. In 1849 he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Free Academy, since entitled the College of the City of New York. He was already becoming distinguished in his profession; and when, in 1853, Dr. James Renwick retired from the chair of chemistry in Columbia, Gibbs was regarded as his natural successor. But to the Board of Trustees of that day, under the presidency of Charles King, the idea of appointing a Unitarian to teach chemistry in Columbia was quite too shocking to be entertained; and Dr. Gibbs continued his work in the Free Academy for another ten years. In 1863, on the resignation of Eben N. Horsford, who had been in charge of the chemical laboratory of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, Dr. Gibbs succeeded to the position, and became Rumford professor. His success there is shown by the great attention the contributions from that laboratory everywhere attracted, and still more positively by the number of Gibbs's students who have since received distinguished scientific honors. He made important investigations in light and heat, but his greatest triumphs were in inorganic chemistry, where he opened up new realms, so to say, particularly in reference to complex inorganic bases and acids. His work on the platinum metals is also important. He was author of numerous articles and contributions to scientific journals, as well as to the *Nation;* and he was a member of many scientific societies, American and foreign. Gibbs was not only eminent as a scientist, but he was, besides, a man of great public spirit. During the war of the rebellion, he served upon the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Commission—nobody more actively. In order to aid and supplement that work, he thought it best that the earnest supporters of the war should be able to see one another daily in a club. To that end, he called a meeting in 1863, which resolved itself into the Union League Club.

From Berlin comes the report of the death, in his seventy-eighth year, of Hugo Hertzer, former professor of mathematics at the Technische Hochschule. He was the author of "Die geometrischen Grundprinzipien der Perspective" and "Fünfstellige Logarithmentafeln."

Charles Ballet, a well-known French horticulturist, and head of Ballet Frères at Troyes, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He wrote a number of books, notably "Les Bouves poires," besides contributing to French and English journals.

Drama.

Henrik Ibsen: The Man and His Plays. By Montrose J. Moses, New York: Mitchell Kennerly. $1.50 net.

This is a comprehensive summary of a considerable body of literature on Ibsen, which will be very useful to those junior students of the Norwegian dramatist who have neither time nor opportunity to consult the original authorities. It contains a sufficiently full sketch of his life; detailed, if not always clear, synopses of his plays; a variety of selected comment and interpretation, mostly of a highly laudatory description; and a liberal proportion of the author's individual views, which, though sometimes extravagant in their enthusiasm, often evince strong common sense and a power of discrimination never found in the fanatical worshipper. Like many other disciples of Ibsen, Mr. Moses is prone to exaggerate both the achievements and the influence of the master, but he does recognize some of his limitations. Thus he insists upon the imitative qualities of Ibsen's earlier plays and points out his persistent failure, especially in the days of his youthful iconoclasm, to realize that the world he satirized acted upon theories which might be worthy of consideration, even when they differed from his own. The frequent reappearance of identical motives and personages, under slightly changed conditions, in successive plays, Mr. Moses accepts as an indication that Ibsen's power of dramatic invention was restricted. He notes also that Italy never inspired him as it did Byron, Keats, or Shelley. It is, indeed, a curious fact that the first fruit of his southern travel was "Brand," than which nothing

could be more cruelly bleak and northern.

Only advanced Ibsenites will agree with Mr. Moses in his valuation of "A Doll's House" and the later social dramas, except with regard to their masterly construction. In this respect at least the Norwegian has equalled, if not surpassed, Scribe, Dumas (*fils*), and Sardou. Mr. Moses says that "a man who is always probing the inner crevices of conscience cannot deal with the golden crust." True, but the exploration of these filthy corners ought not to be conducted on the public stage. He calls Hedda Gabler "an aggregation of abnormal types," which practically is to admit that the piece is as futile as it is disagreeable. Elsewhere, he remarks that "Ibsen's feminine types are not normal . . . they do not exist, except when they serve the purpose of carrying Ibsen ideas." Nothing could be more accurate, but the admission is fatal to the playwright's pretensions as a realist. The truth is that he constantly assumes the part of a special pleader, inventing particular instances from which to draw general conclusions. No doubt he was zealous for truth and liberty, but he often mistook the nature of both. Mr. Moses is right in his final judgment that "The Pretenders," "Brand," and "Peer Gynt," having a larger humanity, will outlast "A Doll's House," and its successors.

The interest of this book suffers much from the author's crudities of style.

We have so often called attention to the peculiar excellence of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.'s First Folio Edition of Shakespeare, that it is scarcely needful to do more than name the three new volumes containing "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Coriolanus." For those who desire the text of the plays as it was printed in 1623, this is by far the best and handiest edition. We must specially commend again the device of printing the meaning of obsolete words in the side margin where the eye catches it without conscious direction. The editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, continue to gather the same wealth of interesting material in the notes and appendices. The printing is by the De Vinne Press. Twenty volumes in all have now appeared, of the forty which are to complete the set.

The literature about Friedrich Hebbel and his position in the German drama is constantly increasing. The most voluminous of recent books in regard to him is a work of 551 pages by Achim von Winterfeld, "Friedrich Hebbel: Sein Leben und seine Werke" (Dresden: E. Pierson). There is also a new complete edition of his works, including the diaries, "Hebbels Werke und Tagebücher" (Deutsches Verlagshaus Bong & Co.). It numbers five volumes and contains a biography, an introduction, and notes by Dr. Theodor Poppe.

The Leipziger Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften has published further fragments of Menander's "Perikeiromene" found in Egypt by Dr. Zucker. There are portions of 121 verses on two pages of parchment, 73 of the verses being new and well preserved.

The London critics speak highly of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of the heroine's part in "Deirdre," the one-act tragedy in verse, by W. B. Yeats, which she produced recently in the New Theatre.

Music.

Aspects of Modern Opera. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Gilman's latest volume is dedicated to Ernest Newman, whom he justly calls "a critic of breadth, wisdom, and independence," and some of whose views have evidently strongly influenced him. It would have been more appropriate, however, to dedicate the work to Oscar Hammerstein, who produced Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" with such signal success in New York that this opera suddenly came into vogue in Europe, too, where it had been previously neglected, except in two or three cities. For "Pelléas et Mélisande" seems to be, in Mr. Gilman's opinion, the greatest, the most wonderful opera ever written, or, as he himself calls it, "a perfect music-drama," and the only one in existence! The book contains four chapters, entitled "The Wagnerian Aftermath," "A View of Puccini," "Strauss's 'Salome': Its Art and Its Morals," and "A Perfect Music Drama." In the first three sections many interesting observations are made regarding Wagner, Puccini, Strauss, and other composers, but before the reader reaches the middle of the book he will begin to suspect that the author is like a huge spider weaving a web around him and making him a helpless victim by the time the last chapter is reached. It is a clever example of eloquent special pleading: the endeavor of an enthusiast to show that what the Florentine originators of opera toward the close of the sixteenth century aimed at; what Gluck two centuries later formulated; what Wagner, in the second half of the nineteenth century, fondly imagined he had achieved—that all this was not actually accomplished until Debussy, at the dawn of the twentieth century, gave to the world his "epoch-making" opera.

Following the example of Mr. Newman, Mr. Gilman takes great pains to belittle Wagner's dramatic poems in comparison with his music, going so far as to make the questionable assertion that "the sincerest appreciators of his art" are beginning to admit that "as a dramatist he was insignificant and inferior." Mr. Gilman forgets that, while there are undoubtedly weak spots in these poems, they are nevertheless far superior to all other operatic librettos, including Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and that therefore in these days of a return to meretricious forms of operatic art on the part of the public, a critic can make himself more useful by dwelling on the beauties of Wagner's poems than on their flaws. But Wagner is not the only genius sacrificed to this Moloch. Saint-Saëns, who is, with the exception of Bizet, the most original and entertaining composer France has produced, is stigmatized as "a brain without a personality," and the other modern Frenchmen are dismissed as contemptuously, excepting Debussy and—d'Indy, a third-rate imitator of Wagner. What the author says of contemporary Germans is, however (though he should have excepted Humperdinck), unfortunately true; they have "the invariable fault of emptiness, of poverty of idea, allied with an extreme elaboration in the matter of presentation." The chapter on Puccini is excellent, though we fancy the author would have placed "Madama Butterfly" even above "Tosca" had he had the opportunity of hearing Toscanini interpret it. He notes the influence of Debussy in the "Butterfly" score, and this certainly is the best compliment ever paid Debussy. In our opinion, the work of Debussy is a mere trick of whole-tone scales and augmented chords, easily imitated and caricatured. Indeed, Debussy himself has announced that his next opera will be written in an entirely different style from that of his "Pelléas." The fortunate world, however, will always possess that one "perfect music-drama," and every lover of sincere, racy writing may read Mr. Gilman's plea for it with genuine pleasure, without endorsing a single one of his opinions.

Among books of German songs for children may be noted "Kindersang, Heimatklang" (Mainz: Joseph Scholz), a book of simple tunes, within the compass of the child's voice and so arranged by Bernhard Scholz as to be sung either alone or with one or two other voices. Ernst Liebermann has furnished delightful illustrations for this book. Another volume of children's songs, published by the same firm, is called "Weihnachtsklänge."

At present there is a good deal of "politics" in musical affairs of New York city, not only at the opera houses, where rival factions are at war, but in the concert world. An attempt is being made by some wealthy women to raise a million-dollar fund which will place the Philharmonic on the same footing as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is likely in any case that Gustav Mahler will succeed Wassily Safonoff next season as the conductor of this orchestra. He will give two tentative concerts with this organization next March. In the meantime a somewhat awkward situation was created by the engagement of Mahler many months ago to conduct three of the concerts of Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra this season. If the Philharmonic project succeeds it will be difficult to maintain this other organization as a "permanent" orchestra. The players of the Symphony, therefore, have

had no reason to feel sympathetic toward Mr. Mahler. Nevertheless, he has managed to give three of the most stirring concerts ever heard here. Even the second was superb as to the performance, but the programme was not edifying, as it contained only one number, Mahler's own second symphony, a work that lasted an hour and twenty-four minutes, although the thematic material would have hardly sufficed for a brief symphony of the pattern of Mozart, whose motto was: "Short and good is better." As Mahler has written eight long symphonies, one views his probable election as Philharmonic leader with some apprehension on this score; from every other point of view, however, it will doubtless prove a boon.

"Le Crépuscule des dieux" at the Paris Opéra shows, perhaps, the limits of the success of Wagnerian music in France, and perhaps even in all Latin countries. It need not be said that the instrumentation is technically perfect; æsthetically, the movement often leaves something to be desired. In fact, there is no sign that directors, singers, or public gather any significant story from the mythology of the piece, which to every one, so far as interest goes, is solely and simply a "Death of Siegfried." The idea of a "Twilight of the Gods" is common, and was so indeed before Wagner composed; but there is nothing in common French thought or legend or literature to enable the hearers to grasp German myths, which moreover seem to them difficult and complicated. An unpublished anecdote gives one key to the difficulty of establishing an intelligent Wagnerian cult in Paris. When Wagner in person was striving to conquer Paris, the poet Baudelaire, who was in full sympathy with the new music, was invited to hear the composer play it at the piano. Wagner began in a blue dressing gown; after a time he changed to a yellow gown, and finally to a green one. When he had finished, Baudelaire expressed very sincere satisfaction, but added diffidently that he would like to ask a question. Did the change of color in the dressing gowns symbolize anything in the music? Wagner looked sharply to see if the Frenchman were making fun of him; but, when persuaded of his good faith, he gave the explanation with much laughter. Playing so warmed him up that he had a change of gowns from heavier to lighter ready to hand; the colors were mere accident.

Art.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

A first glance at the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design gives one distinct impression which is not dispelled by closer observation. The quality which, for lack of a better word, may be called exhibitionism, is more pronounced this year than ever before. Whether consciously or unconsciously, a large number of artists are adapting their work to produce the best effect under the peculiar circumstances of light and association at an exhibition, with less regard for the disposition of their pictures afterwards. And this adaptation tends in two directions. On the one hand, the landscape painter is evidently not thinking so much of the actual scene out of doors or trying to carry the observer into the magical refuge of nature, as he is contemplating a picture in a gilt frame amidst innumerable other pictures. He works up a rich and heavy scheme of colors to something that looks like mosaic or tapestry; it is decorative or bastard antique, designed for the crowded wall and not for solitude. F. B. Williams has two notable pictures of this sort, one a view of Lledr Valley, North Wales; the other, called The Cascade, a group of three women against a swirl of water and green. Both stand out richly from among their neighbors. October, by F. De Haven, is another example of the same school, as is The White-Tide, in which Paul Dougherty has used the tapestry style for the sea. The last-named is the more remarkable, from the fact that hitherto Mr. Dougherty has painted directly and naturally.

The other tendency of exhibitionism is equally conspicuous and far more reprehensible—indeed, it would be misleading to use the word reprehensible at all of the pictures named above. This is an exaggeration of brutal strength, designed, intentionally or not, to throw a picture at the eyes, so to speak, and kill its neighbors. Such, at least, is the effect of the noisy, coarse sea-scene by F. J. Waugh, called At the Base of the Cliff, whose tumultuous lines and vivid greens work havoc with the quiet landscapes about it. Not so noisy, but instinct with the same egotistic assertiveness, is Charles Rosen's Below the Dam, showing a stream flowing down between banks of snow and ice, a cold, realistic, masterful work, which no one, we suppose, could endure to regard long in a private chamber.

As a transition from this style to the more intimate glimpses of nature should be mentioned one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition, Lillian M. Genth's Sun Maiden, which hangs directly to the left as you enter the first gallery. A nude figure stands at the edge of a pool with the shadows of leaves cast upon her. At close range the whole thing is a blotch; at a distance the work resolves into a really extraordinary composition of sun and shade and color. The water is dark but translucent, the reflections drifting across the figure are tremulous with light. The picture is still not for the parlor, but would fit nobly in some garden house or marble veranda. Two pictures in which the mottled or mosaic effect is used with moderation and which have the true invitation to nature are Cullen Yates's Glimpse of Old Ocean, a view of bare rocks, that at a little distance are strikingly firm and real, with true water at their base; and James Preston's River, as cool and clean a combination of blues and whites as nature ever produced. There is space and a touch of witchery in Mr. Preston's level scene. With these should be named a successful Winter, by Childe Hassam, which gives, apparently, a view of Fifth Avenue by the Park involved in mist and snow. Mr. Hassam knows how to use his frosty blur; it is right to add, in passing, that a considerable number of the artists represented, seeking the romantic, seem to think that poetry is smear and smudge. They should consider The River noted above.

Of pictures in the older style, which would bring the delight of nature into a private room, there are still a fair proportion. C. H. Davis's Cloudland has a beautiful fluffy sky; A. L. Groll's Passing Shower in Arizona also brings down to earth the real heavens; Arthur Parton's Moonrise shows another kind of light swirling in the clouds; Jonas Lie's Last Gleam, though somewhat in the manner of the too-bold, gives an almost shivery effect of wind over a darkening land; W. A. Coffin's Maple in Spring, if a trifle hard and thin, takes one happily out of doors. E. W. Redfield's In Port deserves special mention for its aerial perspective, carrying the eye down a line of vessels along a straight wall into the misty distance. It is a masterly piece of work, but one observes with some alarm that the artist is departing from his earlier direct style for a conscious romanticism. Quite in the old simple, honest manner is Ben Foster's Late Afternoon, which we are inclined to distinguish as the most companionable landscape in the exhibition. It shows merely a rounded hill with a meadow and curving stream in the foreground. But it is real nature, and the eye would never lose its pleasure in the light green of the field, the dark green of the hill, and the pale blue sky above.

The portraits as a whole are not so notable as the landscapes. Sargent has portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, which manifest his usual competence and directness—superb craftsmanship, which yet leaves the observer with some feeling of discontent with the art and life it exemplifies. It makes our civilization just a trifle hateful. Cecilia Beaux has a Portrait Group of two children in white, who look a little too much as if they were posing to be photographed; C. N. Flagg shows an excellent and life-like picture of the sculptor Paul Bartlett; Ellen Emmet has an admirable portrait of Mr. H. C. Perkins, in which the face stands out well from a dark background; Dimitri Romanoffski shows a touch of Whistler in his face of Mrs. Romanoffski; H. G. Cushing exhibits an astonishing bit of nacreous color in the gown of his Portrait; and Sergeant Kendall in his Mis-

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chief presents a charming nude figure of a young girl.

As a whole, the exhibition contains plenty of talent and strength; it is not equally clear that the predilection for high decorative color and naked strength is altogether promising for the future.

The sculpture this year, to its great advantage, is exhibited in the riding school next door to the Fine Arts Building, lent for the purpose by Frank Gould. Here the most striking piece is D. C. French's Melvin memorial, Mourning Victory, a noble figure half emerging from a plain surface. The lower part of the body is draped, with the drapery held up also over the head so as to throw the face in a deep shadow which adds to its visionary expression. Besides this finely poetical creation, we can mention only Lorado Taft's The Blind, remarkable for its dramatic conception, and the figures prepared for the Brooklyn Institute by Messrs. French, Heber, Adams, Bitter, Lukeman, and Cox. They are of the customary symbolic style used for architectural ornament, good work but not memorable.

The Carnegie prize of $500 for the most meritorious oil painting in the exhibition has been awarded to Henry Brown Fuller for a huge canvas, "Triumph of Truth over Error." The Thomas R. Proctor prize for the best portrait goes to C. N. Flagg for one of Paul Wayland Bartlett. To Sergeant Kendall is awarded the Isidor Memorial Medal for his Mischief, mentioned above. In sculpture the Helen Foster Barnett prize of $100 went to R. I. Aitken for a statuette, The Flames.

G. E. Stechert & Co. publish a translation by Max Meyer and Robert Morris Ogden of Adolf Hildebrand's "Problem of Form in Painting and Sculpture," a thin volume, the importance of which is out of proportion to its size. Hildebrand's ideas of what is most important in art are not altogether unlike those of Bernard Berenson, for he makes the greatest qualities of painting and sculpture what Berenson would call "space composition" and "tactile values." Herr Hildebrand, however, undertakes to show by scientific reasoning why the realization of space and three dimensional form is the aim of art, and also how this aim is to be attained. Incidentally, his argument goes to show that certain characteristics of sculpture in relief or in the round which seem dependent upon the nature of the material used, and which, historically, may have had their origin in the necessities of material, are in reality based on philosophical principles of general applicability. "The properties of the material," he says, "compel the artist to adapt himself to a different mode of treatment in order to meet artistic requirements whose origin is quite independent of the material." His last chapter, on "Sculpture in Stone," is a plea for work conceived and executed in the stone itself, rather than translated from the clay model, on the ground that in such direct carving the exigencies of material and process tend of themselves to produce a style in consonance with the principles he advocates, while the natural tendency of modelling in clay is to produce a result antagonistic to these principles. In the one case the material fights for the artist, in the other against him. It is doubtful if modern conditions will ever permit of much work being done in this manner, but no intelligent sculptor, or for that matter no painter who cares for the noble and monumental in art, can read this little treatise without some stimulation of his faculties and clarification of his ideas.

Very different, and even more German, is the ponderous book, "Modern Art," by Julius Meier-Graefe, translated by Florence Simmons and George W. Chrystal (G. P. Putnam's Sons). One would wish to be quite fair to this "Contribution to a New System of Æsthetics," but is met by the initial difficulty of understanding what the author means. The fault is probably in part that of the translators, who make a jargon that can scarcely be called English of what one imagines must have been incomprehensible enough even in the original. Now and then in the chaos of words one seems to catch an idea by the tail, but one can never hold it long. In dealing with Ingres or with Puvis de Chavannes, the author almost convinces one of his sanity, but the next moment he is solemnly analyzing or extravagantly praising one of the worst aberrations of contemporary painting or sculpture. It is only the general drift of the book that one can be sure of. The author's notion seems to be that there is no modern art but the ultra modern, and that the wildest vagaries of men who died in lunatic asylums or by their own hands are to be accepted and explained as the logical and necessary expression of their epoch. If it were not for certain works recently seen in Paris—things too "modern" to be dealt with even in this very up-to-date book—it would be difficult to imagine anything more degenerate than many of the works here reproduced. If they are really representative of the spirit of the age, the commentary on the age is a sad one.

In his "Führer durch die Alte Pinakothek" (Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte) Karl Voll aims, with rare success, to impart information about the pictures in the great Bavarian gallery, so that the reader will be encouraged to use his own judgment and helped to think intelligently. The guidebook mentions only noteworthy canvases and uses them as texts for little talks on art history, technique, and criticism. Preserving a general historical scheme, the author dexterously interweaves appreciations and intimacies. There is all the wealth of well-sifted facts which one would expect from the former conservator of the Alte Pinakothek.

The exhibition of contemporary German art at the Metropolitan Museum will open January 4.

The second annual exhibition of advertising art will be held at the National Arts Club in this city January 5 to 21.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are colored engravings, by S. Arlandt Edwards, at Wunderlich's; paintings of Holland and France, Frank Townsend Hutchins, at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, till December 19; religious paintings, Henry O. Tanner, American Art Galleries, December 24; original drawings by noted American and English illustrators, Ernest Dressel North's, December 24; pictures, Childe Hassam, Montross's, December 26.

At the Henry Say sale in Paris, November 30, 280,000 francs was paid by T. Agnew & Sons of London for Lancret's La Ronde Champêtre.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Architects in Washington on December 15, the gold medal of the Institute was awarded to Charles F. McKim of this city.

Finance.

TO INVESTIGATE THE EXCHANGES.

Gov. Hughes's appointment of a committee to investigate the alleged abuses in the operations of the Stock Exchange and similar organizations, is both timely and wise. It is timely because the existence of what is tantamount to fictitious trading, on a large scale, has been repeatedly asserted by critics of the Stock Exchange, and because the recent report of the special committee of the Stock Exchange itself did not, as was generally expected, deal in a thorough way with this subject. The Governor's step is wise, because it obviates the danger that the Legislature might name a committee with the purpose of hostile agitation only. The matter is undeniably delicate. It deeply concerns financial interests because it has to do with the genuineness of the transactions and the quoted values on which investors in securities, and merchants dealing in commodities, base their calculations of profit or loss. Clearly, if evils have arisen in the machinery of such markets, and if the validity of such quotations is open to doubt, the matter should be examined by men who are not only impartial, but competent and conservative. These requirements have been abundantly met by the Governor in his selection of the committee.

What are the conditions which the committee is called upon to investigate? We shall consider for the moment only the Stock Exchange, because it is on that institution that the charges have chiefly converged. The most serious assertions are: first, that large capitalists have repeatedly used the facilities of that Exchange to create a semblance of abnormal activity by giving out simultaneously buying and selling orders, in the same stocks; second, that they have used the same machinery of "matched orders" to produce the appearance of a violent rise or violent decline in prices, their agents being carefully instructed to effect these transactions, so far as possible, merely through sales to one another. It is alleged that such practices have become part and parcel

of nearly all the Stock Exchange "bull movements" of the past few years. The belief is widespread that there are well-known experts in Stock Exchange manipulation who are employed for that service and no other; and that the distinct purpose of the manœuvre is to deceive the investing public into a belief that the market is strong and real buying enormous, when, as a matter of fact, the authors of the scheme know that prices have already risen too high, and are "unloading" their own stocks on the deluded public.

As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange, in its constitution and in its disciplinary practices, asserts and has repeatedly exercised the right of expelling members found guilty "of any conduct or proceeding inconsistent with just and equitable principles of trade." This language is certainly broad enough to cover such performances as we have referred to above. The Stock Exchange governors did take action, for example, only lately, in the notorious case of A. O. Brown & Co. After an exhaustive hearing, the members of that firm were expelled on two grounds: first, that they had "undertaken to impart to the market, to the great injury of investors, holders, and dealers in securities, untrue and fictitious evidence of demoralization and panic, by creating the appearance of a great liquidation and sale of securities, all of which, as a matter of fact, proceeded from themselves"; second, that "knowing their own financial condition to be critical," they "gave to their fellow-members of the Stock Exchange a vast number of orders for the purchase and sale of an enormous amount of securities," thus creating obligations which they could not meet. The case was seemingly in point; but even the Stock Exchange admitted unofficially that the offending members were in reality expelled for trading when they were insolvent—which was certainly a serious abuse of their Stock Exchange privileges, but not altogether the abuse to which public attention has been drawn. The questions therefore which Gov. Hughes's committee will have to ask are: Have the Stock Exchange authorities used their abundant powers so as to prevent those evils; and if not, then what safeguards can be thrown around the investors by the State?

The real gist of the matter may be learned by observing the present Stock Exchange market, and by reading the comments on it of well-informed critics. It may be well also to recall the testimony submitted only a few weeks ago in the Morse trial, showing from the record the most brazen "washing" of Ice shares on the Stock Exchange. Morse repeatedly figured as both buyer and seller for enormous amounts, which almost exactly balanced. Moreover, the subscription by a syndicate, in 1901, of $25,000,000 cash for no other apparent purpose than to create an artificial and in effect fictitious Stock Exchange market for the newly-listed United States Steel shares, was itself a basis for reasonable suspicion. These are the episodes and practices which will engage the attention of the committee. It is time that light should be thrown on all of them, and that we should learn how they are to be dealt with hereafter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anson, William R. The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. II. The Crown. Part II. Henry Frowde. $3.40 net.

Aubin, Eugène. La Perse d'aujourd'hui: Iran, Mésopotamie. Paris: Armand Colin.

Baker, Alfred. The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography). Isaac Pitman & Sons. $2 net.

Braithwaite, William Stanley. The Book of Georgian Verse. Brentano's.

Brückner, A. A Literary History of Russia. Scribner. $4.

Cheyney, Edward P. Readings in English History Drawn from the Original Sources. Ginn & Co. $1.80.

Chums, or An Experiment in Economics. By D. R. C. Edited and published by Gertrude Ogden Tubby, 7 West Forty-second Street. $1.25.

Clare, John. Poems. Edited by Arthur Symons. Henry Frowde.

Clarke, John M. Sketches of Gaspé. Albany: J. B. Lyon.

Crichfield, George W. American Supremacy: The Rise and Progress of the Latin-American Republics. 2 vols. Brentano's.

Dawson, William Harbutt. The Evolution of Modern Germany. Scribner. $4 net.

Defoe, Daniel. Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

La Farge, John. The Higher Life in Art: A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France. McClure Co.

Filippi, Filippo de. Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H.R.H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. E. P. Dutton. $8 net.

Flack, Horace Edgar. The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.

Gems of Thought. Katonah, N. Y.: Henry B. Damon.

Hoyt, Charles Oliver. Studies in the History of Modern Education. Silver, Burdett.

Iles, Frances Rawlins. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Jekyll, Gertrude. Children and Gardens. Scribner. $2 net.

Jewish Fairy Tales. By Aunt Naomi. Bloch Publishing Co.

Lowell, Percival. Mars as the Abode of Life. Macmillan.

MacFadyen, Allan. The Cell as the Unit of Life, and Other Lectures. Edited by R. Tanner Hewlett. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $3 net.

Mach, Edmund von. The Art of Painting in the Nineteenth Century. Ginn & Co.

Madison, James. Writings. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Vol. VIII. Putnam.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. Catalogue of the Collection of Casts. Printed for the Museum.

McGhee, Zach. The Dark Corner. Grafton Press.

Mitchell, James Clayton. Character: Some Talks to Young Men. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.

Moulton, Louise Chandler. Poems and Sonnets. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Oehlschlaeger, Christian Jonathan. A Song of Faith. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Oxford Hymn Book. Henry Frowde.

Paganele, Spyridonos. Apo tes Akropoleos eis ten Altin. New York: The Atlantis.

Parker, Lester Shepard. Nancy MacIntyre: A Tale of the Prairies. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Penn and Religious Liberty, Interpreted by Representatives of Sixteen Denominations. Philadelphia.

Pereda, José M. de. Pedro Sánchez. Edited by Ralph Emerson Bassett. Ginn & Co. $1.

Peyton, John Howe. The American Transportation Problem. Louisville: Courier-Journal Job Printing Co.

Phelps, Edward Bunnell. A Statistical Study of Infant Mortality. Reprinted from the Quarterly Publications of the American Statistical Association.

Potter, Thomas. Concrete: Its Uses in Building from Foundations to Finish. D. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Renshaw, Graham. Animal Romances. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

Ritchie, Lady. Blackstick Papers. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Royal Historical Society Transactions. Third Series. Vol. II. London: Offices of the Society.

Ryder, Robert O., and Westerman, Harry J. Some Further Observations of The Young Lady Across the Way. Columbus: Ohio State Journal. 50 cents.

Sabatier, Paul. Modernism. The Jowett Lectures, 1908. Translated by C. A. Miles. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Sampter, J. E. The Great Adventurer. Robert Kerr Press.

Schlapp, George. Erzählende Dichtungen: Gedichte und Aphorismen. Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar Co. $1.50 net.

Shakespeare. Old-Spelling Edition. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. As You Like It; Taming of the Shrew. Duffield & Co. $1.

Simkhovitch, Vladimir G. Marxism Versus Socialism. II. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Smith, Arthur D. Howden. Fighting the Turk in the Balkans: An American's Adventures with the Macedonian Revolutionists. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Smith, Percy J. Lettering and Writing: A Series of Alphabets and Their Decorative Treatment. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Smithsonian Institution. Annual Report. 1907, Washington: Government Printing Office.

Snyder, Harry. Human Foods and Their Nutritive Value. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Spillane, Edward P. Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Fordham University Press.

State Board of Tax Commissioners. Annual Report. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. Poems. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Sudermann, Hermann. John the Baptist: A Play. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. John Lane. $1.50 net.

Swank, James M. Progressive Pennsylvania: A Record of the Remarkable Industrial Development of the Keystone State. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5.

Tanner, Emmeline M. The Renaissance and the Reformation: A Text-Book of European History, 1494-1610. Henry Frowde.

Tennyson, Alfred Lord. Works. Vols. V. and VI. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Terry, Ellen. The Story of My Life: Recollections and Reflections. McClure Co.

Thoma, Hans. Im Herbste des Lebens: Gesammelte Erinnerungsblätter. Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte.

Thoreau, Henry David. Bibliography. Compiled by Francis H. Allen. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

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Watson, Maryland. Destiny and Desire: Poems Passionate and Perverse. Casino Publishing Co.
Watteau's Drawings. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Weitenkampf, Frank. How to Appreciate Prints. Moffat. $1.50 net.
Whitcomb, Ida Prentice. Young People's Story of Music. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
White, Fred M. The Sundial. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, Rufus Rockwell. A Noble Company of Adventurers. B. W. Dodge

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Carnegie's field-day before the Ways and Means Committee was marked by such slaughter as has scarcely been seen since Bannockburn. Dead and dying "standpatters" covered the ground. Their discomfiture was the more notable from the fact that they had expected to do the triumphing themselves. It was all very fine for Mr. Carnegie to write a magazine article, but wait till he had to face the expert cross-questioning of Payne and Dalzell! The subpœna to compel his attendance was issued with many nods and wreathèd smiles: come and see the confident Scotchman butchered to make a protectionist holiday. Well, the eager audience was there to see. The cleaver, however, was not in the hands, but in the heads, of Payne and Dalzell. Amid all the amusing sallies and audacities of Mr. Carnegie's testimony, one or two points of the utmost importance remain fixed. It is certain, for example, that the old steel duties are gone, never to return. No Ways and Means Committee, no party, could hold up its head after proposing to reënact them. The supporters of such rates would be laughed out of Congress, and covered with ridicule throughout the country. From one set of needless and offensive tariff duties Mr. Carnegie has powerfully helped to free the American people; and the same arguments which he offered will apply to other schedules in the tariff—even to those which Mr. Carnegie would like to see retained in their high protectionist form. Incidentally, Mr. Carnegie brought out the essentially partial and prejudiced nature of the statements of interested manufacturers and others at the Ways and Means hearings. "If a judge was interested in a cause, you would not respect his decision, would you?" With that simple question, Mr. Carnegie swept away the *ex-parte* representations which had been made to the committee. Men come with solemn faces to specify what taxes must be levied to keep their business from ruin, but they are judges in their own cause; they are seeking merely to put money in their own pockets. This has always been the vice of tariff hearings—a procession of millionaires who go to Washington in the form of paupers to beg tariff crusts.

One belated diversion the high-tariff people are now trying to make. They betray a sudden anxiety about the revenue. It may be, they say, that a case has been made out for lowering or abolishing certain duties, which are not needed for protection, but what is the Treasury going to do for money? They point to the huge and constantly accumulating deficit—nearly $60,000,000 for this fiscal year alone—and ask how we can possibly spare the income from high duties. But the moment you begin to talk of the tariff as needed for revenue, that moment you abandon the protectionist point of view. To fix the duties at a level where they would produce the greatest revenue is a process which has nothing to do with protection. Instead of keeping up the rates for the purpose of bringing in more money, the true way might be to cut them in two. This was the great economic truth which David A. Wells established when Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He urged the reduction of the tax on whiskey from two dollars to one dollar a gallon, on the ground that by halving the tax, you would double the revenue; and the result showed that he was right. The same principle would apply in the case of hundreds of tariff taxes. If it is really revenue that we want to get from them, they ought to be lowered rather than raised. Ten automobiles imported under a tax of $100 mean twice the revenue produced by a tax of $500, under which only one would be imported. If the argument on the score of greed and oppression is all against the high tariff taxes, so is the argument from revenue. Any competent Finance Minister with a free hand—a Gladstone, a Turgot, any minister responsible for the finances of Germany, or France, or England to-day—would jump at the chance of raising the needed revenue for the American government. He would see vast sources of taxation here practically untouched. We can but hail this new anxiety of the "standpatters" over the condition of the Treasury. It may lead them to recall Senator Aldrich's admission that of all sources of revenue a protective tariff has become the most untrustworthy.

Senator Knox's acceptance of the portfolio of the State Department under the new administration assures a conduct of foreign relations that is steady, unemotional, and thoroughly competent. In seeking a Secretary of this type, Mr. Taft shows, what was otherwise abundantly evident, that he wants quiet but able men about him. It is impossible to imagine Mr. Knox doing anything explosive. The fact that he has been a corporation lawyer, and that by his exposure of the unconstitutionality of Mr. Roosevelt's original railway-rates bill, he got on the list of undesirables, has not deterred Mr. Taft in looking for special skill and the judicial temperament wherever they were to be found. He is quoted as saying that Senator Knox was not merely a man in public life who was a highly qualified Secretary, but the "only one." This is a little hard on the others. Senator Lodge, for example, might be inclined to resent it, after his long service on the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. Lodge has, indeed, been mentioned by his friends for the State Department, but, though Massachusetts would have been proud to see him disappear from the Senate, the country will think itself lucky to get Senator Knox instead.

Disquiet about the plans for the Panama Canal cannot fail to be deepened by Mr. Taft's announcement that he is to go to the Isthmus, accompanied by several expert and disinterested engineers, to study the whole question afresh. If a radical alteration of the plans is necessary, Judge Taft declares that he will not hesitate to have it made. What people will fear is that he has received privately from Col. Goethals more alarming reports about the conditions at Gatun than the public has been allowed to hear. It is known that the proposed dam and flight of locks at Gatun were from the first severely criticised by competent engineers. Their demand was that, at the least, more thorough exploration of the site, and more exhaustive studies, should be made

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before committing the government to a vast expenditure that might lead only to a catastrophe. That demand was brushed aside, but now, apparently, it is to be met, at this late day. Better late than never, of course, but the reconsideration will not enamour Congress or the country of a project which had such weighty expert opinion against it, and which is certain to cost three times the original estimate.

President Roosevelt had good grounds for his attack upon the New York *World*. That newspaper has not been able to substantiate grave editorial allegations of wrong-doing in the purchase of the Panama Canal. Any newspaper guilty of such blunders, whatever its motive, must take the consequences. Its dragging in of the names of Douglas Robinson and Charles P. Taft it now admits to have been wholly gratuitous. As in the case of its bogus interview with Kaiser William, an imposition of this kind damages not merely the *World*, but the entire newspaper fraternity. When it comes, however, to Mr. Roosevelt's language and method of rebuking Mr. Pulitzer, nothing can be said in their defence. The President of the United States should not so far forget himself and his office as to lay no restraint upon the bitterness of his anger and the violence of his epithets. Historian as he himself is, nobody should know better than Mr. Roosevelt that his long series of violent denunciations and of branding men as liars will always be a terrible indictment of the sanity and wisdom of his Administration.

Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, says in his annual report that it is still too early to decide the exact value to the government and the people of the islands of the experiment of educating Filipino students in this country. Every sign points, he affirms, to the "immense importance" of the movement. As for the individual students now here, their work has averaged "very good," and, in one or two cases, is of an "exceptionally high order." Naturally, one must consider the analogies to judge the value and effect of the policy. There is India. Thousands of its citizens have been educated in the homes of their conquerors, and some of them have won highest honors at the universities. But, while they have absorbed the culture of the West, they have gone home as much a race distinct as when they came, in their ideals and their hopes for their native land. It is certain that their influence has not been thrown in favor of the dominating white man and against the present stirring of the masses. So it is likely to be with the Filipinos. It is difficult to believe that the Filipinos who have been educated in this country will ever be at home anything but advocates of Philippine independence.

Whatever may have been the misconduct of certain soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry at Brownsville, it is a fact that their brethren in the service are winning high praise. Following in the footsteps of a recent commander of the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Col. H. L. Scott has again nothing but praise for the colored cavalry detachment under his command at West Point:

> The cavalry detachment (colored) has continued its excellent showing and has demonstrated still further the advantages of colored over white men for this duty. There is a waiting list now, and only experienced men having former service and very good and excellent records are accepted.

The Adjutant-General's annual report gives further praise to the colored troops by saying that, while the percentage of desertions among the white troops is 4.7 per cent., that of the colored is hardly more than one-half of one per cent. This trait of loyalty has long been noticed, as has the greater abstinence of the colored soldiers. Their devotion to their officers also distinguishes them. Incidentally, it may be noted that for nearly a year past there has been much friction between the troops of the Second Cavalry at Fort Des Moines and the people of that city, who declare that these white soldiers are largely a set of drunken rowdies. Press and pulpit have denounced them. It is not, then, the black troops who are wholly to blame for outbreaks of ill-feeling.

Pittsburgh offers us the latest revelations of corrupt alliances between "business men of high standing" and base politicians. Some bank officials there have, it appears, been paying councilmen handsomely to retain for their institutions the privilege of acting as depositories of city funds. Of course, the defence will be the old one, heard so often in New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia—wherever graft has reigned. Since the stockholders would make rather than lose money by the transaction, and the corrupt officials were there, the only thing to do was to be practical and "get the business." These same bank officials are doubtless models of correct deportment in their own homes: upon the adulterer, the swindler, the drunkard, the burglar, they look with holy horror. But to misappropriate bank funds to buy the city officials is sound business policy. Well, the result is for the city another story of shame, and for the bribers, let us hope, a straight road to jail. As President Eliot said in his speech here the other evening, the bribe-givers in a case like this are much worse than the bribe-takers. They sin knowingly and deliberately, and merely for the gain of a few dollars. Next month, the trial of some of the alleged bribe-givers in San Francisco will be held. If they and the Pittsburgh criminals are sentenced for long terms, it will be a blessing to the whole country, and may result in a decrease of crime among our most estimable and influential citizens.

The decision of the up-State Public Service Commission, in the matter of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad's proposed new bond issue, involves some important principles. In 1906, a trolley company operating in the district around Saratoga and Lake George, and known as the Hudson Valley Railway, was bought up, through subsidiary companies, by the Delaware and Hudson. The financing of the purchase was somewhat complicated, but it depended ultimately on the raising of $4,665,000, on its own short-term notes, by the Delaware and Hudson. These notes the company wishes to take up by placing a mortgage on its own property. That plan the commission now refuses to approve, on the ground that the trolley property is disconnected from the Delaware and Hudson's steam railway operations, and has "no definite relation thereto." To mortgage the Delaware and Hudson's own property in order "to pay a debt incurred in the purchase of a totally disconnected property" is contrary to the purposes of the statute, and cannot be allowed. The company's application, similarly to mortgage its own

property to take up $2,500,000 notes issued to buy up Pennsylvania coal lands, is also denied, on the ground that the coal property itself ought to be pledged for such a purpose.

The Delaware and Hudson officers announce that the matter will at once be carried into the courts. If so, we shall presently have a significant ruling on the scope of the commission's powers. Our own judgment is that the commission not only acted within its authority, but that its reasoning is sound. Its decision can be attacked, we believe, only by attacking the statute conferring the powers thus exercised. The case at issue is unusually clear, and with direct bearing on the fundamental purposes of reform, with a view to which the commission was created. One has only to recall the scandal of the Union Pacific's investment, during that same year 1906, of $120,000,000 of its shareholders' money—most of it raised by mortgaging the Union Pacific property—in the stock of railways "operating a wholly disconnected property," in some cases separated from the Union Pacific's field by half of the American continent. The seeming helplessness of Union Pacific shareholders and creditors, against this most obnoxious and suspicious use of trust funds and credit, shows plainly the need for such restraint as New York State has empowered its Public Service Commissioners to apply. Ambitious and speculating railway men may as well make up their minds that, whatever incidental defects in a given statute the courts may find, the principle of supervision of this nature has come into our legislation to stay. We are equally convinced that honest, conservative, and right-minded railway men will welcome it.

Turkey's first Parliament met in March, 1877, but was swept away by the outbreak of war with Russia. Turkey's second Parliament assembled at Constantinople last week under far more favorable auspices. The outlook in the Near East is for peace. When the crisis over Bulgaria and Bosnia-Herzegovina arose, it seemed doubtful whether the Young Turks would be equal to the double task imposed on them. They had to uphold the national dignity so as to prevent the partisans of the old régime from raising the issue of a false patriotism, and at the same time they had to be sufficiently conciliatory towards Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary to make war and a second swamping of the Constitution impossible. The Turkish reformers have met the demands of the occasion. The new Parliament has the sympathy of the outside world and the support of the vast bulk of the Turkish nation. Turkey has what Russia and Persia have not had in great abundance—wise and temperate leaders. That group of statesmen-reformers whom we speak of as the Young Turks have the amazing record of a revolution effected quietly, bloodlessly, and completely; of a difficulty with foreign nations handled with skill and admirable patience; of domestic restlessness held firmly in check. If the Young Turks have managed Sultan, foreign diplomats, and excited Constantinopolitan mobs so successfully, the chances are in favor of their mastering the science of parliamentary government.

People are asking whether Turkey will disappoint expectations as Russia and Persia have, in large measure, done. That depends upon what we mean. In the sense that no great change of government can fulfil all the hopes born in high moments of revolutionary enthusiasm, the new Turkish Parliament will prove a disappointment. Sooner or later it is bound to come into conflict with the old régime, whether in the person of Abdul Hamid or some other Sultan; sooner or later the hotheads will attempt to seize control, produce crises, bring about adjournments or dissolutions, and succeed temporarily, or lose temporarily. Yet we ought not to expect a constitution to work well within a year, or five years, when a comparatively simple matter like an education bill keeps the British government busy for a half decade, when a workmen's insurance bill is debated in France for years, and when the tariff vexes us for two-score years. We know well enough that England's Parliament took four hundred years in the growing, yet are surprised at the feebleness of the Russian Duma—age, two years, six months. We know that France has passed through one hundred and twenty years of revolution and reaction without reaching absolutely firm ground. Germany's Reichstag, after thirty-seven years, has far less power than the new Turkish Parliament, with its right to overthrow or impeach the Sultan's Ministers. Yet if within the next few months business is not running smoothly, public hopes will be dashed.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM AND THE CENSUS BILL.

The annual meeting of the Civil-Service Reform League at Pittsburgh last week was naturally an occasion of rejoicing over victories won. Joseph H. Choate, as president, reviewed the history of the movement, and showed the astonishing advance in forty years. Practically all Federal offices were once plunder for the spoilsmen, but now nearly two-thirds are protected. Going back seven years, to the beginning of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, we find that in 1901 the classified service covered 108,967 persons, whereas now it embraces 220,000. It must not be forgotten, however, that some 117,000 new offices have been created. When President Roosevelt entered the White House there were 127,000 officials not sheltered by the civil-service rules; to-day there are 132,000. We mention these facts only to show that, in spite of all that Mr. Roosevelt has done, the struggle must be kept up incessantly.

In the report of the council of the League, prominence is given to the pending bill for taking the Census of 1910. This came up in the last session of Congress, and as reported by Representative Crumpacker provided that the employees should be appointed on the spoils basis. At the time, this attack on the merit system was headed off, and the bill went over; but this session it has already passed the House in the old objectionable form, and the Senate Committee has agreed to report it, all dripping with spoils as it is. Under these circumstances, there should be prompt action, and the stiffest kind of fight. To throw the Census employees to the political wolves would not only give civil-service reform a severe check, but would cause this important work to be done wastefully and loosely. The facts are beyond dispute. That the average quality of the clerks engaged in the last two censuses was quite below that of persons appointed after competitive examination, was certified to by the President in his message of last January. On this point the testimony of Carroll D. Wright, in charge of the

Eleventh Census, is perfectly conclusive. After saying that the bringing of the employees into the classified service seems to him an absolute necessity, he declares:

> Had this been the rule in the Eleventh Census, there would have been, in my opinion, a saving of at least $2,000,000 and more than a year's time.

This makes the thing look a public crime. It is clearly a case for adducing that quotation from the Koran which John Stuart Mill cited in "On Liberty":

> A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.

We are aware of the defence which is made by the spoilsmen, in this particular instance. They allege that the appointment of the 4,000 Census clerks is only "temporary," and that the Civil Service Commission could not find or furnish sufficient candidates. But this the Commission itself flatly denies. It has already large numbers on its eligible lists, and stands ready to hold special examinations. Another assertion of those who prefer spoils to honest and business-like methods is that, under the civil service law, which provides for a geographical distribution of appointments, efficient clerks could not be had promptly. But for the Census employees it is expressly intended to waive this apportionment by States. All that is asked is a perfectly free and competitive examination, so that the most competent men may be chosen. Ah, reply the spoilsmen, but we also propose an examination. It is to be open to all "without regard to politics or personal or political endorsement." Only, it is to be a non-competitive examination. The proper comment on all this insincerity is made by Frederick H. Wines, who was Assistant Director of the Twelfth Census. As a matter of fact, no persons except those recommended by Congressmen were allowed to take these perfectly "open" examinations; and, says Mr. Wines:

> There were numerous instances in which an unsuccessful applicant was granted a second, third, or fourth trial, at the request of some Senator or Representative; and to the best of my knowledge and belief it occasionally happened that the rating made by the examiner upon the papers filed was arbitrarily changed after they left his custody. A rating of 75, with proper political or other endorsement, was sufficient to secure an appointment where a rating of 100 would count for nothing without it.

So much for non-competitive examinations. As President Roosevelt says, they are only "a cloak to hide the nakedness of the spoils system"—and a very tattered and transparent cloak at that.

The subject will come up in the Senate after the holidays. The spoilsmen have not a sound leg to stand upon. The President is strongly against them; the Director of the Census is against them; the best men in Congress are against them. It remains for public opinion and business sense to make themselves so felt that the impairing of the whole value of the Thirteenth Census may not be permitted, merely in order that Congressmen may divide 4,000 offices.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL LEDGER.

With the prorogation of Parliament until the middle of February, a good deal of political stock-taking is going on in England. The work of the session is passed in review, the drift of bye-elections pointed out, the prospects of the parties canvassed, and the possibility of a dissolution and general election next year eagerly debated.

The most ardent supporter of the Liberal Ministry cannot deny that it has passed through an exceedingly bad year. Some successes it has had, with many failures, but the failures have been so large and sensational as to make people forget the successes. Certain legislative measures have been enacted, as promised. Chief among them is the old-age pension bill, which the Conservatives dared not oppose, though its principle is dangerous, its effectiveness doubtful, and its expense enormous. Another Liberal achievement is the Irish Universities bill; while the new legal protection thrown about children, and the shortening of the hours of labor in mines, may be adduced as a further redemption of Liberal pledges to pass laws for social betterment.

This would make up a fairly good record, were not the debit side of the ledger so long and lugubrious. Several capital pieces of legislation have been entirely lost. The Lords, it is true, were responsible for the defeat of the great Liberal temperance measure, the Licensing Bill. But this should have been foreseen. The time of the House of Commons, and the strength of the party, ought not to have been wasted upon a bill which the Lords were certain to throw out, unless the government had some firm and matured plan of dealing with the Lords thereafter. There was, however, no such plan. The Premier and members of the Cabinet had many brave words about "an irresponsible body," but the brave words have been empty. The direct method of meeting the issue would have been to dissolve and go to the country; but with the bye-elections running so ominously against them, the Liberals had no stomach for such a fight. So they are left, in this matter, chargeable with lack both of foresight and courage. Vacillation has also marked their course in two other important matters. They brought forward a new Education Bill, pressed it for a few days, and then withdrew it. They introduced a semi-protectionist measure relating to the English hop-industry, and shortly were forced to withdraw that also. All this gives an impression that there is want of leadership, or that the Cabinet or the party does not know its own mind. The net effect is to make the Liberal prospects depressing.

Predictions in such a time of hesitation and despondency cannot be worth much; but the shrewder opinion is that the government will neither resign nor seek the verdict of the country, at an early day. Mr. Asquith declared at the National Liberal Club that the government would not dissolve "at the time prescribed at its own caprice by an irresponsible assembly." Rather, the effort will be to rally the party and rouse public opinion behind a bill which will be in itself popular, and which will force the issue against the House of Lords. It is already intimated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is drafting such a bill, or bills, in connection with the next budget. They will lay new burdens upon the land, and will impose fresh and heavy taxes upon the liquor trade. Then the Lords, as the great defenders of both landlords and liquor-sellers, will be asked what they are going to do about it. Tax bills they cannot amend. They will have to take them or leave them as the House of Commons sends them up. Should they venture to throw them, it would raise the issue of the power of the purse in a way that the Conservatives would find it awkward to meet. Should they, on the contrary, take the new taxes lying down, as they did the old-age pensions bill, it would

go far to prove that the Lords act, not from conviction, but solely out of a desire to aid the Conservatives. In either case, the Liberals might hope to score heavily. "Finance," as Mr. Asquith remarks, "is an instrument of great potency and also of great flexibility."

While it remains so uncertain what the Lords will do, in a given case, and what their functions are to be in the future, it is not possible to kindle much interest in projects for merely recasting the constitution of the Upper House. This must be the chief reason why the recent report of Lord Rosebery's Select Committee on the reform of the House of Lords has fallen so flat. It contains many fruitful suggestions. If its recommendations were to be adopted, the idea of hereditary legislators would be deeply cut into. According to the Rosebery plan, the hereditary peers, as such, could not be "Lords of Parliament" unless they had some special qualification, and had been elected by their brother peers. The plan would also cut down the number of bishops with seat and vote, and would bring in, from time to time, men of approved ability and worth to represent the nation as a whole. But there seems no likelihood whatever that any such scheme of reform will be taken up in the present Parliament. The burning question is quite other. Shall the Lords be allowed to be merely an appanage of the Conservative party? Can the Liberals devise any means of carrying out the promises which their leaders have been making, from Gladstone to Asquith, respecting the due curbing of the power of the Lords? These are the matters which are agitating English politics, and until some method be found of settling them, or pushing them aside, it will not be possible to get a serious hearing for a debate whether the Lords shall number 300 or 600, and whether senile and bankrupt peers shall be excluded from the Gilded Chamber.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND POLITICS.

In the present Turkish revolution the Masonic lodges are said to have played an important part. Just how much they contributed to the success of the constitutional movement is, in the nature of things, bound to remain unknown. But if the Young Turkish leaders did actually make extensive use of the lodge as a means of revolutionary propaganda, that was only another illustration of the aptness with which the East has been borrowing its methods of revolution from Western Europe. Conspiracy, of course, is the only way in which despotism can be fought at the beginning; but it is conspiracy carried on with liturgical pomp that seems most effective as a political instrument. The late Persian revolution was looked upon as largely the work of the Masonic lodges; and in Persia, as in Turkey, it will be remembered, constitutional liberties were won almost by a *coup d'état*. In Turkey the reform party has drawn its inspiration chiefly from France, and from that quarter the Masonic idea in its modern form probably came to Persia, too. That the secret fraternal lodges should be so widely active in the struggle for political progress among the Mohammedan peoples is only in consonance with the historical character of Freemasonry in Europe.

In this country we find it hard to think of our secret societies as stores of political dynamite. We may recall that there was once a very considerable anti-Masonic flurry and even an anti-Masonic candidate for President. But we look at that movement now as one of the popular delusions that will carry the most staid nation off its feet, especially when stimulated by the politician with an axe to grind. On the whole, we could not think of our institutions as being threatened by a secret organization of which our Presidents are often leading members, just as democratic England sees no danger in an order whose head was the Prince of Wales. Among us, besides, the secret order has gained a reputation for innocuousness in direct proportion to its immense popularity. Whatever may have been the early character of the Free Masonic lodges, they are now confounded in the popular mind here with numberless other orders, whose object, when it is not some form of business coöperation or mutual aid, is the indulgence of a rather childish fancy for dressing up and playing at mystery.

But in France, the anti-republican elements charge the Masons and the Jews, or rather the Jews through the Masonic lodges, with having brought about the great Revolution, and with fostering every subsequent movement against authority, particularly as manifested in the Church. It is an accusation which the Masonic lodges have naturally never troubled themselves to refute. It is almost like being charged with having discovered America, or with pernicious activity in perfecting the aeroplane. To a large extent, the Masonic lodges did prepare the way for the French Revolution. They were the great debating club in which the lower middle classes discussed the new ideas put forward by the leading radical thinkers of the time. Not even the connection of Freemasonry with a Cagliostro can deprive it of that blame, or credit, as we look upon it. And because the conflict between reaction and revolutionary France has continued to the present day, the Masonic lodges have continued in full vigor. Especially since the settlement of the Dreyfus affair, the conservatives profess to look upon the French government as a government of Free Masons and Jews. The Separation Law is regarded as the handiwork of the lodges. Government appointments and government policy are, so runs the accusation, determined upon at the sessions of the Grand Orient. This is exaggeration of a substantial kernel of truth. That the Masons are very influential was shown a few years ago in the revelations concerning Gen. André's management of the War Office.

The Masonic lodges are strong in Italy, where, too, they have been lumped with the Jews as sworn enemies of established religion. The election of a man of Jewish descent as Mayor of Rome is cited as proof. But in Italy, as in France, Freemasonry is anti-Christian, chiefly to the extent that the advocates of political reaction have used Christianity and the Church as a screen for their purely secular ambitions. It has been the misfortune of the Church in France that it has stood for monarchism, and in Italy that it has set itself against the national aspiration of a rejuvenated, united, and thriving people. If the Masonic lodges are always found on the side of social progress, and official Christianity is always found on the side of reaction, then militant Freemasonry is bound to be anti-Christian, just as under similar circumstances it would be anti-Mohammedan in Turkey and anti-Shintoist in Japan. Its menace to ecclesiasticism is all the greater because it does offer a ritual and a creed for the satisfaction of the normal man. It is easy to see, for in-

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stance, how in Turkey, with its motley of nationalities and faiths, the Masonic lodge would offer a national meeting-place for the friends of political progress. That common cause would bring them together, and the lodges' monotheistic creed is respectful alike of Christian, Moslem, and Jew. By as much as Freemasonry may hold truer to the principle of human brotherhood than the established churches, by so much more will it go on making itself felt in the struggle of backward countries towards emancipation.

THE HISTORIAN AND THE DOCUMENT.

A scholar like Signor Ferrero, whose views on so remote a subject as the foundation of the early Roman Empire are quoted by the column in the newspapers, has a serious handicap to overcome. Thoughtful people will be suspicious of him. Can an historian who is brilliant in style, bold in his new interpretation of well-thumbed sources, and given to marshal his facts in accordance with a preëstablished philosophy of history, be as trustworthy as he is fascinating? To start with, brilliancy itself is disquieting. It is all very well to recall that there have been scientists and scholars who have combined charm with authority, men like Huxley and Haeckel, like Gibbon and Mommsen. But at bottom we are still slaves of the ideal of painful dulness which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the spirit of modern German research. We sneer at Dryasdust but are afraid of him. The brilliant historian or critic is regarded as fair game for the Ph.D. who has just finished counting his syllables. One is so readable, the other is so quite the other thing—the readable scholar must be erratic, like most of the brilliant people we know.

When an historian is not only brilliant like Signor Ferrero, but, like him, assumes to write history in the light of a theory of his own, he has committed the sin of sins, he has trespassed against the Law of the Document, which is at the basis of all historical truth. To gather as many "sources" as one can lay hold of and to quote them without changing the spelling, that is the art of historiography in its highest manifestation as pictured to budding young scholars. The old historians adulterated the pure stream of truth with personal judgments, original interpretations, political conclusions based on such a non-political source as a great poem, a famous picture or statue, or even a popular legend. Germanic rigor has done away with all that. Make use of tradition? Of course not. Make use of second-hand accounts, of collateral sources, of comparative conditions somewhere else, of gossiping memoirs, of ill-informed correspondence? No. The Document reduced to its most insoluble form, that alone will do. Truth lies in the treaty of peace as it was written down on paper, in the judge's decision as it was filed on the court's records, in the Senate document number so and so, or in the official report of the International Reform Association as compiled by its own secretary. No guesswork, no intrusion of the personal element now or at the time of the fact; we are after the truth alone, however uninteresting.

But how if the official document often turns out as untruthful as it is uninteresting? The formalities of diplomacy have always been such as to make the written agreement only partly expressive of the living motives and acts that have produced it. Two hundred years from now, an historian dealing with the economic condition of Spain in 1898 may point out how badly pressed for money the Spanish government must have been when it sold the Philippine Islands to the United States for $20,000,000. In the course of a few months we may have documentary evidence laid up for the future, showing how Turkey foolishly gave up her sovereign rights over Bulgaria for so many million francs, and sold Bosnia-Herzegovina to Austria for an equal amount. The future biographer of Senator Jones may prove that Jones could not have been caught in a poolroom raid on February 6, 1909, because on that day he was delivering a four-hour speech on Philippine sugar in the Senate. But, as a matter of fact, the Senator's speech got into the *Congressional Record* under "leave to print," and Jones was really betting on the horses on that February day. A candidate for a political nomination is successful by 49 votes to 48, whereupon his nomination is made unanimous. From that unanimous vote history may draw wrong conclusions as to his popularity. The official programme of the annual meeting of the International Reform Association commemorates a President-elect of the United States as its principal speaker. But, as a matter of fact, the President-elect was at home that night with a bad cold. The files of the New York *Star* for 1912 disprove the common belief that Mme. Cavalcanti had been secretly married on March 11 to Signor Perugino, by reporting her glorious impersonation of "Aïda" on that night. Actually, the *Star's* musical critic played bridge that night, and wrote up his account from the official advance notices; so he didn't know that Mme. Delmonte had been substituted for Mme. Cavalcanti.

It is easy enough to overstate the case. Document can be used to check up document, source balanced against source, and error tracked down. But that is just the process which calls for brilliancy—intuition, imagination, the dramatic instinct—in the historian. To suspect your document, to feel that it ought to say something else than it does, to cast it aside sometimes on the principle that men in ancient Rome were a good deal like what they are now, and consequently used official phrases that stood for very little—these are the qualities which Dryasdust seldom reveals. He will write you the life of the late Emperor Kwang-Su on the basis of the official biography in 300 volumes, now being prepared by Chinese historians. But if Dryasdust should overlook the fact that Chinese chroniclers make an Emperor's life what it should have been and not what it was, what a mess Dryasdust would make of it!

Danger there is, undoubtedly, in the other method. If you believe the newspapers, Signor Ferrero is doing more to destroy the ancient world than Goths, Vandals, and fanatic monks from the Thebaid ever did. Quintus Horatius Flaccus did not really like to speculate on pleasure, and fortune, and death; was not really fond of Mæcenas; did not really thrill at the sight of snow-capped Soracte; he only wrote advertisements for the Falernian and Cæcuban Wine Growers' Association. Mark Antony did not marry Cleopatra because she was a lady of serpent-like wiles and infinite variety, but because he needed her money to conquer the Persians. Shall we find next that Medea did not murder her children out of insane re-

sentment at Jason, but because they interfered with her club meetings? Was Leander really training for the annual swimming Marathon of the Hellespont Athletic Club? Did the elder Brutus sentence his son to death in order to collect the life insurance? We suspect, however, that in all this there is more of the gifted young newspaper reporter than of Ferrero.

AFTER THE HIGHER CRITICISM—WHAT?

A few days ago a professor in the University of Chicago was reported as saying that Christianity is not of divine or miraculous origin:

> It is not a religion from a god, but an achievement of man, who created his own gods, in ancient times, in order that he might have them to help him in his defencelessness and ignorance; to aid him in conquering his foes, and to dispel the darkness of his future and the fear of death. More and more people are giving up the idea that their religion is something handed down to them from a divine source. . . . Consequently, religion is on a more rational basis, as people are cultivating it just as they cultivate music, language, science, and morality.

To verify this quotation is hardly necessary; for if this particular man did not say this particular thing, the words fairly represent the attitude of many of our higher critics. Their comments recall the satire of Kipling's "story of Evarra—man—Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea." It is all very well to protest, as the higher critics do, that the Bible still remains one of the noblest monuments of literature. In the past people have not cared whether this book was literature or not; the vital point was that it was the inerrant word of God and the infallible rule of life. If it be robbed of this authority, what, we may ask, is science offering as a substitute? What is to come after higher criticism has done its work?

We put the question in no spirit of hostility. Far from it. We would have the truth at any cost. We are not among those who would cling to a superstition because it happens to be comfortable or because it helps to keep order among the masses of the rude and ignorant. We would not dwell in a fool's paradise. If the Church rests its claims on certain traditions and documents, we would have those traditions and documents submitted to the most searching tests; for nothing can be gained in the long run by building either a house or a church on a foundation of sand. If we have been deceived as to the origin of the Bible and the sacraments, if the Ten Commandments were not handed down from Sinai, let us face the disagreeable facts. But let us also face the facts that if the moral law is not God-given, if the fear of hell and the hope of heaven are illusions, the average man will not look upon life and its duties quite as he did a few decades ago. Clergymen sometimes attempt to conceal the change from themselves and their followers by sticking desperately to the old phrases—though in a new sense—and by sweeping generalizations about the unvarying validity of the essential sanctions of morality. But educated people perceive the hollowness of such formulas. Accepting the methods, if not in every case the detailed results, of scientific criticism, they turn to our professed spiritual guides for some reconstruction of creed that shall touch the emotions as did the old which is now destroyed; or, as Wilfrid Ward has put it, for something that shall keep "a truly spiritual ideal of life . . . untainted by the maxims of an unbelieving generation," and shall help "the affections and the imagination against an importunately visible world."

There are, we grant, men of stoic temper with whom such considerations weigh little. They will pursue their way steadfast and unterrified though the earth rock beneath their feet. Few of us, however, are made of such stern stuff. For the rank and file of humanity it is not exhilarating to reflect that the night is behind and before us; that our tiny globe is but one of a million spinning through the unfathomable gulfs of the universe; that we ourselves are but microscopic specks crawling for a little while in the dim and fleeting light; and that our consolation and our bulwark have been a few silly fables of our own feeble invention. In a recent book which treats the lives of two devout women, "Memorials of Two Sisters, Susanna and Catherine Winkworth," is a striking passage which in reality applies not to one sex only, but to all mankind:

> Women feel the frets and the anxieties of life so keenly, that they need this refuge in the larger, serener life of heavenly love. . . . Their life seems often at once so engrossing and so trivial that they need some points above it, from which they may see how it all forms part of the infinite web of human life through which God's kingdom is to be realized on earth, to give it any freshness and value.

This recourse to "the larger, serener life of heavenly love" is impossible for persons who are convinced that this "love," in any comprehensible sense of the term, is a fiction, and that their gods and their religion are of purely human manufacture. A cold, relentless, impersonal power, even though it make for righteousness, is not the same thing as a father that pitieth his children. For the jubilant lines,

> Jesus lives! no longer now
> Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
> Jesus lives! by this we know
> Thou, O grave, can'st not enthral us,
> Alleluia!

we have the lament:

> Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
> In the lorn Syrian town;
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down.

What, then, does science say to those who long to feel that the eternal God is their refuge and that underneath them are the everlasting arms?

The difficulty is staggering, but the duty of the leaders of Christianity is none the less imperative. They cannot much longer postpone the task of addressing themselves to it with energy. For at present most of the churches seem to be drifting without chart, compass, or pilot. We hear on every side the complaint that men of character and capacity will not enter the ministry, but there was never a time when character and capacity were more needed for this great business of readjusting ancient beliefs to modern knowledge. No ecclesiastical organization can retain its vitality or can serve mankind unless it can lift them above their trials and fortify them against temptation; for what shall it profit us to turn from the doubts and hesitancies of our daily toil to the profounder doubts and more disquieting hesitancies of a stumbling, groping church, uncertain whence it came and whither it goes? "Thou art the true peace of the heart," cried the author of the "Imitatio," "thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest. In this peace that is in thee, the one chiefest eternal Good, I will lay me down and sleep." But for the higher critics and their confused disciples of to-day the promise of a peace which passeth all understanding is nothing

more than an empty echo from the age of faith.

AN APOSTLE OF NEW SPAIN.

So much has been written of the awakening of Spain in the last decade, that many persons think of the Spanish nation as already well started on the high-road to religious freedom and prosperity. But as keen an observer as Havelock Ellis finds the typical Spaniard still buried in self-contented indifference, or, at best, but turning in the first restless movement before the dawn. With the exception of Catalonia, whose active, progressive people are abreast of the other nations of Europe in arts, manufactures, and political ideals, the only general evidence of a reaction against the past has thus far been literary—a suggestion of the France of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau in the eighteenth century. Perez Galdós, the chief figure in Spanish letters at the present day, has long been an ardent champion of modern religious and political theories, and the most prominent contemporary dramatist, José Echegaray, has repeatedly made social problems his theme. For several years, however, Señor Galdós has been devoting his best energy to the theatre, leaving only Sra. Pardo Bazán and Palacio Valdés of the older generation still engaged in writing novels; and of these authors, Sra. Bazán is now busy for the most part with literary criticism, while Sr. Valdés seems to have declined from the power he revealed in his earlier works. With the best writers of the old school cultivating the stage as the medium through which to propagate their theories, there has come into prominence a new group of novelists, less competent as artists, to be sure, but inspired with a more virile craving for progress, a more violent spirit of protest against the torpor of Spain. This intense reaction against the Church, a priest-ridden royalty, and the general somnolence of the people, ignorant and indifferent, is the haunting characteristic of the apostle of this new movement, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez.

His life itself has been a fascinating story of adventure. Born of Aragonese parentage at Valencia in 1867—his father was the proprietor of a dry-goods shop—he was graduated in law at the local university. Even as a student he was conspicuous for his revolutionary ideas, and at the age of eighteen was sentenced to six months in prison as a result of a sonnet against the government. In 1890, forced to flee from Valencia to escape a second imprisonment, he took refuge in Paris, where, two years later, he received an amnesty. His turbulent spirit, however, soon involved him in new troubles, this time as the head of a popular demonstration against the measures employed by the government in the attempt to suppress the insurrection in Cuba, and once more he fled. On his return, three months later, he was arrested and condemned to two years in prison. With his release in 1894 begins his career as a novelist; up to that time his only literary efforts, aside from two negligible volumes of impressions of Paris and Italy, had been journalistic. The founder of a Republican paper in Valencia, *El Pueblo* (The People), at first its editor, reporter, and reviewer, he has succeeded in making it one of the most influential sheets in Spain. Through his publishing-house he has directed a library of several hundred volumes of translations of European literature, for the most part works on science and sociology, by such writers as Spencer, Tolstoy, Renan, and Nietzsche. It is not surprising that his political activity found recognition in his election as Republican Deputy from Valencia, and that he soon became the leader of his party in the Cortes. After eight years of service he has retired from "militant politics," to use his own phrase, and is now devoting himself wholly to literature. His one purpose has been and is to arouse his people, to stir them from their ignorance.

The scene of Sr. Ibáñez's early novels is laid in Valencia and the surrounding district. Between 1894 and 1902 he produced six novels and two volumes of short stories, which present a panorama of the life and customs of the region, portrayed with rare insight and intense sympathy. The main theme of all the work of this period is the conflict between the individual and a society deep-rooted in the cruel, selfish prejudices of the past. The best work of this group, "La Barraca" (The Farmhouse), is a picture of the life in the *huerta*—the market-garden district outside of Valencia—and the persecution of an honest farmer and his family by his neighbors, who harbor the tradition that the land of which he has become the tenant shall never be cultivated. Their persecution is successful: his house is burned over his head, and Batiste starts out once more into the world, ruined but undaunted. In marked contrast to these studies of modern perversity stands "Sónnica la Cortesana," a romance of the siege and fall of Saguntum, in which Hannibal appears as one of the characters. From the misery of to-day we are transported into the sumptuous gardens of the Greek courtesan; we live in an exuberant, sensuous atmosphere of youth and beauty; the air is vibrant with a sturdy patriotism.

With his election to the Cortes, Sr. Ibáñez left the novel of manners and in the next three years produced three works—"La Catedral," "El Intruso," and "La Bodega" (The Saloon)—which, had he belonged to the seventeenth century, would have appeared as pamphlets. The plots of the books serve merely as a framework in which to carry his propaganda. Through the long harangues of his anarchistic heroes, Gabriel Luna, Salvatierra, and the doctor, Don Luis, he attacks mercilessly the Church, the Jesuits, and the drunkenness of Spain. Behind these specific objects of his animadversion, lurks the real enemy; it is the people who are to blame; their ignorance and self-seeking are the sources of their subjection and suffering. This, indeed, is the fundamental teaching of all of his novels. A French critic has observed of Sr. Ibáñez's work: "Il est un personnage que le romancier n'a décrit nulle part et qui, invisible, domine l'œuvre: c'est La Fatalité." To make such a criticism is to misinterpret his whole philosophy of life. It is man who is the cause of the evils in this world—man with his pettiness, his self-centred narrowness. And it is just this conviction that human suffering is the result of human weakness, and not a divinely sent curse, that inspires the author to struggle forward toward the ideal of the future, to hope for a day when charity is unnecessary and men are brothers. Without doubt, he would prefer that this progress should be a gradual development through education, but he is convinced that Spain is too firmly fixed in her traditions to make such a growth. In "El Intruso," he says:

> In this country we must take a violent leap, must pass, without any bridge, from the beliefs of four centuries ago—still intact and powerful—to modern life.

And yet his anarchy is never of the bomb-throwing type; Gabriel Luna perishes in the attempt to save the treasures of the Cathedral of Toledo from robbery at the hands of the very men in whom he has inculcated his teachings. We may judge from Sr. Ibáñez's position as Republican deputy to the Cortes that his faith is built on a pacific regeneration, none the less radical for its freedom from the horrors of revolution.

His later works have shown a return to his earlier style. "La Horda" (The Rabble) is a picture of the sordid life of the refuse collectors in the suburbs of Madrid, a subject already treated by Pio Baroja in "La Busca." "La Maja Desnuda" (from Goya's well known picture), published in 1906, is easily his most artistic production, and fittingly, for it is at once an acute psychological study of the conflict between the artistic temperament and human love and a critique of Spanish art in which Goya's realism is extolled. The last of his novels "Sangre y Arena" (Blood and Sand) is a scathing criticism of the bull-fight, "that survivor of the *auto-da-fe*." Despite the vigor of its inspiration, it is distinctly inferior to his previous work.

Blasco Ibáñez is preëminently a preacher of reform. Social justice is

his ideal. If we lend him a willing ear, it is in large measure due to his splendid manliness. "In his life and in his works," to quote from Mr. Ellis, "this son of indomitable Aragon has displayed all the typical Spanish virility, the free-ranging personal energy, the passion for independence which, of old, filled Saragossa with martyrs and heroes." However little sympathy we may have with his materialism, however Utopian his dreams may be, we cannot but admire and respect him as a man. As an artist he is less deserving of praise. His enthusiastic devotion to Zola and naturalism—a moribund *genre* which has found several tardy adherents in Spain, among them Sra. Bazán and Sr. Valdés—too often leads him into violation of the highest standards of art. He is carried away by his exuberant fancy. But he has an extraordinary insight into life and the human heart; his characters move like men and not like puppets, and his plots, when they are not meant to serve as backgrounds, move with climactic interest. In his style certain characteristics will be obvious even to one who is not a thorough master of the tongue. Leaving aside the question of his Gallicisms and bad grammar, with which he is charged by his Spanish critics, his wonderful force and visualizing power cannot fail to make an impression. His riotous imagery, his lack of grace and elegance, may be in part ascribed to hasty production. Now that he is free to give his best to his literary work, we may hope to find in his two next novels, to be published in January, a considerable advance in artistic merit.

In Spain his popularity and influence have been remarkable. No novelist, except Sr. Galdós, has been so widely criticised or so generally defended. In the rest of Europe he has been rapidly gaining a reading-public since the appearance of "La Barraca" in the *Revue de Paris* in 1901, under the title of "Terres Maudites." Reviews of his works have appeared in the leading Continental periodicals, and almost all of his novels have been translated into the other languages of Europe, with the single exception of English. The apathy of the English world toward his work may be due to a complacent sense of freedom and prosperity that makes us indifferent to the problems that confront the Continent. To the Spaniard, more than to any other people of Europe, these questions are at present vital. Since Spain is freed from the burden of her colonies, she may undertake her own upbuilding. It is not easy to foresee the consummation of this process of development and regeneration. At least, in Sr. Ibáñez Spain has a leader whose courage is strong, an apostle whose faith in the future is firm. Whether or not he lives to see the fulfilment of his hopes and ideals, he will have borne no small part in the formation of a new Spain.

R. H. Keniston.

Cambridge, Mass.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

In one of his later prefaces, Mr. Mitchell complained that the public would persist in buying and reading his "Reveries" and "Dream Life" to the neglect of his better work. It is a good deal to lose a man who can complain of any sort of popularity; it is an act of piety to point out that his death means something more than the loss of the author of those old-fashioned pieces of sentiment. Just the other day, every one was saying that Professor Norton's disappearance was the end of the famous writing New Englanders. Now the death in quick succession of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Donald Grant Mitchell closes a group who were, whatever their birth and latest associations, distinctly of New York, the inheritors of Irving, and Willis, and Paulding, and others whose names are fainter echoes.

These men of our commercial city were of a different fibre from the New Englanders, not so great, their aim not so high. They were, in no contemptible sense of the word, amateurs. Mr. Stedman may have attained a grave dignity when he expressed the upright man of the world's ideas on national events; Mr. Aldrich had a refinement of artistic touch which greater artists often lack; but in their verse there is still something of the amateur, a consciousness that they were speaking to a community in which literature had no recognized place, and that they must not take their writing too seriously. And it is as an amateur of the finer sort that "Ik Marvel" also will be remembered.

Mr. Mitchell was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1822. After a youth at school and on a Connecticut farm, he travelled abroad, and then settled in New York to practise law. For a few months in 1853-4 he was United States Consul to Venice. On returning to this country he bought some land about three miles from New Haven, and there at Edgewood, as he christened the place, lived as farmer and landscape gardener and student, until his death on Tuesday of last week, at the age of eighty-six. He had begun early to write, and the product of his New York years was "Fresh Gleanings" (1847), "The Battle Summer" (1848), "The Lorgnette" (1850), "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), "Dream Life" (1852), and "Fudge Doings" (1855). Other stories and miscellaneous volumes he published later, but the best of his work and of his life is summed up for us in two books, "My Farm at Edgewood" (1863), which gives his personal experiences with the soil, and "Wet Days at Edgewood" (1865), in which he sits in his library and chats agreeably of a long line of agricultural writers and country poets from Hesiod to the latest scientific analyzer of soils. It was the life of a gentleman and a scholar, dignified by daily and practical contact with the land, enriched with the acquaintance of old books.

If his writing has not the power of great literature, it escapes also the professionalism or illiteracy that mars most of our back-to-the-country product. There is in it nothing of that parade of nature of the professional penman, who goes out to the fields with a fountain pen, instead of a spade, and, above all, none of that ignorance of letters which gives a cheap contemporaneity to the work of those who have their eye on the book market. When, in "My Farm at Edgewood," Mr. Mitchell is engaged in a practical discussion of planting and grafting pears, he still carries memories of his reading with him:

> Early bearing, and brilliant specimens favor the quince; but hardiness, long life, and full crops favor the pear from its own roots. If a man plant the latter, he must needs wait for the fruit. Mœris put it very prettily in the Eclogue:
>
> Insere, Daphni, pyros: carpent tua poma nepotes.

Or when, in his "Wet Days at Edgewood," he is engaged with the ancient agricultural treatises on his shelves, he still has in mind his own homely adventures with the earth:

> And yet I delight in finding black-letter evidence of the age of the traditions and of the purity with which they have been kept. An important member of the County Society pays me a morning visit, and in the course of a field-stroll lays down authoritatively the opinion that "there's no kind o' use in ploughing for turnips in the spring, unless you keep the weeds down all through the season." I yield implicit and modest assent; and on my next wet day find Ischomachus remarking to Socrates: "This also, I think, it must be easy for you to understand, that, if ground is to lie fallow to good purpose, it ought to be free from weeds, and warmed as much as possible by the sun." And yet my distinguished friend of the County Society is not a student of Xenophon. If I read out of the big book the same observation to my foreman (who is more piquant than garrulous), he says—"Xenophon, eh! well, well—there's sense in it."

Nor is our gentleman-farmer's memory confined to the classics—though Virgil is evidently most often in his mind. On a murky November day, he is called afield by the lines of the old vision—

> A May morwenynge
> On Malverne hilles;

and Piers Plowman lays open for him "the first farm-furrow upon English soil." Or, another day, the "Dreme" of Chaucer calls before his eyes the great plain of Woodstock, stretching away under his view, all green and white—

"green y-powdered with daisy"; or Sir Hugh Platt tells him how Sir Thomas Carew astonished the Queen with the sight of a cherry-tree in full bearing, a month after the fruit had gone by in England; or, again in November, the pelting rain reminds him of a similar day spent years since in an English inn, when his only entertainment was a much-bethumbed copy of an old eighteenth-century book, "The Clergyman's Recreation, Showing the Pleasure and Profit of the Art of Gardening," by the Reverend John Laurence.

It is this happy blending of the practical present and the imaginative past that marks Mr. Mitchell's two books as the work of an amateur, if the amateur may be defined as the gentleman who cares as much for gracious tradition as for immediate efficiency. There are whole libraries printed these days on every aspect of country life—books instructive, sentimental, picturesque, humorous, or homiletic—but we cannot, at the moment, recall a single living American writer of bucolics who bears the stamp of sound education, to whom the "Georgics," or even the great English poems, are ever present suggestions. The tradition of the gentlemanly amateur seems to be lost with the passing of our genial "Ik Marvel," and some readers will cherish his memory for these rare traits.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It has been pointed out in two or three sales catalogues that some copies of the first edition of Fielding's "Tom Jones," 6 vols., 1749, contain a page of errata not found in others, and that such copies have been called the first issue. The fact is that two distinct editions in six volumes, from two separate settings of type, appeared in 1749. They were set from the same fonts, but a comparison shows typographical variations on almost every page. Even A. W. Pollard, in his bibliographical note prefixed to the English Classics edition of "Tom Jones," 1904, has not realized that there were two six-volume editions. He says:

> The first edition, in six volumes, was followed the same year by a second in four, and in 1750, Millar published another edition, also in four volumes. In the second of these three editions over which he had control, the errors of the press, of which a list was prefixed to Volume I of the first, were duly corrected, but the text in other respects appears not to have been interfered with.

This statement is true of the second six-volume edition, which is without list of errata. With a single exception all the errors noted in the list prefixed to the first edition, were corrected in the text of the second. This exception is in Vol. IV, p. 193, line 11, "For *Crime* read *Shame*." In Vol. IV, p. 91, first edition, is a quotation from Othello, beginning "Who steals my Cash steals Trash," and in the errata is the entry "For *Cash* read *Gold*." The second six-volume edition reads "Who steals my Gold steals Trash." In later editions this was corrected to "Who steals my Purse steals Trash." In the first edition, the Latin motto on the title-page of Vol. I is followed by a period and a long dash. In the second edition, there is the dash only, no period. No differences can be detected in the title-pages of the other volumes. The following points will enable any one to determine the first or second edition. In Vol. I, the List of Contents ends on p. lxii, with errata on p. [lxiii], in the first edition; the contents extend over upon p. lxiii and there are no errata in the second edition. The catchword on p. 13 is "one" in the first edition, "be" in the second. In Vol. II, the catchword on p. 3 is "by" in the first edition, "tised" in the second. In Vol. III, the catchword on p. 1 is "Representations," in the first edition, "Repre-" in the second. In Vol. IV, the catchword on p. 1 is "Shake-" in the first edition, "the" in the second. In Vol. V, p. 54, line 4 ends "return" in the first edition, "Home" in the second. In Vol. VI, the catchword on p. 17 is "dle?" in the first edition, "Cradle" in the second. A thousand other differences might be enumerated. In the two copies of the first edition which we have examined and probably in all copies, several leaves are pasted on stubs. These leaves were reprinted, evidently to correct errors, but what these errors were may never be discovered. The leaves are a different setting of types from the corresponding leaves of the second edition. These leaves are:

Vol. I, pp. 17-20; p. 17 has signature mark † (a dagger).
Vol. II, pp. 7-10; p. 7 has signature mark ‡ (a double dagger); pp. 287, 288, with signature mark * (an asterisk).
Vol. III, pp. 147-152, with signature marks *2, *3, *4; pp. 233, 234; pp. 345, 346.
Vol. IV, pp. 1, 2.
Vol. V, pp. 279, 280.

In the *General Advertizer* for February 28, 1749, appeared the following notice:

> This day is published, in six vols., 12mo., The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling.—Mores hominum multorum vidit. By Henry Fielding, Esq.
> It being impossible to get sets bound fast enough to answer the demand for them, such Gentlemen and Ladies as please may have them served in Blue Paper and Boards, at the price of 16s. a set, of A. Millar, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand.

The copies issued "in Blue Paper and Boards" with uncut edges are now very scarce, one having sold at auction in 1902 for £96, while cut copies sell for £3 to £6.

The late Henry Stevens of Vermont (G. M.B. "Green Mountain Boy," he used to style himself on the title-pages of his books) took especial pride in his collections of De Bry, Hulsius, and Ptolemy. The set of De Bry's Voyages (perhaps the best in private hands) was acquired about 1890 by the late E. Dwight Church, who also, in 1896, purchased the Hulsius collection (probably the finest extant). Mr. Church was not interested in the Ptolemy collection, and in 1898 it was purchased from Henry N. Stevens (son of Henry Stevens) by Edward E. Ayer of Chicago. At the time an account of the collection was printed in an edition of twenty copies only. A second edition containing additional matter has just been published. Included is an account of important and inexplicable variations discovered in copies of the Ulm edition of 1482. The Stevens-Ayer set now includes sixty volumes, from the first printed edition, Vicenza, 1475, without maps, to the Amsterdam edition of 1730. The only editions known to Mr. Stevens which are lacking are: Bologna, 1462 (probably a misprint for 1482), and Cracow, 1512. The prefatory matter is of interest, but if full collations could have been added to the list of editions the volume would have been more useful. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Eames's bibliography of Ptolemy in "Sabin's Dictionary" is admirable and ideal (as is all his work), surely something could have been added by Mr. Stevens, and not every one is the owner of a set of Sabin.

Correspondence.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a contribution to the subject broached by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in your issue of December 17, I beg to submit the following:

1722, Jan. 1, *New-England Courant*, p. 2: "'T is said a Noble Duke is about to erect a Monument in Westminster Abby, to the Memory of Milton, the Poet."

1722, July 2, *New-England Courant*, p. 1: "See how the lofty *Milton* sings of this in his own inimitable Strain." Then follow fifteen lines from "Paradise Lost," i, 34-48.

1722, July 2, *New-England Courant*, p. 2:

> We shall therefore only add that we are furnish'd with a large and valuable Collection of BOOKS; which may be of vast Advantage to us. . . . We shall at this time favour you with a small part of our Catalogue, *viz.* . . . Milton.

1723, Dec. 9, *New-England Courant*, p. 1: A writer quotes five lines from "Paradise Lost," viii, 54-58.

1723, "Catalogus Librorum Bibliothecæ Collegij Harvardini," pp. 52, 100: "*Miltoni* (Joan.) Defensio pro populo Anglicano cont. Salmasium. *Lond.* 1651. . . . *Milton's* (Joh.) Poetical Works Vol. 1. Vol. 2. *Lond.* 1720." .. ..

1727, Aug. 14, *New-England Weekly Journal*, p. 1: A writer quotes four lines from "Paradise Lost," x, 1073-1076, and remarks, "The Clouds hung round, as *Milton* expresses it, like a dark Ceiling over the Land."

1727, Aug. 21, *New-England Weekly Journal*, pp. 1, 2: "Verses Written in Milton's Paradise Lost,"; signed "L." This poem in blank verse was by the Rev. Mather Byles and was reprinted in his "Poems on Several Occasions," 1744, pp. 25-34.

1727, Oct. 9, *New-England Weekly Journal*, p. 1: A long poem signed "T.," addressed "To a Gentleman on the Sight of some of his Poems," speaks of "*Milton's* force and *Dryden's* smoothness" and contains also these lines:

> And now, my Muse, attempt one labour more,
> Let *Milton's* fame resound from shore to shore:
> *Milton* who in his works immortal lives,
> And in the deathless praise your Poem gives.

1744, February, *American Magazine* (Boston), i, 260: "An Epistle from Cambridge" contains the line, "Nor tow'ring *Milton's* lofty flights." Whether the Cambridge referred to was the one in England or the one in New England, is uncertain.

1744, April, *American Magazine*, i, 341: "The Art of Preaching, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry" contains the line "Prink *Milton's* true Sublime, with *Swift's*

true Wit." Probably taken from an English source.

1745, June, *American Magazine*, ii, 239-244: "An Account of the Life of Mr. John Milton." Presumably copied from an English source.

1766, April 7, Boston *Gazette*, p. 1: "Harvardinum Restauratum," written by a recent graduate of Harvard, contains the line, "Or British Milton much surpassing both!"

1766, May 23, Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, "The Snare Broken," p. 35:

Having been initiated, in youth, in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demostbenes, Cicero, and other renowned persons among the ancients; and such as Sidney and Milton, Locke and Hoadley, among the moderns; I liked them; they seemed rational.

1767, Dec. 10, Massachusetts Historical Collections, Fourth Series, IV, 412, 413: The Rev. Andrew Eliot makes some interesting remarks on Milton's prose works.

1773, "Catalogus Librorum in Bibliotheca Cantabrigiensi Selectus," p. 18: "Milton (John) all his Works."

When Phillis Wheatley was in London in July, 1773, she was presented by Brook Watson with a copy of the 1770 Glasgow folio edition of "Paradise Lost," which is now in the Harvard College Library.

Late in life, James Otis (Tudor's "Life," p. 17), declared to a young man:

If you want real poetry, read Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, and throw all the rest in the fire; these are all that are worth reading.

The above notes refer to Massachusetts only. On November 20, 1728, Franklin, who had left Boston only a few years before, drew up his "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion," and there demanded the singing of Milton's "Hymn to the Creator." There are other interesting allusions to Milton in Franklin's writings. The "Catalogue of the most valuable Books in the Library of Yale College," 1755, listed "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." (I have not seen the catalogue printed in 1743.). The late M. C. Tyler noted allusions to Milton by William Livingston in 1747 at Princeton, and by John Trumbull in 1770 at Yale. Early blank verse in America is a sure indication of the influence of Milton. Mather Byles's poem noted above may be an early instance, but certainly is not the earliest, for in 1713 Richard Steere published "The Daniel Catcher. The Life of the Prophet Daniel: in a Poem. To which is Added, Earth's Felicites, Heaven's Allowances, A Blank Poem. With Several Other Poems." This volume, perhaps printed in New York, was advertised for sale in the Boston *News-Letter* of August 24, 1713, p. 2. Steere was born in England in 1643, came to Boston in 1684, immediately published there two poems in rhyme, soon went to New London, and later to Southold, Long Island. The "Blank Poem" fills pp. 55-73 of the volume.

These notes prove that Milton was known in Boston in 1722 and that at least some of his works were then here, and indirectly show his influence in 1713. The late Mellen Chamberlain said in 1887 that "before 1700, there was not in Massachusetts, so far as is known, a copy of Shakespeare's or of Milton's poems"; and in his article on "Early Private Libraries in New England," read before the American Antiquarian Society in April, 1907, Dr. F. B. Dexter was unable to refute the statement. Nevertheless, when it is remembered that in 1643, Roger Williams may have met Milton; that in 1653, they did meet and read Dutch and other languages to one another; that when George Downing, a graduate of Harvard, went to Holland as Minister in 1657, he bore a letter of credence written by Milton; that Milton was on terms of more or less intimacy with Sir Henry Vane, Hugh Peters, the regicides Dixwell, Goffe, and Whalley, and others who had lived in New England—is it rash to conclude that the above references are belated and that Milton was known to New Englanders both as a political writer and as a poet before 1722?

It may be added that, as shown by the many inventories of Virginia libraries printed in the *William and Mary College Quarterly*, there was apparently no copy of "Paradise Lost" in Virginia until 1755 (VIII, 77), though "Shakespears Works" were in another library in 1718 (II, 250).

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, December 18.

A PARALLEL FROM LYLY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: John Lyly, the Euphuist, was not only a writer of good lyrics himself, but the cause of lyrics in other men. It has often been remarked that the fairy song in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" owes something to the fairy song in Lyly's "Endimion," and the lark song in "Cymbeline" much to the song of Tryco in "Alexander and Campaspe.' In reading "Love's Metamorphosis" the other day I came across a bit of dialogue that seems to contain the germ of a famous modern lyric, F. W. Bourdillon's "The Night has a Thousand Eyes." I quote the dialogue (Act iii, scene 1) and the song:

Silvanus. The whole heaven hath but one sun.
Niobe. But stars infinite.

. . . . . .

Silvanus. A woman hath but one heart.
Niobe. But a thousand thoughts.

The night has a thousand eyes,
  The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
  When love is done.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, December 12.

ANCESTRY OF CHARLES THE GREAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his book on Paris Mr. Hilaire Belloc states that whatever admixture of blood might have come through his mother, Charles the Great was of "pure Latin stock" on his father's side. What grounds are there for this amazing assertion?

A. R. W.

New Bedford, Mass., December 17.

BACON VS. GOETHE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his "Adolescence" (Vol. II, p. 85), G. Stanley Hall ascribes to Bacon the sentiment, "Character is perfected in solitude and talent in society." President Hall does not, at this time, recall where the adage may be found; can some one else therefore locate it for me? I am especially interested in the line, since in the well-known passage in Goethe's "Tasso" (Act i, Scene 2), practically the opposite view is voiced: "Talent is nurtured in solitude; character is formed in the stormy billows of the world." Agreeing with Goethe, Lowell, too, in his "Among my Books," says: "Society is wholesome for the character."

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 18.

A PICTURE OF HOMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial article "Science Correcting Science" in the *Nation* of December 10 (p. 567) you refer to a recent contribution of André Beaunier to *La Revue de Paris*, and speak of his recollection of a picture of Homer as showing "an old man in a long robe, carrying a lyre on his back, his right arm raised to heaven, his left on the shoulder of a boy who was his guide." I have a fine old engraving of what I presume to be the same picture, with the legend:

F. Girard Pinxt. Rapb. Urb. Massard. Sculp. 1816.
Dédié à Monsieur le Chevalier
Ennius Quirinus Visconti
Membre de l'Institut de France
Par son Dévoué Serviteur
Raphaël Urbain Massard.

In this the *left* arm is raised to heaven and the right is leaning on the shoulder of a boy. Which is right, and who reversed the position, and when?

AMASA M. EATON.

Providence, R. I., December 13.

[We have verified the reference to *La Revue de Paris*. The picture which M. Beaunier saw may have been a different one, or M. Baunier's memory may have played him false.—Ed. Nation.]

THE TARIFF ON SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the effort of the American Free Art League to bring about, in connection with the proposed revision of the tariff, the removal of the duty on works of art, it seems appropriate and timely for the scholars of the country to petition also for the removal of duty on scientific works in English, published abroad. During the Christmas week, or shortly thereafter, a considerable number of the learned societies of this country—such as the American Historical Association, the American Economic Association, the American Institute of Archæology, the Society of Biblical Literature, the American Philological Association, the American Philosophical Association, the Modern Language Association, and the American Psychological Association, and the various associations for the natural sciences—will hold their annual sessions. The sentiment among scholars is, it is safe to say, unanimous that to impose a duty on scientific publications in *any* language is not only an unjust tax on scholars without any particular benefit to either the author or the publisher, but is a reflection on the attitude of our government towards scholarship itself. If all the bodies meeting at this season will pass a simple resolution expressive of their opinion on the subject and forward the same to the chairman of the Ways and Means

Committee in Washington, it will undoubtedly have some effect. All that is necessary is for some member of each association to make it his business to introduce a resolution such as is here suggested. As far as I can ascertain, the United States is the only civilized country which imposes a tax on scientific research, and some expression of opinion from our scholars is all the more desirable, because it is not unlikely that an effort will be made to reimpose a duty on books printed in foreign languages. There are mutterings in the air, and it is well to be prepared for a retrograde movement.

I have purposely referred only to scientific books published in the English language, because they are the only ones with which scholars, as such, are concerned, and while I, personally, believe that the duty on English fiction is also an injustice, there is no need for scientific bodies to raise this question.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

Philadelphia, December 19.

THE LATE WILLIAM MARTIN AIKEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been hoping day by day, since the sudden and unexpected death of William Martin Aiken (see the *Nation* of December 10, p. 587), to see from the pen of some one better qualified than myself some fitting notice of his two years of service as Supervising Architect to the Treasury Department, from 1895 to 1897. It was a brief service, so modestly and quietly rendered that the world at large took too little cognizance of its really strenuous quality and its lasting value. But those who knew the Supervising Architect's office and its work before Mr. Aiken became its head, know that in his unassuming, straightforward way he effected a fundamental reform which more than one predecessor had longed for but had failed to bring about, and which in large measure made it possible for his successor, the present distinguished incumbent, to attain the notable results which have distinguished his administration.

The Supervising Architect of the Treasury is charged with the designing and erection of all the post offices and Federal court-houses, as well as the mints, sub-treasuries, assay offices, and custom houses of the Treasury Department. He directs the largest architectural office in the world, and the volume of work it handles is enormous. When Mr. Aiken entered upon his duties it was the butt of professional satire by reason of its low standards of artistic taste and efficiency. Political pressure and favor interfered at every point with the honest and effective discharge of its complex and onerous duties, both within the office itself and in all its widely scattered outside work. Mr. Aiken took hold of his task with an apparently naïve, but really purposeful, assumption that honesty and straightforward business efficiency were, as a matter of course, the ruling principles to be observed and that Secretary Carlisle had called him to Washington to serve his country rather than his party. Draughtsmen and employees were expected and were compelled to earn their salaries. Contracts were honestly awarded and rigidly enforced, and every reasonable economy was practised. The selection of marbles and granites, limestones, and cements was not determined by the demands of quarry-owning Senators and Representatives, or the pressure of local "interests," but by considerations of quality and cost, as for any business corporation or private owner. To give the country the best buildings within his power, both as to design and construction, was his one undeviating aim.

Mr. Aiken was not a *great* designer, but his work displays refined taste and good judgment. He was a capable administrator, and the buildings he designed and built were creditable to the government and to him. But finer than they was the monument he erected in the reorganization of his office and its deliverance from the slough of inefficiency and political manipulation. When, after the election of McKinley, he resigned his office into the hands of his able successor, he delivered to him a piece of machinery not yet perfect, but reasonably efficient and wonderfully changed from its condition of two years previous; and I am sure no one better appreciates than Mr. Taylor the service he rendered the country in this work of reform. Such service represents one of the highest forms of patriotism. Nothing but a single-hearted devotion to his country's interests, and to the highest standards of his profession under the approval of a clear conscience, could have sustained him in the struggle against intrenched and traditional abuses and the pressure of political influence in both high and low places. There was no gallery to play to for its applause, and Mr. Aiken's modesty would have shrunk from the pursuit of such applause. Quietly, cleanly, efficiently, he did his duty as he saw it, fought his fight, and left the field an unheralded victor.

With equal fidelity, though with far less opportunity for large achievement, Mr. Aiken served this city in 1902-04, under Mayor Low, as consulting architect to the borough president; and through all the remainder of his life, while engaged in private practice, he gave unstintedly of his time and strength to the service of the civic and professional organizations to which he belonged, and through them to the community. Not only the profession he loved, but the country at large, is his debtor for such varied and faithful service.

A. D. F. HAMLIN.

Columbia University, December 11.

Notes.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's first American novel, "Marriage à la Mode," opens in the January number of *McClure's*. What will that eminent psychologist of s ciety do without her dukes and duchesses and her leaders of Parliament?

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington will publish, early in March, "Deck and Field," by Frank Warren Hackett, a collection of papers upon navy and army topics, opening with the two annual addresses delivered before the Naval War College by Mr. Hackett, while Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Houghton Mifflin Company has brought out in the special Riverside Series a beautiful edition of Shelley's translation of "The Banquet of Plato." The press work is all that could be desired, but it would have been well to add a note giving a brief account of the circumstances under which the translation was made. Shelley's English is excellent, but does not convey the flowing character of the Greek as well as Jowett's. We observe that nothing has been done by punctuation or suggested emendation to straighten out the tangled sentence in the speech of Alcibiades, beginning "For Marsyas, and whoever" (p. 133 of this edition). The text follows Moxon's early edition; but surely Shelley never wrote the words as they stand.

A cheap and neat reprint of Jowett's translation of "The Republic of Plato" comes to us in two handy volumes from the Clarendon Press. The introduction, analysis, and text are unchanged from the standard third edition. It is, if ever book were, infinite riches in little room.

Volumes V and VI complete the Eversley edition of Tennyson which the Macmillan Company has been publishing. The contents, being chiefly the plays, give less opportunity than the earlier issues for interesting personal matter in the notes contributed by the poet and his son. A facsimile of the manuscript of "Crossing the Bar" forms a fitting close to the last volume. At a later date, we shall make this definitive edition of Tennyson the occasion for comments on his place as the representative Victorian poet.

In "Historical and Political Essays," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky (Longmans, Green & Co.), are collected several magazine articles and biographical sketches, nearly all of which had seen the light in the author's life. The fragmentary paper on "Formative Influences," which begins temptingly, breaks off abruptly with Lecky's giving up of his Cork living. The historian's grave and measured style marks all the volume.

Charles Scribner's Sons have a new edition, in one volume, of H. Noel Williams's "Madame de Pompadour" (See the *Nation* of November 20, 1902, p. 408). It is an interesting book, in which there is an attempt if not exactly to whitewash that much-abused lady, at least to present her faults and crimes in the most favorable light possible.

A book that went through twenty-two editions in the author's lifetime, the last being dated 1872, is something of a classic. Such was the fortune of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," which A. C. McClurg now brings forward in an excellent reprint, with sixteen illustrations in color from water-color drawings by H. W. Kerr. The pictures, inset on dark cardboard, go well with the Dean's anecdotes and clever character sketches.

Good editions of Richard Jefferies's "The Open Air," with illustrations in color by Ruth Dollman, and of "The Life of the Fields," with illustrations by Maud U. Clarke, come from J. B. Lippincott. The pictures are agreeable, but for those who care for the brave style of Jefferies it will be more important to know that the page is well printed and the binding plain and suitable.

A singularly diversified and breezy career is described in the "Life of Bishop

McCabe" (F. H. Revell Co.), by Bishop F. M. Bristol. The most interesting part relates to his civil war experiences as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Regiment and delegate of the Christian Commission. Captured at Winchester, he was confined for three months in Libby Prison, the "bright side of life in it" being the subject of a famous lecture of his which is given in full. Gifted with a magnificent voice, he sang with great effect the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" on one occasion in the National House of Representatives. President Lincoln was present and asked for its repetition. Later he was secretary of the Church Extension Society and bishop of the Methodist Church. An idea of his activity in this office may be gained from the fact that during a single year he labored in 100 towns and cities in 27 different States. He died in 1906 aged seventy. The biography is full of anecdotes and interesting incidents. The illustrations are chiefly portraits.

As a companion to his "Devonshire Characters," the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, most prolific of antiquarians, has published a book of "Cornish Characters and Strange Events" (John Lane Co.). In a series of short chapters a long line of worthies and eccentrics pass before us. Some of these were closely connected with Cornwall all their lives, like the John Carter who was called King of Prussia, and for many years ruled the smugglers of Prussia Cove; others left their land for court and city, like Sir Thomas Killigrew, the King's Jester whom Pepys saw on the vessel bringing back Charles II, "a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King," and, he might have added, a lewd and lame poet. Some of the characters, such as Hugh Peters, the regicide, Mr. Baring-Gould treats at considerable length; others, such as John Coke, are summed up in two or three paragraphs. As a whole, it cannot be said that the book gives the reader a strong impression of the imaginative character of the people and the land. Far more of that is to be obtained from some of Mr. Baring-Gould's other books, notably his biography of R. S. Hawker, or, better yet, from C. E. Byles's life of that same eccentric, superstitious vicar of Morwenstow.

In the preface to his "Ancient Tales and Folklore of Japan" (The Macmillan Co.) R. G. Smith states that the stories are transcribed from voluminous illustrated diaries which he has kept for some twenty years of travel and sport in many lands. More particularly he has drawn from the record of the last nine years, during which he has been in Japan collecting subjects of natural history for the British Museum. His pursuits have brought him into contact with all sorts of people—the fisher, the farmer, the priest, the doctor—and from these he has gathered and set down a wealth of folklore and legend. The substance of the stories is like that which Lafcadio Hearn drew from old books. Mr. Smith writes them down in a straightforward manner, without, indeed, any of the ghostly art which makes the work of Hearn so unique, but with sufficient honest skill to keep the curiosity awake through a good many pages. It is a book to read at intervals, and not straight through. The illustrations, reproduced in color, were worked up by Mr. Mo-No-Yuki from Mr. Smith's sketches, and present at times a curious mixture of Eastern and Western taste. They vary greatly also in execution, and as a body are more interesting than correct. Altogether, the book can be recommended as one of the most attractive recent works of which Japan has been the theme.

The schism in the Babist ranks on the question of headship has been described by Gobineau in "Les Religions, etc.," and particularly by E. G. Browne, in his books on the Babist movement. The founder of the movement, Ali Mohammed, announced himself as being merely the door (*bab*) to the divine mysteries, the forerunner of him whom God should manifest. On the death of the Bab in 1850, Subh-i-Ezel, the highest in rank of his followers, was recognized as chief of the sect; but in 1866 another follower, Baha-ad-din, professing to show the "signs" indicated by the Bab, asserted his right to the position, and to him the suffrages of the majority of the Babist body were given. He finally found a home in Acco (Acre) in Palestine, where he died in 1892, leaving to his son, Abdu'l-Baha, the task of carrying on his work. Subh-i-Ezel's teaching has been described by Browne, and, now, under the title "Some Answered Questions" (J. B. Lippincott), Laura Clifford Barney reports the substance of interviews held by her with Abdu'l-Baha in Acco in 1904-1906. As he spoke in Persian, and she understood the language at first not at all and later only a little, it is not certain that she has reported him with perfect exactness in all points, but she has doubtless given the gist of his statements. The Persian text of the answers is to appear shortly. Subh-i-Ezel is reported to have confined himself strictly to the teachings of the Bab; Baha-ad-din, as interpreted by his son, aimed more definitely at the establishment of a universal religion—he transformed Babism into Bahaism. While loyal to the Bab, he presents himself as the final Manifestation of God, and the infallible revealer of truth. His utterances, as given in the present volume, exhibit a mixture of ethical purity, religious breadth, and child-like credulity. All the personages, events, customs, and doctrines of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam he accepts and interprets from a spiritual point of view. Abraham, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, and the Bab he recognizes as his inspired forerunners, each adding his quota to the mass of truth, each great in proportion as he manifests the perfections of God. Every doctrine is good so far as it embodies a spiritual conception; thus, in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, Christ is the mirror of divine Reality, and the Holy Spirit is the Bounty of God, which becomes visible in the Reality of Christ. There is one religion in the world—all strifes, religious and political, are to cease with the triumph of Bahaism. A great variety of subjects is discussed in the volume: Darwinism, immortality, fate and free-will, the existence of evil, reincarnation, pantheism, and others, all treated shrewdly, though sometimes crudely. On the other hand, proofs of the divine mission of Baha-ad-din and other prophets are drawn by elaborate arithmetical calculations from the numbers given in the books of Daniel and the New Testament Apocalypse. Apart from scientific crudeness and the assumption of infallibility, Bahaism, as exhibited in this volume, is ethically broad and noble, and cannot fail to be a valuable factor in the life of those persons (numerous in Asia, Europe, and America) who accept it.

A contribution of prime importance to our scanty knowledge of English colonial administration in the seventeenth century is made by Prof. Charles M. Andrews in his "British Committees, Commissions, and Councils of Trade and Plantations, 1622-1675" (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press). From a first-hand study of material in the British archives, Professor Andrews is able to trace with some detail the history of the various bodies upon which was devolved, from time to time, the supervision of plantation trade, and to point out the steady, though irregular, development of a colonial policy. So little attention has yet been paid to the legal and administrative sides of American colonial history that much of the material in this pamphlet will be practically new, but we have space only to note a few of the points at which Professor Andrews's research corrects hitherto accepted statements. For example, the evidence goes to show that the importance of the first separate commission for plantation affairs, that created by Charles I in 1634 under the headship of Laud, has been much overrated, and that the commission did not in fact accomplish much. On the other hand, the Commission, or Council, of Trade of 1650, with its "statesmanlike and comprehensive instructions" (p. 24), has been unaccountably neglected. Some idea of its activity may be gathered from the fact that by November, 1651, it had made no less than seven reports to the Council of State and the same number to Parliament, had ready for submission opinions on six subjects, and had under debate eight other questions (pp. 25, 26). Of Cromwell's interest in colonial affairs something has been written, but Professor Andrews, though recognizing his activity, concludes that "there is nothing to show that Cromwell himself ever rose to a statesmanlike conception of colonial control and administration" (p. 37), and that the management of colonial affairs during the interregnum was "without unity or simplicity" (p. 48). Chapter iii, dealing with the proposals of the London merchants, particularly Noell and Povey, on the eve of the Restoration, is especially informing for the light which it sheds on the commercial interests behind official plans, and on the influences which affected Clarendon's policy. With the fall of Clarendon, in 1667, came further changes in organization and widespread demoralization in trade, although a sincere desire to benefit the kingdom seems to have been a controlling motive under Charles II quite as often as politics or extravagance. Appendices give the texts of important instructions, and a useful "Heads of Business of Councils," 1670-1674.

"The American Executive and Executive Methods," by President John H. Finley and John F. Sanderson (The Century Company), completes the American State Series, edited by Prof. W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins. The eight volumes, covering the entire organization of public authority in our system of government, form a useful set of text-books. The present work gives a comprehensive view of the legal powers of the chief executive in State and nation,

with citation of important judicial decisions. The broad distinction is noted that exists between the State Governor and the President in actual power and influence, owing to the disintegration of executive power in the State, but the vast importance of the consequences does not receive due appreciation. In the sections relating to the national executive one could desire that there should be a fuller consideration of what might be called the prerogative powers of the office—those deriving not from positive law, but from the incumbent's own conception of duty in fulfilment of his paramount obligation to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." At the outset the authors lay down a proposition which negatives the idea that there can be anything in the nature of prerogative: "The American executive power has been always a constitutional power, in the sense of a written power." But elsewhere activities of executive power are mentioned which cannot be traced to written power. For instance, it is remarked (p. 189):

> In the conduct of foreign affairs the executive power is guided, restrained, and explained by the law of nations, and in the conduct of military operations it is interpreted by the laws of war.

It is further averred (p. 266) that "the Constitution does not specify the powers which he may rightfully exercise in his character as commander-in-chief, nor are they defined by legislation." Not only does his authority extend beyond written power, but it is noted that it overflows written power expressly denied him. Thus Congress alone has written power to declare war, and yet "the President may establish the legal status of war, without such declaration, by using defensively those means and measures which, under the law of nations, are employed in lawful war" (p. 292). On the general subject of the distribution of authority, the work says (p. 49):

> The duty of the Legislature is to prescribe the rule of action for the State, that of the judiciary to interpret that rule or to expound that law, and that of the executive to see that the law is faithfully administered.

In view of the admissions noted in the foregoing, it is manifest that this statement of constitutional doctrine does not agree with existing facts and circumstances. The narrow, legalistic view taken in this work precludes just consideration of the development of the Presidency as an organ of political force, and of the transformations it has experienced in this respect. The message of President Polk, December 5, 1848, in which he declared the Presidency to be a representative institution—the only one representative of the nation as a whole—is a landmark of our constitutional development, the significance of which is yet to receive proper recognition.

"All this Herbert Spencer has clearly revealed," remarks Andrew Carnegie, in sketching a process by which there "came life from the ooze of the sea," culminating in the development of the human race and the spread of civilization. Basking in the light of Spencerian revelation, Mr. Carnegie is able to give us positive assurance that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds:

> We of to-day have become more civilized, more peaceable; the arts of peace, not not those of war, our occupation. We have reached the industrial age with its problems.

These problems form the theme of Mr. Carnegie's "Problems of To-day" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), mainly devoted to a consideration of Socialism in its various phases. He contends that Individualism can beat Socialism at its own game, instancing old-age pensions, New Zealand land legislation, government ownership of railways, and municipalization of public utilities as triumphs of Individualism. American public policy is cited as an illustrious example: "In America there are no duties of moment, except such as bear upon the rich, who alone use imported articles." In this statement there should be some balm for the "standpatters" whom lately he wounded by declarations that the tariff would bear trimming. The final essay deals with "Railway Rebates," a subject on which Mr. Carnegie is qualified to speak with authority, without the aid of Spencerian revelation. But here, again, his fondness for gross optimistic assertion precludes anything like true discussion. In view of actual conditions the complacency seems astonishing that enables him to say:

> The ease and rapidity with which the commission was established, which has already abolished demoralizing rebates and is rapidly giving to corporate investments the security they possess in other lands by bringing them under supervision, is a great triumph for our governmental system.

Mr. Carnegie's habit of cutting discussion short by oracular utterance gives to his style a peculiar quality, that can only be described as pudgy.

Somewhat as Goethe and Schiller, in stimulating rivalry, entertained and inspired the little Duchy of Weimar and led on the rest of literary Germany, so Gerhart Hauptmann and Sudermann still contend for the mastery. A few weeks ago Sudermann surprised his admirers by a return to fiction; and now Hauptmann, whose last work, "Kaiser Karls Geisel," was a play, furnishes a still greater surprise in a compendious volume, beautifully printed, giving his impressions of springtime in Greece, "Griechischer Frühling" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner). The book is not of travel, in the conventional sense; it is a series of highly-polished paragraphs, as if torn from the leaves of a poet's diary. Hauptmann roams among gods and goddesses; though he cannot get away entirely from screaming, fighting hawkers and exorbitant guides, these but serve as natural background for a scene in the foreground of which still move the ancient deities. All along the sea-route to Greece Hauptmann finds endless stuff of poetry, recalling the "clever liar" of the Odyssey, and concluding that, when he is seasick, a god is but taking revenge upon him. Rainbows encircle sea and land; the roar of the ocean fills his soul. He goes into ecstasy over Corfu, wandering here and there until darkness prevents his visiting the monument to Heine. Everywhere the spring encompasses him: the sweet aroma of orange-thickets, pomegranates, and raspberries rises from the hillsides like incense. Fair skies become overcast and drizzle; Hauptmann's thoughts turn to a crowd of young Athenians, and he wonders if Alcibiades may not be among them. In sacred but joyful intercourse with both gods and those of old who worshipped them, Hauptmann wanders from corner to corner of classic Greece, lost in wonder at the ruins; he climbs the sides of theatres, descends into the caverns of temples, and tosses a wild-flower into the dark well; and at length, all too reluctantly, of course, bids adieu to Athens, "the light, the heart, the head, the breathing breast, the blossom of Greece."

Heine's complete works, with introduction and commentary, are published in four volumes by the Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co., Stuttgart. Of the five editors engaged upon the task, Veit Valentin is an author who looks back upon forty years of activity as writer on various philological and literary subjects, and editor of numerous school classics.

The tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist's life has never ceased to engage the attention of students. One of the latest contributions to the subject is Hanna Hellmann's "Heinrich von Kleist: Das Problem seines Lebens und seiner Dichtung" (Heidelberg: Carl Winter).

Aus der Gedankenwelt grosser Geister is the collective title of a series of books edited by Lothar Brieger-Wasservogel (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz). Each volume contains selections from the writings of some great thinker. The twelfth volume was devoted to Rousseau, the thirteenth presents Pascal.

Theodor Wolff is the author of a book which, in the variety of subjects treated and in the sprightly tone in which it is written, suggests the atmosphere of the city to which it is dedicated. The "Pariser Tagebuch" (Munich: Albert Langen), a collection of papers originally written for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, gives vivid impressions of figures and phases of French art and letters and intimate glimpses of life in Paris.

Dr. Heinrich Meisner, author of a history of the invention of printing and other historical works, and editor of the writings of Ernst Moritz Arndt, of posthumous poems by Eichendorff, and letters by Wilhelm von Humboldt, has published separately, under the title "Ernst Moritz Arndt: Sein Leben und sein Schaffen," the biography of Arndt which originally appeared as introduction to the works. (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.)

The *Harvard Gazette* announces that by bequest of the late Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, the College Library has received an interesting early portrait of Chaucer, painted in oil on an oak panel. An inscription on the back of the panel, formerly legible, but now too faint to read, states:

> This picture was presented by Miss Frances Lambert to Benjamin Dyke on the 6th of September, 1803, to perpetuate the memory of her late invaluable relation, Thomas Stokes, Esq., of Llanshaw Court, in the County of Gloucester, where it was preserved for more than three centuries, as appears from the inventory of pictures in the possession of that ancient and respectable family.

Nothing more is known of the origin or early history of the portrait, but it shows a close resemblance to the only known authentic portrait of Chaucer, the miniature in Occleve's "De regimine principum" (Harleian MS. 4866), written in 1411-12, and to a later full-length portrait in another British Museum manuscript (Additional MS.

5141). In recent years, it has been known as the Seddon portrait. It was bought, after Mr. Seddon's death, by Fairfax Murray, who later sold it to James Loeb. Mr. Loeb presented it to Professor Norton. Professor Norton bequeaths it to the library, with the request that it be inscribed as a memorial of two lovers of Chaucer, Francis James Child and James Russell Lowell.

The original manuscript of Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyage à la lune" has been found in the Bibliothèque Royale of Munich According to this MS. the romance, which has heretofore been attributed to 1649-50, was written in 1641-3.

The Modern Language Association of America will hold its twenty-sixth annual meeting at Princeton, December 28-30. President Woodrow Wilson will give an address of welcome. The programme lists the following papers: "Chaucer's 'Legend of Meden,'" Robert K. Root, Princeton; 'An Unpublished Collection of Old French Fables," Murray P. Brush, Johns Hopkins; "Goethe's Homunculus: A Study in Faust Criticism," Karl D. Jessen, Bryn Mawr; "The Results of Mrs. Macdonald's Discoveries regarding Jean Jacques Rousseau," Albert Schinz, Bryn Mawr; "The Purport of Lyly's 'Endimion,'" Percy W. Long, Cambridge, Mass.; "Ælfric's Legend of St. Swithin," Gordon Hall Gerould, Princeton; "A Plea for the Study of Mediæval Latin," Frederick Morris Warren, Yale, president of the association; "The Poetry of Sully Prudhomme," E. P. Dargan, University of Virginia: "Milton and the Revival of the Sonnet," Raymond D. Havens, University of Rochester; "A Definition of 'Petrarchismo," John Milton Berdan, Yale; "'Chauvin' ('Chauvinisme'—'Calvin,' 'Cauvin'): Truth and Fiction in the Story of Its Origin," A. Marshall Elliott, Johns Hopkins; "Pössneck and 'Hermann und Dorothea'," Charles Julius Kullmer, Syracuse University; "French Poetry and English Readers," Brander Matthews, Columbia; "The Facts of Pierre Du Ryer's Life," H. Carrington Lancaster, Amherst; "The United States in European Literature," Camillo von Klenze; "The Beginnings of Byronism in Spain," Philip H. Churchman, Clarke College; "The Moor in Spanish Popular Poetry before 1600," William Wistar Comfort, Haverford; "'Amore e Monna Lagia e Guido ed Io': A New Interpretation of the Sonnet by Guido Cavalcanti," James E. Shaw, Johns Hopkins; "'Beowulf' and the 'Saga of Hrolf Kraki," William W. Lawrence, Columbia; "The First Book Printed in England and Its Source," Ernest F. Langley, Dartmouth; "The Influence of the Translation Technique of J. H. Voss on Goethe's Hexameter," Clarence W. Eastman, Amherst; "Fortune's Wheel in the 'Roman de la Rose'," Stanley L. Galpin, Amherst; "The Fabliau in English Literature," G. H. McKnight, Ohio State University; "Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' as Epic and as Drama," Percy A. Hutchison, Harvard; "A Recently Discovered Fragment of an Old French Life of Julius Cæsar," Henry A. Todd, Columbia; "The Collaboration of Webster and Dekker," Frederick E. Pierce, West Haven, Conn.; "A Prospective Edition of the 'Chanson de Roland'," F. B. Luquiens, Yale. The following papers are to be read by title only: "Stress in 'The Wars of Alexander'," C. R. Baskervill, University of Texas; "On the Supposed Dramatic Character of the 'Ludi' in the Great Wardrobe Accounts of Edward III, 1345-1349," Arthur Beatty, University of Wisconsin; "Is a New Laokoön Needed?" Samuel P. Capen, Clark College; "Barthélemy du Chastel, Archdeacon of Avignon," John L. Gerig, Columbia; "The Influence of Salvator Rosa in English Literature of the Eighteenth Century," E. E. Hale, jr., Union College; "The Relation of Thought and Language," Theodore W. Hunt, Princeton; "The History of French Fable Manuscripts," George C. Keidel, Johns Hopkins; "The Fisher-King in the Grail Romances," William A. Nitze, University of California; "The Supernatural in American Literature," Arthur Hobson Quinn, University of Pennsylvania; "A Note on Marlowe's Dramatic Technique," Martin Sampson, Cornell: "Some Changes now Going on in English," C. Alphonso Smith, University of North Carolina; "English for Engineers," Wilbur Owen Sypherd, Delaware College. The American Dialect Society and the Concordance Society will meet at the same time and place.

The Prix Goncourt (5,000 fr.) has been awarded to Francis de Miomandre, subeditor of *L'Art et les artistes,* for the history of a "jeune littérateur marseillais." The Prix Vie-Heurcuse for 1908 goes to M. Estaunié, author of "La Vie secrète."

Orlando Jay Smith died Sunday night at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., at the age of sixty-six. During the civil war he served in the army, rising from private to major. He then went into the newspaper business, and in 1882 founded the American Press Association, of which he remained president until his death. He published several books: "A Short View of Great Questions" (1899), "The Coming Democracy" (1900), "Eternalism" (1902), and "Balance" (1904).

Cardinal Victor Lucien Sulpice Lecot, archbishop of Bordeaux, died at Chambéry, France, on Sunday. He was born at Montescourt January 8, 1831. He was appointed bishop of Dijon in 1886 and archbishop of Bordeaux in 1890, and was created cardinal January 16, 1893. He was one of the most prominent figures in the question of the separation of church and state in France, and led the party of conciliation, maintaining that resistance would entail a religious war, which would be the worst of evils, in view of the indifference of the greater number of Catholics. He strongly condemned, however, the separation law in a pastoral letter, and later issued an appeal to the faithful not to join "false Catholics and bad priests" in the formation of associations to take over church property. His published works are: "L'Abbé Nollet, inventeur de l'électricité dans les nuages," and "Foi picarde."

Frau Ilse Frapan-Akunian has died at Geneva, at the age of fifty-six. Her stories of life in Hamburg, where she was born, brought her considerable reputation. Her works include: "Hamburger Novellen," "Zwischen Elbe und Alster," "Enge Welt," "Zu Wasser und zu Lande," "Die Betrogenen," "Arbeit," and "Die Ritter der Moral."

PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION.

The American College: A Criticism. By Abraham Flexner. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

America at College: As Seen by a Scots Graduate. By Robert K. Risk. Glasgow: John Smith & Son. 3s. 6d. net.

If the parents of American college youth were all to read the severe indictment of our colleges in Mr. Flexner's volume, and to accept it at its face value, the average college might not find students enough next year to justify it in keeping its doors open. This, however, would hardly be the impression intended; doubtless, the reader will get nearer Mr. Flexner's true meaning by crediting him with the common though often dangerous device of seeking emphasis through exaggeration. With due allowance on this score, the destructive side of this book contains much to which college authorities may well devote serious attention.

There is only too much concrete evidence to justify the complaint that college students are lacking in spontaneous and disinterested intellectual activity; that they "are, and for the most part emerge, flighty, superficial, and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness, and thoroughness." It is well to remember, however, that, consciously or unconsciously, we pass this judgment, not in comparison with what the same young man would probably be without college associations and training at all, but with an ideal which we have in mind as the legitimate fruit of college opportunities. Flightiness, lack of spontaneous and disinterested intellectual activity, immaturity, and superficiality, are unfortunately still a large part of the mental inheritance of us all. Many of the world's really great men have carried a varied assortment of these qualities through life, and we have hardly reached the point where we can fairly expect the college to divest the average boy entirely of this burden. Still, that is just what education should aim at, and Mr. Flexner's over-coloring of the picture may well be excused if it shall rouse college authorities out of a lazy satisfaction with inadequate results.

It is doubtless possible to overestimate the significance of such statistics as are often circulated to prove the high average of success in after life on the part of college men as compared with others. Mr. Flexner demonstrates by his own handling of the subject that it is just as possible to underrate this evidence. The fact that college-educated men have been better able, on the average, than others to attain what they regard as reasonable success in various walks of life does, we hold, demonstrate a high value in this education, despite its unquestionable shortcomings. It is easy to say that the col-

lege deserves no credit, since it receives the ablest and most energetic youth to work upon, but most college teachers would qualify that assertion. Is there any college which has not its large element of students who display a distressingly low level of mental ability? Does any college teacher fail to be troubled with a goodly number in whom energy is wofully lacking? How many colleges are without a noticeable contingent of wealthy idlers who see no necessity for energetic effort on their own part? We grant that our colleges show shameful slackness, and even cowardice, in not setting higher standards, and, even at the expense of tuition fees, getting rid of the idle and the vicious. Nevertheless, the college, as it has been and is, must still be credited with making a great many useful and successful citizens out of extremely raw and unpromising material.

We go hand-in-hand with Mr. Flexner first in admitting that necessity of extending the field of college study, which brought in the principle of election, and then in the opinion that the colleges have as yet failed to work out such a practical application of the principle as will secure to students in general all the advantages hoped for. Too many students fail to gravitate toward some department for which they possess natural aptitude and to throw themselves enthusiastically and hence successfully into that work; nor do they attach themselves to individual teachers whose personality is such as to take a powerful hold on their respect and affection and call out their most vigorous efforts. Again, too many students never rise to a fitting sense of responsibility and elect a fairly varied and broadening and yet inherently consistent course. For this defect of the elective system, Mr. Flexner assigns three reasons: First, that the preparatory routine demanded by the college suppresses just that power of wise choice, which the college assumes that it will develop; second, the chaotic condition of the college curriculum; and third, the fact that special research has appropriated so large a share of the college energies and facilities. To meet this last difficulty, he calls for "a vigorous reassertion of the priority of the college as such." The proper methods for research and the needs of the undergraduate do not coincide. "The necessary pre-condition to highly specialized research is thorough preliminary training in past achievement and a more than superficial knowledge of correlated branches." The freshman, of course, enters college without this equipment, and the "research work" into which he is forced during his undergraduate years is consequently a farce.

When Mr. Flexner comes to deal with the relation of the preparatory school to the college, however, there is more room for question. His demand, in brief, is that the college shall take its controlling hand off the secondary school. The range of choice among different preparatory subjects permitted of late years by some colleges, does not content him. Even in these cases, the requirements predetermine the methods of the secondary teacher. He would shove the elective principle back bodily into the secondary school, and admit no such examinations by college authorities, or control of any other kind, as would limit the judgment of the secondary teacher in matters concerning the content of the course, or the methods of instruction. Behind this radical demand lies his belief that the secondary teacher has the pupil just at that plastic period when his natural aptitudes may most easily be discovered and his energies enthusiastically engaged in the most effective channels. The secondary period, he thinks, is far more favorable than the college for the "free exploration" of the boy. After the preparatory school, thus left to its own insight, "has actually laid bare the individual, has started up vital and characteristic activities," the college will have something solid to build upon. The youth will enter with an adequate foundation for an intelligent choice of his status in life; and with this determined at the outset, "the college must then organize for him the intermediate steps to his chosen end." Of course, this carries with it the view that in the college "imminent vocational or professional necessities should largely determine both the content of the curriculum and the form of the instruction." The curriculum would thus naturally be organized into groups, the contents of each group being determined by the "status" towards which it aims. But this plan would easily lend itself to the promotion of very narrow views of the fundamental purpose of education. Too early a realization of the "imminent vocational or professional necessity" may readily defeat its own end, to say nothing of that broader view of education, which would use the college years for laying a mental and moral foundation, upon which any life status whatever might rest. The present college does not insure this, but we have hardly reached the point where it must be dropped as an impossible ideal.

"America at College" is a fairly entertaining but very superficial account of "some dozen representative universities and colleges in the United States." The author, a Scottish journalist, prepared the matter originally as a series of articles for the Glasgow *Herald;* and they have the excellences and defects of journalism. They are light and readable, but they treat chiefly of externals, and offer no specially profound or searching generalizations. Mr. Risk describes Harvard, Yale, Cornell, the University of Michigan, Hobart, the University of Chicago, Johns Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Columbia, the College of the City of New York, and Princeton. He then adds chapters on "The Social Side," "Staff and Student," and "Some General Conclusions." His trip was evidently too hasty to allow a thorough examination of the work of any of these institutions, but he saw some of the evils of which Mr. Flexner complains. He questions the efficiency of the unrestricted elective system; he complains of the low standards of scholarship; he deplores the undue emphasis on intercollegiate athletics. The "organized applause" impressed him "not only as a novelty, but as something grotesque and infantile." Perhaps we can best characterize the book by quoting the closing sentences:

> The American universities fulfil one part of their work, the forming of character with notable success. When they are some centuries older, they will produce scholars as well as engineers, doctors, lawyers, agriculturalists, and administrators in politics and commerce. In the meantime, the universities are training the kind of man required by a nation whose material resources have only begun to be developed. It is a great country, America. In university matters, as in social and political affairs, it does not know where it is going; but it is determined to get there.

The Teacher. By George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Personality in Education. By James P. Conover. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

The supreme importance in education of the teacher is the central idea of Mr. Conover's book and of the opening essay of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's. The latter, however, would have been better entitled "Essays on Educational Matters," for it is really a heterogeneous collection of writings, differing much in subject, timeliness, and intrinsic value. Of its three groups, the second, "Harvard Papers," consisting mainly of articles written in the '80s in defence of the elective system, seems oddly out of date—not because that system bas been established past all need of defence, but because the criticisms now based upon experience of its twenty years of triumph must be met with other arguments and evidence than served to refute the fears and guesses of its original opponents. Tucked into this group, by the way, we find a sketch of the eccentric and picturesque Prof. E. A. Sophocles, a portrait altogether delightful in itself, but quite out of place in this series of arguments and expositions. The four short papers on women's education, by Mrs. Palmer, with which the book closes, are also lacking in any vivid present interest, although there is something pleasant in the friendly,

hopeful, rather uncritical spirit in which they are written.

The really valuable essays in this book are those of the first group, especially "The Ideal Teacher," "Self-Cultivation in English," and "The Glory of the Imperfect." In these Mr. Palmer's rare mixture of practicality and idealism, his humor, his faith in human nature, and his love of life inspire scores of helpful and memorable passages. "The Ideal Teacher," in particular, should be published by itself and placed in the hands of every man and woman engaged in "the impartation of knowledge"—which, as Mr. Palmer usefully reminds us, is an entirely different matter from the acquisition of it. As he says:

> While no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar—I have known several such—that is not the main thing. What constitutes a teacher is the passion to make scholars.

It is interesting, in view of the reaction so perceptible in the educational world against specialization and the elective system, to see how heartily and undoubtingly this veteran believes in both. Partly, this faith has been the result of experience—he was a slow convert, he tells us; partly, it seems to spring from his hopeful, democratic spirit. It is this spirit which enables him to write so sympathetically, albeit with a twinkle:

> Any man who loves knowledge and his native land must be glad at heart when he visits a summer assembly of Chautauqua; there listens to the Orator's Recognition Address; attends the swiftly successive Round Tables upon Milton, Temperance, Geology, the American Constitution, the Relations of Science and Religion, and the Doctrine of Rent; perhaps assists at the Cooking School, the Prayer Meeting, the Concert, and the Gymnastic Drill; or wanders under the trees among the piazzaed cottages and sees the Hall of Philosophy and the wooden Doric Temple shining on their little eminences; and, best of all, perceives in what throngs have gathered here the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker—a throng themselves, their wives and daughters a throng—all heated in body, but none the less aglow for learning and a good time. . . . To find a popular movement so composite and aspiring, we must go back to the mediæval Crusades or the Greek Mysteries. In these alone do we observe anything so ideal, so bizarre, so expressive of the combined intellectual and religious hopes of a people.

If Mr. Palmer's ideas, however true and helpful, are not remarkably original or profound, they borrow some distinction from the medium through which they are put forth, a style of limpidity, suavity, and familiar elegance.

In comparison with it Mr. Conover's well-meant sentences suffer perhaps unfairly. Still, it remains true that in manner as well as matter Mr. Conover is inferior not only to Mr. Palmer, but, as he would be the first to admit, to the three writers and teachers from whom he quotes so modestly and generously—President Hyde, Dean Briggs, and Thring of Uppingham. The real value of his book, indeed, lies chiefly in these full and admirable selections, chosen and arranged to bring out and fortify the author's thesis:

> After all improvements in books, methods, and appliances, *the teacher* is the one absolute requisite, and all true advance must go *through him.*

Mr. Conover's book is practical, concentrated, professional. Founded on long experience in St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., it excels where its scope is narrowest and where the earnest, conscientious labors of the teacher enable him to offer useful suggestions to those in similar situations. On the vexed question of athletics Mr. Conover speaks with no uncertain sound:

> What can we expect in finance and social rivalry of those who have imbibed for many years the spirit that now commonly pervades the playgrounds of our schools and colleges?

This spirit, he finds, is that of "undue rivalry," which "has not only subverted the whole idea of play, but . . . has tended to breed in our stock an inordinate and impatient desire for immediate success":

> . . . The boy is in the way of being trained into an utterly false standard of life. His eye is fixed on all the little trumpery prizes by the way; he is ever racing with somebody; he is worn out with the competition, and loses sight of the great prize: to find that place among his fellows which is *his* and which he can fill better than any other man.

Mr. Conover's remedy is that the school shall "be the absolute arbiter of the games to be played and . . . see to it that its boys play, and not solely or principally train a team to down some other team. Men at college will play what they have learned at school. Now the sequence is reversed. Boys at school try to play what graduates arrange for college men to perform." On religious education the author's views are liberal, but are naturally much colored, especially in expression, by the atmosphere of a "Church" school. It seems a little curious that, while stress is laid on the desirability of careful instruction in the Prayer-Book, Bible-study is mentioned but once, and then to be deprecated.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wind in the Willows. By Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is difficult to describe the impression made by this beautifully written book, or to determine whether it was intended for children, for grown people, or for grown-up children—perhaps it was meant for all. It is full of dewy nature, breathes the open air of field, winding river, and forest. The pipes of Pan are in it, the lure of far blue distances, strange whiffs from gypsy-land. There is wood magic and melody enough in it—apart from the sprinkled songs—to set up a minor poet for life. Yet it tantalizingly fails in its total effect. It goes at times as far over the heads of children as at others it descends beneath the heads of adults. It seems as if the author had set out to write a kind of poetical journal of a group of high-spirited collegians in their *Wanderjahr.* When he had done, it seems, in an odd whim he blotted out the names of human characters and wrote in their stead Water Rat, Toad, Mole, Badger, and Otter. Aside from their names, there is nothing to connect their adventures with the lower animal world. The result is neither a naïve animal story nor evenly sustained allegory—it is a sort of puzzling medley with many happy lucid intervals and promise of better things.

The Shadow World. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Although certain fictitious names of persons and places are used in this book, it is not so much a work of fiction as a record of "the most marvellous phenomena which have come under the author's observation during the last sixteen or seventeen years." He has based his narrative, moreover, not upon general recollection, but upon notes made at sittings, and reports of his to the American Psychical Society, of which he was at one time a director. He also rehearses many of the phenomena vouched for by Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, Botazzi, and others. But the chief interest of the book for most readers will lie in the record of Mr. Garland's own experience. What is the upshot for him of his commerce with mediums or "psychics"? It has been his determination from the outset "to strip away all romance and all superstitious religious ideas from this subject," and to "insist on the normal character of these phenomena." There is nothing supernatural about them; the problem is simply to find out what unknown law of nature they embody. From this point of view the phenomenon of "telekinesis" is the important one. The remarkable cases of impersonation, or apparent reincarnation of departed souls, he dismisses as of little interest to the scientific investigator. "You are still in the tattered fringes of spiritism, even when you have seen all that impersonation can show you." That material objects may be actually moved by forces other than those which we call physical is the first alleged fact which he sets out to test. In most cases the tests were, to his mind, satisfactorily met: the usual somewhat absurd things happened. The

author is convinced that tables climbed about the room, accordeons were played by unseen hands, books and other small objects were mysteriously transported, "messages" were received, in writing, by raps, and by whispers. These utterances were commonly trivial in themselves, as were the feats of lifting and moving. Mr. Garland believed that what was involved was "not the mystery of the discarnate soul, but the mystery of the X-ray." The difficulty is that such a work as this can hardly be criticised as a scientific discussion. On the other hand, it has small claim to be read as fiction. Yet its form as such will no doubt result in putting the more recent scientific investigations in "the shadow world" before a great many people who would dodge the reports of the psychical societies.

The Elusive Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There yet remains to be written a book, "How to 'Novelize' a Short Story." Whoever undertakes the work should begin with Baroness Orczy, whose wealth of expansive devices commands admiration. "The Elusive Pimpernel," a daring Englishman, moves in the hazardous society of Robespierre and his guillotine; he gets into terrible scrapes and out of them. One of these is the "plot" of this book. Told in forty-four pages, it might have made as lively romance as one could wish for; there are fair ladies, dark intrigues, and surprises enough for that space. But when they fill precisely three hundred more pages, the reader thinks less of them than of the consummate padding.

Leonore Stubbs. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Certain things are confidently to be looked for in a book by the author of "Mr. Smith" and "The Baby's Grandmother"—an English country parish, a group of country neighbors gossiping, tea-drinking, shooting, match-making and breaking. Her new story fulfils all rational expectations without repeating the characters of former parishes. A young widow returns to her father's roof, no heiress as he had supposed, but a poor dependant. He strives to keep her cooped up in the enclosure of ceremonious mourning that the neighborhood may still consider her, and incidentally himself, personages of importance. Of course, serious consequences follow on this forced and false policy, all culminating at last, however, in the correct dénouement for a light novel. The ingredients of dilemma and deliverance are, beside the bullying father and girl-widow daughter, one soft and two hard sisters, one normal aspirant to the lady's supposed fortune, one half-witted suitor, one daft apothecary suitor, the family doctor, a match-making grandmother with an eye to shekels, and the somewhat impalpable true and only prince. The heroine, a very human young person, flinches at loneliness, rebels at suppression, but at last acquires wisdom at the price of a few bruised hearts and impaired lives. The characterizing is one of the book's chief attractions, and includes a variety of new and not unoriginal actors. The story flows unhindered, perfectly readable if not soul-stirring. The parting touch, a perfect example of life's little ironies, shows that it is a mistake to think an author shallow because she writes on a small scale.

The Fly on the Wheel. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A hackneyed subject may be redeemed by original treatment; a great theme may mould to its own beauty the threadbare garb that clothes it; but a trite plot, tritely handled—what shall be said of that, save that it finds and loses its readers with equal ease? The case in point presents the version of the Triangle now most in vogue—a Man, a Wife, and a Young Girl. The Man, we are candidly told, is a type—and how well we know him! Strong, silent, masterful, with a square jaw—the family resemblance to his great-grandfather, Mr. Rochester, is distinctly traceable. Chafing (like many a man) in garments of his own making, he blames the loom on which the fabric was woven. "It's not me," he cries, his emotion rising above grammar, "it's the world that's out of joint." The Wife, having brought him during five years of wedlock nothing more inspiring than a large dowry and three children, seems to have exhausted her possibilities, and grows monotonous. He wearies for dreams, and finds them in the eyes of the Young Girl—only a few years younger than the Wife, to be sure, but full of temperament—familiar euphemism!—and of a bewildering exotic beauty. When his conscience finally asserts itself, strenuously nudged by the one lovable character in the book, he discovers, like the Arabian fisherman, that it is easier to let a genie out of prison than to get him back again. Too much has been said and done to ignore; and even the sudden suicide of the affinity—with whom the author deals as firmly as Barrie with Tommy—does not greatly better matters, except by ending a story which, with the exception of Father James's share in it, is both unwholesome and unnecessary, though possessing undeniable interest.

The Story of a Border City During the Civil War. By Galusha Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Dr. Anderson, a professor in the University of Chicago, was, as a young man, from 1858 to 1866, pastor of a Baptist church in St. Louis, and he relates here his experience. It is an interesting account of the struggle for the city between North and South, all of which he saw and part of which he was. A book of this kind has no value except as recording what the author observed with his own eyes, or caught from the air at the moment when the events were happening. Hence when Dr. Anderson takes from John Fiske's "Mississippi Valley During the Civil War," written a generation later, the story of Lyon's visit to Camp Jackson disguised in a "black bombazine gown," he merely encumbers his page. The incident is picturesque, and had Dr. Anderson been an eye-witness, or indeed learned of it at the moment, his confirmation of it would have been worth while. In a similar way the picturesque story of Grant's first recorded shot during the civil war, is quoted from John Fiske. When in a Fifth Street horse-car, in the spring of 1861, a blatant Secessionist was declaiming against the intolerance that would not allow men to fly what flag they chose, "not so intolerant after all," came from Grant, shabby and undistinguished in a corner, "for though many fly rebel flags, it is to be noticed that none have been hanged for it as they deserve." It is a good story, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Anderson does no more to establish its truth than repeat the hearsay of a time long subsequent. Such slips, however, are rare. For the most part our author relates what he heard and saw himself, and makes a good contribution to our knowledge of the time.

It is well to have the memory revived of such patriotic private citizens as James E. Yeatman, J. B. Johnson, W. G. Eliot, Truman Post, and Montgomery Schuyler, of the too-little known work of the Western Sanitary Commission, and of the great fair of 1864. Probably no pictures in the book are more valuable than those of the military administrators, who in succession guided the destinies of the city during the difficult hour. Among these, it has passed into history that Lyon was a marvel of quick decision and good judgment, that Fremont was vainglorious and inefficient, and that Scofield bore himself well between jarring factions. These estimates Dr. Anderson's pages fully confirm. As regards Gen. Halleck, however, this record will tend to unsettle the ordinary view, that he was a man of many shortcomings, and quite inadequate for a high command. In this book he appears as a model officer, keen, intrepid, business-like, vigorous, bringing order out of the forlornest chaos within the city, and managing well a vast department. In our recent history-writing there are signs of a revision of the country's estimate of Halleck. He, no doubt, made vast mistakes, but that his services at

times were of high value is also true—a fact which this book corroborates. Dr. Anderson's portrait of Rosecrans, too, is engaging. Discredited at Chickamauga, where his discomfiture was largely a matter of ill-luck, he was consigned to the administration of Missouri, as to a limbo fit for a man of fallen fortunes. This book shows that he did not sulk in his retirement, but served as he could, keenly alert in unmasking and confronting the widespread treachery with which in 1864 even the loyal Northwest was deeply honeycombed.

Roman Holidays and Others. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.

One would need to command as rich and delicate an assortment of epithets as Mr. Howells himself in order to do justice to this book. Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, Pisa, Leghorn, Rome—which has two-thirds of the space—and several smaller towns pass before us in a series of entertaining cinematograph pictures which, to our thinking, no other living American, or Englishman either, could rival. For Mr. Howells avoids the psychologizing which makes Henry James's essays of travel now too heavy, and now too wire-drawn and recondite; he avoids also the point-blank, *ad captandum* air of the literary landscapists, who sit down before any scene or building and describe it with businesslike impartiality; and, finally, he avoids the flimsiness of most impressionist word-painting. There is, nevertheless, a blending of all three varieties, without carrying any one of them to an extreme. He gives us with perfect definiteness the actual environment, sketching in the beggars or priests or broad-horned cattle that happened to meet his eyes—but he does not insist too much on details; he moralizes and even psychologizes, but in an offhand, touch-and-go fashion, quite different from Mr. James's; and he indulges in plenty of reflections, but these, too, he does not press too hard.

Whoever remembers the vigor, not to say combativeness, with which Mr. Howells some twenty years ago conducted his propaganda of realism, how he satirized those of us who still found something admirable in Scott and Dickens, in Thackeray and George Eliot, will marvel at the urbanity that pervades his latest book. In those earlier polemics we heard the literary partisan, the recent convert, the doctrinaire; here we listen to the genial traveller of three-score-and-ten, who has no cause to defend, no hero to glorify at the expense of others, no creed to preach; one who sees and feels and remembers, and then reports with charming finesse. The absence of propagandism does not spring from an atrophy of opinions—far from it; but Mr. Howells has attained the art of causing his opinions to glide undogmatically into his reader's mind. You take them in along with the glimpse of landscape or with the recollection. Mr. Howells is desultory enough, without becoming formless, after the manner of the impressionists. His humor, which, we suspect, is his most characteristic gift, plays over every page. He refers frequently to the old days in which as a youth he first visited many of these scenes, but he shows no disposition to exalt the old, nor to lament over the personal transition from youth to age. He takes himself humorously, as at every turn some painting or statue or view brings before him his young self, with the undisciplined enthusiasm and immature conclusions of his earliest Italian sojourn.

The value of books of this kind depends almost entirely on the personality of the writer. Most of us have seen Rome and Naples and Genoa; all of us know them through photographs and through numberless descriptions. It is precisely because we see them through Mr. Howells's eyes, colored and shaped by his individuality, that we prize these particular sketches. As we read Mr. Howells, we think of Heine and Gautier and of still earlier travellers, who left their descriptions of travel, and we note the great change that has come about in such writings. Until recently, *Reisebilder* were likely to be spontaneous and unmethodical. The poet or novelist wrote only when he felt like it, only when he was greatly moved. His purpose was to report his intensest impressions, not to furnish an inventory of all his impressions. The modern writer of travel sketches must, on the contrary, be self-conscious, and must furnish so much copy for every day's sight-seeing. So Mr. Howells knows that, whether he spends his morning on the Pincian, or strolling through the streets, or visiting St. Peter's, or exploring the Forum, he must gather enough impressions to fill his daily stint of manuscript. The result is that there is no proportion observed in the objects which make the impressions—the description of a lizard may be longer than that of the Colisseum—and that the quality of unpremeditatedness—"the first, fine, careless rapture"—which gave charm to Heine's sketches, for instance, cannot be had Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mrs. Wharton, and all the other adepts who travel to "write up" a country, can never experience a *careless* rapture, because at each moment they are taking stock of their impressions and thinking how to translate them into language. The obligation of finding an adjective to fit every object, however trivial, precludes spontaneity and selection, because there are many objects which, for all ordinary purposes, are not worth labelling. Great literary critics do not waste their time in analyzing tenth rate verse; but the literary landscapist can make no distinctions.

Subjective, casual, and miscellaneous, therefore, must such works be. Fortunately, Mr. Howells is subjectively rich, so that it matters little what he describes. He writes unaffectedly, without purple patches and without effort, after the manner of a glorified journalist, who, accustomed to turn out a large quantity of high-grade copy every day, has neither posterity nor an impossible perfection in view. There is a tradition that when Flaubert could not catch the inevitable word, he would roll on the floor in rage, and we are all so familiar with Stevenson's hectic pursuit of the adjective that we can see him pulling his forelock, yearning, and writhing, and at last, when he captures his word, looking up at us with the exultant expression of Little Jacky Horner. But Mr. Howell's epithets and phrases seem to come easily, do their work, and pass on with refreshing naturalness. And with Italy to stimulate his fund of reminiscence and his unfailing humor, he is a delightful companion.

Science.

Through Southern Mexico. By Hans Gadow. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $6 net.

The work of Professor Gadow on the reptiles, and particularly the lizards, of Mexico is widely known; for most of his scientific results have been published in the Proceedings of the Royal, the Zoölogical, and the Linnæan Societies of London. He has lectured in New York, has just given a Lowell course in Boston; and he holds the chair of zoölogy in Cambridge, England. The present volume is based on two journeys which he and Mrs. Gadow took during the period from June to September in 1902 and 1904, through some of the wilder portions of southern Mexico. The style is clear, and the author's observations reveal the keenness of vision of a thoroughly good field naturalist. The material includes personal adventures, short dissertations on fauna and flora, and on the human inhabitants, past and present. Indeed, there is a great deal of novel and interesting information which will often hold the reader's closest attention for many consecutive pages. Some of the ground has been covered by other writers and it would have been as well to have omitted the first three chapters treating the well-known region of Vera Cruz, Orizaba, and Mexico City. But when the author starts southward he offers something of interest at every step. His very method of travel was novel: he secured a full-sized baggage car and transform-

ed it into a "private car" by curtaining off a bedroom, supply-room, and guides' sleeping quarters. This was sidetracked at any station where the surrounding country looked inviting, to remain for a longer or shorter time, as camp and base of supplies. By this method Professor Gadow worked gradually southward to the Tehuantepec Isthmus Railroad.

Since the author touches upon all phases of life and nature, a detailed review is impossible here; but one or two facts stand out sharply. Seldom is there presented in print such a striking example of the enormous development of life and the equally great destruction of it in the tropics, as is shown by the account of the tree-frogs of Presidio. Over an area but little larger than a tennis court there suddenly appeared a vast multitude of large, green tree-frogs, uttering cries which, taken as a whole, sounded like the escaping steam from many engines. An absurdly low estimate gave 45,000 as the total number, of which at least half were females laying from five to ten thousand eggs each. Again taking the lower estimates, this would give at the minimum one hundred million eggs.

> The spawn literally covered both ground and water thickly. But the greatest surprise awaited us on the following morning, when we went to photograph the scene. There was not a single frog left: the water had all evaporated, and the whole place was glazed over with dried up spawn! The prospective chance of millions of little frogs was gone, their expectant parents having been deceived in calculating their day of incarnation. That was on the 4th of July, several weeks after the beginning of the rather fitful rainy season.

In any general account of a country errors cannot fail to slip in, but the chief fault of the author is a tendency to jump at conclusions or to draw inferences that are rather too sweeping. For example, in a general account of the distribution of color in a tropical forest (p. 108) we find the assertion:

> Lastly, those few animals that live on the ground itself, are nearly all dark of color, whether toads, frogs, lizards, snakes, or birds. It would be no good to wear a beautiful dress in a badly-lighted place; or rather, it is impossible, as such colors could not be developed there.

The last seven words have no foundation in fact, for we find many exceptions of color in frogs and snakes (such as the coral snakes, which the author himself describes), and in fishes and other creatures of the deeper, unlighted portions of the sea. A more serious defect is the lack of a good index. The seven pages devoted to one are almost wasted. None of the illustrations is noteworthy, and some of the drawings are slovenly.

The educational museum of Teachers College has opened, until February 13, an exhibit of material collected in various parts of the world by Prof. David Eugene Smith to illustrate the historical development of mathematics. The growth of number systems is illustrated by several Babylonian cylinders, casts and photographs of many others, and similar material; by magic squares and mystic trigrams on stone, and in Chinese silk; and by specimens of dice from Egyptian to modern times. The development of mechanical calculation is shown through Egyptian slates, Greek abaci, Roman reckoning pennies, and mediæval tally sticks down to contemporary machines that perform all arithmetical operations. The growth of trigonometry and astronomy is similarly illustrated through European and Oriental instruments. There are ancient and mediæval compasses, spheres, astrolabes, dials, calendars, weights, and measures. Selections from some 300 Persian, Arabic, and Indian mathematical manuscripts, and from some 600 Chinese and Japanese works are shown —the most interesting probably being the works of Bhaskara, the greatest Hindu mathematician; the monumental Chinese encyclopædia of mathematics, and the series of manuscripts marking the Oriental developments of geometry. The development of arithmetic is illustrated by plates from Professor Smith's descriptive catalogue of some 400 works published before 1601, perhaps the largest collection ever made. Later mathematical developments are illustrated by many rare volumes and selections from Professor Smith's collection of 5,000 autographs, portraits, and medals. Among these are several manuscripts, a dozen medals, and 150 portraits of Newton. The exhibit is open to the public.

Dr. Thomas Gray, vice-president of the Rose Polytechnic Institute of Terre Haute, Ind., head of the department of mechanical and civil engineering, died December 19. He was born in Lochgelly, Scotland, in 1850, and was graduated from Glasgow University in 1878. In 1879-81 he taught electrical engineering in the Imperial College at Tokio. For the succeeding seven years he was the assistant of Lord Kelvin in electrical engineering; he represented him and Prof. Fleeming Jenkin during the manufacture and laying of the Mackay-Bennett transatlantic cable. Dr. Gray was author of "Directions for Seismological Observations" in the British Admiralty "Manual of Scientific Inquiry," of articles on telegraphs and telephones in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and of many papers on scientific and engineering subjects. He was on the expert staff of the "Century Dictionary" in the department of electricity.

News comes from Würzburg of the death of the eminent pathologist, Eduard G. von Rindfleisch, at the age of seventy-two. He was a student under Virchow, and after various positions became, in 1874, Virchow's successor at Würzburg. His researches into the nature of tuberculosis were of acknowledged importance. He published a number of books, including "Lehrbuch der pathologischen Gewebelehre" and "Elemente der Pathologie."

The death is announced of Dr. Giuseppe Ciscato, in his fiftieth year. He had, since 1886, been connected with the Padua Observatory, where he accomplished a good deal of notable work in meteorology and geodesy, as well as in astronomy. He published studies in spherical trigonometry and in the use of the micrometer.

Drama.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA IN RELATIONS TO THE GOVERNMENT.

Documents Relating to the Office of the Revels in the Time of Queen Elizabeth. Edited with notes and indexes by Albert Feuillerat. Pp. xvii.+513. [Vol. XXI. of the series Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas, under the general editorship of W. Bang.] Louvain.

Government Regulation of the Elizabethan Drama. By Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve. Pp. vii.+259. New York: Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Co., agents.

Every great movement may be studied under two aspects: the Germans call them internal history and external. The internal history of our early drama consists in the treatment of the lives and writings of the dramatists and of the creative impulses to which they gave utterance. This we have had amply presented in the monumental works by Ward and by Schelling. But the external history of the drama, the treatment of those social and political forces which worked for or against it, is still to be written. Some questions have, indeed, been touched upon by Ward, more by Schelling. In the main, however, the relations of the drama to the nation at large and to the government in particular, whether royal or municipal, are not yet clearly and fully adjusted. This is not surprising. Not only are the facts hard to get at, buried in official documents, but the subject itself demands of the historian a large measure of self-abnegation. One must be indeed a model of insight and patience to see one's way through the maze of tricks and counter-tricks between players and censors.

The two books before us, the latest contributions to the solution of the problem, are as different as can well be imagined. Feuillerat's work, a bulky quarto of over five hundred pages, is little more than a verbatim reprint of official papers: first, the documents relating to the establishment of the Office of the Revels, next, the accounts of the Revels. The period covered is that of the reign of Elizabeth. Apart from the editor's notes, pp. 425-476, the volume offers nothing for the ordinary reader. It is literally a storehouse of dry facts and figures, names, dates, from which the future expert must draw conclusions. In the preface the editor informs us that the present volume is but the first of a *corpus* of revels-documents; that a second volume, relating to the Revels in the times of Edward VI. and Mary is ready, that a third volume upon the Court Festivities of Henry VIII. is

in preparation, to be followed by a fourth, on the Revels of the Stuarts. In addition, he hopes to give, in an independent book, "the marrow of the documents." Truly an heroic undertaking. Even admitting that the volumes for Edward and Mary and for Henry will be much smaller than the present, we may safely guess that the Stuart volume ought to be even bulkier. A mere glance at M. Feuillerat's pages fills one with admiration for his unflagging zeal and accuracy. Dry enough the reading is. For example, p. 193:

Predor & Lucia, playde by Therle of Leicesters servaunts vpon Saint stevens daye &c.

Alkmeon, playde by the Children of Powles on Saint Iohns daye &c.

Truth, ffaythfulnesse & Mercye, playde by the Children of westminster . . . vpon New yeares day &c.

Herpetulus the blew Knighte & *Perobia,* playde by my Lord Klintons servantes the third of Ianuary &c.

The entries are for December-January, 1573-4. One gets an insight into the doings of the Earl of Leicester's troupe and Lord Clinton's (see F. E. Schelling, "Elizabethan Drama," Vol. I., 144). In subject we note one classic, or pseudo-classic piece, two pieces from mediæval romance, one from the moralities. All four are mentioned by Schelling; here, however, we get them *in situ.* We also learn that at the one Christmas season these four plays, and two more, six in all, were given at Whitehall. The court drama thus takes on body and movement. The editor gives (pp. xiii-xvii) a chronological list of plays mentioned in this volume (1559-1589), with references to page and line of the text. It is a bewildering list of entertainments, some named, some without title. After the texts have been thoroughly scrutinized by competent scholars, we shall know considerably more about the early drama. For the present we are tempted to echo the colloquy between Faust and Mephistopheles on their way up the Brocken:

Faust. Da muss sich manches Rätsel lösen.

Mephistopheles. Doch manches knüpft sich auch.

We have not discovered that "A historie of fferrar," given on Twelfth Day, 1582-3, is noted elsewhere. The editor, in his note (p. 448), raises the question: "Can this ['The Paynfull Plill-grimage,' 1567-8], be 'Everyman'?" And calls attention to line 565 of "Everyman":

So must thou or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage.

The mere conjecture of a scholar like M. Feuillerat should, of course, be heeded. Yet we venture to remark that the phrase, "pilgrimage of man" was current in Middle English literature in connection with the translations from De Guilevile's "Pelerinage." The editor's note (p. 449) on "The Kinge of Scottes," in criticism of Mrs. Stopes's conjecture, is one of many evidences of his quick perception and wide reading. In conclusion we express to M. Feuillerat our warmest wishes for the completion of his great enterprise; most of all do we long for his "marrow of the documents." Already he has put into our hands the means of correcting the work of Collier and of Chambers.

Miss Gildersleeve's essay is wholly different in scope and character. In scope, it ranges from Henry VIII to Charles I. In character, it deals with everything that helped, checked, or interfered with the acting of plays. The Master of Revels is, of course, the central figure; but, in addition, we read of the doings of King (or Queen) and Council, of judges, lords mayor, bishops, municipal bodies, and other public functionaries. We cannot pretend to give even the briefest outline of contents; we must restrict ourselves to indicating general value and to touching upon a few special points.

As a whole, the essay is most readable and even enjoyable. The humblest lay student of the drama will gain a lucid conspectus of this battlefield of motley forces. The author marshals her data effectively; certainly, she does not weary the reader with a mere show of erudition. The erudition is there, but not for parade. The distinctive feature of her style is clearness and sobriety of statement. Chapter iii, "The Nature of the Censorship" (by the Master of the Revels), will doubtless be found the most interesting. The successive Masters were, it is clear, gentlemen in the aristocratic sense, and their chief function, as concerned public plays, was to maintain public order, or rather to avert public disorder; also, to collect for the Crown some revenue from licenses. There is no evidence that any of the Masters looked upon himself as a Cato, a censor of public morals. On the contrary, they tolerated much that our public opinion would pronounce insufferable. In general, the Masters were well disposed towards players and playhouses. In fact, as licensing became more and more the custom, the licensing of a play seems to have carried with it the guarantee of the Master's protection against mayors, city councils, and other strait-laced busybodies. By the Parliamentary act of May, 1606, the "abuse of the Holy Name of God" was strictly prohibited, and this prohibition was enforced; but mere morals were of minimum importance and seldom furnished an occasion for interference. (See, on this point, the censoring of D'Avenant's "Wits," pp. 127-128.)

Another interesting fact (brought out at p. 83) is that the license of a play might be used as a means of preventing the theft of that play by a rival company. Still another fact is that the best companies, for instance Shakespeare's, seldom if ever got into serious difficulty with the Master. Even where there seemed to be offence given, the trouble was promptly smoothed over; the company's general reputation was evidence that the offence was unintentional. A signal instance was the performance of "Richard II" on the eve of the Essex rebellion (p. 99). Only writers and players of "sorry stuff" were in serious danger. Miss Gildersleeve's judgment (pp. 134-35) seems to us conclusive:

What would the Elizabethan drama have been, had it been free from this supervision? Not materially different, I imagine, from what it was. The dramatists would no doubt have been spared much annoyance, for it must have been peculiarly exasperating to them to have their verses spoiled by such "reformations" as we have seen; but the general content and spirit of their plays would probably have been much the same. They would undoubtedly have indulged in much more personal satire and scurrilous abuse of living individuals—a loss to which we can easily reconcile ourselves, as we can to the expurgated oaths. They would doubtless have written more plays treating current politics, and especially foreign relations and affairs. . . . But even when the drama did touch politics, it was rather, especially under the Stuarts, the mere expression of the views of one faction of the court party . . . than any discussion of the great political and religious questions which were stirring so profoundly the heart of the nation. This was not due to the censorship. Nearly all those seriously concerned for civil liberty and religious reform were comprised in the party loosely called Puritan, and to them the stage was anathema.

Sidelights upon the past and hints for the present are in plenty. Thus (p. 177) we learn that the Lords of the Queen's Council in 1591 became exercised over the frequency of plays on Sundays and Thursdays—Thursday was the chief bear-baiting day—and directed that on these two days no plays be allowed, "for the greater reverence of God and the encouragement of the Queen's bear-baiters." This coupling of piety and sport may provoke laughter or indignation, according to our temperament. Yet shall we throw a stone, we who have seen party managers conducting a great political campaign, with the sophistical confusion of race-track gambling and "personal liberty?" In the matter of language we note one point of present interest. Such constructions as "the *then* King" are usually condemned as Germanisms. Yet in Lord Hunsdon's letter, 1594, to the Lord Mayor (p. 182) we read: "Where my *nowe* company of players," etc.

How far Miss Gildersleeve's data may need to be modified in accordance with Feuillerat's work, we cannot at present undertake to say. She has written, of course, in ignorance of Feuillerat's labors, the two books appearing almost simultaneously. At first glance it seems

to us that her remarks upon Benger, Blagrave, Tilney, and Buc may need adjustment to Feuillerat's notes, pp. 425-426, 439-440. Certainly Miss Gildersleeve has mastered all the literature accessible when she was making her studies. The bibliography is excellent. and the index is up to the highest standard. Her interpretation of Lord Coke's decision (p. 200) shows that she is abundantly able to think for herself. Her judgments are not only sound, but moderate and dignified. We quote from her concluding remarks:

To men who had already developed something of the modern sensibility in matters of decency and morality, most of the later Elizabethan [the term covers the reigns of James I. and Charles I.] drama must indeed have seemed hopelessly abhorrent. . . . There was much to justify extreme measures at the time of the closing of the theatres. As one thinks of the stage of the period, no longer expressive of the best feelings of the nation. as one remembers the preposterous horrors into which tragedy had degenerated, and the inexpressibly offensive indecency of much of the comedy of the time, and with this picture of the drama in mind, reads the grave and dignified phrases of the edict of 1642, one feels that, for the moment at least, the Puritans had the better part.

Yes, truly the later drama might well recall the Biblical saying, that a man's worst foes are those of his own household.

Charles Rann Kennedy's notable tragedy, "The Winter Feast" (see the *Nation* of December 3, p. 557), may now be read in the handsome printed form supplied by Harper & Brothers. Although it failed in stage representation, owing to mistakes in management and other causes, it is a play of powerful imagination and excellent literary and dramatic workmanship, which will well repay the attention of the intelligent reader.

An English translation of Hermann Sudermann's "John the Baptist," by Beatrice Marshall, has been published by the John Lane Co., with all the attractions of black type, fine paper, and ample margins. Whatever may be the case with the original, the English text possesses no special quality to compensate for the inherent nastiness of the Salome legend or for the misrepresentation of an heroic Biblical figure.

Wilhelm von Scholz is the editor of a series of books called Deutsche Dramaturgie (Munich: Georg Müller), of which the second volume, "Schillers Dramaturgie," has just been published. It contains all writings and remarks of Schiller relating to the drama and the stage, compiled and selected by Otto Flackenberg.

"The Battle," by Cleveland Moffett, which was produced in the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening, tells an interesting theatrical story and is likely to prove a popular success, but would have been much more valuable if the author had worked out the problem suggested by his opening acts to some definite and logical conclusion, instead of exerting his ingenuity to create an apparent balance between opposing arguments, and so bring about the conventional happy ending. In a speech before the curtain he explained that he had no intention of taking sides; the result is a commercial play instead of a vital drama. He imagines the case of a multimillionaire who discovers his abducted son in the person of a young agitator filled with the crudest socialistic theories. The father becomes the inmate of a tenement himself in order that he may study the lad's character, win his esteem, combat theories with facts, and qualify him for the management of the vast estate to which he is unconsciously heir. The story, on the technical side, is melodramatic, artificial, and improbable; but the scheme is a good one, and throughout three acts the different points of view of capital and labor are illustrated and contrasted with considerable cleverness and effect, if without much originality or depth of insight. The fact that there are two sides to this, as most other questions, is emphasized and the follies and vices of improvident labor are dwelt upon, as well as the remorselessness and greed of predatory wealth. The play, therefore, is something out of the common, so far as the main idea of it is concerned, but comes to naught in the end, because the author lacked either convictions or the courage of them. But it undoubtedly contains the promise of something far better and stronger in the future.

H. Granville Barker and J. E. Vedrenne are no longer at the little Court Theatre, which, under their management, was the most interesting in London, but their influence survives. As most of our readers know, they inaugurated special afternoon performances for the presentation and trial of new, and the revival of old, plays which would have then seemed impossible ventures of any but private societies and amateurs. The afternoons were dramatically a success, and, to judge from the crowds they drew, financially as well. An example was set which Beerbohm Tree now bravely follows with an "Afternoon Theatre," whose object is "to give further opportunities for the presentation of modern plays and for the occasional revival of classical plays." Mr. Tree, naturally, devotes his own theatre to the purpose, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday are the afternoons set apart for the purpose. This is distinctly a new departure for a popular theatre like His Majesty's, and it has been awaited with much curiosity and doubt. But the first performance (Tuesday. December 8) has been encouraging. Mr. Tree has a striking capacity for transforming the play that comes into his hands, whether modern or classical, romantic or realistic, native or foreign, into an elaborate spectacular display with himself. varying in get-up but seldom in personality, as the principal figure. At the Court Theatre, however, the stage setting was always of the simplest and there was no principal figure; indeed, the excellence of the performance depended upon the thorough training of the entire company to act together, with no one actor or actress dominating the others. It is pleasant then to find that Mr. Tree, on his first afternoon, has had the wisdom to efface himself and not to appear at all, and moreover to take no undue advantage of the chance offered by the play for elaborate or meretricious effects. This play was Hauptmann's "Hannele," as translated by William Archer. It would be hard to imagine "Hannele" on the regular programme of any theatre in London. It is, in fact, as in name, a "Dream Poem," and dreams or poems, unless interpreted with the melodramatic emphasis of Irving in "The Bells" or Mr. Tree in "Ulysses" and "Herod," would be unintelligible to the great British public. One matter of regret was the inability of most of the actors to deliver their lines with the clearness and intelligence that, especially in a play like "Hannele," is the first essential. No matter, however, what the defects of the performance, there is no question of the interest and importance of the experiment. With the stage so largely given over to musical extravaganza, to light and trivial comedy and farce, any effort to appeal to people who ask for drama is to be respected.

Music.

Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

In the years 1885-1890 Mr. Krehbiel gave to the world five volumes containing reviews of the musical season in New York. While extremely valuable for reference, these books contained too much that was of ephemeral interest to appeal to the general reader, and the publication was discontinued—a fate which has overtaken similar experiments in Paris and elsewhere. Of an entirely different character is the new volume, "Chapters of Opera," which contains much more than its unpretentious title indicates. The sub-title gives a better idea of its contents: "Historical and Critical Observations and Records concerning the Lyric Drama in New York from its Earliest Days down to the Present Time." Here everything is eliminated except what is almost or quite as interesting to-day as it was at the time when it happened. Take the contents of a single chapter as a sample:

The Public Clamor for German Opera—Oscar Hammerstein and his First Manhattan Opera House—Rivalry between Anton Seidl and Walter Damrosch—The Latter's Career as Manager—Wagner Triumphant—German Opera Restored at the Metropolitan—"The Scarlet Letter"—"Mataswintha"—"Hänsel und Gretel" in English—Jean de Reszke and His Influence—Mapleson for the Last Time—"Andrea Chenier"—Melba's Disastrous Essay with Wagner—"Le Cid"—Metropolitan Performances.

Nearly every one of the twenty-four chapters calls up similar memories, and it may be said at once that the record of the facts is here presented, not only in a readable manner, but without bias, and with a painstaking accuracy of which only two other musical scholars in this country—Philip Hale and O. G. Sonneck—would be capable.

What prompted the preparation of this volume at the present time was the

completion of an existence of a quarter of a century by the Metropolitan Opera House. During all this period Mr. Krehbiel has occupied the same seat at nearly every important performance, and he is thus able to record at first hand the interesting and instructive struggle which has been going on in that house between fad and fashion on one side and serious artistic endeavor on the other. This struggle has a social as well as a musical interest. The history of manners, as well as of music, is touched on more than once. At the present day, frequenters of the Metropolitan are seldom annoyed by talking or laughter in the boxes; but it was not always so. At one time the conduct of the plutocrats in these boxes grew to be so intolerable that there were frequent demonstrations of disapproval and rebuke from the listeners who sat in the parquet and balconies, and in January, 1891, the directors posted in each box a notice reading:

> Many complaints having been made to the directors of the Opera House of the annoyance produced by the talking in the boxes during the performances, the board requests that it be discontinued.

Mr. Krehbiel begins with the first performances of Italian opera in New York, which occurred at a period so recent that they are within the memory of persons still living. He dwells briefly on the ballad operas, the Garcia troupe, Malibran, Niblo's, and has a good deal to say about Mozart's librettist, Da Ponte, on whom he is an authority. In those early days, Italian opera was the only kind in vogue, but it is interesting to note that already before the civil war, a plea for the permanent substitution of English for Italian opera was made by the *Tribune's* critic, Mr. Fry. He wrote three and a half columns on the subject, to the great indignation of Horace Greeley, who had gone to Washington to expose Pierce and Cushing's "perversions of history," and then found his article crowded out to make room for Fry's, concerning which he wrote: "I don't believe three hundred people who take the *Tribune*, care one chew of Tobacco for the matter." There are other good anecdotes in this volume, one of the most amusing of which relates to Mapleson and his success in the unprecedented feat of not only getting into debt with Patti (who always demanded cash in advance) but actually borrowing $75 of her under the circumstances. Almost equally strange is the historic record of the failure of Patti, in her prime, to save Italian opera at the Academy from the deadly rivalry of German opera at the Metropolitan. The story of the seven happy years of German opera at that house is related in full, with details not known to newspaper readers Then came the reaction, the banishment of German opera, and its restoration through the enthusiasm of the very singers who had been brought from Europe to kill it. Mr. Krehbiel's remarks on the part played in our operatic history by Seidl, Lilli Lehmann, Jean de Reszke, and others are extremely interesting, and valuable. He dwells, too, on the important fact that it was in this city that the two greatest of all Wagner singers, Lehmann and De Reszke, first discovered their specialty. The narrative is continued down to the present year, two chapters being devoted to Hammerstein's first two seasons. The volume is embellished by over seventy portraits, mostly in costume, and to Anton Seidl falls the deserved honor of serving as the frontispiece.

August Göllerich has written a 350-page book on Liszt which includes, among other things, seven compositions not before printed (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.). Another new book, Dr. Julius Kapp's "Wagner und Liszt: Eine Freundschaft" (Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler), is a monograph with much new material on the friendship between those two men.

The first novelty which Mr. Gatti-Casazza provided at the Metropolitan Opera House was "Le Villi," a juvenile opera by the beloved Puccini. As this lasts only an hour and a half, it was followed last Thursday by the popular "Cavalleria Rusticana," with the biggest cast ever heard in it—Caruso, Destinn, Gay, Amato. As a matter of course, there was a large (though not crowded) audience, although the price of $5 seats had been advanced to $7. But nobody was deluded as to the part played by the novelty. It was voted a bore and a dead failure. To students of musical history, it was, however, of interest, because it contains the germs of the "Young Italian" style which Mascagni borrowed, developed, and brought to the attention of the whole world with his "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Walter Damrosch has made two new orchestral arrangements for concert from Wagner operas, which will have their first hearing at the holiday programme, to be given by the Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon, December 27. The first is from "Siegfried," and includes the music descriptive of Siegfried's ascent of the mountain, and pressing through the flames surrounding the sleeping Brunnhilde. The second, which Mr. Damrosch calls "The Magic of St. John's Eve," is from "Die Meistersinger." Other selections in the afternoon's programme will be "Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage" to Rome, the prelude to "Lohengrin," and the "Tristan" finale. Madame Jomelli will be the soloist.

The Oratorio Society's Christmastide performances of "The Messiah" will be the seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth since its organization in 1873. Handel's work will be sung, under Frank Damrosch's direction, at Carnegie Hall, on Saturday afternoon, December 26, and the following Tuesday evening. The chorus of the Oratorio Society will be assisted by an orchestra and organ, and by the following soloists: Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Gertrude Lonsdale, George Hamlin, and Dalton Baker.

Mendelssohn performances are being everywhere prepared for, in order to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth, February 3, 1909. The first entertainment of the season bearing direct relation to the celebrations will be a stage performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, January 2. The Ben Greet players will give a regular stage performance, with costumes, and the orchestra will perform all of Mendelssohn's musical setting.

Art.

Painting in the Far East. By Laurence Binyon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Mr. Binyon has not produced the great history of Chinese and Japanese painting which awaits the hand of some exceptionally endowed and privileged writer. The resources upon which he has drawn are scanty: the paintings in the British Museum, the Arthur Morrison Collection, the Freer Collection, and the reproductions in the *Kokka* and the superb "Select Relics of Japanese Art" edited by S. Tajima. His task has thus been comparable to that of a critic who should attempt to describe Italian art without the treasures of Italy. But within the limitations imposed upon him, he has made a useful and interesting volume. If he writes of Professor Fenollosa as if that critic were still living and able to give us the promised and much-desired work on Japan, such slips are rare, and in general he has availed himself of the most recent helps—still very few—toward mastering his subject.

Among these sources Mr. Binyon does not omit Dr. Stein's great work on the explorations in Chinese Turkestan ("Ancient Khotan," reviewed in the *Nation* April 9, 1908, p. 332), with its astonishing evidence of the influence of Greek art on the Far Eastern peoples of Asia. These glimpses into the past throw daily more light on that miracle of history by which a little folk on the Ægean Sea sent out their sense of form in lines of power radiating endlessly to the East and the West. Mr. Binyon lays sufficient stress on this fact historically, but in his chapter comparing the art of Orient and Occident he does not take advantage of this influence as a point of departure. He has his eye too exclusively on the painting of the middle ages and the renaissance in Europe. The contrast he draws is initially sound. He explodes easily the earlier view which found in the West an art of form and in the East an art of color. Not color, but line, is the characteristic of Eastern painting, or, more precisely, rhythmical line:

> In this theory every work of art is thought of as an incarnation of the genius of rhythm, manifesting the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition

from a more real world of essential life. That is well said, but we question whether Mr. Binyon goes quite to the root of the matter. This apparition is not precisely a glimpse into "a more real world of essential life"; that, we take it, is an Occidental philosophy. What seems rather to need emphasis is the feeling always of rhythmical evanescence caught from the Buddhistic law of universal impermanence. This bit of moon-lit scenery, this poised tiger or fish, this delicate spray of blossoms, this floating human figure, produces its entrancing effect because it is a glimpse of life vibrating from one impenetrable obscurity to another. The most fruitful point of comparison would be to show how on one side the Greek vision of form was modified and subtilized by the Oriental sense of transitoriness, and on the other side by the renaissance conception of stability and scientific law. And to this comparison should be added the still more important truth that in Greek art itself, at its best, there was a Platonic mystery of pure stationary form as the impress of the infinite on the finite, which neither Oriental nor Occidental ever again quite recovered or understood.

But in adding our own theory to Mr. Binyon's excellent discussion of principles we are forgetting the chapters in which he follows the course of Chinese and Japanese painting from the work of Ku K'ai-chih in the fourth century A. D. (with a reproduction from a picture of his in the British Museum, the oldest Chinese painting whose existence is known) to the marvellous and comparatively well-known works of Hokusai (b. 1760) and the color-prints of Ukiyoyé. The record necessarily touches on only the chief moments and the great names, but Mr. Binyon's text is pleasant and discriminating, and the full-page reproductions are excellent collotypes. For those who desire an amateur's acquaintance with a great and fascinating art, the book can be heartily recommended. It is also one of the handsomest of the holiday productions.

David C. Preyer's "The Art of the Netherland Galleries; Being a History of the Dutch School of Painting Illuminated and Demonstrated by Critical Descriptions of the Great Paintings in the Many Galleries" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is a mildly entertaining book by an author with no charm of well-formed literary style, with apparently no profound convictions, no original philosophy of art and life, but with an equipment of generally sound ideas as to the relative standing of the Dutch painters, and with an indubitable fund of information on various aspects of his subject. His interest and erudition find expression in a well illustrated volume of nearly 400 pages, which would be of undoubted assistance in preparing for a paper at the woman's club or for a tour of the Netherlands. Mr. Preyer is proud of not having "burdened these pages with the romancing fancies and fairy tales which tradition has gathered around many of the more prominent men." Yet, to the student who appreciates art in its larger relationship to society the legends and apocryphal stories are often quite as illuminating as verified facts, and should at least be stated for what they are worth. Fortunately the author's practice is somewhat better than his theory, for he gives not a few entertaining personalia. Mr. Preyer, like many who write harmlessly harmful criticism (for these illustrated art books, it may be suspected, are looked at more often than read), builds his whole work around Leonardo's aphorism that "the true artist must study and follow nature alone," a dictum which is true only if a very broad definition of "nature" is accepted. For art itself is certainly not supernatural. Every act of artistic creation is an outcome of varied experiences, extending over the greater part of the artist's life. No realist, no impressionist who has ever seen works by other painters, fails, however sincerely he thinks he is following nature alone, to be influenced in his technical procedure by concepts thus previously integrated. No artist, on the other hand, who imitates or even copies work of another country and age can help putting into his art some of the results of his observation of his immediate surroundings and his reaction upon them.

"The Old Masters: One Hundred Examples of Their Work Chosen from European Galleries and Reproduced in Color with Notes on the Pictures," is a handsome quarto in two volumes, published in London by J. M. Dent & Co., and imported by E. P. Dutton & Co. Most of the great collections have been laid under contribution, but the National Gallery has been drawn on almost too freely. We confess, indeed, that the principle of selection is not wholly intelligible. No two critics, of course, would agree in such a matter, and it is perhaps sufficient if, as in this case, practically all the pictures are important work of important painters. Possibly the exigencies of mechanical reproduction have in some instances determined the choice. The defects of the three-color process are so well known that we need not dwell on them. In these volumes one can, of course, find typical specimens of hardness of outline and inaccuracy in rendering tint—for example, Murillo's Immaculate Conception from the Prado. But the results as a whole have been remarkably successful and the collection is very instructive and interesting. The text consists of brief biographical data, usually adequate; explanation of the pictures, and general comment on the artist. The commentator, whose name is not given, has occasionally been unable to resist the temptation to gush, which has overcome so many art critics. But the pictures are the thing.

A pretty piece of sentiment is "Our Home and Country," pictured by W. L. Taylor (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Mr. Taylor's illustrations to patriotic poems of Longfellow and others are brought together in a series of full-page plates that will find warm acceptance among those of a certain taste.

With progress in the making of beautiful books so evident among the Germans, the fifty-seventh volume in Marquardt & Co.'s Kunst series, "Buchkunst," seems timely. The author, Felix Poppenberg, is one of the most interesting critics of art in Germany to-day.

Dr. Oscar Münsterberg, whose comprehensive work on Japan and its art was published a decade ago, has now written a small volume on Japanese art alone: "Japans Kunst" (G. E. Stechert & Co.).

The eighth annual report of the managing committee of the British School at Rome has just been published, showing the activities of the school in investigating the Roman remains of Central Italy, the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna, and the prehistoric remains of Sardinia and Malta, and in preparing a full descriptive catalogue of the Capitoline Museum, which is soon to be published. The work done in Malta is of special interest, since the prehistoric remains of that island are of great importance. The great megalithic structures of the Gigantia, Hagar-Kim, and Mnaidra have long been known. They are generally believed to date from the Bronze Age, and to have served as sacred buildings. Recently an extensive *hypogæum* called Halsaftieni, has been discovered close to Valetta, cut in the rock, the arrangement of which is similar to the other edifices, though it seems to have served at some period as a burial place. In it was found a large quantity of pottery, some of which is peculiar to Malta. Other prehistoric structures, probably dwellings, were also located.

Commendatore Boni has been pursuing his investigations of the Velia and the area adjacent to the Arch of Titus on the Roman Forum with interesting results. There are now uncovered two great parallel lines of masonry enclosing a vast area at the foot of the northern slopes of the Palatine. These massive foundations, composed of fragments of tufa and travertine, mixed up with pieces of terracotta and broken marble ornaments, are attributed to the sixth century A. D. They furnished a fortified defence to the Palatine Hill of which the towers, connected by corridors, can still be traced. Within the area which these walls enclosed stand the ruins of the ancient *horrea* (magazines and granaries of all kinds), and of many other buildings, some of which date back to the earliest days of the Roman Empire. Near the Arch of Titus the line of fortifications cut through a building which dates either from the later republic or the beginning of the empire. The ground floor of this republican house still retains some of its mosaics. The most remarkable feature of the house is its underground portion divided into numerous small corridors and courts and small chambers, the floors of which still preserve the brick ridges that once supported beds. In one of these chambers the walls, which were filled with nails, showed traces of about twenty coats of paint and whitewash; some traces of an inscription are still discernible, as well as a painting of three Bacchic thyrsi. Another series of rooms contained baths. A large quantity of pottery was found in this house, including about 200 lamps, some with painted designs, a number of fine fragments of Arretine vases, and many pieces of glass.

Prof. J. Garstang of the University of Liverpool, in a recent lecture before the Royal Asiatic Society in London, gave the

results of an archæological expedition in Asia Minor, from which he has recently returned. A concession had been obtained for excavating the ruins of Sakji-Geuzi, and a preliminary survey was made of this important site, which is expected to yield valuable evidence for the state of culture reached by the Hittites. On excavating one of the mounds the explorers discovered a temple in excellent preservation and a series of sculptures. As these had not been exposed to the weather, the inscriptions and carvings were much clearer than on any Hittite monuments previously discovered. Although found in what was only a provincial city the sculptures were of good quality. By paying special attention to the stratification of the mound it was found that the site was occupied from neolithic times to the end of the Hittite power. The soundings made in other mounds proved that they would abundantly repay excavation, and Professor Garstang is therefore looking forward to ten or fifteen years of excavation of that site, and is confident that the work there will throw much light on the great Hittite problem.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are "thumb-nail" sketches by well-known artists at Powell's, till December 30; bronzes by American artists, Macbeth's, December 31; pastels by Walter Griffin, Bauer-Folsom's, December 31, Italian laces and embroideries copied from old designs by women of the New York Italian colony, Scuola's, December 31; paintings, Edward Gay, Clausen's, January 4.

Finance.

THE REALITIES.

A severe break in prices on the Stock Exchange, such as has just occurred, usually opens the eyes of many people to facts which they had been unable or unwilling to see before. This office the present reaction in prices has helped to perform.

The best judges, in and out of Wall Street, declared in October that Mr. Taft's success could hardly of itself cause prosperity, or Mr. Bryan's success adversity. They admitted the "holding-up of orders" on the eve of election day, but they now explain both the spasm of trade activity in the fortnight after November 3, and the subsequent relapse to quiescence, as a perfectly natural result of these postponements. Some of them are beginning to hint that, with merchants' shelves so bare and underlying conditions working so normally towards improvement, we might by this time have been pretty much where we are to-day, even if Bryan had pulled through. We should have had a break on the Stock Exchange, of course, and a week or two in which merchants would have shaken their heads sorrowfully when they met, wondering who was to foot the bill at Christmas. But, say the heretics, real conditions will in the long run win over sentiment. Even the worn-out rails of the Pennsylvania would have had to be replaced, whoever was choosing Cabinet officers; the $7,778,000,000 worth of American crops in 1908 would have equally found a market, whatever the voters had decreed; and shoes and clothes and hats and furniture call for renewal as surely as do rails. Therefore, one may even go so far as to imagine the great "bear movement"—the immediate and highly probable sequel to the news of a Bryan victory—to have been followed in its turn by a sudden "raid on the shorts," by a violent Stock Exchange recovery, and, finally, by a volume of general trade exactly what it appears to be to-day—something like three-fourths of normal, with an output from the Steel Corporation, on December 19, ranging from 58½ to 60 per cent. of the mills' capacity.

What have we really accomplished, since October, by way of return to real prosperity? A trained economist, when this question is put to him as regards either past or present conditions, has several tests to apply. The iron output is one, bank clearings another, business failures a third, and transactions on the Stock Exchange a fourth.

The testimony of November's iron production is commonly called disappointing, because increase in daily output over October was only 4 per cent., increase in capacity December 1 only 5 per cent. over November 1, and both of them far below the same date in such a year as 1906. But against this must be placed the fact that November's output reflected a steady and unbroken increase over midsummer, making daily production larger by 56 per cent. than that of January—a far more rapid rate of increase than in the previcus after-panic year.

November bank clearings in the United States, with their increase of 7 per cent. over October, their approach within 5 per cent. even of the enormous exchanges of November, 1906, and the actual breaking of the record of 1906 in the returns of the agricultural West, are striking facts. Expanded as the bank clearings undoubtedly were by the outburst of speculation and by an abnormally early movement of the wheat to market, they must nevertheless have had a substratum of legitimate trade underneath them.

Business failures in November were in number the smallest of any month this year, barring September, and in liabilities the smallest of any month. They do, it must be admitted, still compare unfavorably with the November record of any year in the decade past except 1907, but they none the less show consecutive improvement.

What Stock Exchange trading has had to show, last month and this, every one knows already. Stock trading had no parallel in any previous November, except in 1905 and 1904. Very much of this must be ascribed to unwarranted speculation, but transactions in bonds, with only one parallel for magnitude in our previous history, must have more meaning. They show at least one genuine point of vantage in existing conditions, as compared with those of the similar date in any previous after-panic year. The investing community is not poor. It has not, as in 1894, been compelled to forego interest on a great part of its bond investments, and to prepare for assessments on its stocks. Defaulting bonds are rare, and stocks which paid dividends in 1906 generally pay dividends now. Nor does this reasoning apply alone to investments on the Stock Exchange. When one recalls how largely holders of mortgages on real estate, East and West, had to foreclose and patiently await the doubtful sale of the property in 1894 and 1874, one will understand how different the present situation is. The contrast doubtless goes far towards explaining the strong support of the recent investment market by what Wall Street calls the "outside public"; one may ask if it does not have some bearing also on general trade. People who can buy investment bonds can also spend money liberally among the merchants.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Horace. Modern Power Gas Producer: Practice and Applications. D. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Almanach de Gotha. 1909. Lemcke & Buechner.

Anthropology and the Classics. Six Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford. By Arthur J. Evans and others. Edited by R. R. Marett. Henry Frowde. $2.

Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Annals. Vol. LIV and Vol. LVII, Part ii. Cambridge: Published by the Observatory.

Blaine, Mrs. James G. Letters. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols. Duffield.

Brownscombe, Fred J. State Control of Courses of Study, With Appendices on Religious Instruction and the Grading of School Systems. Silver, Burdett. $1.

Bywater, Ingram. The Erasmian Pronunciation of Greek and Its Precursors. Henry Frowde.

Carruth, William Herbert. Each in His Own Tongue, and Other Poems. Putnam. $1 net.

Carus, Paul. The Bride of Christ: A Study in Christian Legend Lore. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Comstock, Warren E. The Days of Long Ago, and Immortality. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Cone, Richard Wood. The Speaking Voice: Its Scientific Basis in Music. Evans Music Co. $1.

Croce, Benedetto. Filosofia della Pratica: Economica ed Etica, Bari: Gius. Laterza.

Duyckinck, Whitehead Cornell, and Cornell, John. The Duyckinck and Allied Families. Tobias A. Wright. $5.

Empedocles, Fragments of. Translated into English Verse by William Ellery Leonard. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Eggeling, Otto, and Ehrenberg, Frederick. The Freshwater Aquarium and Its Inhabitants. Henry Holt. $2.

Fraser, G. M. The Lone Shieling, or The Authorship of the "Canadian Boat Song." Aberdeen: William Smith & Sons.

Fernald, James C. A Working Grammar of the English Language. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

Fox, Frances Margaret. Carlota: A Story of the San Gabriel Mission. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.
Gilbert, George Holley. Acts: The Second Volume of Luke's Work on the Beginnings of Christianity. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.
Hall, Edith H. The Decorative Art of Crete in the Bronze Age: A Dissertation. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Hamilton, William Wistar. How to Grow in the Christian Life. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Haselden, Florence Taylor. Marion. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. Griechischer Frühling. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hayward, Francis Sidney. Helen Ayr: A Story of the Square Deal. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Herodoti Historiæ. 2 vols. Edited by Charles Hude. Henry Frowde.
Hesiod, The Poems and Fragments. Translated by A. W. Mair. Henry Frowde.
Higgins, D. W. The Mystic Spring and Other Tales of Western Life. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hofmiller, Josef. Versuche. Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte.
Jones, E. Alfred. The Old Royal Plate in the Tower of London. Oxford: Fox, Jones & Co.
Joyce, George Hayward. Principles of Logic. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Keep, Austin Baxter. History of the New York Society Library. Scribner. $7.50.
Kennedy, Charles Rann. The Winter Feast. Harper. $1.25.
King's English, The. Abridged for School Use. Henry Frowde. $1.25.
Krehbiel, Henry Edward. Chapters of Opera. Henry Holt. $3.50 net.
Lafond, Paul. La Sculpture Espagnole. Paris: Alcide Picard.
Lamb, Mary E. Irene Liscomb. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
List, E. Brenda. Girton, My Friend. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons.
Livy, Selections from the First Decade. Edited by Omera Floyd Long. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Ludovici, Anthony M. Who Is to Be Master of the World: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Nietzsche. Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis.
Mackail, J. W. Henry Birkhead and the Foundation of the Oxford Chair of Poetry. Henry Frowde.
Marvin, Dwight Edwards. Professor Slagg, of London. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. Christ Among the Cattle: A Sermon. Troy: Pafraets Book Co.
Merritt, Walter Gordon. Limitations of the Right to Strike. American Anti-Boycott Association.
Mowry, William A. Recollections of a New England Educator, 1838-1908. Silver, Burdett. $1.50 net.
Nirdlinger, Charles Frederic. The World and His Wife. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's letter in condemnation of the Maryland plan for disfranchising the negro, will open the eyes of some people in the South. They have taken his cordial advances and amiable expressions of good will as a sign that he would wink at the injustice of tricky suffrage laws, designed to exclude all negroes, even if educated and property-owning, and to include all whites, even though poverty-stricken and illiterate. But that was a mistaken inference. Mr. Taft now leaves no doubt where he stands. He is against the enactment of any suffrage measure which would be unfair in operation as between the races. In dissecting the Maryland plan of dividing the voters into classes, he shows that the aim is to "free the whites from education or property qualifications, but to subject all negroes to them." This idea he truly declares to be repugnant to "the spirit of justice and equality," as well as in violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The whole law, asserts Judge Taft, "ought to be condemned," and he calls upon every Republican, and every Democrat, who "desires equality of treatment to the black and white races" to oppose it. The doctrines of this admirable letter apply, of course, not to Maryland alone. They strike just as hard at the suffrage laws of Mississippi and Alabama and Georgia. They make it evident that, in Mr. Taft's endeavors to win over the South, he is not going to forget the elementary principle of political justice.

Sober-minded people will be glad that Judge Wright has passed exemplary sentence upon the labor leaders, but will also be glad that the decision is to be reviewed by a higher court, and that the men are meanwhile out on bail. This gives time for passion to subside, and furnishes an opportunity for the officials of the Federation of Labor to purge themselves of contempt. Indeed, it is now reported that Mr. Gompers will discontinue in his organ, the *American Federationist*, the "We Don't Patronize" list by means of which he has carried on his boycotting, and that he will obey the law hereafter, until it is changed. If he and Messrs. Mitchell and Morrison duly submit to the legal authorities, the gravamen of the complaint against them will be removed. For their attitude has been exactly that of John Y. McKane, once boss of Coney Island, with his defiant: "Injunctions don't go here!" In the face of such a claim to be above the law and beyond reach of judicial process, the courts were bound to vindicate their dignity and assert their power. In vindicating the courts, no one wishes to see anything like vindictiveness. It is the principle which is at stake, not the exact form or severity of punishment. The somewhat turbid rhetoric and occasional excess of heat and of epithet in Judge Wright's opinion cannot blind Mr. Gompers or his counsel to the fact that it lays down what are now settled principles. Since the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Danbury hatters, boycotting is illegal. Labor leaders combining or conspiring to impair the property rights of any man or company are just as clearly criminal as heads of corporations or speculators would be in doing the same thing.

What is more, the protests of innocence which Mr. Gompers makes are hollow. Consider his repeated efforts in Congress and elsewhere to have the law amended. He knew that, as it stands, it is against his practices. He knew to what penalties he was exposing himself and his fellows. He gloried in the fact that he might have to go to jail. To show the real issues involved, we have only to imagine the reception of the news that the heavy hand of the law had so been laid upon Rockefeller or Harriman. There would have been an uproar of delight. It would have been said that no man had been found powerful enough to defy with impunity the law of the land. But that is precisely what Gompers set out to do. Boasting himself the head of 2,000,000 laborers, he dared the courts to touch him. No capitalistic magnate ever assumed a more insolent port, and none ever more richly deserved punishment. We may add, however, that we have no wish to see him imprisoned, provided the ends of justice can be compassed, and the needed salutary lessons brought home, in other ways. No one desires to make a martyr of Mr. Gompers, or to give him the slightest chance to complain that capitalistic violators of the Sherman law are not punished by being sent to jail for contempt. We should all much prefer to see him become a law-abiding citizen. It is idle for him to talk about the right of free speech being impaired. He is not sentenced for criticising the court, but for disobeying its order. He may rail at the law as much as he pleases, but he must not violate it. The thing to be aimed at is, not the punishment of Mr. Gompers, but the ending of the tyranny and illegal oppression of boycotting, of which he stands as head and front.

The chance that Ohio may be represented in the United States Senate by a man like Congressman Burton must make honest Pennsylvanians look at that State with envious eyes. For to Pennsylvania's shame, it seems certain that Boies Penrose will be reëlected. A less useful member is not to be found in the Senate; in his personal characteristics and in his policies, political and commercial, he belongs to a bygone age—the days of Quay and Hanna. He is a reactionary of reactionaries, a man of good family and traditions who has deliberately turned his back upon training and antecedents to descend to the lowest plane of Pennsylvania ring politics. He is himself unfit to hold any office; so far as his influence goes, it is a trifle better than Platt's and a little below Depew's, to whom he is politically a full brother. Senator Penrose is the head of the corrupt and infamous old Quay machine, which is in politics solely for money-making and office-brokerage.

The expected election of Secretary Root to the Senate is already said to have disturbed that body, because it seems to necessitate a change from the rule of rating a man according to age, to rating him according to ability. By the inexorable custom of the Senate,

Mr. Root would have no better chance than the rawest man from Nevada; he would have to go to the foot of unimportant committees, and wait for time and death to promote him. But in the case of a man like Mr. Root the system seems too absurd. The advantage of having him on the Foreign Affairs Committee is obvious; yet that position is usually one of the prizes of long service. Similarly, Mr. Root's fruitful labors in the War Department would seem fairly to dictate his assignment to a place on the Military Committee; but here again the same difficulty arises. The discussion of the matter only shows what a good thing it is to have a system, but how bad a thing it is to let a system strangle you. No doubt, the law of seniority is, on the whole, useful. But there are at least two occasions when it should be set aside: one is when, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, seniority spells senility; and the other is when a junior in point of service has had so much experience elsewhere in the kind of work to be done, and has shown such talent in it, that not to utilize him would be a thing not only ridiculous in itself, but an outrage upon the public.

Nearly sixty counties of Ohio have voted out the saloons, by an average majority of close to one thousand. Nine counties have voted "wet," mostly by very small majorities. The campaign has demonstrated that the opponents of prohibition have no class of voters, outside those directly concerned in the traffic, upon which they can absolutely depend. The mining districts in counties like Perry, Hocking, and Athens were regarded doubtful, but the miners themselves furnished a heavy "dry" vote, as did also the laborers in many of the smaller manufacturing centres. It was supposed that the farmers could be much influenced by the fear of increased taxes if the $1,000 saloon license should be given up, but the farmer vote invariably goes heavily against the saloon. The rapid spread of the trolley has made the farmer's boy more than ever a frequenter of the town, while the increased tax has driven the saloon in the smaller places to a more vigorous quest than ever for profitable trade. The connection of the saloon with gambling and with immoral women as profitable adjuncts, has made the danger to the unwary boy from the farm much greater than was encountered in the average drink-shop of a generation ago. The large German element in the rural population of certain counties was expected to oppose prohibition, but only in a few localities has the expectation been fulfilled. Nor has the temperance wave been broken in those sections which habitually give Democratic majorities. The "dry" list now contains something like half the counties which returned majorities for Judge Harmon a few weeks ago, including Monroe, which has never gone Republican in its history and which yet went "dry" by nearly 1,200. In the Seventeenth Congressional district, with a Democratic majority of over 7,000, every county but one has voted "dry" by a good majority, and that one is almost wholly "dry" already under the former township option law. The river towns were to be adverse, but twelve of the fourteen counties touching the Ohio have declared themselves "dry." It is now freely predicted that the next Legislature will submit a State-wide prohibition measure to popular vote.

The result of the November examination for consular positions indicates the need of making a complete break between politics and the diplomatic service. The examiners complain about the "discouraging lack of suitable material for appointment to the student interpreter corps and, in a less degree, the lack of good candidates for the consular assistant corps." Last July only nineteen out of seventy-one candidates endured the test; in November twenty-three out of fifty-eight. Such a poor showing, doubtless, reflects to some extent upon the intellectual equipment of young Americans. Too much familiarity with foreign languages and international law must not be expected from college boys. But the chief difficulty is touched in the examiners' remark:

> It seems impossible to obtain the men absolutely required without drawing upon States already over-represented in the service.

So long as consuls are picked according to geography, good material will be scarce. Wyoming will always have proportionately fewer young men with the training and inclination for the foreign service than New York.

The Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, clearing-house for places of honor and profit under all State officers except Gov. Hughes, will find his duties slightly contracted as a result of the latest civil-service revision. Ten places within the gift of Mr. Woodruff's clients have been removed from the exempt to the competitive class. He may find consolation, however, in the fact that most of the 299 other positions placed within the competitive class have hitherto been in the hands of the Governor. Consolation, but also astonishment and contempt. For a man who would just throw away the disposal of three hundred offices must always remain a puzzle to the mind which figured out that the renomination of Hughes would spell defeat for the Republican ticket. With President Roosevelt taking the postmasters out of their reach and the Governor hacking away at their State patronage, the politicians confront an increasingly bleak prospect, while all good citizens rejoice.

Only a few days ago Austria was reported as well on the way towards a reconciliation with Turkey. There was to be an indemnity for the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina—the sum of $20,000,000 was mentioned—Turkey was to discontinue the boycott against Austrian importations. But, according to the latest dispatches, Austria has changed her mind. There is to be no indemnity. In Bosnia the Austrian army of occupation enters on another of those phases of "alarming activity" which it has been assuming so frequently of late, and Europe is presumably approaching another deadlock. Nevertheless, it is difficult to discern any very heavy war clouds. In undiplomatic terms, Austria's latest move may be described as largely a bluff. That game would be quite a safe one to play at the coming of winter, even if any of the Powers most closely concerned were anxious to fight; but Turkey, Russia, Italy, and France all wish to avoid war. The chances are that, ultimately, Austria will pay an indemnity. It is inconceivable that a European conference shall meet without allowing Turkey compensation for her lost provinces. The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs has hinted that the conference might concern itself with the kind of government Austria shall erect in the annexed provinces; but Austria, once having made Bosnia-Herze-

govina her own, would naturally refuse to allow any interference with what would become an internal affair of the Empire. The Balkan States may be placated with this or that bit of territory. But so far as Turkey is concerned, she can be granted no other than a pecuniary satisfaction. Upon that she may reasonably insist.

But if for the moment Austrian diplomacy may play fast and loose with Turkey without seriously affecting conditions in the Balkans, the effect is quite different on general European politics, and specifically on the future of the Triple Alliance. Here the attitude of Italy is of primary importance. Italy's feeling has changed materially in the course of the last ten years. She joined the Triple Alliance out of fear of French aggression. She now has a good understanding with France. Conversely, her sentiment for Austria-Hungary, which has never been anything but dislike, has been growing more bitter. Italian ambitions concerning Trieste and the Adriatic coastland have been one cause of irritation. Recurrent conflicts between Italians and Germans in the Tyrol and other Austrian crownlands have been another. At the conference of Algeciras in 1906, Italy ranged herself on the side of France and against her allies, Germany and Austria-Hungary. In a conference about Bosnia-Herzegovina she is sure to play a rôle even more distasteful to Austria. Only a few weeks ago, a former Italian prime minister declared, in the course of debate, that Italy must henceforth arm, not against France, but against Austria. The Parliament cheered him, ministers embraced him, and Premier Giolitti shook hands with him in congratulation. True, the Chamber approved the foreign minister's formal declaration that Italy continued her adherence to the Triple Alliance; but the real spirit of the nation had been sufficiently shown by the preceding demonstration. In the strain it puts on the Triple Alliance, rests one of the dangers of Austrian policy in the Balkans. Dissolution of the Triple Alliance is, of course, not imminent. Germany would not allow such a thing to come to pass; and even Italy will perceive that, hate Austria as she does, it is better, for the time, to have her as an ally than as an avowed enemy. But the strands that bind the Triple Alliance are being cut one by one. Italy is not only on friendly terms with France, but she is on the point of concluding an arrangement with Russia. Within Austria, the danger is recognized, and there are protests against Baron von Aehrenthal's policy of needless irritations.

The world hears but little nowadays of Russia and her domestic troubles. Apparently, the revolutionary movement has come to a standstill, and the reactionaries are once more securely in control. But that is a wrong idea. On December 9, the St. Petersburg morning newspapers recorded seventeen executions and thirty-seven death sentences as the harvest of the day before. That may be called making a wilderness and calling it peace; but Russia cannot be spoken of as pacified. With thirty-seven death sentences recorded on a single day, it is evident that revolutionary forces are still active. Could the official statistics of the incessant blood-letting be compiled, the world would be aghast, particularly as there have been so many "executions" of which the official world has wisely taken no cognizance. Sooner or later, it would seem as if there must be a more violent explosion than heretofore; human nature cannot endure violent repression and injustice of the kind that is now the lot of the Russian people.

That the Russian Jews are still being persecuted appears from the news that the anti-Jewish agitation in Finland is becoming more and more serious. For some days past dispatches have reported that the Russian authorities in Finland are driving Jews from their homes into the fields to starve and freeze, and that the Finnish Legislature has promulgated an edict prohibiting the slaughter of meats in accordance with the Jewish ritual. If not all the blame must be awarded to the Russians it is, of course, plain that the Russian authorities, who have subjugated Finland with such an iron hand, will not object to anti-Jewish brutalities on the part of the Finns themselves. They are willing to aid in the persecution by forcing young Jews into the army, and, after the expiration of their term of service, preventing them from returning to their homes. The American-Jewish Committee again expresses the hope that American financiers will refuse to make loans to Russia and thus help to bring outside pressure to bear upon the Russian Government. We heartily wish it were practicable to focus an outraged world's opinion upon the Czar and his autocracy, for we are convinced that such an action would be in the interest of Russia herself.

REFORMS FOR INDIA.

The dispatches from Madras this week report the deep satisfaction of the Indian National Congress with the plans of the British Cabinet for reforming the system of governing India. This news will be very gratifying to the Viceroy, Lord Minto, and to Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India. In the face of unrest and sedition and spreading assassination, they have persisted in their determination to give to India a larger measure of self-rule. They have done this, too, despite something like a panic dread of a new Mutiny, despite protests against a policy of conciliation, and a powerful demand that a sufficient number of Hindu Nationalists be blown from the guns to teach the others submission. Hence it must give both pleasure and hope to those responsible for order in India, to learn that the National Congress, representing educated aspiration, receives their proffers with enthusiasm.

The speech in which Lord Morley laid his project before the House of Lords on December 17 was at once weighty and eloquent. The biographer of Burke dealt with his vast problem in something of Burke's largeness of spirit. It was a statesmanlike thing to announce liberal plans of reform and concession, at the very moment when bomb and dagger were making the faces of Englishmen in India blanch. Lord Morley's speech, with his outline of proposed legislation, was intended primarily for India to hear. To get his needed authority, he must wait till the next session of Parliament; but he would not wait to let his policy be known. He would yield to no administrator in the rigor with which he would put down mobs and anarchy; but he said he was "sick of all the retrograde commonplaces about the weakness of concession to violence, and so on." The government was simply persisting undismayed in reforms to which it had publicly set its hand. To keep on in your chosen course, undeterred by an occasional explosion of

picric acid, is "simply standing to your guns."

The phrase is happily borrowed, when a Liberal statesman takes it from the mouth of repression to use it in defence of conciliation and enlargement. There is such a thing as great firmness in placatory measures, and iron constancy in the pursuit of healing legislation. The government of India, under the direction of two such men as Minto and Morley, is to-day giving a lesson to all the world—to Russia and Turkey, yes, and to the United States—in the wisdom of joining indomitable courage with unconquerable leniency. On the one hand, it deals out speedy justice to the native murderer; on the other, it opens the door of self-rule to native leaders. Lord Morley spoke as a man having no illusions on the subject of severe punishment of political crime, by magistrates armed with extraordinary powers. It was a procedure hateful yet necessary. "There are situations in which a responsible government is compelled to run these risks." And the Secretary for India declared that the list of crimes, showing an anarchic conspiracy in India, justified the resort to a Summary Jurisdiction Bill, though it might be made an instrument of despotism. "I deplore this necessity," said Lord Morley, "but we are bound to face the facts." But he was just as positive in asserting the need of at once taking steps to meet the natural and legitimate desires of the people of India. In a fine passage, which we would commend to those who believe in doing brutal things in order to "impress the Oriental imagination," Lord Morley said:

> A number of gentlemen of whom I wish to speak with all respect addressed a very courteous letter to me the other day that appeared in the papers, exhorting me to remember that Oriental countries inevitably and invariably interpret kindness as fear. I do not believe it. The founder of Christianity arose in an Oriental country, and when I am told that Orientals do not appreciate kindness and are only influenced by fear, I will say that I do not believe that any more than I believe the stranger saying of Carlyle that, after all, the ultimate question between any two human beings is, Can I kill thee or canst thou kill me? I do not agree that any organized society has ever subsisted upon either of those principles or that brutality is always present in the relations between human beings.

We can but mention the chief heads of the reform proposed for India. The entire plan will be under debate in Parliament next spring. There is to be, first of all, an increase in the number of Legislative Councils. In these local bodies, there is to be "due representation of the different classes of the community." These Legislative Councils are to be empowered, besides dealing with local affairs, "to discuss matters of public and general importance, and to pass resolutions." There are also to be Councils for the Lieutenant-Governors, as well as the Viceroy; and the right to discuss and vote upon financial projects is to be given to both. The representation of natives is everywhere to be enlarged. The details are yet to be worked out, but the whole plan, as unfolded by Lord Morley, is far-reaching and prescient. It clearly looks forward to the day when education and a free press in India shall have done their work, and brought the people from the fifth century into the twentieth. Then it will be no more surprising to read of an Indian Parliament than it is to-day to read of the Russian Duma or the Parliament in Constantinople.

THE PHILIPPINE REPORT.

It is, perhaps, not to be expected that the report of the brigadier-general in charge of the Bureau of Insular Affairs (dated October 31, 1908, but just published) should be as interesting as reports which issue direct from the Philippine Commissioners. Yet so scanty is the news, official or unofficial, which comes from the islands that the words of Gen. Edwards deserve careful consideration for the light they throw on our progress in civilizing the Filipinos.

Primarily, Gen. Edwards is interested in the material development of the islands. There are the railways, for instance, upon which the government has guaranteed 4 per cent. to the investors. For them, Gen. Edwards is convinced that the future is very bright. In the Orient, he says, two-thirds of the income from railways is usually from passenger traffic; and since he is able to prove that the density of population in Cebu is 336 per square mile, as opposed to 152.6 in New York, and since the figures in Panay and Negros are also very favorable, "no reason appears why these three Viscayan lines should not pay a fair interest on the investment above the 4 per cent. guaranteed." This is delightful official optimism, since it brushes aside with a stroke of the pen all such things as the habits, customs, likes and dislikes of the populace, and the question of rates. It is gratifying to know, however, that the work of construction goes steadily on. More than 210 miles of new road have already been built in Luzon; in Panay forty miles from Iloilo north are open for construction operation, and nearly sixty miles are finished in Cebu. Authority has been given to extend the railway to Bagnio, in Benguet, the "summer capital" of the Philippine government, but despite the offer of the costly highway to Benguet as the roadbed, no one has yet been found ready to bid.

Another undertaking which has been put through by government credit is the Agricultural Bank. Private capital "hesitated to enter"; but, with the consent of the Attorney-General of the United States, the Philippine Commission appropriated one million pesos from the general funds as the capital of the new institution, and embarked in the banking business. On October 9 the first loan was made—to an American farmer of Tarlac province. Gen. Edwards thinks it "beyond question" that this bank will do much to restore and promote agriculture in the islands. Another government institution, the postal savings bank, has been in operation since October, 1906, with 245 branch offices and deposits of 1,031,994 pesos. Of the 7,346 persons who have made deposits since the beginning of the bank, 44.84 per cent. are Filipinos; and since the Filipino depositors, for whom the banks were primarily established, increased 10 per cent. in the second year, Gen. Edwards regards the outlook as "encouraging."

So far as trade statistics are concerned, Gen. Edwards cannot make out any great advance in prosperity for the islands, or show that the United States is making much money out of them. The exports of the islands fell short by $896,790 of their value in 1907, because of the decline in the price of hemp. Of the total exports, valued at $32,816,567, $10,323,233 went to the United States—a smaller figure than for any year since 1902. The imports were estimated at $30,918,357, of which only $5,079,487 came from the United States. It is not surprising, therefore, that Gen. Edwards earnestly urges the passage of the bill now before Congress to put on the Philippine free list agricultural machinery and implements, and to reduce

the rate on mining machinery, now 10 to 20 per cent., to a flat rate of 5. Naturally, Gen. Edwards favors also the reduction of duties on Philippine exports to this country, urged on Congress by Mr. Taft and President Roosevelt, for upon these exports the real prosperity of the Filipinos now depends. Finally, he shows that the expenditures of the Philippine government were $36,500 greater than the revenue.

Beyond this, he has practically nothing to report. To his superiors Gen. Edwards left all discussion of the general welfare and progress of the natives. But even in the President's message, the place assigned to the Philippines was after the Census, the Soldiers' Homes, and the Government Printing Office, and the space allotted to it shrank to insignificant proportions. There was praise for the official work done in the Islands, and for the admirable bearing and record of the native Philippine Assembly. The Secretary of War, however, fails to mention the Philippines; they have passed wholly beyond his ken, although the Bureau of Insular Affairs is under his direction. In short, in official eyes, the Filipinos now appear to rank in interest with Highways in Alaska, National Cemeteries, and the Boundary between Mexico and the United States, and stand far below the arming of the militia and the building of new battleships. Yet it was these same Filipinos who were to quicken and reform our entire political life, to purify our public service, and relieve us from too close observation of such purely parochial questions as Trusts, corporation control, and railway rates. But if we may believe unofficial reports, the Filipinos hate us worse than ever; they would rather be uncivilized than uplifted by the Americans; and their hopes, aims, and ideals all have to do with cutting loose from the United States.

A NICELY-TIMED REVOLUTION.

A woman with a "great peard" could have seemed no more suspicious to Sir Hugh Evans than will the Venezuelan revolution to a skeptical world. The *émeute* has so often been turned into a revolution in Carácas, that the steps in the process are now well recognized. One of the first of them is the destruction of the statues, or busts, of the President. Erected to himself by himself as the well-deserving saviour of his country, they are torn down as the effigies of a hated tyrant and traitor. This was done in the case of the famous Venezuelan Dictator-President, Guzman Blanco. And shortly after Castro sailed for Europe on November 24, his bust in the Concordia Club was pulled down and smashed to pieces. This was a sure sign of what was to come.

It would appear that President Castro has studied the career of his notorious predecessor, Blanco, to good advantage. That other dictator fled to Paris only after a revolution; Castro, being like the colonel in the story "a little lame," started early and got away before the revolution broke. Whatever else may be said of him, it cannot be charged that he is lacking in astuteness or in knowledge of his own people. It must have been the case, therefore, that when he abandoned Venezuela for Europe, he knew that he might never return—except, possibly, after a counter-revolution, some years hence. It must have become clear to him that his course as the unspanked boy of international relations was about run. Having insulted every nation with which Venezuela had anything to do, he thought it time to go. There can be no doubt that he had been prudently laying up treasure for himself in the European heaven, and where his treasure was, there was his heart also. He has almost certainly gone in imitation of Guzman Blanco, to be one of the South American "rois en exil" in Paris. At all events, we may be sure that the revolution in Carácas was no surprise to him.

Neither was it apparently, to the diplomatic world. The promptness with which the foreign representatives in Venezuela have begun to do business with the new government, shows that they were not exactly stunned by the suddenness of the upset. They acted, rather, like men who had their instructions in their pocket, written in sure anticipation of the event. It was no secret at Washington, last spring, after our diplomatic deadlock with Venezuela had become complete and Congress had washed its hands of the affair, that the State Department was approached to discover whether its attitude towards a Venezuelan revolution would be "benevolent." Of course, Secretary Root let it be known that this government could countenance no movement of that kind. Still, it somehow got about that we at least would not interfere to prevent such a nicely timed uprising. So little by little the stage was prepared for the comedy. As Castro left the scene, exiled generals began to return, and asphalt *concessionnaires* hovered in the wings. The battleship Maine, followed by the cruisers, sailed from our shores almost before the curtain went up in Carácas. There was, to be sure, no such stage mismanagement as occurred during the famous Panama revolution, when the ships got off before any news came, and a nervous Acting-Secretary cabled to Panama to ask if any hitch had occurred in the uprising. In Venezuela, however, the time had come for a revolution. If one did not exist, it would have to be invented. And the inventors appear to have been thoroughly convinced that they would not lack the approval of foreign nations.

In all seriousness, the advent of a new régime in Venezuela cannot fail, for a time at least, to make for the peace and comfort of the world. The series of affronts to other countries, of which Castro had been guilty, and the absolute impossibility of getting him to accede to the ordinary and peaceful methods of diplomatic adjustment of controversies between nations, had resulted in an intolerable situation. It had to be dealt with by force, somehow, and it is much better that the force should have been applied from within than without. Already the revolutionary government is coming to terms with Holland, having rescinded the order forbidding the trans-shipment at Willemstad of goods destined for Venezuela, and the Dutch warships are to be withdrawn from the coast. Other outstanding difficulties will probably be settled before long. It is to be hoped that our State Department will not take advantage of the somewhat precarious position of the new President to press him beyond reason in the asphalt matter; but that a settlement of long-standing disputes may be reached, satisfactorily and honorably to all concerned, now seems much more likely than it did a month ago.

THE GROWTH AND ISOLATION OF GERMANY.

The German Empire, within an area not so large as Texas, contains 63,000,000 people. At the present rate of increase, in forty years the population will amount to 100,000,000. The Germans have almost ceased to emigrate: for a number of years past the country has had more immigrants than emigrants. In this state of things, the public men of Germany cannot help looking ahead to the time, and that perhaps not remote, when the German people will feel a compelling need to overflow somewhere.

One naturally shrinks from contemplating the possibility of an armed movement eastward, the only direction in which the Germans can hope to expand in Europe. That would be a revival in the twentieth century of the *Drang nach Osten* which, in the tenth century, impelled King Henry the Fowler, at the head of the Saxons, Franks, and other German tribes, to undertake to push back the tide of Slavdom which in the great migration of nations had rolled westward as far as the Elbe and the Thuringian Forest. To the east, the Germans have not been able altogether to hold the ground that they have won. Time was when Russia was ready to take as many Germans as were willing to come, and there are not far from two millions in the various parts of the Czar's dominions. But the German no longer finds Russia to his liking; neither does Russia want him. The rôle of the Teuton as civilizer of the Muscovite is ended. Russian industry, mining, and agriculture, together with the Russian universities, have learned to do without him. No Peter or Catharine invites him to take up his abode in the realm. The Baltic Provinces of Russia, where the Teutonic Knights and the Knights Swordbearers spread Christianity and *Deutschtum* with fire and sword in the thirteenth century, are steadily losing their importance as northern outposts of German power. The Lett has dared to assert his nationality against the land-owning Teuton.

In the struggle for supremacy between Slav and German in Bohemia, the country which witnessed the foundation of the first German university in 1348, the balance is shifting in favor of the sturdy and versatile peasantfolk of the Czechs, who are increasing in numbers faster than their more civilized neighbors. In Carinthia and Carniola the Slovenes are vigorously holding their own, and in Galicia it is the Jew, and not the German, who to some extent disputes the ground with the Slav. The lands of the Hungarian crown contain two million Germans, but in spite of the ties that bind this kingdom to Austria, the percentage of German-speaking inhabitants is steadily diminishing.

It is not a cheering spectacle for the German patriot as he views, in the face of the waxing population, power, and splendor of the Hohenzollern realm, the waning of the German influence beyond the borders of the Empire. Still more is he depressed when he turns his gaze from Europe to other continents. He cannot help realizing that his long-cherished dream of a world-pervading *Deutschtum* is dissolving into an empty vision. As he surveys the map of the globe, instead of an advance he sees a positive retrogression. Less than a generation ago he beheld millions of Germans settling in the United States, which they were helping mightily to build up, cherishing their mother tongue, and not altogether unwilling, as he imagined, to remain linked by filial bonds to the fatherland. Others were making their way to the fertile plains of Canada. The map of southern Brazil was thickly sprinkled with German names. As for the Germany of the West, which was springing up on the soil of the American Union, it will ere long be nothing more than a reminiscence. The German colonies, which have blossomed within the last eighty years in the Brazilian States of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina, and Paraná, have likewise been sent adrift into the world by the almost complete stoppage of immigration; and, although the Teuton will not readily fuse with the Latin, the dream of a Little Germany beyond the equator will have come to nought.

Moreover, the stream of emigrants from Germany to Australia, which at no time reached large dimensions, has, in the last few years almost completely dried up, and practically no beginning has been made of German colonization in the Australasian and Polynesian islands. While the Germans have played such an extraordinary rôle in the exploration of Asia and Africa, there is hardly a German-speaking child to be found throughout nearly the entire expanse of those two continents. The author of the article "Deutsches Volk," in Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon," has to admit that outside of Transcaucasia and Palestine there is but one German settlement in the whole of Asia, that at Tsing-tow. He complains that even the building of railways by German companies in Asiatic Turkey brings no German colonists in its wake. No kind of pioneer life seems any longer to have any attraction for the dweller between the Rhine and Memel. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1908 says that on an average just one person a year migrates from Germany to Asia. The writer in Meyer claims but 4,000 German-speaking inhabitants for the whole of the German colonies in Africa. The German absolutely refuses to go to Africa, and there is therefore no prospect of colonial development for Germany in that quarter of the globe. The rest of the world is preëmpted.

The German Empire is naturally restless under its political isolation. The Anglo-Saxon is controlling the destinies of a large part of the globe; the Latin of a not much smaller portion; the Slav has appropriated one-third of the largest continent. The German holds sway merely within a territory but little larger than the land of his ancestors nearly a thousand years ago. This condition of affairs is due in part to the fact that Germany is paying now the penalty for the state of things under that strange political fabric known as the Holy Roman Empire. Then the maritime power of the nation was parcelled out among a group of city republics, united in the Hanseatic League, but incompetent to engage in any national enterprise, while Spaniard, Portuguese, Hollander, Frenchman, and Briton, had both the energy and the facilities for taking possession of distant continents and islands.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

The old professor is going; if he will not go, he is being sent. A fortnight ago, according to the newspaper dispatches, the regents of the University of Minnesota ordained that all contracts with members of the faculty shall expire when teachers reach their sixty-fifth birthday. Next June, it is said, half-a-dozen old gentlemen will call the

class roll for the last time, unless they have already followed the example of their president, Dr. Northrop, and sent in their resignations. What Minnesota has done others are doubtless contemplating seriously. The world is for youth, and youth is not for elderly scholars who can no longer appreciate the humor of throwing chalk across the lecture-room.

But will a fixed age-limit rid the schools of senility? Set sixty-five as the deadline, and the most obnoxious of all old professors will continue to fill chairs; we mean the kind that enters upon its dotage at the age of fifty, the premature fossil whose joy in life is dead, whose sympathy for ambition and ideals has gone cold, or whose mind sluggishly revolves, like an airless satellite, around a single idea. If the age-limit will not surely work, an endurance test might. Make every professor over forty pass an examination in lecturing, and "flunk" the man whose students fall asleep. Lead the faculty on a long jaunt through contemporary affairs, and give a passing mark only to those who are running strong at the finish. So long as one has no prejudices against mere years, this plan might do admirably.

The very week when Minnesota ordered off its sixty-five-year-olds, the distinguished French economist, statistician, and administrator, Prof. Émile Levasseur, was rounding off the fortieth year of his connection with the College of France, his fifty-fifth of teaching, and his eightieth of life. Academic Paris, led by the Minister of Public Instruction, turned out to do him honor; and nobody suggested that M. Levasseur might best show his gratitude for this display of public appreciation by resigning. The French are notoriously parsimonious; they believe in getting all the profit they can out of an investment, be it a cabbage-patch or a professor. They take especial pride in the venerable *administrateur* of the College of France, therefore; he is, as the *Temps* says, the greenest, liveliest, busiest old man ever seen, always ready to go to distant congresses and never overcome by the longest debates, the richest banquets, or the dullest addresses. So long as he can hold the pace, nobody is going to stop him. Two days before his anniversary, a correspondent found him in bed dictating letters and articles to a secretary. He was not ill; oh, no! He never felt better in his life. But there were some extra lectures to be prepared for the following week, and he wished to be fresh for the *petite fête* on Sunday.

Age, after all, is a relative disability. A more troublesome question is the retirement of teachers who can no longer teach. Too little thought has been brought to bear on the existence of four distinct species of old men and the four distinct problems they present. There is the old man with failing body and failing mind; we need not tarry long over him, for he usually retires without pressure. Then there is the old man with strong body and weakening mind; the old man with frail body and sturdy mind; and the rare old man of M. Levasseur's stamp, whose mind and body are both young. How shall we deal with these three? It is not enough to get rid of the first, even at the price of losing the other two. The ripe old teacher is a college's most valuable asset. He keeps alive respect on the part of young men, and also the finest traditions. Sometimes his own traditions are turned against him; a college in the front rank of progress, it is said, cannot tolerate exploded ideas. But an alert mind which can defend even antiquated thoughts vigorously will keep students in the attitude of inquiry and restrain a few from rushing after hot-waffle theories that are served on every corner at a penny a-piece—and well-sugared. And when these antiquated notions happen to be unfashionable truths, he who does battle for them is the happiest of our warriors. He should not be forced to lay down his arms while his strength lasts.

If he is a Levasseur, the retiring board should find him no problem at all. But the normal type is the professor whose physical frame cries for rest long before his mind. It is cruel to keep him at the mill of daily lectures; it is both cruel and wasteful to cut him off from work he loves. Some intermediate status between *ordinarius* and *emeritus* seems called for. In Europe and our own most richly endowed universities it has been partly realized; the old professor with many assistants can reduce his class work to a minimum. But even that may prove too much. Could he not be made a kind of consulting professor? Let him be to the college what the consulting engineer, the consulting surgeon, and the consulting attorney are to their professions. Send students, and also professors, to him for advice. That would give the old professor an abiding interest in life. Isn't he entitled to it?

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" FOR GROWN-UPS.

"Robinson Crusoe," in two handsomely printed volumes, with reproductions of the popular Stothard plates, has just been issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The publishers explain that, although the work "has never failed to make a powerful appeal even to the most sophisticated readers," it is "not at present readily obtainable in fine, adequate literary form"—that is, apart from sets of Defoe's works. The venture will, we hope, prove successful; for it is true that "Robinson Crusoe" is generally printed in a cheap style with coarse illustrations for children; and that most adults, having read and reread the story in youth, seldom return to it. If this edition finds for it new friends and tempts the oldsters to renew their acquaintance with it, the publishers will have deserved well of the republic of letters. For we are confident that any man who has not touched "Robinson Crusoe" since he was fifteen, will, on taking it up again, be surprised and delighted to discover the range and the interest of that wonderful tale. True, it lacks the love-making which, modern critics assure us, is of the essence of good fiction, at least in the opinion of women; but surely that defect may be forgiven, as we forgive it in Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "Kidnapped." We grant also that there are *longueurs* in the action, passages of rather tedious dialogue and moralizing. Through these a boy blithely ploughs, usually without either edification or distress; but any adult who has mastered the art of reading (which, rightly viewed, is the art of skipping) may pass them at a jump. Moreover, the "Further Adventures," like most sequels, is a falling off. With these provisos, we assert that the life of Crusoe on his island is good enough entertainment for anybody; in its class it is supreme.

Frederic Harrison's praise of it (in "The Choice of Books") is sufficiently enthusiastic, but in our view rather misses the main point:

"Robinson Crusoe," which is a fairy tale to the child, a book of adventure to the young, is a work on social philosophy to the mature. It is a picture of civilization. The essential moral attributes of man, his innate impulses as a social being, his absolute dependence on society, even as a solitary individual, his subjection to the physical world, and his alliance with the animal world, the statical elements of social philosophy, and the germs of man's historical evolution have never been touched with more sagacity, and, assuredly, have never been idealized with such magical simplicity and truth. It remains, with "Don Quixote," the only prose work of the fancy which has equal charms for every age of life, and which has inexhaustible teaching for the student of man and of society.

Our quarrel with Mr. Harrison relates not so much to what he says, as to his emphasis. For a man of philosophic temper "Robinson Crusoe" may be all that he says it is—a work on social philosophy and a picture of civilization. He who can read in the apparently casual act and trifling incident the wide-sweeping laws of human action and the organization of society, will find abundant food for reflection in Crusoe's entire helplessness without the product of the labor of others—the guns, saws, clothing, and food which he brought ashore from the wreck; and, in the final building up of a busy little community with the aid of Friday and the castaways. But it is not to be supposed that Defoe was moved by any desire to expound what we now call theories of sociology: his aim was to tell a good story; and, because he made it so true to life, we can discern in it all sorts of profoundities which we dignify by such terms as historical evolution.

The idea which we urge is that "Robinson Crusoe," though it may be a work on historical evolution and social philosophy, is much more than that. Social philosophy, for those who want it, may be had from many sources every day in the week. Mr. Harrison, himself, has offered us a good deal of it; and in this country Professor Giddings is an unfailing spring of it. But neither of them could write "Robinson Crusoe." We hold, rather, with Charles Lamb that "all ages and descriptions of people" may "hang delighted" over the adventures of this sea-rover and practical man of affairs. As a piece of characterization, he is fascinating—to men, but not, we regret to say, to the ladies. He is no figure of romance, like Launcelot; he could never play the languishing lover; he lacks the attractions of a Don Juan. But, though he could not pose as any of these accomplished wooers whom women think so delectable, he would be an admirable husband. Without a trace of the subtlety or exacting taste of Henry James's creations—hard men to live with—without that instability which we politely call temperament, he is the model of a solid, steady man. He would do his best for the wife of his choice; he would never be ruffled by her shifting moods; and as a "good provider," in the old New England phrase, he would be incomparable. On that slender ground we may commend him to the suffrages of those for whom novels are chiefly written. But what we like most about Crusoe is the fine stoicism with which he inflexibly faces the world as it is. Heat and cold, hardship, sickness, and peril that would shatter the mind and body of ordinary mortals leave him unshaken, unafraid, and ready for the duty that lies next his hand. No character in the range of fiction has a better right to quote those lines by Henley:

> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

But aside from the character of the protagonist, the incidents form an absorbing and often thrilling tale. It is nearly two centuries since the book first appeared. There have been innumerable imitations in many languages, but the most accomplished practitioners have failed to reach the level of the great original. We have just been turning the leaves again, to be struck once more by the freshness and vitality of this narrative. Dip into it almost anywhere and you are tempted to read on and on, and renew your vanished youth. There is the escape from the Moor at Sallee and the voyage with Xury, the vivid account of the shipwreck, that wonderful cave with the stockade about it—can the wit of man conceive a more attractive dwelling?—the making of the earthen pots, the building of the big boat, the cruise about the island in the little *periagua*, the discovery of "the print of a man's naked foot on the shore," the fight with the savages and the rescue of Friday—how captivating it all is! Merely to glance at the familiar pages strikes thirty years off the reckoning. The roar of the street traffic dies away in our ears; the stock-tables in the newspapers and the dispatches from Washington are forgotten. This hard practical world is transfigured into a land of romance: with Crusoe and Friday we are creeping through the woods to surprise the cannibals and save their European captive; in breathless suspense we are levelling our muskets, and—by heavens!—the other prisoner is Friday's father!

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the fact is not stated in the bibliographies, collectors and dealers are generally aware that the colored plates in "Damascus and Palmyra," by Charles G. Addison, Bentley, 1838, were by Thackeray. It is not so commonly known, however, that, while most copies have ten plates only, some copies have eighteen. The drawing is not like Thackeray's later work, and the proof that he was the artist lies, we believe, solely in the fact that the receipt for payment in his autograph is extant. This document, which was inserted in Augustin Daly's copy of the book, reads as follows:

> Received of C. G. Addison Esq're twenty pounds for illustrations &c to his work on Damascus & Palmyra. W. M. Thackeray
> £20: 00: 0
> London, 22 December 1837

This brief memorandum unfortunately does not give details as to the number of plates. In the hope that some information may be gathered from owners of copies of the book, we give a list of the titles of the eighteen plates as found in two copies examined, with an asterisk prefixed to those which are found in the copies with ten plates only:

> Vol. I—*Dancing Dervish, Greek Peasant, Turkish Recruit, *Arabat or Turkish Ladies Carriage, *Turkish Lady, *Dancer at the Cafés, Musician of the Harem, *Muezzin Calling to Prayers, Turkish Gentleman.
> Vol. II—*Scene in the Bazaar, Egyptian Soldier, Syrian Merchant, *Bon Bon Seller, An Eastern lady Waiting on Her Guests, *Damascene Lady, *Sherbet Seller, The Bedouin Sheikh, *Lady of Damascus.

The entire eighteen are uniform in style of drawing, execution, and lettering. Each has the lithographer's name "Modeley lith. 3 Wellington St. Strand," below the plate, in a curve. It has been suggested that the extra plates might have been inserted from a book published in 1814, "Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of the Turks," but a comparison shows that execution and lettering are different. Thackeray had not visited the East in 1837, and he might have got ideas from this book or other books on Eastern costumes. The private collector who now owns the Daly copy also owns a water color, representing some Oriental officer or notable standing by a chair, signed "W. Thackeray, Dec. 5, 1836." This was submitted to Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, some years ago, and she wrote: "I have little doubt that it is my father's." This drawing is dated a year earlier than his receipt for £20 from Addison, but it seems not improbable that it was made for that work, but for some reason found unsuitable, and so never reproduced.

In Johannes Wegeler's "Die deutsche oberrheinische Type (M44) im 15, und 16. Jahrhundert" we have the first study of a single "Haebler" type in all its variations.

Not less than 134 varieties of the general type are tabulated, and the variations of each letter are described with great minuteness. Dr. Wegeler's study is a further development of the "natural history" method of typographical investigation, which was first tried by Henry Bradshaw, and which has already resulted in the determination of the origin of many incunabula. The present study will in all probability be followed by others, and if each "Haebler" type be taken up in this way, the time will not be far away when it will be possible to determine the origin and perhaps even the dates of most incunabula with incomplete imprints. The volume is published in Haebler's Sammlung bibliothekswissenschaftlicher Arbeiten (Leipzig: Haupt).

The Milton Exhibition at the Grolier Club will continue until January 9, and should be visited by every one interested in seeing the largest collection of engraved portraits of Milton ever brought together. Three hundred and twenty-eight portraits are shown, 150 more than in the Milton exhibition at Cambridge, England, last summer. These engravings for the most part are derived from a few sources, of which the following are the more important:

The portrait painted by Cornelis Janssens, showing Milton, at the age of ten; first engraved by Cipriani, 1760.

A painting by an unknown artist, formerly in the possession of the Onslow family, and known as the Onslow portrait; engraved by George Vertue, 1731.

The engraving by William Marshall, 1645.

Faithorne's engraving, 1670. This print, the first published as the frontispiece of Milton's "History of Britain," is the best of the old portraits. It was frequently copied and sometimes altered.

Engravings after or influenced by the "Baker drawing," owned at one time by the Tonsons, but now lost.

Engravings after or influenced by the "White drawing," also lost.

Portraits founded upon busts, medallions, seals, etc.

A further class includes portraits from various spurious or doubtful originals. Of these no less than ninety are included.

The exhibition contains first editions of all of Milton's poetical works as well as most of the prose, besides later editions. The original printer's copy of Book i of "Paradise Lost," thirty-three pages small quarto, which belongs to J. P. Morgan, is also shown. Though not in Milton's autograph it is almost certainly the manuscript which was written down by his daughter from his dictation, and is, with the exception of the volume of poems in Milton's autograph, known as his commonplace book, which belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge, the most valuable Milton memorial in existence.

The Grolier Club has just distributed to subscribing members the edition of "The Scarlet Letter" which has been under way for a long time. The book is a large octavo, and one of the most perfect specimens of printing ever done at the DeVinne press. There are thirteen full-page plates from drawings by the late George H. Boughton, almost his last work. These have been printed in colors in Paris by a new process not used before in any book published in this country. Three hundred copies have been made, besides three copies on Japan paper. Of these three, one is reserved for the club library; the other two will be offered to the members at auction at the annual meeting in January.

On January 4 and 5, Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, will sell that portion of Judge James T. Mitchell's library which includes works on engraved portraits, the finest collection, probably, dispersed at auction in this country. This forms the eighth part of Judge Mitchell's print collection.

On January 7 and 8 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city, sells a private library including some important books, among them Smith's "History of Canada" (1815), 2 vols.; Holbrook's "North American Herpetology" (1842), 5 vols.; and an album containing sixty-four drawings by F. O. C. Darley, for the illustration of the works of Cooper and Irving.

From January 18 to 28 Dario G. Rossi of Rome, will sell the library of the late Duc D. Mario Massimo. The collection is chiefly remarkable for the large number of books of predictions or prognostications, more than a hundred titles being catalogued under this heading, thirty-one of them printed before 1500.

Correspondence.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAND GRANT BILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a growing consciousness on the part of people interested in education that the Morrill land grant act of 1862 will prove to be one of the most important steps ever taken in any country in the direction of public endowment of higher education. With the growing prominence of the institutions which owe their origin to this land grant act, is coming of course an increasing interest in everything relating to the early history of the movement which culminated in this celebrated act of legislation.

I am very desirous of ascertaining the exact facts as to when and by whom the proposition was first made for a Federal grant of land in support of an institution or institutions in each State and Territory in the Union for the development of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The claim has been made at various times that Senator Morrill was the first man to make a proposition of this sort, as he was certainly the man whose active support was of great service in securing the passage of the law with which his name is connected. This claim does not seem, however, to be fully substantiated.

The first proposition which I have been able to find looking toward Federal support for the endowment of colleges for agriculture and the mechanic arts, upon the basis of a land grant made to each State in the Union, was in the form of resolutions adopted at a farmers' convention held at Springfield, Ill., June 8, 1852. In a memorial addressed to the Legislature of Illinois, the desire was expressed for such action on the part of the Legislature of Illinois as would assist in securing "an appropriation of public lands for each State in the Union for the appropriate endowment of universities for the liberal education of the industrial classes in their several pursuits in each State in the Union."

At a similar convention held at Springfield, January 4, 1853, a memorial was adopted addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives of Illinois to the effect that they present a united memorial to the Congress now assembled at Washington "to appropriate to each State in the Union an amount of public lands not less in value than $500,000, for the liberal endowment of a system of industrial universities, one in each State in the Union, to coöperate with each other and with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for the more liberal practical education of our industrial classes and their teachers in their various pursuits, and developing to the fullest and most perfect extent the resources of our soils, our arts, the virtue and intelligence of our people, and the true glory of our common country." A petition to adopt these resolutions was sent to the Legislature of Illinois, and resolutions to the above effect were adopted by that body February 8, 1853.

That this action attracted general attention throughout the country among the people interested in the development of public education is evidenced by an article in the semi-weekly *Tribune*, New York, March 1, 1853, p. 2, col. 1, in which the resolutions of the Illinois Legislature above referred to are printed in full, with the following comment, possibly by Horace Greeley himself:

Here is the principle contended for by the friends of practical education, abundantly affirmed with a plan for its immediate realization, and it is worthy of note that one of the most extensive of the public land or new States proposes a magnificent donation of public lands to each of the States, old as well as new, in furtherance of this idea. Whether that precise form of aid to the project is most judicious and likely to be effective we will not here consider. Suffice it that the Legislature of Illinois has taken a noble step forward in a most liberal and patriotic spirit, for which its members will be heartily thanked by thousands throughout the Union. We feel that this step has materially hastened the coming of scientific and practical education for all who desire and are willing to work for it. It cannot come too soon.

The Senate Journal of the Thirty-third Congress, first session, p. 269, under date of March 20, 1854, notes that these resolutions above referred to were presented to the Senate in the form of a petition by the Hon. James Shields, Senator from the State of Illinois, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

All this would seem to indicate that the credit for the first distinct proposition to develop a series of institutions for the higher liberal and practical education of the people in each State of the Union upon the basis of a Federal land-grant, belongs to the farmers of Illinois. The resolutions were presented to the Farmers' Convention by a committee of which Jonathan B. Turner, once professor in Illinois College at Jacksonville, was chairman.

The first bill incorporating this provision was introduced into Congress, if I am correctly informed, December 14, 1857.

Can any students of our educational history point to any earlier formulation of this proposition? Edmund J. James.

Urbana-Champaign, Ill., December 18.

"MUGWUMPS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of the last instalment of the "New English Dictionary" (December 17, pp. 601, 602), you cite "Mugwumps"

as used for "dukes" in Eliot's Indian version of the Bible, 1653. In "A Key into the Language of America," written hy Roger Williams while on his journey to England, to procure the first charter for Providence Plantations, and printed in London by Gregory Dexter in 1643, we find

"Keénomp } pañg. Captaines, or Valiant men."
Múckquomp }

AMASA M. EATON.

Providence, R. I., December 21.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The conclusion reached in my communication printed in the *Nation* of Decemher 24, that the American allusions to Milton there given were helated, turns out to he correct. In his "Pietas in Patriam: The Life of His Excellency Sir William Phips, Knt." (1697), Cotton Mather writes (Section 10, p. 31):

They found, that they were like to make no Weapons reach their Enswamped Adversaries, except Mr. *Milton* could show them how

To have pluckt up Hills with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by their shaggy tops,
Up-lifting, bore them in their hands, Therewith
The Rebel Host to'v over-whelm'd.

These lines, somewhat altered hy Mather, are from "Paradise Lost," vi, 644-647. The "Pietas in Patriam" was included hy Mather in his "Magnalia" (1702), where the ahove passage will be found in Book ii, p. 47. In the same work (Book vii, pp. 44, 50) Mather quotes from "Paradise Lost," vi, 483-490, and vi 386-392, in one place changing Milton's "Chariot and charioteer" to "Salvage *and* Sagamore." These allusions were pointed out hy Mr. C. W. Ernst in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of Decemher 23.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, December 26.

ARNOLD AS ANTIDOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an answer to your editorial of Decemher 24, "After the Higher Criticism, What?" pray print Arnold's sonnet, given below. That is the antidote—the consolation. All the underlined words are in italics in my edition—the definitive edition of 1895. S.

New York, December 25.

THE BETTER PART.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;

"We live no more, when we have done our span."
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "Who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as He!"

[This citation from Arnold admirahly illustrates our point that the progress of the Higher Criticism seems to leave only the stoics unscathed. It seems hardly possible, however, that the gospel according to Matthew Arnold can in the minds of the rank and file make any such appeal as the gospel according to Matthew has made through eighteen centuries.—ED. NATION.]

THE BIBLE AS THE WORD OF GOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial entitled "After the Higher Criticism—What?" (*Nation,* Decemher 24) you appear to assume that the so-called higher critics have robhed the Bihle of the divine authority which it was formerly held to have. It appears to me, however, that modern criticism, as Canon Driver (among the foremost of modern critics) affirms, has done nothing to invalidate the Bihle as the word of God and the infallihle rule of life; and that its divine character, though hidden from the wise and prudent, is manifest to the simple who order their lives hy its teaching.

CHARLES H. MOORE.

Cambridge, Mass., December 27.

THE DUTY ON MATERIAL FOR FERTILIZERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen your issue of Novemher 19, in which, discussing the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, you say (p. 477):

George R. Bower of the Henry Bower Chemical Company of Philadelphia likewise confesses that fertilizers are profitably manufactured in this country, and yet he wants more protection in order to get still greater profits.

It is quite evident to me, in reading this, that you draw your conclusions from the garhled newspaper reports of my hearing, which appeared after I made my verhal statements. The fact is that neither I nor my company is interested in fertilizers in any way, and I made no recommendations whatever concerning them. As a matter of fact, the recommendations I have made are, for the most part, merely to the effect that present ad-valorem rates be made specific on the hasis of present values.

It is hardly consistent with the standing that you claim for your puhlication to attempt to hang your "clear-cut political criticisms" on newspaper inaccuracies. The dignity of your journal and a desire to deal justly with the ohject of your criticism, it appears to me, should call for greater care in your editorial columns. You will recollect that the programme outlined for the Committee on Ways and Means is to revise the tariff from the protectionist's standpoint. If you will take the trouhle to read the printed reports of the hearings, which also contain copies of the hriefs submitted by the various interests that have heen heard, you would find that all recommendations, in the chemical industry, at least, have been of a most moderate character and well supported hy facts and logical arguments. I would appeal to you to suhstitute for the spirit of carping criticism you display, an exhibition of a spirit of fairness that should prevail in all discussions in a puhlication of the character of the *Nation.*

GEORGE R. BOWER,
President of the Henry Bower Chemical Manufacturing Company.

Philadelphia, December 19.

[We must plead that if we make any comment on current events, we are generally hound to follow the press reports. The printed stenographic reports of these sessions of the Ways and Means Committee did not appear till some days had elapsed. On consulting them, as Mr. Bower suggests, we find (p. 22) that Mr. Bower asked that the present duty be retained on sulphate of ammonia, a material used in the manufacture of fertilizer. We reprint (p. 24) the following stenographic report of the close of Mr. Bower's testimony:

Mr. Bower. We manufacture all of the articles which I have mentioned.
Mr. Underwood. You have been ahle to manufacture them successfully under the present tariff?
Mr. Bower. Yes, sir.
Mr. Underwood. What reason can you assign why we should increase the tariff?
Mr. Bower. We could make more if we could secure more of the market.
Mr. Underwood. It is not for the protection of your industry that you desire the increase, hut it is purely a question of increasing the profits of the manufacturers?
Mr. Bower. Yes, sir; that is what it hoils down to.
Mr. Dalzell. You think the duty you suggest would he prohibitive?
Mr. Bower. Yes, practically so.
Mr. Underwood. Where do you expect the government to derive any revenue if you have prohihitive duties?
Mr. Bower. There are a great many articles subject to the tariff that have to he imported. There is no necessity of importing things that we can make here, so far as I can see.—ED. NATION.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it he amiss hefore turning hack to the daily routine to spend another quarter of an hour in considering somewhat more carefully the significance of what happened at the polls the other day—the causes and the reasons, and the prospects to which we are for the present shut in? Clearly it was an event over which thinking people should not play the blinkard; for some of the questions now for the moment gone out of discussion will return again to plague us, and none of them ought to he thought settled, or, indeed, can he, if not disposed of in accordance with the actualities.

To begin with, as to the broad fact of the overthrow of the Nehraskan, how can it he said with so much assurance, how can it he said at all, that it was due, as many people appear to imagine, altogether or chiefly to a popular conviction of his instahility? Whether indeed he is unstable, this is a point upon which I make no argument. I would simply say that it is a point upon which much has heen said that is not persuasive. But is it not plain that enormous influences have been at play, some of which, at any rate, have little more than an incidental relation to the character of candidates, good or bad? For one thing, is it not plain beyond cavil that vast numhers of voters, voters who, of whatever age, are not yet grown up, are still in the inflamed stage of Rooseveltism? How else shall we understand the amazing dumhness with which the man in the White House was suffered to dictate the nomination and to use the powers of government openly, boldly, wholesale, to carry nomination into election? Here was an influence powerful enough, perhaps, augmented with the jingo fervors that everywhere go with it, to account for everything that happened.

But more powerful even than this, more powerful, I believe, than all else, was the influence of money. I do not refer to the campaign fund, although a fund running into the millions seems a strange enough thing in a land where there are people who look about supperless for a bed that cannot be found. If political truth were carried home to some one man somewhere, preferably a tributary farmer in darkest Vermont, the expenditure might not be regretted. But I do not refer to this. I mean the unhappy power over the minds and lives of men generally of the thought of personal monetary gain, or the fear of personal monetary loss.

Let us consider, for a moment what has been growing and unfolding before us along with what we fondly call our prosperity these recent years—a society in which the material good is not merely the highest good, but the *All*. Let any one recall for a moment the odds and ends of talk he has been everywhere hearing—on street cars, on railway trains, in the corridors of hotels—floating scraps of the common thoughts of men, thoughts of which the ways of getting and of spending have been the endless theme; consider for a moment the men, all of whose powers one knows to be bent not on noble living, not on life in which the truly good things have the foremost place, but on the amassing of fortunes and luxuriating in them; consider the thousands upon thousands whom these schemers employ and exploit; consider the other thousands who hang upon the fringes of this eager life and subsist as they can! And consider the indisputable revelations of unscrupulous eagerness which have been unrolled before us—of bankers banking with one foot on the threshold of the jail; of men everywhere, thieving legislators, defaulting trustees for widows and orphans running neck and neck from a justice which sometimes pursues, but seldom overtakes! What more natural in a society so prepossessed, so overwhelmed by a desire for the shining metal, whether to hoard or to spend, than that money should be more powerful than all else in determining the votes of men? What more natural than that the election should stand first of all as good evidence, or not evidence, but proof, of what money, wealth, consolidated capital can do for itself when it is owned or controlled by persons who are mainly of one opinion as to where their interests lie, and who work single-mindedly to promote them?

We are so accustomed to the material, the money-material, point of view, that the concentration of attention upon this point has been little noticed, but the conservative press has teemed with arguments having no other bearing, and the platform has resounded with them. Where will you find your profits? Where lie the dollars? Has the voter a good place at a good salary? Then he must vote for the good old Republican régime and prosperity, and so keep it and better it. Is he the father of a family, and possessed of hands only as a means of their support? Then he may vote for Bryan, if he like; but in that case the mill will shut down, or wages will be cut.

What more natural than that the real questions now long before the country should receive no real consideration—that voters should really not ask themselves whether the tariff was an economic folly and a political peril? Nor whether war or the machinery of war is a dispensable evil? Nor whether we stultified ourselves before a cyuical world when we set up to govern the Filipinos as a subject people, and ought now to establish them in independence. Nor even what should be done as to the Trusts and other great monopolistic combinations by which a free political life is visibly threatened? The question the voter was induced to put to himself was the unmixed and immediate question of money. A sordid question, sordidly and dishonestly put and sordidly and not very honestly answered. Sordidly and dishonestly, but also ignorantly and mistakenly. The mill would not have been shut down, or, if shut down, it would have been started again on a more equitable footing. If the protected mill owner cannot have a tariff under which he can make a rascally fifty per cent. all for himself, he will still go on and take his ten per cent. and let other people, perhaps his own employees, have the other forty. Wages would not have been cut, or, if they had been cut, the prices of the necessaries of life would have been still more cut.

What more natural, what, indeed, more inevitable, than that years upon years of steady attention to what they call the "main chance" should come to precisely such results? People seem to have no difficulty in perceiving that a man cannot play Shylock all the week, and be heart and soul in the beauty of holiness all Sunday, but they are virtually told that they can spend over and over their three years and eleven months up to their necks in the not over-clean activities of mere money-getting and in the remaining four weeks examine with the prepared mind and deliberately settle great complex questions of mixed political justice and political expediency not only for themselves, but for generations yet to be born.

RACHEL EDGEMORE BURLEIGH.

Madison, Wis., December 15.

Notes.

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 7.

The publishing department of Paul Elder & Co. will in January return from New York to its home office in San Francisco.

T. Fisher Unwin of London announces for early publication a book on "The Panama Canal and Its Makers," by Dr. Vaughan Cornish. The engineering problems of the work are here considered, and also the bearing of the canal on the future of the white races in the tropics.

The Oxford edition of Thackeray is completed by the issue of four volumes (XIV to XVII), which contain "The Newcomes," "Henry Esmond," "The Adventures of Philip," and several of the minor works. Professor Saintsbury continues to discourse prefatorially in his jaunty vein of the books and the characters that live in them. He is a convinced Thackerayan, naturally, but he does not hesitate to put his finger on the weak joints here and there of the novels. "Esmond" is evidently his favorite; "one of the furthest explorations that we yet possess of human genius," he reckons it, "one of the most extraordinary achievements of that higher imagination which Coleridge liked to call *escnoplastic*." More interesting than such laudation, however true, is his analysis of the autobiographical hypothesis into its three elements, Esmond being Thackeray "himself and 'the other fellow,' and also, as it were, human criticism of both." One point Prof. Saintsbury does not bring out, nor does any other critic, so far as we remember; that is the fact that these memoirs are supposed to have been written by Esmond for the perusal of his wife, and are colored throughout by this personal relation. Thackeray never forgets this, and in many places allows the reader to get glimpses between the lines of the state of affairs as they really were, and not as they are presented for the eyes of the jealous wife. With this point in mind we should hesitate to say quite so emphatically as does Professor Saintsbury that "Harry had been in love with the mother, as well as with the daughter, all along." The tragedy of the book is deeper than it at first appears—though deep enough under any light. Its burden, shown in many aspects besides the final marriage, is the difference between the ideal love of beauty and the inevitable compromises of life, and its solution is the philosophy of victory through resignation. Professor Saintsbury has much to say also on "Philip" and "The Newcomes" that might suggest comment. "The Newcomes," he thinks, must be the most popular of Thackeray's novels, and himself ranks it higher in the scale of excellence than we at least are inclined to admit. Despite its marvellous scenes and still more marvellous character sketches, "The Newcomes" has always seemed to suffer from one essential weakness; it is a novel not "without a hero," but that hero, Clive, is uninteresting. In this respect the book falls far below "Pendennis." In fact, it seems to us demonstrable that the greater novels, with the exception of "Esmond," which stands apart, degenerate in value in the order of publication, "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "The Virginians," and "Philip." And the reason no doubt is that Thackeray, like a good Englishman, depended too much on the spontaneity of genius, and rather despised the laborious lessons of art.

To its green and gilt bound series the Oxford University Press has added three volumes of exceptional interest. One is John Galt's delightful "Annals of the Parish," a perfect example of dry Scotch humor. Another contains the "Select Poems of William Barnes," with an introduction by Thomas Hardy. Barnes has had the good fortune to win the applause of two famous lovers of his Dorsetshire—Hardy and Lionel Johnson, and his homely pathos and beauty will have a charm for any reader who can surmount the first repulsion of the Wessex dialect. The third volume is "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," printed from the second (1890) edition. It is a book of academic humor at its best, a worthy continuation of Calverley, a rich and fine growth which has never taken root on this side of the Atlantic, though Dr. Holmes sometimes came close to it. Some of the best pieces in this collection are parodies of Tennyson and Swinburne and others by Q. (Mr. Quiller-Couch), a clever skit on "The Art of Bowling" written as a Socratic dialogue by C. T.—but all the pieces are so good that there is little choice, and, besides, they are prob-

ably already known to the reader of this note.

"The King's English," which we noticed editorially July 12, 1906 (p. 29), has been reduced to something less than half its original bulk, and so issued by the Clarendon Press as a schoolbook. The omissions are of non-essentials and scarcely diminish the value of the work. As we remarked of the original edition, no one can acquire the positive qualities of style by reading such a manual, but one may be warned of many faults. The book is an excellent example of its class, and there are few writers who would not be improved by going through it carefully.

Little, Brown & Co. have gathered the "Poems and Sonnets" of the late Louise Chandler Moulton into a volume, for which Harriet Prescott Spofford has provided a preface of glowing eulogy. Mrs. Moulton's verse suffers somewhat from reading in mass; its saccharine taste becomes cloying after a while, and the eye begins to run forward at each new elegy to catch the word "moan." But taken singly or in small groups many of her pieces undoubtedly possess a rare beauty, rising in a few of the sonnets and at least in "Laus Veneris" among the poems to something very near the sublime.

The "Poems" of E. C. Stedman in a standard series published by Houghton Mifflin Co. emphasizes the fact that this genial critic and poet has laid down the pen and taken his reward. We have no intention of attempting to characterize Mr. Stedman's verse. Its qualities are well known. His best work, of serious vein, is found, we think, in the poems written to commemorate great names or important events. Here, without reaching too strenuously after the exalted, he assumes easily a grave and pleasant dignity.

Copies of the "Facsimile of the MSS. of Milton's Minor Poems, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge," may be obtained of Bowes & Bowes of Cambridge, England. This is a volume of collotypes privately printed by A. G. Dew Smith in 1889, and shows clearly the complicated corrections of the poet.

Now is the season when annuals of various sorts make their appearance, and among the first of these and the most generally useful is "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1909, published by Joseph Whitaker of London. The present edition has undergone considerable rearrangement, which was made necessary by the introduction of a number of new topics. Some notion of the wealth of material included may be gained from the fact that the index contains more than 6,000 references.

The "Almanach de Gotha" for 1909 also makes its appearance (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), with its usual genealogical and political information. The engraved portraits this year are of the King and Queen of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Baden.

The fourth edition of "Wer ist's?" for 1909 appears promptly, coming to our table from G. E. Stechert & Co., the American publisher. About 2,000 new biographies are included, and the type of almost the whole work has been reset, giving a clear impression. The volume has grown so large that the editor will soon be compelled, as the editor of the English "Who's Who" found it necessary, to banish the preliminary statistical tables and other miscellaneous matter to a separate volume. One of these additions, however, is highly useful for those who would consult such a book, containing a list of some 3,000 pseudonyms. Continual use has only brought out more clearly the fulness and excellence of this publication. The only difficulty it presents is the severe abbreviation of the titles of books, but the names of German books are commonly so long that some such compression was necessary for saving space. As it is, the present issue runs to 1,626 pages.

A. & C. Black have added to their series of illustrated description books a handsome volume, "The Isle of Wight" (imported by the Macmillan Co.). The narrative by Hope Moncrieff bears the respectable and unexciting character that one would expect. The colored illustrations by A. Heaton Cooper are vigorous and interesting, though the color is not always convincing, while the artist's impressionism sometimes taxes the resources of reproduction.

Of "Travels of a Lady's Maid," by "A. B.," (L. C. Page & Co.), it may be said that while the travels are the well-known article that any one could dictate with his eyes shut, the lady's maid is of a type that never was on sea or land. The book abounds in the sort of English humor which it is admitted that Americans cannot understand, although it is usually as in the present instance, thoroughly explained and edited with a key attached.

In "From the North Foreland to Penzance" (Duffield & Co.), Clive Holland has amassed a sufficiently readable agglomeration of anecdote, description, moral reflection, and history bearing on the south coast of England. But the reason for the book's existence is to be found in the admirable illustrations by Maurice Randall. These are exceptionally artistic and effective instances of the three-color process, showing the great range of which that process is capable. Apart from their technical excellence, they have qualities of sentiment that will charm every lover of the characteristic sea-coasts of England, and the artist has anticipated with great tact the requirements of the method of reproduction. The painter and the printer must divide the credit for an achievement in the presentation of skies and sea stretches that marks high-water in the mechanical use of color.

W. H. Hudson's exquisite talent has won him a body of warm admirers, but the very nature of that talent, its restraint, its simplicity, its refusal to force the note, keep the body a small one. Those who hold "Green Mansions" among their chosen books will be glad to find in "The Land's End" (D. Appleton & Co.), although it is not a romance, the same power to observe and reproduce nature. "Green Mansions" presented the tropical forest as mere literature has hardly painted it elsewhere; this latest book uses a different palette altogether and gives us the water-charged atmosphere, the scanty, wind-tormented flora and the strong and struggling fauna (from men to adders) of the Duchy of Cornwall. Birds are Mr. Hudson's chief interest in life, but he conceives his subject in a large spirit, and as for instance the prevalence of Methodism in Cornwall bears indirectly but indisputably on the welfare of the birds, that and many other sociological phenomena come into his discussion. The book is profusely illustrated with half-tones and with line-plates in the text, well enough drawn by A. L. Collins, but rather coarsely reproduced.

The Rev. John P. Peters has published a pamphlet, "Hilprecht's Answer," in which he analyzes the contents of Prof. H. V. Hilprecht's volume, "The So-Called Peters-Hilprecht Controversy." Dr. Peters says:

This little pamphlet is intended both as a response to Hilprecht's answers, which seem to me, while attempting to evade the real issues, to be in fact an admission of substantially everything alleged by me, and also as a summary of the situation as it now stands. My hope is that, instead of controversy as to the past, we may now have an actual publication of the Nippur material in an orderly and scientific way, which will enable the world to ascertain precisely what was discovered, with proper identification of the provenance of each object. If this unsavory controversy shall end in such a good result, I shall be sufficiently repaid for my part of the pain and unpleasantness.

"The Control of Public Utilities," by William M. Ivins and Herbert Delavan Mason (Baker, Voorhis & Co.), gives the Public Service Commission Law of New York, together with the text of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Rapid Transit Act of New York, all carefully annotated, with citations of leading American cases. The whole is a bulky volume of nearly 1,200 pages, which, with its full indexes, cross-references, and judicial precedents, is itself an obvious public utility. As Mr. Ivins contends in the preface, there is no doubt that the movement to regulate public-service corporations by the several States is bound to have a wide extension and thorough trial. Acts modelled on the New York statute are almost certain to be passed in New Jersey and in Connecticut, within six months. To legislators, therefore, as well as lawyers, this work is of timely interest. On the chief legal points involved, judicial opinion is not yet fully crystallized. When the Supreme Court finally decides the Consolidated Gas case, it may easily be that a new judicial landmark will be set up, by which all future legislation of the kind will need to orient itself.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, in consultation with the officers of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, has devoted the issue of its *Annals* for January to a discussion of industrial education in its different phases. This issue includes articles by Col. Carroll D. Wright, the retiring president of the society; M. W. Alexander, sometime its vice-president; Dr. J. P. Haney, secretary; John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America; W. B. Prescott, secretary of the International Typographical Union Commission on Supplemental Trade Teaching, Chicago; N. W. Sample, superintendent of apprentices of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; John Wanamaker; Dr. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Institute; and Frederick W. Atkinson, president of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Golden writes on the position of labor

unions regarding industrial education; C. W. Cross on the "Apprenticeship System of the New York Central Lines," and Mr. Wanamaker on "A Store School."

"The Gay Gordons," by John Malcolm Bullock (London: Chapman & Hall), is well enough described by the second title, "Some Strange Adventures of a Famous Scots Family." The author, who is engaged in editing a many-volumed history of the House of Gordon, has extracted from the "immense amount of material at [his] disposal" a number of highly picturesque characters and incidents and put them together "to illustrate some well-defined characteristics of the family." The most marked of these traits would seem to be that which has earned for the clan the title of the Gay, or the Gey, Gordons—according to whether the name is spoken by friendly or unfriendly critics—a certain dare-devil recklessness, leading them far afield as rovers of sea and land, soldiers of fortune, and champions of lost causes. To show how this wild strain in the blood turned the poor brain of mad Lord George, fed the fiery genius of Byron, and mingled hero and fanatic in the indomitable martyr of Khartum would be an interesting task, but Mr. Bullock has expressly chosen to omit the best known figures from his gallery, nor indeed would his hand be equal to any very subtle or valuable studies of character. It is more to be regretted that the regard for space which led him to strike out the greater names on his list did not hold him to a severer standard in dealing with the lesser; there is a good deal of genealogical dead wood, which would be better cut away. In spite of this, however, and of the author's slipshod style and commonplace ideas, the book contains much curious and enjoyable reading. The White Rose of Scotland who married poor Perkin Warbeck; the Great Glenbucket, crouching over his "little grey Highland beast" as he rides away from Culloden; the beautiful Sarah Lennox, she whom Thackeray paints for us making hay at Young George the Third on the lawn of Holland House; the silly, gallant lad who got himself beheaded (*guillotined* is surely a curious anachronism for 1769) at Brest as a spy—all these and many other picturesque, unlucky figures pass across the stage, but none stranger or more haunting than the last Earl of Aberdeen, the elder brother of the present peer. In January, 1866, this young man, no wild gallant, but serious, religious, well-educated, the head of his family, having already taken his seat in the House of Lords, left home forever. On May 22 he entered himself on the visitors' book at the Revere House, Boston, as "George H. Osborne," and for the remaining four years of his life he hid himself under that name and revelled in the hardships and adventures of an able seaman. He had risen to be first mate on a three-master sailing from Boston when he was knocked overboard one rough night in mid-ocean and never seen again. Of all the Gay Gordons, surely none has been truer to the blood, none readier to count the world well lost to satisfy an insistent craving of the spirit, than that blameless gentleman, the sixth Earl of Aberdeen.

The extraordinary vogue of "Rembrandt als Erzieher," which advocated the regeneration of Germany through her low-land peasantry, has been responsible for innumerable philosophical protests against modern educational methods in Germany. One of the most vigorous is August Horneffer's "Erziehung der modernen Seele," which seeks the remedy for the prevailing anarchistic tendencies in literature and art, not only in a return to Greek culture, but also in the lessons to be drawn from Chinese rigidity in moral instruction. The author apparently finds the antagonism between the educational ideals of Greece and China less irreconcilable than might be supposed. At any rate, in his opinion, both have led to important identical results—simplicity, sincerity, clearness. In China, "men live clearly and on solid ground." Herr Horneffer is less vague than most writers on similar subjects, but as in so many recent German books of this kind, sexual problems are needlessly dragged into the discussion.

"Die Erteilung der Doktorwürde an den Universitäten Deutschlands, mit Textabdruck der amtlichen Satzungen," by Dr. O. Schröder (Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses), hitherto published as one volume, is now issued also in four separate parts, giving the official data on the doctors' degrees in the theological, the law, the medical, and the philosophical faculties.

"Von Gott und Gottes Offenbarung" is the title of a new collection of sermons, from the point of view of advanced theology, by Julius Bode of Bremen, a recognized leader in the propaganda of adapting new theology to modern religious needs. He recently issued a similar work entitled "Im Lichte leben!" (Slade: Fr. Schaumberg).

The Waisenhaus Verlag of Halle has just issued two works in the field of Germanic philology. One is the third volume of R. C. Boer's "Untersuchungen über den Ursprung und die Entwicklung der Nibelungen Sage"; the other, Virgil Moser's "Historisch-grammatische Einführung in die frühneuhochdeutschen Schriftsdialekte."

An archæological work of interest has just come from the presses of the Dieterich'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher), "Der kretische Apollonkult: Vorstudien zu einer Analyse der kretischen Götterkulte," by Dr. Wolf Aly. On the basis of recent research in the archæology of Crete, the author begins here an attempt to solve the Mycæno-Cretan problem. The special purpose of this brochure is to show that the worship of Apollo was introduced at a comparatively late period into Crete, and was there united with the worship of some of the older divinities.

The studies contained in the sixth part of Gustaf F. Steffen's "Sociala studier" (Stockholm: Geber) deal with some fundamental aspects of social theory. The central idea in these studies is that the economic civilization is not the aim of life, that this civilization is the means by which men in our day reach the *real* aim of life, namely a higher culture, ethical, religious, æsthetic, scientific. The way to realize this aim is in the direction of Socialism. On the specific socialistic movement, which is called Social Democracy, the author looks less critically than in 1900, when he published his work, "Lönarbetaren och Samhället," because, he says, "since then important progress has been made within the Social Democracy from the older Marxian dogmatism to a modern scientific view."

Under the title, "Dieci anni di Storia piemontese (1814-1824)," the Fratelli Bocca of Turin have just published for the Piedmont Committee of the Società per la Storia del Risorgimento, a volume which includes unpublished letters of Vittorio Emanuele I, Carlo Felice, Carlo Alberto, and others. The book is edited by a grandson of Gen. Alessandro Marmora, Count Mario degli Alberti, who has included a number of letters in the possession of his family, written by Carlo Alberto to the Marquis Carlo della Marmora, between November, 1821, and 1824, while forced by Carlo Felice to live in exile in Tuscany. The editor also reprints two memorials of King Carlo Alberto: that addressed to the Powers in 1821, entitled "Rapport et détails de la Révolution qui eut lieu en Piémont dans le mois de Mars, et détails sur ma Régence," and that of 1838, with the title "Relazione ad majorem dei gloriam." Among much that is trivial and tedious, these letters present this king, who has been called the "Italian Hamlet," as bearing ill fortune with cheerful fortitude, hoping, as he says, "that some day many people may become convinced that I have been strangely and unreasonably slandered in every way."

Under the direction of W. D. Johnston, its newly appointed librarian, the library of the United States Bureau of Education has during the past year undertaken some important new functions in behalf of educational workers and pedagogical libraries in this country. With a view to the improvement of the catalogues of pedagogical collections, the library began on January 1, 1908, to publish catalogue cards for current educational literature not copyrighted in the United States. These cards are printed and sold by the Library of Congress as a part of the service of its card section. As all books copyrighted in the United States are at present catalogued by the Library of Congress, it is now possible for librarians to secure printed cards for almost any current publication relating to education. These cards are also useful as announcements of current publications, constituting, as they do, the most complete record of current pedagogical literature which exists. During the coming year all cards made out in cataloguing the collection of this library, whether of old books or new books, will be printed, so that with the development of its collection and the completion of its recataloguing, it will become possible to secure from the library an exact description of any pedagogical work of importance, whether a current publication or not. The library has further undertaken the preparation of a union catalogue of the more important pedagogical collections of other libraries in the United States. Cards for books in this library and cards for books in other libraries are filed in one alphabet. This union catalogue should be useful to students wishing to learn where a rare book or edition may be found. It is also of particular use to this library in reducing to a minimum the purchase of duplicates.

At the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America at the University of Toronto, December 29, Prof. Henry A. Sanders of the University of Michigan pre-

sented his second report upon the Greek Biblical manuscripts brought from Egypt in 1907 by Charles L. Freer of Detroit (see the *Nation*, January 2, 1908, p. 8). The work of separating the leaves of the manuscripts, said Professor Sanders, has progressed satisfactorily during the year. The majority of the leaves separated have also been photographed, and the process of collation is being carried on. A facsimile of the manuscript of Deuteronomy and Joshua, now in preparation, will be first of the series to be published. The heterogeneous character of these four parts of one Bible is now even more manifest than at first. Comparison with numerous other manuscripts has made it clear that those in the Freer collection were written in lower Egypt at dates ranging from the fourth to the eighth century. Of greatest interest, not only palæographically, but for other reasons, is the discovery that near the middle of the manuscript of the Gospels there is a 16-page quire which is written in a hand unlike any that appears elsewhere in the manuscript, and upon a different kind of parchment, with a different sort of ruling. On the basis of the excellence of the text, the ancient appearance of the parchment the peculiar spelling, the character of the writing (resembling a papyrus hand), and evidence of transmission from a similar source in other parts of the manuscript, it seems probable that these sixteen pages once formed a part of the parent manuscript from which most of the text of John, Luke, and Mark in this manuscript of the Gospels was copied; the parent manuscript cannot be dated later than the fourth century. The whole of Matthew and probably some other portions were copied from a different manuscript having a text presenting a considerable mixture of Syrian readings. The ancient home of this Bible has been discovered through a new interpretation of the subscription at the end of the Gospel of Mark. This reads as follows: "O Holy Christ, be thou with thy servant Timothy and all his." The reference is to Saint Timothy, who was a martyred monk of Memphis; "all his" are the worshippers in his church, which was in the Monastery of the Vinedresser, a short distance west of the Pyramids. That monastery perished between 1208 and 1441 A. D., and probably this Bible was then transferred to another.

The Société des Gens de Lettres has announced its annual prizes: The Grand Prix Chauchard, 3,000 francs, to the novelist Camille Debans; two other prizes of the same foundation, each 1,000 francs, to Ph. Chaperon and Mme. Camille Pert; the Prix of the President of the Republic, 1,000 francs, to Jean Blaize; and the Prix Petit-Bourg, 1,000 francs, to Charles Diguet.

Charles Edward Phelps died in Baltimore December 27 at the age of seventy-five. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1853, practised law in Baltimore, served in the Maryland Brigade of the Union Army, was elected to Congress in 1864 and to the Supreme Court Bench in Baltimore in 1882. He published "Juridical Equity" (1894), "Falstaff and Equity" (1901), and "One of the Missing" (1905).

The death is announced of Edmond Louis Stapfer in his sixty-fifth year. He was the oldest member of the Faculté de Théologie of Paris, and one of the most influential members of the Reformed Church in France. Besides a critical translation of the New Testament, he published "Les Idées religieuses en Palestine à l'époque de Jésus-Christ" and "La Palestine au temps de Jésus-Christ."

THE MISTRESS OF HOLLAND HOUSE

The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland (1791-1811). Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $6 net.

The Lady Holland chiefly known to us, the one presented, for example, in Mr. Sanders's recently published "Holland House Circle" (see the *Nation*. October 8, page 336), is the imperious hostess of the later years, in whose salon and dining room the recognized wits of London met to cross swords. The present handsome volumes give her under rather a new light. Beginning with June, 1791, when she left England with her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, the first part of the Journal carries the record through her five years of foreign travel. There is then an interval of a year, during which her first union was annulled by Parliament and she was married to Henry Richard, third Lord Holland. The second part of the Journal begins after this event and continues through the four years of Whig "Secession," until 1801. With the change in the nature of the Opposition there is a change in the Journal; the political events are followed with more historical regularity and less personal interest, especially during the Ministry of All the Talents, when Lord Holland was Privy Seal. After the fall of that Ministry the entries diminish in continuity, coming to an abrupt end in 1811.

The Journal thus divides naturally into three sections, of which the second is far the most entertaining. The earliest division is not without interest of a personal sort. Here and there a few words escape the diarist, showing her rancorous hatred of the dull squire to whom she was married at the age of fifteen, and who was totally unsympathetic to her vivacious temper and petulant vanities. But for the most part her Journal of travel is like that of any intelligent young woman—she was only twenty when she went abroad—and scarcely worth printing. With her marriage to Lord Holland, with whom she had begun to live before her divorce, all this changes. She was devoted to her new husband. Though always looked at askance by the more decorous ladies of England, she was set immediately at the centre of the society of Whig rebels, and her home became their meeting place for politics and recreation. Columns might be filled with anecdotes and sketches of character. Toward Charles Fox, her husband's uncle, she had that personal drawing which he won from almost all who came into contact with him, although her bitter diatribes against gambling show that she was aware of his weaknesses. She quotes, too, with approval the saying of the terrible Sir Philip Francis (whom she both feared and despised) that Fox was a man of "facility" without "cordiality"; but in his presence that facility had the power of genius. March 10, 1799, she writes of him:

> We sat up very late with him; his conversation is always instructive and entertaining. He shuns politics as much as I could wish. Criticism, literature, and observations upon character are the chief topics. It is astonishing what a storehouse of knowledge his mind is of every sort, from a fairy tale up to a system of philosophy. A novel was mentioned, upon which he launched forth upon a discussion on the different merits of the novelists, in which he displayed as great a range of reading as a miss who reads from a circulating library could do.

Of the other great Whigs Sheridan was evidently antipathetic to her. She disliked him personally and distrusted him politically. The best of her bonmots are already known from other diarists of the age, but we do not remember to have read this about Sheridan:

> There is a story of his offering some stories to Mr. Fox, to assist him in argument, but the latter, who is very strict as to what he asserts, asked if they were well authenticated, and, finding they depended upon report, declined using them; upon which S. said, "He is so d——d *surly about facts.*"

The most interesting figure, of whom we get only tantalizing glimpses, is Lord Lansdown (as the name was spelt by him), better known in history as Shelburne. Readers of Disraeli will remember his admiration for one whom he regarded as the most philosophical and least understood among English statesmen. Disraeli was drawn to Shelburne in part, no doubt, by the mystery that hangs about his character, and the uncertainty whether his pose signified profundity or concealed charlatanry. Perhaps, too, he had a natural sympathy for one about whom, to quote Lady Holland, "a simple, well-meaning man once said, 'What a pity 'tis that Mr. Fox has no private character, and Ld. L. no public one.'" What is told of him in the present memoirs will only cast another veil of obscurity about his character, but it will at least win sympathy for the man in his broken health, distrusted by his political allies, at war with his oldest son, living in a "vast solitude":

> Ld. L., in his old age, surrounded with dignities and wealth, is helpless, and more an object of pity than of envy. He has no friend. Col. Barré, who went through life with him, he has broken with; the cause of their quarrel is a mystery [always *mystery*]. He loves the society of women, and has lost two wives. His son, whom he

meant to make a tool for his ambition and to live over again in his political career, shuns the line he designed him for, and is an alien to his country. The character of his second son is not yet developed. His home is a vast solitude, and but for the three ladies must be insufferable. . . . He always makes me melancholy, to fancy the anguish he must at times endure. When he was in ministry many of the squibs of the day had compared him with the Jesuit Malagrida. Goldsmith, with his usual simplicity, said to him, "I wonder, my Lord, at their comparing you to Malagrida, for he was a very honest man."

In these chance notes of intimate characterization lies the chief interest of Lady Holland's Journal; her account of political movements is neither consecutive nor quite clear. As for her own character, she appears a woman lovable in many ways, excessively sociable, hating the country and clinging to the town, not yet imperious, though with signs of that coming trait. It is evident that her success as a hostess was in no small part due to her physical attraction to men. Hints occur continually of lovers at her feet, though, with the exception of her escapade with the man she afterwards married, it would appear that she herself, if flattered, was always perfectly discreet. In religion she belonged to the free thinkers of the day, and she has recorded a curious prayer in acknowledgment of recovered health, beginning: "Oh, God! chance, nature, or whatever thou art." On the whole, she must have been, even in youth, a woman not altogether easy to live with, and there is a satisfaction in thinking that she probably made her first husband, a man apparently of many contemptible qualities, as unhappy as he made her.

CURRENT FICTION.

The War in the Air. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Wells tethers this nightmare almost at our doors. If this history written before the event proves sound, the present generation will live to see the heavens filled with navies "dripping death," and the nations disembowelling one another in universal war. The conflict is precipitated by the Crown Prince Karl Albert, an austere, dreamy-eyed military fanatic whose brains are addled by his "star," his ancestors, and the Imperial destiny of Germany. Believing that his aerial fleet will render him invincible, he sails over New York, demolishes it like an ant-hill, and establishes his base in the heart of the United States. It was a happy inspiration to present these tremendous affairs as seen by an unwilling passenger in the Prince's flagship—Bert Smallways, a droll, stupid cockney, formerly repairer of bicycles in Bun Hill. Bert is a rather rich, humorous creation. Stupid as he is, he is wiser than the lords of the earth—he is a kind of homely symbol of the pacific, humdrum common sense of the world. Through the dull opacity of his intellect one truth is as clear as noonday—the vast futility of war. Cornered by bloody circumstances, he blows the Prince to pieces with an explosive bullet, and thus, to a stray cat which he has befriended, moralizes the event:

> War's a silly gaim, Kitty. It's a silly gaim! We common people—we were fools. We thought those big people knew what they were up to—and they didn't. Look at that chap! 'E 'ad all Germany be'ind 'im, and what 'as 'e made of it? Smeshin' and blunderin' and destroyin', and there 'e is! Jest a mess of blood and boots and things! Jest an 'orrid splash! Prince Karl Albert! And all the men 'e led and the ships 'e 'ad, the airships, and the dragon-fliers—all scattered like a paper-chase between this 'ole and Germany.

There are suggestions here and elsewhere of the spectre-seeing Carlyle and his Merovingian kings—the solemn poetry of desolation and the ultimate vanity of human affairs. After the terrific helterskelter of world-wide conflict, modern civilization lapses into a kind of ghastly barbarism—the world "rambles into nothingness."

The familiar and vivid realism in which Mr. Wells's imagination garbs itself makes this wild romance impressive, and at times almost credible. It is an exciting tale, a novel military history, and a pungent fable for jingoes.

The Emotionalist. By Stanley Olmsted. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The sub-title describes this book as "The Romance of an Awakening to Temperament." In the following pages, there is much incipient romance, and much attempted definition of temperament, but one is left on the last page, "tangled in prickly chromatics," still awaiting the awakening. Is the author indulging in Shavian merriment at the reader's expense by thus implying that so-called temperament (whether plain English or italicized and accented) is merely a recognition of the buttered side of one's bread? It is difficult to draw any other conclusion from the Furman's preferring an oil magnate to the operatic career for which she has already forsaken the tedious Aldrich. This ending is quite in harmony with a certain deliberate effort to astonish which, throughout the story, takes the place of orginality. We are prepared to distrust Miss Low as designing, and all at once a halo is clapped on her head and she stands forth a self-sacrificing saint. Figures are introduced with a flourish of trumpets and vanish into thin air having accomplished nothing but their entrance. Amid these alarms and excursions, one rests with a sense of security on the infinite lack of variety of the two principals, Aldrich and Victoria Furman. Even the generous use of local color fails to give them the illusion of life; beneath the make-up they have the lay-figure's unbewildering repose.

Friendship Village. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Friendship, as the author's note warns us, may be sought in vain geographically; but in the reader's heart-atlas it may readily be found in the same latitude with Cranford, Our Village, and Thrums. In all of them, one has the same warm sense of intimacy with real people whom one would gladly meet. The characters are like an orchestra, each instrument holding a part of its own, all interwoven to a harmonious whole; an orchestra of strings, be it added—for even the Proudfits' motor fails to introduce a note of brass. The story of the book stands secondary in interest to its philosophy, which is of the simplest and oldest in theory. It finds its clearest expression in the bits of homely talk that sweeten the pages like wayside flowers. With the wholesome pungency of humor that pervades the whole, the book cannot fail to find a welcome, though, as art, it falls short of the dainty distinction of "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre."

The Expensive Miss Du Cane. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The house-party assembled at Hesketh —"a house where nothing very brilliant was demanded of its guests, and where the fatiguing exigencies of being 'fast' were unknown"—is, even more than the usual English country-house assemblage, made up of eccentricities. They are, in fact, so close upon caricature that if they were not exceedingly clever, they would be emphatically ridiculous. And yet before the visit is over there is hardly one of the party who has not shown a human feeling too genuine to be dissipated even by the dispersive breath of parody.

The hostess and two of her guests, however, stand quite untouched by exaggeration. The "episode in Miss Du Cane's life"—thus runs the sub-title—is of a pathetic sort, more rarely met in novels than either tragedy or the "happy ever after" of comedy. It recalls a little the ache of an old story of two generations ago—"A Last Love." The hero of Miss Du Cane's episode, to be sure, is not of the large nobility of that earlier blameless hero. It is perfectly easy to put the finger on Geoffrey Arkwright's weak spot. The point remains, however, that for all his weakness he is not quite a cad. Hetty Du Cane, in holding him guiltless of the charge of mercenariness, was not all feeble supineness. There is that mingling of reasonableness with wrong done which makes this world a coil, its simplest affairs the results of vast and com-

plicated forces, its judgments vain futilities.

The book thus furnishes both amusing and touching reading. The absurdities of a fussy host and a houseful of guests bent on amusement, yet kicking against the prick of organized entertainment, are enlargements of matters of universal observation. The penultimate chapter describing the pseudo wedding journey is pathetic poetry, pure and undefiled.

That Pup. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: The McClure Co.

Mr. Butler's latest short story in book form is a very close variation on the theme of "Pigs is Pigs." There are, of course, a half-dozen pages that will bring a loud laugh. Mr. Butler's attempt to formulate a law of periodicity in dogs, based on the fact that one gun will send one dog into hiding for exactly forty-eight hours, is ingenious. On the whole, however, the fun spreads rather thin over sixty pages.

Round the Fire Stories. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The McClure Co.

This volume is a collection of some seventeen stories which, as the author explains in a preface, "are concerned with the grotesque and with the terrible—such tales as might well be read 'round the fire' upon a winter's night." As is bound to be the case, the selections are uneven in quality, yet as a whole they attain in their kind a remarkably high level of excellence. Reading the volume cannot but strengthen one's conviction that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle possesses great versatility, ingenuity, and skill as a narrator. "The Leather Funnel," "The Beetle Hunter," "The Man with the Watches," and "The Japanned Box" are fair examples of the author's work. "The Pot of Caviare," "The Lost Special," and "The Brazilian Cat" are distinctly above the average, admirable bits of construction.

Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison: Literary Editor of the *Nation*, 1865-1906. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Though this volume is privately printed, notice of it is fitting in a journal to which Mr. Garrison gave so largely of his life. In arrangement, form, and typography, it exhibits a taste which would have satisfied his exacting standards, while in the nicer matter of judgment concerning what to print, one would fain believe that even his fastidious pen could have found nothing here to strike out. The plan of the book is to give a condensed account of his outwardly uneventful life, a few personal tributes from men who knew him well, with selections from his letters to friends and contributors, closing with a few specimens of his published self-expression in verse, in articles, and in addresses. His friend and classmate. Prof. J. H. McDaniels of Hobart College, writes the sympathetic and adequate introduction.

The letters fill just over one hundred pages, and are singularly revealing of the man. If any regret is left with the reader, it is that more of them had not been collected, or printed. Mr. Garrison was a voluminous and conscientious letter-writer, in an age when that art had nearly expired, and it seems a pity that a fuller disclosure or illustration of his character were not available in the form of his correspondence. It is not a question of family letters, or of those written *intime* when sorrow ploughed him deep: such were inevitably kept back. There must be, however, multitudes of the letters of Mr. Garrison, the editor, still in existence. If one covets a larger selection from them, it is because those in this volume are so typical, and whet the appetite for more. They put before us the man in habit as he was. His infinite kindness and his limitless taking of pains were swayed by a sort of impersonal ideal of the editor of the *Nation*, seeming to rise above Mr. Garrison's self. What his own heart would move him to do, the obligations of the editor would often not permit. Again and again in these letters does this double relation come out, nowhere more characteristically, perhaps, than when he wrote to W. R. Thayer that "one of my closest friends has been treated, *Nation* fashion, quite objectively when passing under our critical harrow, and has almost entreated me not to notice another book of his." This was "the impersonal *Nation*," of which Mr. Garrison loved to think.

The temptation to enlarge upon this memorial volume is the easier to resist for remembering Mr. Garrison's own scruple, apropos of a notice of Mr. Godkin's Essays, lest anything should be written which it would be "indelicate" to print "in the editor's own paper." We only remark on the passion for verification which governed his whole editorial life, which was strong even in his days of weakness, and which showed itself pathetically when he was practically on his death-bed. So deep a love of minute accuracy—in him a part of the worship of truth—can seldom have so long presided over the work of so many writers.

Dante e la Francia, dall' Età media al Secolo di Voltaire. Per Arturo Farinelli. 2 vols.; pp. xxvi+560, xiv+381. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

Scholars have been long awaiting this important work, the result of *lungo studio e grande amore*, and their expectations are not likely to be disappointed. Professor Farinelli is in some respects the most learned literary scholar in Europe. His superb linguistic equipment permits him to write with almost equal facility in four languages, and his works include monographs on the legend of Don Juan, in Italian; on Goethe's and Humboldt's relations with Spain, in French; on the Spanish influences in German literature, in German; and on Calderon and Gracian, in Spanish. Nearly all of these are concerned with some aspect of "comparative literature," or the external relations between various national literatures; but in all the treatment attempts to get behind this external framework, to study the vital influence of one culture on another, to observe how the genius of an individual artist has been enriched by contact with alien art and thought. These conclusions are not the result of critical intuition, but are built up on the accumulation of details, the result of enormous patience and investigation. Acumen in the interpretation of these details is never lacking, and the style often has a personal and fanciful note that comes as a surprise among such themes. But the details really interest him more than the interpretation. His talent is essentially bibliographical; he takes pride in recording every book that touches his subject at any point, even when (as is too often the case) he can only assure us that the book is worthless; he has no new and large syntheses of literary history to offer; acute analysis of his details and luminous comment on them are what we expect.

The climax of these labors is to be found in this new book on Dante and France. After an introductory chapter on Dante's obligations to French literature, the author proceeds to discuss the converse obligation of that literature to Dante himself. But the scope of the book is only very slightly indicated by its title; it is really a history of the influence of Italian culture in France from the Middle Ages to the beginning of the romantic movement With a more than admirable erudition, checked by the enormous bibliographical apparatus, every detail of the progress of this influence is recorded, commented upon, and interpreted in the light of the national genius shaping itself in space and time. All the great names of French literature are passed in review, from the days of Christine de Pisan, Alain Chartier, Villon, Jean le Maire, and Rabelais; the rich treasure-house of renaissance culture, and the glories of the age of Louis XIV are ransacked for evidences of Italianate debts; and the harbingers of romanticism beckon ere the book closes. The two volumes are a monument of Italian scholarship, in which more than German patience has been relieved by the acumen of a fine Latin mind. But Professor Farinelli deceives himself in thinking that his main purpose is (as

he says in the preface) "artistic." His real interest, as we have seen, is historical, or rather bibliographical, the history not so much of literature as of books. Like many erudite scholars, he fancies that nothing but a florid and picturesque style is needed to transform learning into æsthetic criticism. But his fervor and floridity cannot hide the essentially erudite quality of his interest in literature; one has but to contrast the style of Benedetto Croce or Karl Vossler, in whose work lucidity and simple directness lighten the darkest reaches of taste and thought.

Two trifling drawbacks will impress themselves on every American reader of the book. The English names and citations are simply a mass of error; hardly a single citation is free from disfigurement. A well-known seventeenth-century poet is called "il *duca* di Rochester" (II, 196, n.); Glastonbury becomes "Glatonburg" (I, 101, n.); and even Shakespeare becomes "Shaskespeare" (II, p. xiv). In the second place, why does Professor Farinelli think it necessary to allude with a sneer to all scholars in whose work he has found some inconsiderable error or with whose opinions he does not happen to agree? Why allude at all to those whose lesser learning has been corrected, and so made futile, by his own monumental work?

Studies in English Official Historical Documents. By Hubert Hall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

Probably the most significant advances in historical science at the present time have been made in the field of *Heuristik*, as the Germans call the science of the discovery and treatment of source material. All modern countries are more or less concerned with their archives, and are endeavoring to meet the needs of the scholars who use them. France has her École des Chartes, which trains archivists for the service of the state; America is attempting to give unity to her scattered historical forces, and to apply scientific methods to the gathering and publishing of material by State and central government. In no country has a more stupendous feat of this character been accomplished than in England. Sixty years ago her public records lay scattered in many places, in lofts and cellars, tanks and stables, under leaking roofs, and in water-drenched vaults. To-day, nearly all these records are securely housed in a magnificent pile of buildings, zealously cared for, arranged, and prepared for the use of students. They no longer serve the purpose of autograph-hunting collectors; they are no longer liable to be carried off by government officers, to find their way into family archives, private collections, or the auction rooms.

Hubert Hall, himself an official of this great repository, the Public Record Office, and the mentor and friend of scores of American students, has supplied this pioneer treatise introductory to a scientific study of archive material. Though many books have been written upon the public records of England, and though official indexes, lists, and guides have been prepared, no similar work dealing in comprehensive manner with the several aspects of English archives has hitherto appeared. Mr. Hall divides his work into three parts: the first relating to the history, classification, and analysis of the archives; the second, to the diplomatic study of official documents; and the third, to palæography, its requirements and uses. Each part is accompanied by a series of appendices, containing tables, lists, outlines, and classifications too elaborate for insertion in the text.

This work indicates the spirit of the times as far as the study of history is concerned. It represents the attempt of an historical scholar, who is also an archivist, to furnish an intelligent clue to the vast labyrinth of the public records, a commentary, born of experience and understanding. Mr. Hall, unlike the professional archivist, is able to point out, not only where historical material is to be found, but also how this material ought to be handled. What he says is an excellent corrective of many prevailing ideas regarding historical work in our graduate schools. His chapter on the purpose and scope of a bibliography of official historical documents, for example, is exceedingly caustic in its criticism of the unintelligent, inadequate, and untrustworthy character of much of the bibliographical work hitherto done. All these chapters of the first part should be carefully digested by every student who is planning to work in the Public Record Office.

The second and the third parts are of interest chiefly to the student of mediæval English history, for they concern technical questions. England has lagged far behind Continental schools in the systematic study of diplomatic documents; and even to-day knowledge of appropriate formulas, technical phrases, and nomenclature is confined to a mere handful of English scholars. Mr. Hall has taught these subjects for twelve years in the University of London and elsewhere, and all that he says bears the stamp of authority. His second part is limited to a classification, definition, and description of the several diplomatic instruments which issued from the chancery, from the Anglo-Saxon charter to the Sign Manual warrant of the present day. His chapter on palæography is a working manual which not only deals with the technique of the subject, but offers to the beginner many hints of exceptional value. Even experts will find here a readable account of a subject little known. No other work, British or Continental, combines in such an admirable manner the learning of the archivist, the grasp of the historian, and the suggestiveness of the teacher.

Science.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

The belief in the continuation of personal existence after the death of the body was prevalent in very ancient times. The conception of the immortality of the soul, with which this older belief is usually confused, is, however, relatively modern; and although evolved from the more ancient notion, it has become quite diverse from it in form and content. The more ancient view was altogether part and parcel of the materialism with which the thought of the savage was permeated. Something that belonged to, and was characteristic of, the body of the man when alive and awake was supposed to leave him temporarily when he slept, and permanently when he died. It is true that this something came to be, in a measure, identified vaguely with the man's mental life; nevertheless, the distinction between mind and body not being clearly appreciated, the something that left the man's body and returned again diurnally, and that finally deserted it permanently, was thought of as endowed with bodily characteristics of a very definite nature. The much more modern notion of immortality appeared only in conjunction with the conception of a non-material soul—a conception which probably developed in connection with the earliest crude criticism of experience, although not explicitly appreciated until much later. But to the soul as thus conceived there still clung not a few materialistic traits, which belonged to its more clearly material prototype pictured to himself by the savage, traits which in truth still attach to the soul, as the average uncritical man of our own day thinks of it.

All this is sufficiently commonplace; but here, as often, we are prone to overlook the obvious. In the main, our beliefs are maintained without attempt to rationalize them; and when, with growth of intelligence, a demand arises for this rationalization, we are likely to accept our concepts without inquiry as to their origin, or as to the meanings of terms this origin has involved. Such is the case with the conception here considered. Among the people of the Western world, of which alone I can here speak, modern religion has translated the tenets of the ancient materialistic animism into its own *quasi* idealistic language, without substantial-

ly altering their significance; and, taking them thus, has woven the conception of the soul's immortality into the very warp and woof of its doctrine; but it has done so, in the main, rather as a matter of faith than of reason, and its devotees as a rule have thus naturally waived all critical examination of concepts or careful definition of terms. On the other hand, the student of science, which busies itself with material objects, noting that the soul is conceived of as non-material, has naturally turned away from the problem of its future existence. Where, however, this problem has been forced upon him, the scientist has not often stopped to consider the limitations of his habitual point of view, and has, therefore, been content to describe the soul as an epi-phenomenon, which flits shadow-like in the train of the mechanically ordered body, and goes out of existence when this body dies and is disintegrated. A view so subversive of a most cherished belief has naturally fired the religious man with holy indignation. But he has been content, in the main, to hurl anathemas at those who have thus disturbed his placid faith. Had he not been too well satisfied with the easy-going acceptance of an inherited dogma, the reasoning of the skeptical scientist might, on the one hand, have opened his eyes to his own lack of insight, and, on the other, might have led him to disturb the self-confidence of his scientific opponents by asking searching questions as to the meaning they attach to his own words and theirs. We shall never make definite advance in the solution of this problem of immortality until all parties come to something like a substantial agreement as to the meaning of soul, of personality, of the permanence of personality, of the relation of personality to body, etc.

In speaking thus of the mode of thought of the religious and of the scientific man, I, of course, leave out of consideration the religious thinker who is a technical metaphysician, for whom this doctrine of the soul's immortality has been a matter of serious discussion. And in our day, indeed, among philosophers of critical habit, we find the question receiving marked attention, as is clearly indicated, for instance, by the dissertations given on the Ingersoll Lecture foundation, and from time to time in the current numbers of the *Hibbert Journal*. But these interpretations of the doctrine are couched in terms which are entirely incomprehensible to the average highly intelligent and educated man, who, in natural dissatisfaction, turns anew to the devotees of science, whose speech seems not altogether an unknown tongue. The non-philosophical scientist, who, so far as metaphysical questions is concerned, is in the same class with these lay inquirers, comes forward from time to time with an encouraging answer to the doubts raised by his fellows. He, however, if we are to judge him by two recent works*, is not inclined to grapple with the difficulties which the metaphysician so keenly appreciates; but he seems content to rest upon hypothetical constructs, which not seldom display an amazing brilliancy of imagination, even if they do not convince one of their probable validity and value.

The discovery of such a mood in a scientist is likely to astonish us when we consider the contempt he has habitually accorded to hypotheses of a metaphysical type because of their lack of dependence upon experiences subject to experimental investigation—to astonish us until we recall that of late years in his own particular field he has indulged in a very riot of hypotheses, unverifiable by experience, in relation to the ether and atoms, to vortex rings knotted and unknotted, to electrons, etc., etc. These hypotheses are intensely interesting, and valuable in that they lend themselves to the correlation of a mighty array of facts in nature; but admittedly they are highly imaginative. It is not, then, so surprising after all to find in the books before us a wild use of hypotheses by men of training as physicists; nor can we discountenance these hypotheses altogether on the ground that they do not rest upon a firm basis, provided only they appear to lead to convincing correlations of experience. But such is surely not the case here.

Fournier frankly turns back to materialism, pure and simple. Upon the observations of continuity and of various grades of complexity in nature and life, he bases the assumption of the existence of attenuated, unobservable forms of matter which pervade the living body, and which still persist after death in forms which are of the essence of the individual during life. These correlated "psychomeres," he holds, live eternally as "astral bodies" in the atmosphere above the earth, assuming naturally fish-like or flame-like forms, which occasionally are given to our perception, but which more usually communicate with us through transformations more closely allied to our own nature, as in the ghosts and voices and "messages" of the mediums.

This hypothesis might be passed over as altogether unworthy of attention did not the writer make so much of, and show such a grasp of, facts favorable to the conception of continuity; were there not much strength in the general position he thus maintains; and did he not in support of his contentions make such full use of quotations from the works of serious scientific contributors, as, for instance, our biologist, E. B. Wilson. It is therefore worth while, perhaps, to call attention to the fatal defect in the author's argument, a defect which is at once apparent when we discover that the attenuated material particles which he assumes to exist in and of our living bodies, are designated as "psychomeres or soul particles"; when we note, in other words, that on reaching the unobservable he assumes, without a shadow of proof, that his matter has suddenly become mind. The possibility that this assumption is invalid does not seem to occur to our author; in fact, he can scarcely be said to give us any notion that he observes the leap he has taken. As a consequence, his conclusions prove to be entirely unworthy of serious consideration. They are not likely to satisfy the inquirer who looks for confirmation of the conception of the immortality of the soul, but will probably be used to strengthen their position by the spiritists who are becoming more and more annoyed by attempts like those of Podmore* and Bruce† to "naturalize" the phenomena they present to us.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book, however, must be taken more seriously because of the eminence its author has attained in the scientific world. The work is divided into four parts, two of which relate respectively to criticisms of the established English Church, and to "suggestions toward the reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine"; and which contain much excellent matter, although this is strangely placed in the volume, and bears little or no relation to the aim of the writer as suggested by his title and by the body of contents.

Turning to the author's principal contentions, we note that he finds himself deeply interested in the common man's conception of a separate soul essence, a conception which he accepts without adequate criticism; and he makes use of the very doubtful claims and theses of spiritism, and of notions derived from late studies of "dissociated personalities,"‡ etc., to develop what he conceives to be a scientific form of the concept of the soul's immortality. It may be well perhaps to present a brief summary of his argument, if such it may be called. "The soul," he tells us (p. 144), is "that part of man which is dissociated from the body at death,

*_New Light on Immortality._ By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. Pp. 327. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

Science and Immortality. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Pp. 294. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

*_The Naturalization of the Supernatural._ By Frank Podmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. See the _Nation_ of September 10, 1908, p. 239.

†_Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters._ By H. Addington Bruce. Pp. 234. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

‡Confer Morton Prince's _The Dissociation of a Personality_, reviewed in the _Nation_ of April 5, 1906, p. 282. A new edition with no important changes has just been issued by the publishers. Longmans, Green & Co.

that part which is characteristic of a living man as distinct from a corpse." It is also (p. 152), a "controlling and guiding principle which is responsible for our personal expression, and for the construction of the body under the restrictions of physical conditions and ancestry." "In its higher development it includes also feeling and intelligence and will, and is the storehouse of mental experience." Beyond this:

> In the higher organisms . . . it begins to acquire some of the character of "spirit," by which means it becomes related to the Divine Being. Soul appears to be the link between "spirit" and "matter" (p. 153).

We learn further (p. 159) that "no really existing thing perishes, but only changes its form." The "perceptible or incarnate existence" of a dew-drop "is temporary. As a drop it was born, and as a drop it dies; but as aqueous vapor it persists. . . . Even it, therefore, has the attribute of immortality" (p. 160). So is it with life, which cannot be a nonentity, nor can intellect and consciousness and will, nor memory and love and adoration:

> They are not nothing, nor shall they ever vanish into nothingness and cease to be. . . . For all those things which only share in a general life, the temporarily separated portion of that general life, will return undifferentiated and unidentified to its central store.

But "a memory, a consciousness, and a will, in so far as they constitute a consistent whole, constitute a personality; . . . personality or individuality itself dominates and transcends all temporal modes of expression, and so is essentially eternal wherever it exists" (p. 163). Again:

> If all that really exists is immortal, we have only to ask whether our personality, our character, our self, is sufficiently individual, sufficiently characteristic, sufficiently developed—in a word sufficiently *real:* for if it is, there can be no doubt of its continuance (p. 164).

Note that here it is the self and not the soul that is held to be immortal, and that we are not told by what criterion we are to be guided in determining when this sufficient reality is present. Sir Oliver further believes (p. 173) that "the facts of 'telepathy,' and in a less degree of what is called 'clairvoyance' must be regarded as practically established in the minds of those who have studied them":

> Telepathy alone tends mightily to strengthen the argument for transcendence of mind over body, so that we may reasonably expect the one to be capable of existing independently, and of surviving the other.

Further corroboration is found in the facts of automatism:

> The body, or some part of the body, though usually controlled and directed by the particular psychical agent which has composed and grown accustomed to it, can sometimes be found capable of responding to a foreign intelligence acting either telepathically through the mind, or telergically by a more direct process straight on the brain (p. 178).

Moreover, in the opinion of Sir Oliver, the subliminal faculty, and the occurrence of genius, point in the same direction.

One cannot read the above series of statements without being struck by the author's failure to grasp the connotations of the terms he so glibly employs; and especially by the lack of logical coherence in the propositions presented, and by the carelessness with which he introduces mere metaphors as steps in his argument, as, for instance, where he symbolizes the soul's immortality by reference to the persistence of aqueous vapor as a "form" existing before, and after, and through, the process of dew drop production. The soul which "includes what is connoted by the term 'mind' " is "the link between 'spirit' and 'matter,' " and "is *responsible* for the *construction of the body.*" This responsibility and constructive power, however, apparently do not belong to the soul as such, but only to that part of it which we call mind. Mind "has the power of liberating detents and pulling triggers in that strange physiological link with *another order of existence*" (p. 63). "Mind determines, life directs" (p. 64). Life guides, *i. e.*, is capable of the "influencing of activity without 'work,' the direction of energy without generating it, the utilizing and guiding existing activity for pre-conceived and purposed ends" (p. 61). These preconceived and purposed ends are, of course, psychic facts which strangely intrude without warning. And a similar intrusion is observed where we read, on p. 3, that "energy from the outside world" is "amenable to nerve messages sent from his brain, *and so ultimately from his mind.*" We might go further to show the changes of meaning given, in the course of our author's argument, to the word spirit, which at one time is dealt with as an attribute of the Deity—a view which, in a measure, we may share with him—and again appears to apply to the agency responsible for "spirit rappings." We might show like changes of meaning in his statement of pantheism (*e. g.*, pp. 31, 37, and 40); but this is not needful to confirm us in the view that his discussion will satisfy neither the philosopher, the logician, the scientist, nor the religious devotee.

To sum up, we have in Sir Oliver Lodge a man who has gained distinction in the realms of science, and who here essays to show to those whose interests lead them in other paths that science throws light upon the problems with which they are deeply concerned. In the argument of such an author we have a right to demand a well-defined sequence of propositions, a careful definition of terms and consistent use of the terms as thus defined, a rigid and judicious sifting and weighing of evidence, an avoidance of mysticism and of all unnecessary and doubtful hypotheses, and a clarity of exposition which aids the reader to separate merely theoretical positions from what is based upon firm foundation. That none of these demands are met by the author, must be apparent to the reader of the summary of the contents of the work as above given. His complete failure to exemplify the ideals of scientific method, and to satisfy the cravings of the intelligent among the audience to which he appeals, must be still more evident to one who reads the book itself, even without careful analysis and without special search for the basis of the author's conclusions. H. R. M.

G. R. Putnam of the Coast Survey, delivered a course of lectures on Nautical Charts at Columbia University last winter which John Wiley & Sons have recently published in book form. The account of nautical surveying and chart-making is not uninteresting, but, of course, it appeals to a very limited circle of readers. The historical notes are brief and dry. The detailed description of what a chart shows on its face is wholly superfluous to the navigator. As might have been expected, the author speaks favorably of the polyconic projection, so much disliked by practical men. Unnecessary alike to the hydrographer and the sailor, this little book may yet prove attractive to the curious in maritime matters.

"Hydraulics and Its Application," by A. H. Gibson of the University of Manchester, a volume of 747 pages and 310 illustrations, is issued in this country by the D. Van Nostrand Co. It might seem that with so many books on this subject but little new or valuable material could be found. Yet Mr. Gibson has undoubtedly succeeded in securing not only new material, but in treating it with some novelty. To be sure, certain propositions based on the processes of mathematical physics cannot be changed, and in all succeeding books must appear in practically identical form, but the author of this work exhibits, nevertheless, a refreshing element of open-mindedness toward the meaning of the various expressions derived for the action of fluids. The method of treatment is briefly stated in the first part of the preface:

> Were water a perfectly non-viscous, inelastic fluid, whose particles, when in motion, always followed sensibly parallel paths, hydraulics would be one of the most exact of the sciences. But water satisfies none of these conditions, and the result is that in the majority of cases brought before the engineer, motions and forces of such complexity are introduced as baffle all attempts at a rigorous solution. This being so, the best that can be done is to discuss each phenomenon on the assumption that the fluid in motion is perfect, and to modify the results so obtained until they fit the results of experiment, by the introduction of some empirical constant which shall involve the effect of every disregarded factor.

As a text-book this work can be used only by students who have had a proper

training in the calculus. It compares favorably, indeed, with the standard American text-book, "Merriman," and by some it might be regarded as superior, which is high praise. The volume is well adapted to the needs of students of engineering in the better class of schools, and deserves a place on the shelves of any practising engineer who is concerned with hydraulics.

A biography of the celebrated chemist, Justus von Liebig, in two volumes (Leipzig: Barth), has just been published by Dr. J. Volhard, now professor of chemistry in the University of Halle, but formerly a pupil and assistant of Liebig in Munich. In addition to interesting personal recollections, the work contains valuable material derived from Liebig's extensive correspondence with relatives, friends, and prominent scientific men, now preserved in the archives of the Royal State Library in Munich. This life is very well written, and gives not only an interesting sketch of the career and delineation of the character of a many-sided and exceedingly attractive personality, but also a valuable account of the origin and evolution of organic chemistry, of which Liebig was the real founder. He was also the first to discover its importance in agriculture and physiology. It is interesting to note that, though Liebig's laboratory at Giessen soon became known as the best in Germany, and attracted students from all parts of the country, many of his pedantic colleagues refused to recognize chemistry as a science, or to admit that it was entitled to a place in the curriculum of a university. The striking results of his research in the quantitative analysis of organic bodies caused him to be denounced by the Bishop of Mayence as a materialist, and the most dangerous of heretics. Soon after he was appointed to the University of Munich, in 1852, an interesting and important incident occurred. The young daughter of a friend suffered from a severe illness. After the crisis was passed, her stomach was incapable of digesting any kind of food, and she was dying of exhaustion. Liebig tried to devise some means of saving her. He walked for hours to and fro in the laboratory, and sat up all night, thinking how to provide nutriment which could be assimilated without undergoing the ordinary process of digestion. Early the next morning he sent for a chicken, and prepared from it a concentrated meat-juice, to which he added a few drops of hydrochloric acid. He came to the bed on which the girl lay, apparently breathing her last, and gave her a teaspoonful of the predigested food, and repeated the experiment at regular intervals. In a short time the patient began to regain her strength, and slowly recovered. Such was the origin of the *extractum carnis frigide paratum*, which has proved to be invaluable in many cases of sickness, and is everywhere highly prized as a source of sustenance. The biography contains an accurate and admirable account of the social, intellectual, and industrial condition of Munich at that time, which will be a revelation to most readers.

A book of interest at the present time is Dr. Karl Weule's "Negerleben in Ostafrika: Ergebnisse einer ethnologischen Forschungsreise" (Leipzig: Brockhaus). It is a volume of 524 pages, with a map and 196 illustrations, four of which are in colors. The author is professor of ethnology in the University of Leipzig, and also director of the Ethnological Museum in that city. He began his travels in German East Africa in 1906, exploring the whole country and embodying the results of his research in a scientific work of a popular character, free from racial antipathies. He describes the peculiarities of the indigenous tribes, their manners and customs, clothing and ornaments, marriage and family life, and ideas of law, religion, and art, illustrated by some simple and quite childish specimens of their drawings. The volume is a clear and unprejudiced psychological study of the negro.

The seventh International Congress for Criminal Anthropology will meet in Cologne in 1910.

Drama.

MR. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY.

"What Every Woman Knows," the latest comedy of J. M. Barrie, which may now be seen in the Empire Theatre, is not a good play in the technical sense, for it is awkwardly constructed and violates probability for the sake of situation, but it contains some wonderful studies of Scottish character, and is delightful entertainment. If the author could build a plot as well as he can compose a scene or illustrate a character in speech and action, he would be the greatest dramatist of his time. As it is, he stands almost alone in freshness of observation, originality of invention, and whimsicality of fancy, allied with an instinctive comprehension of human, especially Scottish, nature.

Nothing more absolutely original, more fanciful and yet essentially veracious than the first act, which is nearly worth all the rest put together, has been seen in the theatre for years. The idea of an ambitious Scottish railway porter, John Shand, turning burglar simply for the purpose of studying the books belonging to his more prosperous neighbors, is altogether new, as is the notion of the shrewd and equally Scottish neighbors appreciating the intruder at his true value, and securing him as the future husband of their neglected sister. But the most striking originality lies in the vitality of the personages concerned, the sharp and clear differentiation of the three brothers, and the wonderfully natural study of the surprised but shrewd and calculating porter—ever mindful of the main chance. The figure of the canny little housewife, Maggie, is equally alive. The whole scene is as human and actual as it is humorous. It was scarcely to be expected that the play could be maintained at this level and there is a falling off in the later acts, especially in the management of the episodes attending the conjugal crisis preceding Maggie's final triumph. But these mechanical weaknesses and glaring improbabilities at more than one point, do not greatly affect the general quality of the play or its moral.

The interest centres, not so much in the details of the story, as in the contrasted characters of the able but utterly selfish and humorless Shand, whose egotism blinds him to his own deficiencies, and of the faithful wife, whose saving grace of humor enables her to make allowances for her husband's gross ingratitude and folly and finally to awaken him to a realization of her superiority and the debt he owes her. Both are drawn with fine insight and consistency, and one of them, that of the husband, is played at the Empire with notable skill by Richard Bennett, but the part of the plain little Scotch housewife Maggie, with all her depth of feeling and latent humor, is barely suggested by Miss Maude Adams, who endows it with her own much more fascinating, but often inappropriate personality. Thus the piece fails of its full effect, but there can be no doubt of its public success. The general interpretation is capital.

"The History of the Boston Theatre, 1854-1901" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), prepared by Eugene Tompkins, manager of the house from 1878 to 1901, with the assistance of Quincy Kilby, is a record of the names of plays and performers, dates of production, etc., which will be valuable as a work of reference in theatrical libraries, and will be treasured by collectors for the sake of its gallery of portraits—many of which are rare. The volume, though practically devoid of biographical or critical matter, nevertheless contains much that is interesting and significant. In the first place, it bears striking testimony to the literary and dramatic value of the work which was accomplished during the thirty years (1854-1884) of the house's existence as a stock company theatre. All the best-known examples of the literary and poetic drama were interpreted in rapid succession by companies which could not be equalled today by any "all star" cast which could be formed. One comedy company, for instance—picked at random—contained John Gilbert, William Wheatley, E. L. Davenport, John E. Owens, George C. Boniface, L. R. Shewell, Charles Barron, Mrs. Gladstane, Mary Wells, Mrs. Skerritt, and Mrs. Ryer. Such instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is worth noting that the famous old house was opened originally with "The Rivals" and "The Loan of a Lover," a programme which was the object of pulpit denunciation, on the score of its being "silly and coarse." What would the preacher have thought of some of our more modern entertainments? Where so much is omitted it was, perhaps, scarcely worth while to reprint the vulgar abuse which Edwin Forrest heaped upon John Gilbert, who had ventured to criticise his conduct. It appears that Edwin Booth first heard of the assassination of Lincoln by his brother

from the lips of the negro valet who awakened him on the morning after the tragedy. This is one of the very few anecdotes in the book, which indeed is but the groundwork of a history yet to be written.

The literature which has grown up about Friedrich Hebbel (see the *Nation* of December 17, p. 610) has received two new additions. In the series of Hebbel-Forschungen, edited by Richard Maria von Werner and W. Bloch-Wunschmann, there has appeared a study entitled "Die Tragödie Hebbels: Ihre Stellung und Redeutung in der Entwicklung des Dramas," by Dr. Johannes Krumm. Hebbel as poet of woman is treated by Hilde Engel-Mitscherlich in a little volume of 129 pages, called "Hebbel als Dichter der Frau." Both works are imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Alexander von Weilen, one of the foremost dramatic critics of Vienna and editor of Goethe in the Weimar edition, as also of Schlegel's translations of "Hamlet," "Lear," and "The Merchant of Venice," has written an interesting book of two hundred pages, "Hamlet auf der deutschen Bühne bis zur Gegenwart" (Berlin: Georg Reimer). It forms the third volume of the publications of the German Shakespeare Society.

Lyly's "Campaspe" was recently performed at Oxford, by the students of Lady Margaret Hall, in order to raise money for their library. According to the London *Times*, the dances had been studied from contemporary sources in the Bodleian. The players wore classical costume, but otherwise the lines were strictly Elizabethan, a proscenium and drop curtain being the only modern things noticeable. The tub of Diogenes was thrust on or off as needed, and the "shop" of Apelles was disclosed by the drawing of the traverse when song or dance occurred. The music was all of the period, or as near it as could be, except that to the song about Campaspe and Cupid, for which, in the absence of the original tune, W. H. Hadow had composed a setting.

That clever English writer, St. John Hankin, seems to tread upon very delicate and dangerous ground in his comedy, "The Last of the De Mullins," which has just been produced by the London Stage Society. Apparently, it is a satire upon the least precious sort of family pride. Janet De Mullin is the daughter of an ancient house that has been withering in mouldy but respectable insignificance for generations. Born with the spirit of revolt, she permits herself to love unwisely and too well. Being deserted by her lover, and unable to conceal her lapse, she goes to London, where she starts a hatshop, prospers, and boldly faces the world with her fatherless boy. By and by her parents become more or less reconciled with her, but are scandalized at the idea of a De Mullin making a living out of trade. They demand that she shall return and live in the old home, with the child; but she finds that she can no longer exist in the ancestral atmosphere, with its old-fashioned prejudices and pride, and therefore goes back to town to fight the battle of life alone, maintaining that she has been justified from the first by the maternal instinct which had prompted her. Mr. Hankin, it appears, found an admirable impersonator of his emancipated heroine in Lillah McCarthy.

Miss Evelyn Millard will assume the management of the London Criterion Theatre on February 1, and it is there that she will produce the new comedy that Robert Hichens has written for her.

Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, writer for the magazines and author of several plays, died in Boston December 24. She was for many years on the dramatic staff of the *Transcript* and other Boston newspapers. She published "Po' White Trash and Other One-Act Dramas" and "In Office Hours and Other Vaudeville Sketches"; adapted Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" for the stage; and collaborated with Gen. Charles King in producing "Fort Frayne," and with Beulah Marie Dix in "The Breed of the Tresbams," "Boy O'Carroll," "The Road to Yesterday," and "Young Fernald."

Music.

The Psychology of Singing. By David C. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

When the writer of a book for singers and students asserts that "modern methods contain not one single topic of any value whatever in the training of the voice," it is usually safe to regard him without further examination as either a charlatan or as one of the numerous teachers who, without being humbugs themselves, try to make students believe that all their rivals are. It would be a great mistake to throw aside Mr. Taylor's book on any such supposition, for it is a treatise of unusual value and may mark the beginning of a new epoch in vocal instruction. Hans von Bülow once remarked that "Italy was the cradle of music and —remained the cradle." This is true in the sense that, while the overture, the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, originated in Italy, it was in other countries that these forms were developed and perfected. But in two things Italy has never been surpassed or even equalled—in the making of violins and in the training of singers. The "Stradivarius" and the "Old Italian Method" are still the models for the present and the future. Within a few years, however, it has been asserted that the secret of building violins equal to the old Cremonas has been found in Germany; and if Mr. Taylor is right, students of song will be able once more to enjoy the benefits of instruction by the old Italian method.

What was that method? It was no method at all, in the modern sense of the word. Little is known regarding the manner in which the Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries achieved such marvellous results with their pupils; but it seems certain that they gave no anatomical or acoustic instruction, no directions regarding the use of vocal cords, the tongue, the diaphragm, nasal resonance, and so on. In 1800 the old system was on the wane, and during the years 1840 to 1865 it was superseded by the modern "scientific" methods. How the practical method of the old teachers came to be forgotten is a mystery, as there were always traditions regarding at least the four essential precepts: "singing on the breath," "opening the throat," "singing the tone at the lips," and "supporting the tone." The most obvious explanation is that the method by which the old masters taught was purely empirical and that when Garcia, by his invention of the laryngoscope, in 1855, made possible the formulating of a scientific system based on anatomical knowledge, all the best teachers were lured to the new paths of research and neglected the old traditions. And that, in the view of Mr. Taylor, was a calamity from which singers are still suffering. The teachers devoted all their time to the study of three sciences—anatomy, acoustics, and mechanics—neglecting psychology, the one science which is of most use to them and solves the chief problems. To prove this is the object of the present volume.

One of the old Italian masters, Tosi, declared that no one who has not a good ear should undertake either to instruct or to sing, and that students should lose no opportunity to hear great singers, "because from the attention in hearing them one reaps more advantage than from any instruction whatsoever." Here is the germ of Mr. Taylor's doctrine. He cites Ffrangcon-Davies's remark: "The training of the ear is one-half of the training of the voice"; and Wesley Mills's advice to students to hear the best singers, to note carefully the *quality* of their tones, and to "*imitate these qualities* with their own voices." This advice, our author says, "may almost be described as revolutionary," and on this basis he develops his theory that imitation is the rational foundation of a method of voice culture. The voice needs no guidance other than the ear. No one questions the ability of the voice to sing by imitation a note of any particular pitch. Why, then, should it be unable to sing a note of any particular quality, guided only by the ear? Mr. Taylor is convinced that this was the old Italian method, and that the art of singing will continue to decline until this method is restored and the mechanical method of teaching in accordance with anatomical, acoustic, and mechanical principles is dropped.

It is a sweeping doctrine, but our author, it must be admitted, makes out a strong case. He is right in saying that the correct vocal action is naturally and instinctively adopted by the voice without any attention being paid to the operations of the vocal mechanism.

Such attention, he asserts, is, in fact, an actual impediment. As soon as conscious mechanical management of the voice is attempted, throat stiffness results; and throat stiffness is the only troublesome feature of the training of voices. If some teachers succeed with the mechanical method in turning out good voices, it is because they unconsciously apply also the imitative method, saying to the pupil: "Listen to me and do as I do." But most of the time is given to the "scientific" teaching. Mr. Taylor does not deny that modern teachers who know anatomy and acoustics may even improve on the old Italians; but their main principle should ever be to call the pupil's attention to the quality of the tones and not to the throat. He foresees difficulties in the acceptance of his advice: pupils are impressed by anatomical jargon as savages are by their medicine-men. And there is another difficulty which he does not note. How many teachers can sing the beautiful and emotional tones they want their pupils to imitate?

An added interest will be given to the programme of the New York Symphony Society on January 3 and 5 by the first appearance at these concerts of Geraldine Farrar, and the first production in America of Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony in A flat, opus 55.

The Prussian Cultus Ministry has promised 60,000 marks to the commission in charge of the publication of the complete works of Joseph Haydn. The preparation of the material to date has already cost about 250,000 marks. The chairman of the commission is Dr. Adolf Sandberger, head of the music department in the University of Munich.

François Auguste Gavaërt, the Belgian composer and writer on musical topics, and for many years director of the Brussels Conservatory, has died, at the age of eighty. He was born at Huysse, the son of a baker. In 1841 he went to the Conservatory of Ghent, took the Prix de Rome for composition, and in 1843 was appointed organist of the Jesuits' Church at Ghent, where, in 1846, a Christmas cantata of his composition was performed. The following year his Psalm, "Super flumina," was given with success at the festival of the Zangverband. His next important work was two operas, "Hugues de Somerghen" and "La Comédie à la ville." He now set out on his travels, stopping at Paris in 1849, and then going to Spain, where he composed his orchestral fantasia "Sobre motivos españoles." He was *chef de chant* at the Paris Opéra from 1867 until 1870, when the war with Prussia sent him to Brussels, where he was made director of the Conservatory of Music, succeeding Félis. Among his operas are "Le Billet de Marguerite," "Les Lavandières de Santarem," "Quentin Durward," "Château Trompetti," and "Le Capitaine Henriot." But his compositions have ceased to possess anything like the importance attached to his works in the field of musical science. He is the author of the authoritative work on orchestration ("Traité d'instrumentation"), and his books on Gregorian and other church music ("Leerboek van den Gregoriaenchen zang," "Les Origines du chant liturgique") are regarded as among the best on the subject. He is also an authority on the music of the ancient nations. Under his direction many historic concerts were given in Brussels. One of his reforms at the Conservatory consisted in placing the singing classes under the annual inspection of some celebrated vocalist.

Art.

A Chronicle of Friendship: 1873-1900. By Will H. Low. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The fragments of Mr. Low's book, which were published in *Scribner's Magazine*, give a somewhat false impression of the nature of the volume. The parts selected were mainly those dealing with the two Stevensons, Louis and "Bob," and many lovers of R. L. S. will be likely to turn to the book for further light on their hero. They will find little not already printed, but they will find many other things worth reading.

Many efforts have been made, both in fiction and in reminiscences, to paint the life of artists and of art students, but we know of none so successful as this. To one whose own student days in Paris, and at Grez and other such resorts, fell in the years immediately succeeding those Mr. Low writes of, it is little less than amazing to see how accurately the atmosphere of time and place is given, and how wonderfully the feelings and the sentiments of artistic youth are reproduced. And in the later portions, the point of view of the artist, his outlook on life and on the problems of his own profession, are rendered as, to our knowledge, no novelist or writer of memoirs has rendered them.

This is not to say that Mr. Low has given us a profound philosophy of art or a contribution to art criticism. What little of such matters the book contains is *obiter dicta*. It is a picture of life that the author offers us, not a theoretical discussion, and it is as a picture, better even than the best of those he has produced in another medium, that it will be enjoyed. It is a picture painted without visible method or preoccupation of style. Mr. Low is leisurely and rambling, writing "as it comes," in a style, which, if sometimes confused, and never concise, yet possesses great charm—the charm of the pleasant, natural talk of a genial and cultivated man of wide experience, trained powers of observation, and retentive memory.

Among the friendships chronicled are those with many artists of national and international importance, and the book is valuable for the anecdotes of these men which it contains; but its chief interest is, after all, that of all autobiographies — the interest of conscious or unconscious self-revelation—and, although not formally an autobiography, it is among such works that it may, not improbably, take a permanent place as not the least delightful in that delightful company.

"The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens," edited by his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, begins in the *Century* of January.

The Oxford University Press is preparing to issue a series of volumes of British historical portraits. The first book of 103 portraits (from Richard II to Henry Wriothesley) is about ready for publication. A general introduction is provided by C. F. Bell, and with each portrait there is a brief biography by C. R. L. Fletcher.

"Some Notable Altars in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church," by the Rev. John Wright (The Macmillan Co.), is a quarto which will interest Protestant churchmen, for it contains 114 plates of altars and altar pieces—in short, of the east ends of churches as seen from within—and reveals much in the way of traditional and recent tendencies in that phase of architecture. If the architect or the sculptor be less attracted, it will be because of the inevitable reappearance in such a collection of the old forms and arrangements. Unfortunately, the opportunity to show us the best obtainable has not been fully utilized. The plates are uneven in quality; the reredos of Truro Cathedral, for example, is the work of Pearson, one of the few men who can design, in architecture; but the half-tone (plate 27) is very dim and vague; evidently the original negative was poor. The account of this work is, moreover, a perfunctory notice furnished in print by the cathedral authorities. The half-tone of the reredos of Gloucester Cathedral, and those of Worcester, Ely, and Salisbury are better. But all these are designed by George Gilbert Scott, the typical busy architect, turning out much work, all of a recognized type, which displays to the full the monotonous dulness of a non-artistic period. The altar of York Cathedral is by a more artistically minded man, George Edmund Street, but this is what is called a "triptych," or a framed sculpture with many figures, with wooden doors to shut upon it, so that the architect had no chance to show his hand. There are several east ends of wholly neo-classical design, of which the most grandiose is that of St. Paul's Cathedral. The most important of the ancient examples is the vast screen of Beverly Minster, elaborately restored, and the reredos of All Souls' College at Oxford, a structure of 1438, which, as we are told, was concealed throughout the civil war, and for years thereafter, by a plastered wall built across the east end of the chapel. The book gives also the silver altar of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, and the apse of the Church of the Savior, West Philadelphia, with an important painting by E. H. Blashfield filling the semi-dome.

"A History of British Water Colour Painting," by H. M. Cundall (E. P. Dutton & Co.), strikes one at first sight as a superfluous, if handsome, book, and a careful reading does little to dissipate the impression. It contains besides the history

proper, in which such alien matters as the illumination of manuscripts and portrait miniature are perfunctorily included, a somewhat elaborate account of the formation and vicissitudes of the several water color societies, a list of their members in the order of election, and an alphabetical register of succinct biographies. Now the British water color school, if it does not loom very large in the general history of art, is naturally interesting to those of Anglo-Saxon race, if only because being on the whole a poor thing it is their own. A writer who had anything in the way of valuable opinion or substantial addition to facts to contribute would not lack his welcome. Mr. Cundall has chronicled some previously unbroached small beer anent the societies; for the rest, his book is a compilation that nowhere reveals either unusual taste or intelligence. It is written in very slovenly English, and abounds in minor but significant inaccuracies. The author believes that the Romans painted frescoes, meaning presumably wall paintings; he regards tempera as a branch of water color (why not fresco then?), thinks that Holbein may have learned the difficult art of miniature painting from a British (!) practitioner named Lucas Hornebolt. The encyclopædic portion may be convenient for those who are too indolent to use the obvious books of reference, or are devoted exclusively to aquarelle. Fifty-eight color plates of fair execution are presumably the excuse for the general text. It at least affords one tidbit. In 1807 the Associated Artists in Water Colors passed a resolution requiring every member to exhibit at least five works "of which or any greater number, two-thirds may consist of portraits, but the remainder must be works of imagination." Alas, the percentage of imagination has never subsequently been so high in the British water color school.

With Dr. Oswald Sirén's valuable monograph, "Giottino und seine Stellung in der gleichzeitigen florentinischen Malerei," (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann), begins auspiciously a new series, Kunstwissenschaftliche Studien. Dr. Sirén attacks the obscure problem of Giottino with his usual acumen. The method is analytical after the manner of Morelli—a procedure here forced from the fact that documents are virtually absent and the Florentine tradition of this painter is confused from an early time. Dr. Sirén accepts the tradition that Giottino was the son of Maestro Stefano. It seems to us that this relationship is made merely plausible. Our artist, rather a feeble person in essentials, never emulates the plastic manner of his great namesake, but seeks, like Ambrogio, spatial effects, and, like the Sienese generally, a decorous and symmetrical arrangement embodied with little real modelling in gay decorative colors. Space fails us to follow Dr. Sirén's interesting and usually convincing reconstruction of the work of Giottino. In brief we may note that he has doubled the old list, and in especial that in the grandiose but ruined Calvary in the chapter house of Sto. Spirito he has virtually discovered and first justly appreciated one of the finest trecento creations in Florence. Naturally this new list will be challenged at many points. As usual, Dr. Sirén has cast his net widely. He discusses the whole course of painting in the generation after Giotto, of whose grand manner Andrea Orcagna is declared to be the only real inheritor. There are, for example, provisional lists, embodying many new attributions, for Taddeo Gaddi, Giovanni da Milano, Andrea da Firenze, Agnolo Gaddi, Antonio Veneziano, and Spinello Aretino, while Buffalmaco is discussed in the text. Every serious student of the period must have a book the varied interest of which we have only indicated. For the æsthetic appreciation of the time this study is also important. It confirms the isolated position of Giotto as the single genius whose mind was on the real issues of painting. The minor talents slipped back readily into the Byzantine habit of diffuse narrative and calligraphic formulas. The reform of Giotto meant meat too strong for the babes that surrounded and followed him. Critics like Dr. Sirén help us to understand how much of minor and graceful ingenuity may be detected in artists whose general influence was distinctly retrograde. We thus free ourselves from misleading analogies with biological evolution, and realize how very individual and naturally inconsecutive is the human product that we generalize under the name of art.

Prof. Alessandro Chiappelli of Florence announces the discovery of an unusually well-preserved fresco, belonging to the middle of the fourteenth century. As a representative of the League of Friends of Florentine Monuments, he obtained permission to reopen and examine some of the old shrines on the south side of the Arno. In a large shrine, at the corner of the Via della Chiesa and the Via del Leone, behind the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, he discovered a fresco which represents the Virgin seated on a Gothic throne, holding the Child, who blesses with his right hand and holds in his left hand a small castle, on which are some half-effaced Gothic letters. There are gold halos and gold arabesques on the Virgin's mantle and robe. There are four very beautiful angels above the Virgin, and below are St. John the Baptist and a praying monk. The artist belongs to the school of Giotto, and the work shows notable resemblances to that of Maso (or Maso di Banco, as he is also called), in the chapel of San Silvestro in Santa Croce, and to his Deposition from the Cross in the Uffizi Gallery.

At Christie's, London, on December 12, Nattier's Portrait of the Marquise de Rumillys, in white dress, with pale blue robe and powdered hair, brought £2,940.

Finance.

THE PASSING YEAR.

To-day ends a curious financial year, concerning whose true relation, both to the years which preceded and to those that will follow, nobody can at the moment speak with assurance. There has been substantial recovery; but it is not easy to determine whether that recovery has or has not been more rapid than is usual in the twelvemonth following a panic. The familiar test of iron production, for example, shows a rise in the weekly output from 232,652 tons, at the opening of last January—the low level—to 391,102 at the beginning of the present month. Turning back a decade and a half we see that from the weekly output of 73,895, which, on October 1, 1893, marked the nadir of that trade reaction, production had got back by the last month of 1894 to 168,762. That was a much larger ratio of increase; yet 1894 is classed as a period of slow recovery.

The panic of 1873 witnessed a sudden plunge of industry, directly from a pinnacle of unparalleled activity and high prices. In this respect, 1907 resembles 1873 more closely than it does 1893; one might expect, therefore, to find the analogy between those two after-panic periods more exact. And, in fact, there have been many close analogies. To which of the two years, 1874 or 1908, would the reader suppose the following description to apply?

> Having passed through the extraordinary crisis, there was a general rebound from the previous depression, and an expectation of renewed buoyancy in business affairs, which was not really warranted by the facts of the case. This general anticipation of a rapid and wonderful recuperation from the effects of the panic is not without significance, as it has formed, to a great extent, the standard by which the actual results of the year have been measured. . . . The effects of good crops in the principal articles of agricultural produce were undoubtedly beneficial. . . . Rigid economy was practised alike by all, from the largest corporations to the humblest individual.
>
> Railroad earnings showed in most cases a material falling off as compared with previous years, so far as their gross receipts were concerned, but a great economy in working expenses, which made net earnings of a number of prominent lines equal to, or greater than, those of the preceding year. . . . Prices of dividend-paying stocks were well maintained, particularly in the last half of the year.

This citation, which so closely describes the events of 1908, is taken from the *Financial Chronicle* of January 9, 1875, in its review of the year just ended. It certainly suggests reflection, as to whe-

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ther, after all, 1908 has differed so widely from a normal after-panic year.

The same review, however, contains one or two passages which do not at all describe 1908. Money was relatively quite as easy then as in the present year, and surplus bank reserves as large. But, we are told, "the stock market was less agitated by violent fluctuations, and less influenced by speculative combinations, than for many previous years," and as a consequence, "the course of prices was thus left to be governed more by natural causes, and by the actual values of the several stocks." Here is a contrast which may well make the reader pause; it is possibly a key to the characteristic events of 1908. Are we better off at the close of the present year, or are we worse off, because of the wild speculation for the rise which, from January to December, has rioted on the Stock Exchange? If that speculation were to be considered in itself, all right-minded people would answer, Very much worse off. No good can come from such wholesale dissemination of delusion, falsehood, and mistaken judgment of industrial and economic conditions as has marked every outbreak of the kind this year, and certainly nothing can be gained by a 10 or 20-point rise, manipulated by high financiers, only to be followed by a sudden and almost equally large decline, with consequent losses imposed on the unlucky speculators and investors.

On the other hand, and after all this is said, there is the other possible inference that, underneath all these demonstrations of perverted reasoning, there may be a substratum of resources, and genuine confidence which will at any rate make the second and third of this generation's after-panic years something different, even in the real things, from the corresponding years after 1893 and 1873.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkins, J. B. Side-Shows. London: Christophers.

Babcock, C. E. The Persecution of Stephen Strong. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Barnes, William. Select Poems. Edited by Thomas Hardy. Henry Frowde.

Cæsar, Julius. Commentarii Rerum in Gallia Gestarum. Edited by H. Meusel. Berlin: W. Weber.

Echoes from the *Oxford Magazine*: Being Reprints of Seven Years. Henry Frowde.

Fanning, Col. David, Complete Narrative of. Edited by A. W. Savary. Reprinted from the *Canadian Magazine*.

Galt, John. Annals of the Parish. Henry Frowde.

Green, Samuel Swett. Worcester, England, and Worcester, Massachusetts. Worcester, Mass.: F. S. Blanchard & Co.

Johnston, Annie Fellows. The Rescue of the Princess Winsome: A Fairy Play for Old and Young. Boston: L. C. Page.

Johnson, Clifton. Editor. Songs Every One Should Know. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Marks, Alfred. Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals. London: Brown, Langham & Co.

Marriott, Charles. The Kiss of Helen. John Lane. $1.50.

Melitz, Leo. The Opera Goers' Complete Guide. Translated by Richard Salinger. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.

Moret, A. Au Temps des Pharaons. Paris: Armand Colin.

Murray, Sara Van Alen. Flesh and Matter. The Scriptures versus Christian Science; Christian Science versus Personal Opinion: A Criticism. Published by the Author, 1 Madison Avenue.

Myth, M. Y. T. H. A Tale Confided by the Woods. In Five Acts. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Myth, M. Y. T. H. Tales of Enchantment. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.

Scribe et Legouvé. Bataille de dames ou un duel en amour. Edited by Charles A. Eggert. American Book Co.

Sigsbee, A. Elizabeth. Heart Poems. Broadway Publishing Co. 75 cents.

Tannenforst, Ursula. Heroines of a Schoolroom. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Walton, Esmée. Aurora of Poverty Hill. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Apropos of the Darwin Centenary

V. L. KELLOGG'S DARWINISM TO-DAY

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